

\$1

September

Whistler

ANSWER

FELIX BELCZYK
IN RETIREMENT

AN IDIOT'S
GUIDE TO
MOUNTAIN
BIKING

WHY GROWN
MEN SHAVE
THEIR LEGS

BIKING OVER
THE WARNER
PASS

PUMPING IT UP
WITH MANDY
DOBBS

HORNBY
ISLAND BIKE
FEST

WHISTLER'S
FABULOUS
PIZZAS

CHEAKAMUS
CHALLENGE



Mountain Bike Issue



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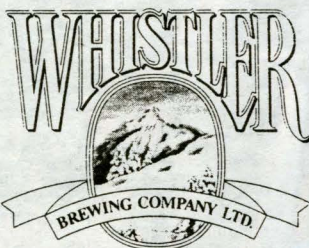
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Whistler ANSWER

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"Lead me Lord to a higher Place where There are no worries. I Feel So helpless Lord. I Pray but no relief comes. I will put all my Faith in you Lord to show me The Answer."

—Elvis Presley writes on a piece of hotel stationery just before his last performance in Las Vegas. The Answer has answered his prayer, and sent Elvis a complimentary subscription.

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Young Cameron Laba gets serious about the environment.

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AWARE wants you to name its new beaver in a giant contest.

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Mandy Dobbs knows the ins and outs, the ups and downs of serious iron pumping.

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The only sport to rival skiing for popularity, we present our versions of the sport.

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We don't really know what's going to happen here, because we pick the cartoon up at the printer and we haven't even seen it yet.

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Good Doctor Jake knows all about pressure, and so do the fellows who better finish his hot tub and addition in time for the Cheakamus Challenge.

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returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Queries are recommended. All written submissions must be typewritten, double spaced, just like in the big leagues.

A special hello to all the wonderful women working at Jimmy D's!
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Mountain Bike Trails Need Help

By Grant Lamont

The sport of mountain biking is one of the most enjoyable and environmentally friendly forms of recreation available in British Columbia. The sport is growing so quickly that if we do not look after our current trails along with ongoing planning and construction of new trails, we could be in for some unpleasant realities.

It is critical to make sure we have plenty of trails for riders of all abilities in order to continue to enjoy the populism and economic rewards this area receives from off-road cycling.

There are many businesses and individuals who benefit considerably by supplying this sport, from frame and component manufacturers to the clothing companies as well as the food/beverage merchants and accommodation sectors, who stand to profit most from this skyrocketing activity.

These folks must get involved both physically and financially in the short and long term aspects of building and maintaining the trails.

Currently trails are built and maintained by volunteers and Parks personnel whose numbers and expertise are limited.

There is now serious talk and action being taken by the Howe Sound Futures Association in conjunction with the Sea to Sky Economic Development Commission to make the Sea to Sky Mountain Bike Trail System a reality. This could be the beginning of a new era in the growth and maturing of this sport in B.C. and they need your support.

You can show your support by contacting the Provincial Government in Victoria and letting Mr. Harcourt know that this would be a great start for tapping into this huge adventure tourism market.

You can also call or write companies who benefit financially from mountain biking and give them a push to get involved, as many are already doing so we can continue to keep Whistler and British Columbia in the forefront of this great sport for years to come.



Subscriptions \$24.95. Mail to: Whistler Answer Subscriptions, Box 587, Whistler, B.C. V0N 1B0

Whistler Declared Richest Community In North America

By Gary McFarlane

Dateline Sept. 1, 1995

Dreams become reality, wants become haves and lusts become new status symbols. Dust off those neglected 'Louis Girig' suitcases, pack them full of your favorite 'Armand le Fjant' clothing, pick up that cellular phone and call - or better yet hire someone else to do it for you. Call who? The travel agency of course. Or the local 'Porsche' dealership. Or wander next door to one of your neighboring real estate agents. Anywhere you can spend money, because now's the time to indulge.

