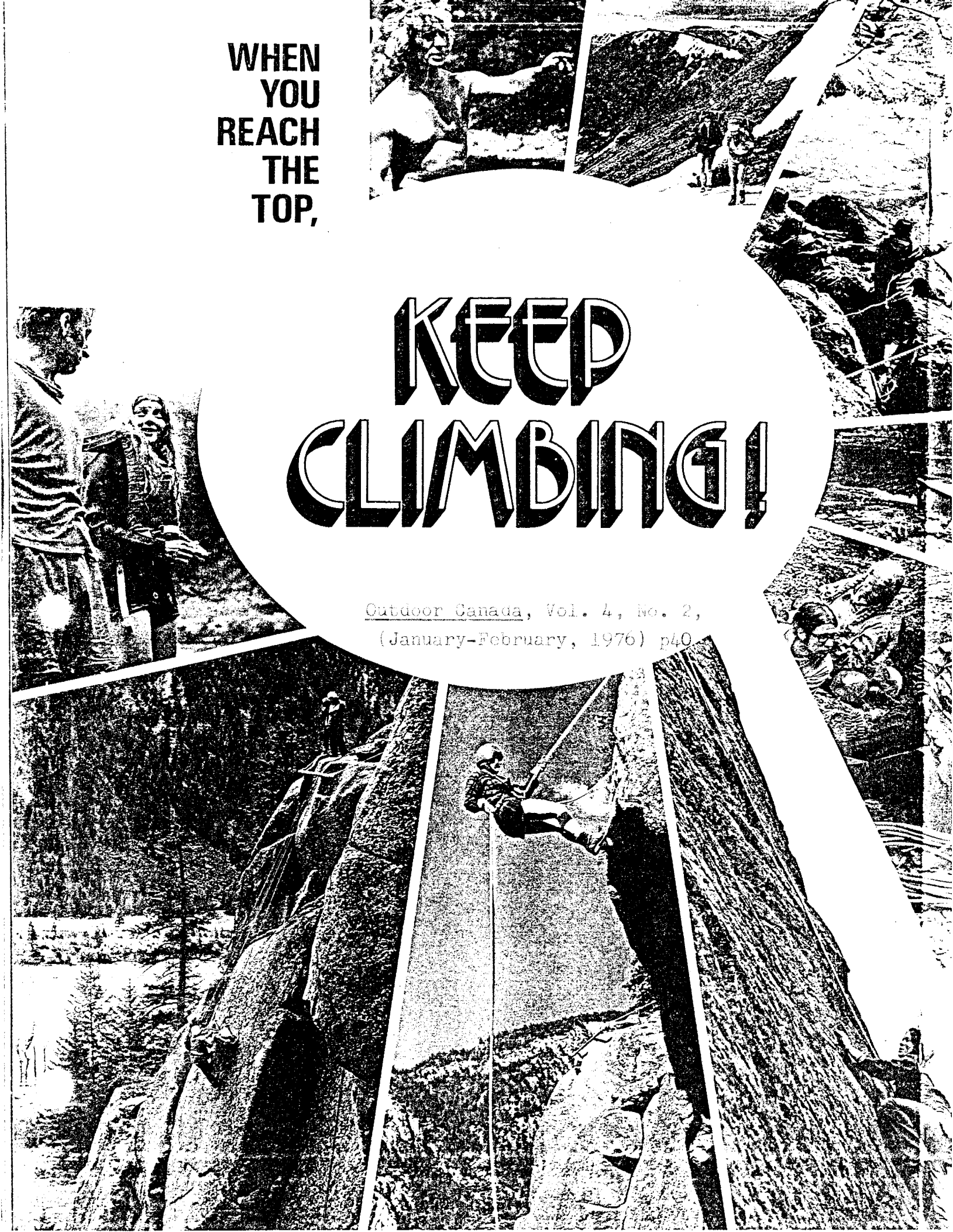


WHEN
YOU
REACH
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TOP,

KEEP CLIMBING!