We're number one! It's official. Whistler has been declared, by 'Riktjuv Magazine' no less, to be statistically the wealthiest community in North America. That's something to be proud of. It may have taken a few years of sweat, thousands of business lunches, shovelfuls of public relations and exploitation, but the rewards are stunning.

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Forget the pikers in Aspen, Spit some 'Whistler Springs' on the 'Perrier' drinkers in Sun Valley, rub some 'Rovslickare Nosecoat' on those dweebies in Vail- we're bigger, we're better, and we've got more money. Despite the fact the majority of Whistler's wealth is shared amongst a small minority, statistically speaking we're number one on a per capita basis. The implementation of our new public transportation system (enforced relocation and bussing to work from Pemberton/Squamish for transient and /or minimum wage earners) has finally given us the little nudge necessary to establish Whistler as number one in yet another category.

Although our new public transportation system provided the final statistical leverage required, it was in truth the signing up of 'Arrogance Running Shoes Co.' for the month of October that brought in the extra income necessary. It had been a long, drawn-out negotiation for the last available month in Whistler's calendar before the contract was signed and the keys to the village handed over to 'Arrogance's' president. This means we now have large corporations booked in town every day of every month of the year, thereby eliminating the dreaded slow season. No more anxiety about having too much time off with nothing better to do than hike, bike, or visit with friends. Never again will we be forced into a tedious book, boring game of backgammon, or unprofitable conversation- from now on it will be work and money twelve months a year. If that doesn't

make you happy, I don't know what will.

I find it truly amazing that the completion of our metamorphosis from a peaceful, tranquil community to a vibrant, successful, wealthy, destination resort took place in such a short period of time. It's difficult remembering what it was like back then. I vaguely recall, in an area not far from the Village, there used to be a natural lake - with trees, animals, fish, and even (rumour has it) an area where people used to suntan naked. Why they would do that I have no idea. Where's the profit? This natural lake also turned out to be a non-profitable commodity as people were actually expected to walk there. What a concept! Now, as you no doubt realize, in it's place is our ultra-modern combination bandstand/waterpark.

To think it all began to take form when 'Pepsico'. booked in for a week back in the summer of '92, followed closely by the 'Porsche' car show, and began to pave our streets with gold. Paper actually, but the kind that buys gold. All that was required of Whistler residents was to turn over our amenities for the renters use, stay off the paths when 'Pepsico' guests were using them and treat these special people with the deference deserved by superiors. No

sacrifice is too great when that amount of money is involved.

From these humble beginnings incredible potential was seen and soon begun to be realized. If one week brought in this much financial gain with little inconvenience, how much benefit could be reaped from four weeks? eight weeks? sixteen? There appeared to be no limit in sight. True, we ran out of weeks at fifty-two, but not before becoming the wealthiest township around. And therefore happy. What more could we ask for? It's all ours.

Go pack those bags and take a trip somewhere. Spread your wealth around. Take a few friends, book someone's town and enjoy it.

Author's note: contrary to rumour the names of the months will not be changed to coincide with the appropriate corporation. However, the Local's Day rumor is true. Every February 29th, beginning next year, will be set aside for locals to use the amenities and trails without special passes from the fun police. Enjoy.