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by Gary Levy

The motto of the Canadian Outward Bound Mountain School is "to serve, to strive and not to yield" but as I struggled the last hundred feet up the first and probably only mountain I would ever climb, I could not help asking aloud, "What are we going to do when we reach the top?" I will always remember instructor Dave Nicol's answer, for it illustrates the significance and the irrelevance of an Outward Bound experience. "When you reach the top," he replied, "keep climbing." That is either a very profound or a very absurd statement and I have thought about it often in the months since I attended Outward Bound, particularly when trying to decide, in my own mind, if the whole experience was in fact profound or absurd.

Background

The first Outward Bound School was established in Aberdovey, Wales, in 1941 to teach survival techniques to young merchant seamen and thereby reduce the number of casualties inflicted by German submarines. The money for Outward Bound came from Lawrence Holt, owner of the Blue Funnel Line, who was disturbed by the fact that when his ships were torpedoed many young sailors seemed to give up and perish in the Atlantic, while older men with sea experience survived. To direct the new school he turned to Kurt Hahn, a refugee from Hitler's Germany who had founded a famous school for boys at Gordonstoun, Scotland in 1933.

Hahn believed in developing health and character and letting survival take care of itself. The method he adopted at Outward Bound was to expose students to dangerous activities and stress situations such as starvation, exposure and hours of swimming and rowing. He maintained that by overcoming these challenges students would gain self-confidence and discover firsthand the great reserves of energy, ability and strength in the average human body. A significant number of Outward Bound graduates whose ships were sunk did, in fact, survive and by the end of the war Hahn's program had won support from a small but influential group including Field Marshal Montgomery, Julian

Huxley and one of his former pupils at Gordonstoun, Philip Mountbatten, now Prince Philip.

After the war, the philosophy of Outward Bound was incorporated into five new schools in the United Kingdom. They concentrated on the kind of challenges and dangers found in mountain climbing, sailing, canoeing and other outdoor activities. A permanent trust was also established in London to act as the central administrative and policy-making body. Since then, Outward Bound has expanded to five continents and 15 countries including seven schools in the United States and one in Canada. Expansion did not dilute its basic philosophy and in some respects Outward Bound began to take on characteristics of a religious crusade or at least a movement. According to Sir Spenser Summers, Chairman of the Outward Bound Trust, it is a movement against the decline of initiative and the widespread tendency toward "spectatoritis" in so many western countries. It is also a movement to reinforce the waning tradition of craftsmanship caused by our mass-production economy and, finally, a movement against urban man's decreasing concern about his neighbor which seems a result of the hectic pace of modern life.

In 1969, a Canadian Outward Bound School was established at Keremeos (near Penticton) in British Columbia. It began with one log cabin for equipment, a couple of trailers for instructors and a few tents for students. It has since progressed to the relative luxury of three bunkhouses, each of which can accommodate about 15 students and a large cabin with kitchen and dining-room facilities as well as space for lectures or films. Courses are offered throughout the year emphasizing canoeing in summer, ski-touring in winter and rock climbing in all seasons. Originally, courses were designed for youths from 15 to 18 with sessions being segregated according to sex. Later, however, co-ed courses were introduced for persons over 18 years old.

I knew none of this background when I applied for the Outward Bound Ski-Touring and Mountain Course held from February 24 to March 16, 1974. All I knew was that it required a certificate of physical fitness from a doctor and cost \$385.00 (tax deductible) to cover lodging, food, instruction and the use of all necessary equipment except mountain boots. I also knew the course was designed

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around three progressively tougher expeditions in the 8,000-foot mountains around Keremeos. The first expedition would last two days, during which we would develop winter camping skills and test the necessary equipment. The next expedition would last four days and its objective would be to ascend a mountain and return. Like the first expedition, this would be done under supervision of an instructor. The final three-day expedition, however, would have to be planned and carried through without any help from instructors. The time between outings was spent at the base camp where we practiced such things as rock climbing and orienteering and learned a bit of first aid, mountain rescue and some avalanche precautions. In keeping with Outward Bound's philosophy about service to the community, one day was also spent in Penticton working in a center for the handicapped. Finally, there was the "solo" in which every student had to spend two days alone in the wilderness with only a few matches, a pot and a meagre supply of food.