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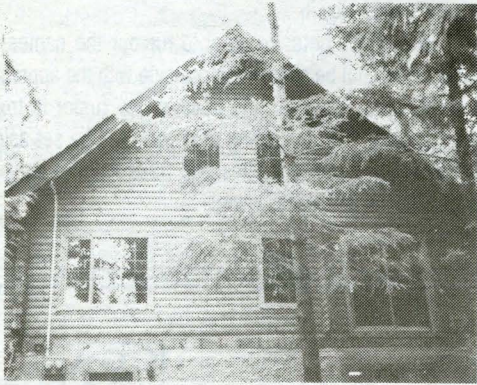
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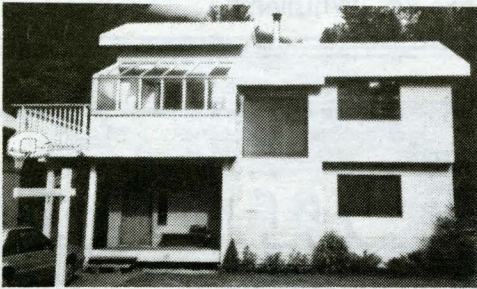
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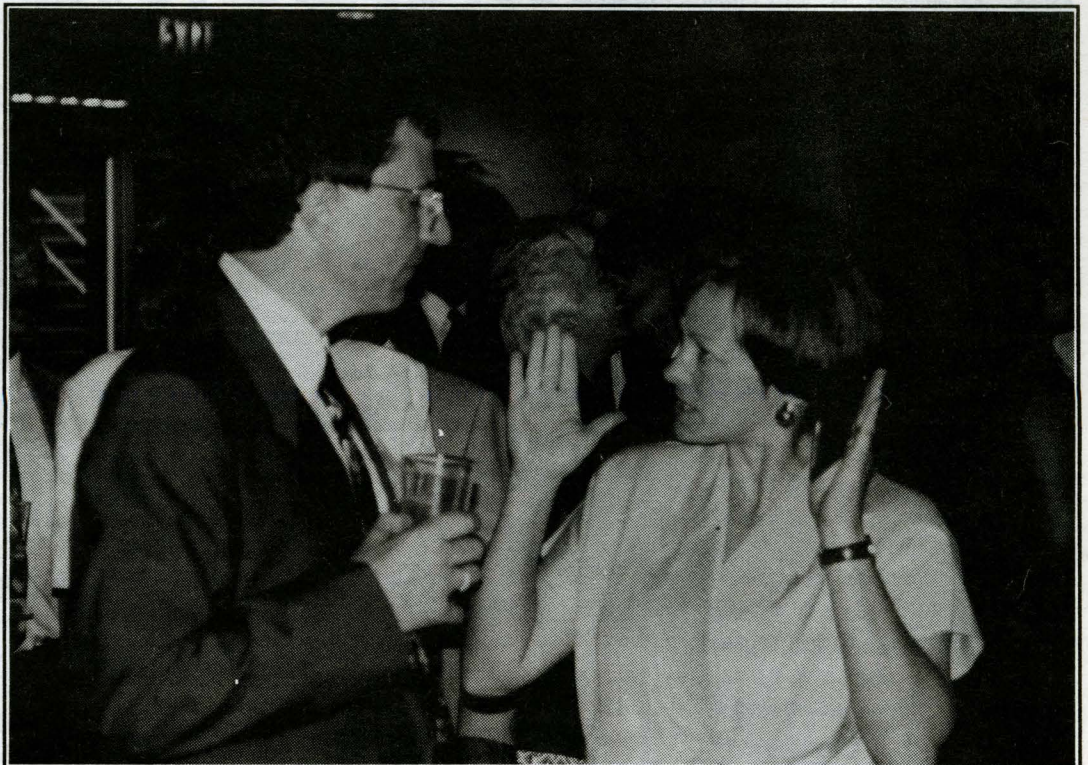
Answer Crashes Swell Bash

Last month B.C. Rail had their Board of Directors meeting at the Conference Centre, and afterwards invited the business establishment of Whistler for an exclusive cocktail party. Needless to say, we crashed the event, and after having swilled with the swells we have determined that B.C. Rail is indeed the best railroad to pass through Whistler, although their tendency to blow the whistle late at night has been a source of constant aggravation.



Above: The Tiger never seems to be in a bad mood. Left: Robert Fine, left, of the Sea To Sky Economic Development Commission tells MLA David Mitchell that he really liked his previous work with the punk rock band The Schmorgs.

Bob Colebrook Photos



"It was this long?" questions an unidentified party goer to an unsure Richard Benfield, Marketing Director of the WRA.