The people

Most students enrolled in the course arrived at the school by bus from Vancouver, a trip of about six hours. On arrival, we were assigned to one of five patrols each consisting of an instructor and six or seven students. Insofar as possible, patrols include a variety of ages and social, economic and ethnic backgrounds. In addition to myself, a 27-year-old civil servant from Ottawa, my patrol included two other 27-year-olds, Tom Pickering and Phil Moller, the former a logger from Vancouver, the latter a publishing executive from Toronto. Others in the patrol were Ed Reyes, 24, a Californian and member of the United States Air Force stationed at Comox, B.C.; Diane Finch, 24, a nurse and social worker from Vancouver; and two students, Doug Koch, 20, from Kamloops and Jim Pearson, 18, from Victoria, who were taking a year off from school. No sooner were we assigned to our patrol than Dave took us to the ropes course for an introduction to Outward Bound.

The ropes course is an intricate network of rope ladders, suspension bridges and swinging logs strung be-

Jim was a perfect example of what an 18-year-old ought to be: curious, full of energy, respectful but unwilling to be pushed around or treated condescendingly.

tween trees from five to 30 feet above the ground. Here, still tired from the bus trip and dressed in our street clothes, we were told to follow Dave up the ladder and continue around the course without touching the ground. Thus we first experienced an essential element of the Outward Bound program — *fear*. Crossing a tightrope five feet off the ground is not too terrifying but trying it at 30 feet becomes a test of nerve. For the next 21 days, the group met and overcame a number of tests and challenges. Throughout the entire period, except for the solo, we ate, slept and worked within a few feet of each other. It is impossible to live that close without forming opinions and speculating on what each derived from Outward Bound. One might argue that three weeks is hardly long enough for meaningful character analysis, but in a special sense we got to know each other better than even our closest friends in the ordinary world. Thus, before coming to any personal conclusion about Outward Bound, I cannot resist commenting on the reaction of others and comparing their experiences and opinions to mine.

As the youngest and most impressionable member of our patrol, Jim was greatly attracted by the Outward Bound philosophy. Joseph Conrad had written that at some time every youth must experience events which “reveal the inner worth of man; the edge of his temper, the fiber of his stuff; the quality of his resistance; the secret truth of his pretenses not only to himself but to others.” Jim was at this stage. He met every challenge with great enthusiasm, always keeping up a stream of questions not only concerning Outward Bound but about life in general. Some would consider him naive and indeed Tom and Phil took great delight in spinning, for his benefit, outrageously exaggerated stories of travel, adventure and wild, wild women. They would agree, however, that Jim was a perfect example of what an 18-year-old ought to be: curious, full of energy, respectful toward those who had greater knowledge, but unwilling to be pushed around or treated condescendingly. In brief, he was a refreshing change from so many long-haired, emotionally drained, cynical teenagers who appear

to have seen through their parents, education, and morality and finally, having concluded our social system is ridiculous, are now probably wandering up and down Main Street wondering what to do.

Had Jim been in a patrol more achievement oriented than ours, perhaps he would have climbed higher, skied faster and obtained better the Outward Bound objective of pushing himself to the limits of his ability. Instead, he was stuck with us and no doubt was embarrassed by our last place finish in the wall and beam competition on the final day of the course. The object of this activity is to raise every member of the patrol over a 12-foot wall without using ropes or other artificial devices. Except for Jim, the rest of us looked upon this as one of several Mickey Mouse aspects of Outward Bound and not surprisingly, it took us more than 5 minutes to get everyone over compared with 23 seconds for the winning team. We consoled Jim with

If lost, Ed or I would have probably just shrugged and started walking in a straight line confident in the knowledge that the world is round and if you walk long and far enough you are bound to get where you are going.

wise words about records being made to be broken and fame being only proof that people are gullible, but he was not entirely convinced. Some 18-year-olds leave Outward Bound feeling they have just discovered Truth, (how insufferable they must be when they get back to their schools, families and friends!). While Jim retained most of his original enthusiasm for the experience, I doubt he will ever become a disciple of Outward Bound but if he does, at least it will be with some knowledge of the objections to the movement.

Ed Reyes reacted to Outward Bound the same way he reacted to the air

force which is interesting because Kurt Hahn was a great believer in Henry James' philosophy that war brings out heights of courage and compassion in men. James posed the question of whether some alternate form of struggle, some “moral equivalent of war” might retain the desirable effects without the horrors and destructiveness of real war. Ed had no interest in war or its moral equivalent. Before coming to Canada, he had never skied or even seen snow, and he was primarily interested in learning winter skills. He had nothing to prove to himself by swinging from ropes or scaling walls and he was disappointed to discover the course was not primarily skill oriented. Instead it proposed to present a series of challenges designed to build his character. He reacted by putting up a calendar and methodically marking off the days just as he did in the air force. Ed was quiet but not withdrawn and, never giving any sign of fear or even nervousness, had a steadying influence on the group. We called him “The Tourist” not because of his American origin but because of the way he went up a mountain: about half a mile behind the group, he stopped every hundred yards to admire the scenery and utter unimaginative exclamations such as “man” or “fantastic”. Ed was slow but dependable. When I was lowered over a cliff in a stretcher during one of our drills, he was the one I wanted holding the rope. Moreover, we shared a certain “pollack” approach to orienteering and skitouring. If the group became lost, Tom or Diane could figure out where we were by half a dozen ingenious methods, whereas Ed or I would have probably just shrugged and started walking in a straight line confident in the knowledge that the world is round and full of people and if you walk long enough and far enough you are bound to get where you are going. Fortunately we never had a chance to test this theory.

In every group, one person ends up at the bottom of the pecking order, and in our patrol it was Doug. On our first expedition, he broke a ski binding and had to walk in. On the first rappel over a cliff, he slipped and, although saved by the safety rope, was quite shaken up. These things could have happened to any of us but they happened to

She had the qualities you may have forgotten women possess if you have been spending too much time in singles' bars or discotheques.

Doug. At first, he reacted to adversity by withdrawing from the group. After supper, he would disappear, ostensibly to wash his socks. The worse things became the more socks he washed. On the trail it was no better. He tried to dry his sleeping bag over the campfire and it fell in. On his solo, he mistook the moon for the sun and returned to camp five hours too early. The low point, however, came on our second expedition. Diane had been melting snow for two hours to get enough water for supper. Just when she was ready to start cooking, Doug came along and accidentally knocked over the pot. Personally, I expected him to quit after that but he stuck it out and things began to improve. He became expert at repairing ski equipment and had no problems on our final expedition. Subsequent climbs and rappels also went off without incident. He even quit washing his socks so often. In fact if any of us conscientiously tried to live up to the Outward Bound motto about striving and not yielding, it was probably Doug.

Each of the five patrols included one girl, although not all of them made it through the 21 days. Of the original 35 people, at least half a dozen dropped out because of injury, frostbite, or simply change of heart. All members of our patrol survived and none in better condition than Diane. We called her *superwoman* because she could out-ski, out-climb, out-hike and out-swear most male members of the group. Yet unlike some of the girls in other patrols, she managed to maintain a female identity and, except perhaps for Jim the rest of us never treated her as just "one of the boys". More important to us, she was both a registered nurse and an accomplished cook who could prepare tasty meals under difficult conditions with the meanest of ingredients. Since our main worries were injury and starvation, she was, by unanimous consent, the most valuable member of our patrol. Tom described her as someone you would want to take along if you set out to discover the new world, to colonize the west or to undertake any difficult enterprise requiring resourcefulness, courage, perseverance and imagination. She had qualities you may have forgotten women possess if you have been spending too much time in singles'

bars in Toronto or discotheques in Montreal. At one point during the course, I thought how nice it would be to get back to civilization and "real" women but after meeting Diane, the painted girls of the city no longer look quite as appealing.