Tulip Noir

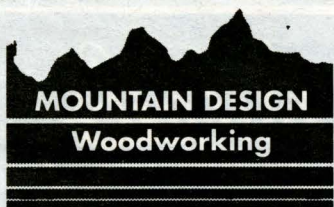
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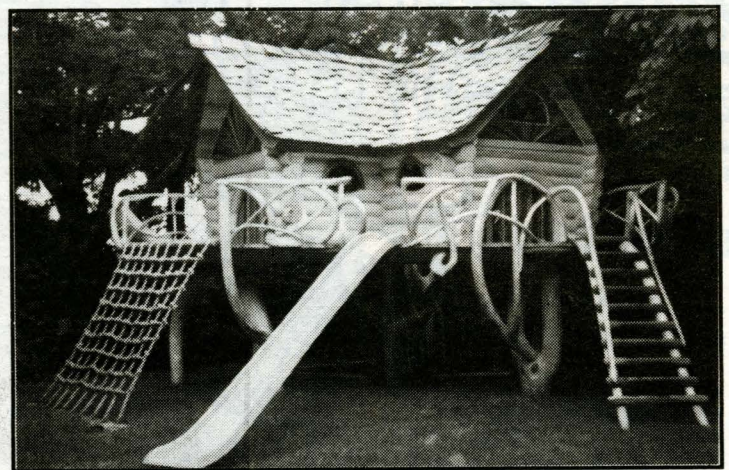
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The (R)evolution of Man?

By Cameron Laba

Life of harmony

Many generations ago before modern man carved the landscape into asphalt ribbons lined with anonymous structures of glass and steel, a native Indian elder climbed the mountain to a high and noble place. Knowing that each day would bring a new reason the true and hearty soul gave speed to the four directions and conversed with the water, the earth, the forest and the sky until his journey was given direction. Collecting his tribe the nomad continued up the valley following the summer's wealth of harvest and game. They lived their days under the sun and their nights around a fire under the moon and the stars. The native Indian theology has a basic principle to appease their Great Spirit; to take from the earth only what is necessary and to leave waste of absolutely nothing. As with aboriginal peoples from around the globe they had a simple but amazing symbiosis within the food chain which gave them harmonious lives of non-destruction and peace.

Life in a pickle jar

I remember a high school science experiment when a constant light source was shone on a five gallon pickle jar filled with water, micro-organisms and a variety of fish and plants. It was a closed environment where nothing could get in or out. The light provided energy for the photosynthesis in the plants which fed the fish whose waste products were broken down by the micro-organisms giving nutrients back to the plants. It worked! The cycle was a perpetual mini-ecosystem. The relative ratio of the fish/plants/ micro-organisms varied as the months

passed but always returned to a constant medium. The natural order of checks and balances allowed the contents of the jar to reach a state known as equilibrium.

How far have we come?

If our human lines manage to survive a few thousand or so more generations future historians will have a ball with our present day behavior. The technological revolution began in the eighteen hundreds with the first coal-fired steam factories in Britain and Europe. Then came Henry Ford's mass production assemble line which started man's love affair/dependence with machines and created droves of factory working slaves. Then followed the world wars, the stock exchange, disposable products, airlines, the nuclear age, space travel and computer networking. We are in a period of what the future may call "That time of mass consumption". In barely a century and a half (a minimal spec on the time line of human existence) we have used, abused and destroyed such a large fraction of the worlds resources at a rate that certainly cannot be surpassed or continued for much longer. Imagine what the native Indian elder and his tribe of long ago would think if they could see what their world has become?

Is this Utopia?

It was Frank Lloyd Wright the master architect from the throws of the early modern era (circa 1930) who gave us the term 'Utopia' in his book *The Living City*. He described a system called 'Organic Architecture' as life in a fully utilized society built upon the wholistic foundations and principles of the natural world. His was a dream of

creating perpetually self sufficient techno-agricultural communities containing all of the necessary elements and amenities to be modern gardens of Eden. Paradise found. It would be a user friendly/environmentally friendly world that for the most part is presently technologically feasible. The Living City. The Radiant City. A way for humans to co-habitate en-masse with the world around them.