Diane pushed herself to the outer limits of her endurance and in doing so she probably learned, better than most of us, a valuable lesson about the durability of the human body. Bindings and skis broke, zippers jammed, stoves clogged, anaraks and sleeping bags ripped, but our bodies continued to function.

We live in an equipment oriented age. From the automobile to the kitchen, we have a million gadgets to make life easier. But at Outward Bound, we realized how little the human body needs, not only to survive, but to live comfortably. Once a person realizes this, he becomes less inclined to worry about what politicians, economists or nuclear scientists are doing or saying about the great issues of our time. Whatever they do to the world, I am

Diane pushed herself to the outer limits of her endurance.

sure that somehow, Diane can survive. Tom and Phil were the ones who reacted most negatively to Outward Bound although I can think of little else they had in common. Tom looked, spoke and acted like a logger, which he was. However, he was also a graduate in forestry from the University of British Columbia and could have found easier work but preferred the free and easy life-style associated with chopping down trees to the bureaucratic frustrations and restraints associated with conserving them. He would work hard for a few months, earn some money, then take off for Europe, the Middle East or some other part of the world. Tom was in top physical condition having just returned from a logging camp and his strength and agility made him an excellent climber. Like Ed, however, he had never been on skis. He received a memorable introduction to Outward

Bound's philosophy of "teaching by doing" when, on the second day we were issued cross-country skis and taken about 20 miles to the Apex ski area. Here we received a few minutes instruction from Dave who then distributed lift tickets and told us to go to the top. Tom and I fell off around the same place and spent the rest of the day trying to get down. We wandered onto the steepest part of the mountain. Tom could go no more than five feet without falling up to his waist in powder snow. He would get up, go another five feet, fall and so on all the while having to listen to gratuitous advice from me although I was only going about ten feet without falling. It is true that by the end of the course, Tom was skiing almost as well as Diane but this was more a reflection of natural ability than a commentary on the teaching methods.

Actually, Tom did not object to the physical challenges of Outward Bound; indeed, he thrived on them. But he could not stomach its philosophic or pedagogic aspects. Among other things, he resented the brief morning inspirational talks at which some instructor would read a poem or extract from an essay a message about the meaning of life. Somehow this message always turned out to be the rugged individualism of Kipling or the superficial self-sufficiency of Thoreau. The Socratic notion that virtue is knowledge, the Christian idea of loving thy neighbor and all other possible interpretations about the meaning of life were conspicuous by their absence. In any event, Tom thought the idea of having to sit around listening to epigrams was an affront to anyone who had tried to work out the difficult and very personal question of how best to lead the good life.

Tom also wondered whether concern for our fellow man was furthered by sending us off for a day in Penticton making cardboard boxes in a center for the physically and mentally handicapped. He disliked the idea of dabbling in complex social problems and suggested, only half in jest, that the real object of this exercise was to boost production of boxes since the center was receiving five cents apiece from a local fruit company. He also questioned the practice of providing juvenile delinquents or people with

Phil had suffered two great traumatic experiences: marriage and the U.S. Army. Now he could add a third: Outward Bound.

drug problems with scholarships for Outward Bound courses. Their troubles are usually related to an urban environment and one has to wonder if significant behavioral changes are induced by a wilderness experience. His skepticism was upheld to some extent when a member of another patrol, his mind still clouded from a long bout of drug addiction, suffered severe frostbite on one expedition and had to be retrieved by snowmobile and taken to hospital for treatment. One case does not prove a point but Tom's faculty for critical thinking seems noticeably lacking among many social workers and government officials who, without any personal knowledge of Outward Bound, accept at face value its claims in the field of social rehabilitation.

The other critic in our patrol was Phil who also was the group humorist. No matter how tough things were he kept up morale with a steady stream of jokes, quips and puns as well as stories about the two great traumatic experiences of his life; marriage and the U.S. Army to which he was going to add a

third, Outward Bound. Phil claimed Outward Bound suffered from the "Captain Scott Syndrome" whereby their ideal graduate would one day emulate Dr. Oates of the ill-fated expedition who realized that his continued presence jeopardized the survival of the others, so he went out to take a pee and never came back. Phil's highly developed sense of humor and Outward Bound's lack of one, made it inevitable that he would end up in a shouting match with an instructor from another patrol who took exception to one of Phil's remarks and retaliated by calling him a "peasant", apparently the lowest form of life the well-bred English instructor could imagine.

Phil may be a peasant by some standards but the real conflict stemmed from his pragmatic approach to life which was the antithesis of Outward Bound's idealism. Phil claimed that for most people, Outward Bound was just a status symbol, like a new car, a 400 dollar suit or a holiday in Majorca. However, unlike those who might

rationalize their way around this, Phil claimed he was looking forward to getting back to Toronto and dropping a few terms like "rappelling" or "bivouac" at a cocktail party or sales meeting. Perhaps Phil was a cynic or maybe he just had a talent for saying things other people were thinking but were afraid or unable to articulate. In any case, he was a highly intelligent individual who also believed in the old adage about selling himself instead of the product. Had he been in real estate, insurance or the automobile business Phil probably would have made a million dollars before he was thirty, but he preferred the publishing business, because books, not being necessities of life, required greater ingenuity on the part of the salesman. He had lived in Canada for several years and was sales manger for Prentice-Hall in Toronto. While many of his colleagues probably went to Florida or Jamaica in February, Phil used his holiday time to come to Outward Bound. And while most of us planned a couple of weeks to recover,



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"After meeting Diane, the painted girls of the city no longer look quite as appealing."

Phil caught the first plane back and was at work the next day. Phil and I started in the same mediocre physical condition and we usually wound up together toward the end of an expedition well behind Tom, Diane and Jim and just ahead of "Ed the Tourist". After the four-day trip, we were walking down a very steep mountain road swapping lies about what great football players we used to be when suddenly he slipped on some ice and slid over the edge. After rolling about 20 yards, his pack finally caught between a rock and a tree. He was uninjured but he looked like he might be ready to quit, so I said to him "you know last year the guy from McGraw-Hill made it through the whole course." I never heard any more about quitting. Like most competitive or highly motivated people, Phil tended to evaluate carefully what was going on around him. A graduate of the school of hard knocks, he had come to certain conclusions about the human condition and frankly did not always see the point in Outward Bound's attempts to build character through a series of contrived situations. This, combined with his penetrating wit, made him rather unpopular with Outward Bound authorities. Yet nothing is more ineffectual or sterile than a group where everyone is in complete agreement. When all people think alike, no one thinks very much. Thanks to Phil and Tom, the rest of us probably gained a better understanding of Outward Bound than if we had accepted, without question, everything we were told. Still, each person must

reach his own conclusion about the experience and after some reflection, I have come to mine.

A personal assessment

Outward Bound is criticized sometimes by people who have never been on a course and these objections can be dismissed quite easily. For example, it is not a training camp for commandos nor does it appeal particularly to the foolish or the foolhardy. The program is tough, but even the worst moments were not as strenuous as some football training camps I remember. And one should not be considered a daredevil for setting out on an adventure after sober and careful provisions are made against mishap. Such a person is really a practicing optimist, a man of faith, for adventure tends to strip us of illusions about self-importance and personal security. Others have criticized Outward Bound as a romantic but harmless type of escapism from the evils of urban civilization. In fact, it can be quite unromantic to learn your real values and discover the limits of your abilities. And if it is escapism to come face to face with cold, danger, fatigue and loneliness, then that is perhaps a reflection of how much our civilization has lost touch with the basic elements of human existence.

My criticism of Outward Bound, however, revolves around its claim to be an educational institution, to build character and to turn boys into men. Leaving aside, for the moment, the problem of what kind of men they are trying to build, I would question the means they go about this rather dubious objective. It seems elementary that if you want people to behave as adults, you treat them as such. Why then, does Outward Bound make everyone sign a piece of paper pledging to abstain from alcohol, tobacco and drugs during the course? Why do they go through such a systematic equipment check at the end to insure nothing has been stolen. Such things would be left to an honor system by an institution trying to instill qualities of responsibility. The fact is that Outward Bound began as an authoritarian and militaristic organization and while it has evolved somewhat over the years, it still treats people in a slightly paternalistic fashion thus insuring they behave like schoolboys regardless of age. On the other hand, American and British companies like Shell, IBM and others have sent executives to special Outward Bound courses in the belief that the experience would rejuvenate and stim-



"... Outward Bound is... better suited to turning men into boys than boys into men."

ulate them. Apparently the results have been very successful which perhaps go to prove Outward Bound is eminently better suited to turning men into boys than boys into men!

As for the type of character Outward Bound is trying to develop, I believe that they are handicapped by a failure to distinguish between physical and mental fitness. This would not be a serious criticism if Outward Bound were a military base or a summer camp, but it claims to be an educational institution, and indeed attendance there can be used for credit at every university in British Columbia and several others in the rest of Canada. It seems to me that an important characteristic of an educated person is the ability to think originally and critically, but Outward Bound specializes in the use of peer group pressure to force people into things they might not otherwise attempt. This pressure may be effective in attaining some objectives or overcoming certain fears, but surely the greatest single distinction between the adolescent and the

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mature person is that the former is often so influenced by his peer group that he sometimes fails to establish an individual identity.

One consequence of this situation is perhaps best explained by a famous historian who observed that in Canada, "Physical courage we have in abundance. But the man who is willing to stand by himself when he disagrees with his society, who insists, whatever the cost, on proclaiming the truth as he sees it, is somewhat rare in our history." This is a fundamental problem and one that will not be solved in a three week course. My point is simply that Outward Bound appears to have neither the ability nor the desire to come to grips with the problem. As Kurt Hahn would have wished, the schools excel in developing qualities such as courage, tenacity, self-denial and an indefatigable spirit, but they do

Will Dave succumb to the Spartan philosophy?

not seem equally interested in cultivating civic virtues such as integrity,

liberality, temperance or prudence which surely are the more fundamental characteristics separating men from boys.

In simple terms, it appears that Outward Bound's philosophy is that if you make a boy cold, hungry, and frightened enough, you somehow manage to build his character. This should not pass for education. To be honest, Outward Bound should either drop its pretense of being an educational institution or make its training an intellectual and spiritual as well as a physical experience.

While doubting Outward Bound's

Can Canadians find happiness and contentment through other cultures?

claim as an educational institution I do not deny the three week course did provide a unique and important educational experience. This seeming contradiction can best be explained by the character and influence of our instructor. Like most Outward Bound personnel, Dave Nicol was from the United Kingdom but, unlike some others, he

was from a class which, in earlier days, would have been cannon fodder for a Drake, a Nelson or a Wellington. Dave had been climbing mountains around

Will Phil learn to behave like a proper schoolboy rather than a "peasant"?

the world for the past several years, working whenever he needed a few dollars for the next expedition. Like most mountain climbers he had a wiry build with strong wrists and forearms. His face was weather-beaten and his hands purple with scar tissue from years of jamming them into cracks of granite. Although he looked able to handle any situation, he had suffered 24 fractures in the process of learning that discretion is sometimes the better part of valor.

This was Dave's first job with Outward Bound and it was obvious to all that he was from a different mold than the director or most other instructors, yet I think anything of value we learned during those three weeks was from Dave as an individual rather than from Outward Bound as an institution. For example, Dave had a healthy disres-

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pect for established authority, any authority including Outward Bound. Perhaps some of his attitude rubbed off on us and if so, we were fortunate because Dave's disrespect was not based on intellectual speculation and it will never manifest itself in slogan shouting or protest marching. Rather, it was derived from looking out on the world from atop a mountain. From that vantage point, such things as the pursuit of power, wealth or material security are put in their proper perspective. One realizes how great are the forces of nature and how insignificant the problems of man. From the top of a mountain it becomes crystal clear that man was made from dust and unto dust he shall return and it suddenly seems ludicrous to think of spending the short time in between pursuing such things as fame or riches. Having come to this understanding, one loses respect for any authority whose purpose is to achieve or to maintain such illusions.

In addition to his disdain for authority, I was impressed by Dave's tranquillity. He seemed to have reached a state of complete inner peace and while he is not the first person I have met who has done so, he attained this state not through yoga or meditation

or encounter groups or drugs, but rather through the pursuit of adventure.

If this country has any tradition at all, it has one of adventure. We cannot escape from history and the discovery, exploration and settlement of this land were some of the greatest adventures and challenges in the history of mankind. Of course few Canadians are

**The instinct for
adventure is part of
our heritage.**

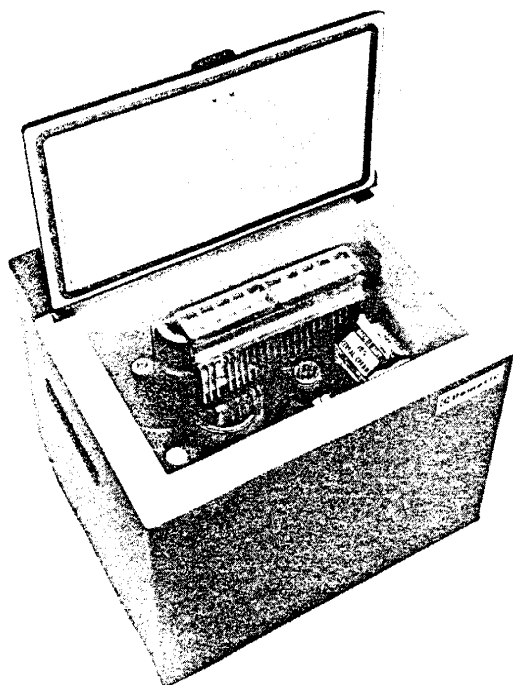
direct descendents of early explorers, but the signs of their exploits are all around us and we are still influenced by them. Furthermore, most Canadians are only a few generations removed from settlers and pioneers who faced and overcame every conceivable kind of difficulty and discomfort.

Canadians today, buffeted as we are by inflation, pollution, urbanization, Americanization, bilingualism and so many other things find tranquillity and personal satisfaction through activities developed in other

cultures and other environments? Or should we look to the sources of our existence and rediscover the foundations on which this society is based? The instinct for adventure is part of our heritage. The abandonment of total security and the acceptance of the liberating force of adventure can help to banish anxiety and attain those elusive qualities of tranquillity and inner peace. That is what we learned from Dave, not from anything he said, but from the way he lived his life and the example he set.

If Outward Bound has any value, it is as a kind of matchmaker bringing people like Dave in contact with those who might otherwise never come across this particular way of life. Thus, despite my reservations about Outward Bound as an institution I would still recommend the course to anyone, provided he or she is highly motivated, unfamiliar with winter camping, young enough to be enthusiastic and old enough to distinguish between profound wisdom and tendentious propaganda. If you plan on going, be prepared for an interesting time. Unfortunately, you will not find Dave Nicol there. Last I heard, he was heading back to Scotland, via the Himalayas, of course. CD

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