Time for change

We all know the facts: Recycling, reduction, and conservation programs have indeed begun everywhere. But the amount of pollutants that flow from the human machine into our land, air, and water has reached unprecedented amounts. Species and vast tracts of wilderness are disappearing every day. We are approaching a stage where the earth's capacity to give will end and the equilibrium effect will cause a drastic shift in the way things are. The green house warming and the disappearing ozone are frightening proof.

Hoping to make more friends than enemies I ask why then are we not using our techno-magic at full capacity to build a timeless heaven on earth rather than raping and destroying our planet for the purpose of short-term monetary gain? It is not that we do not possess the intellect, diversification, courage or desire to create a world that is mandatory for our ensured existence. Only that we have not yet had enough time to work out the details and unity to establish a global plan. Indeed only the strongest survive and for all of us to keep our place there are certain things that logically must come to pass.



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Name That Beaver!

AWARE Selects Whistler's First Environmental Monitor

beaver 1. a large amphibious rodent of Asia, Europe and North America. It has soft brown fur, a broad flat hairless tail, and webbed hind feet, and constructs complex dams and houses (lodges) in rivers.

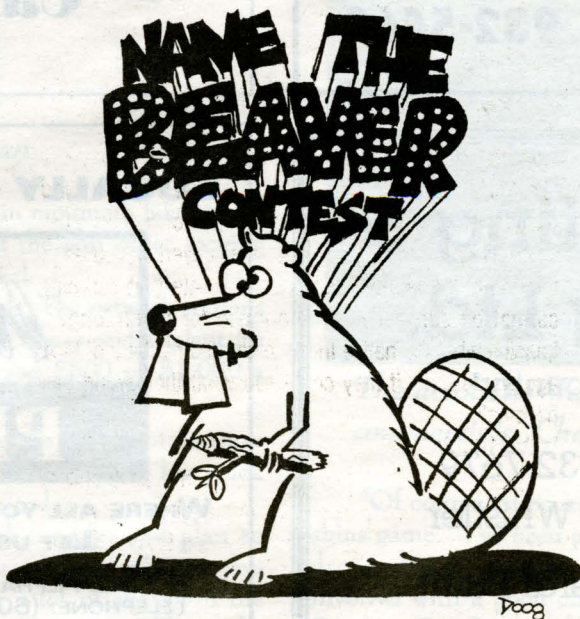
The Collins English Dictionary fails to mention that it is also an important Canadian symbol.

Every evening around 6:30 or 7:00 this symbol of Canada—industry, the nickel, the voyageurs, and much more—swims by Alta Lake docks completely unaware of the greatness he represents. To AWARE, he's a monitoring system of the environmental health of the Whistler water ways, in microcosm. The healthier the water courses, the busier the beaver (pardon the pun). We thought that if we cared, watching him at work and play, we could discuss his progress in this newsletter, and generally find ways to make this valley a better place for all of us and him.

Recently, he's been adding to his lodge and it takes a very good eye, but if you look closely, you can see the work that's been camouflaged. We think it's a good sign that next he will be looking for someone to move in with him.

We need to find a name for this little guy, and we would like your help. So, we're having a

contest to find a name for our favourite beaver. The prize for the lucky winner will be a custom environmental remake of their house, which includes such goodies as environmentally sound cleaning supplies, composting bins, and recycling organizers, and a personal in home consultation, reviewing product selection decisions. Enter as often as you like. The deadline for entries is October 31, 1992. To enter, contact AWARE, by phone 932-4457, or mail, at Box 3500-35 Whistler, B.C. V0N 1B0.



Open Air Market Moves to the New Myrtle Philip School

Don't forget the open air market has moved to the new Myrtle Philip School, and will continue to be held the last Sunday of every month. Come check out the organic produce, arts and crafts, and free store. The next market date is September 27. This is a great opportunity to recycle your stuff and even make some money while you're doing it.

AWARE is a local, non-profit environmental organization, for more information on upcoming activities call 932-4457. We need your help and we need your support through memberships.

Dual Mountain
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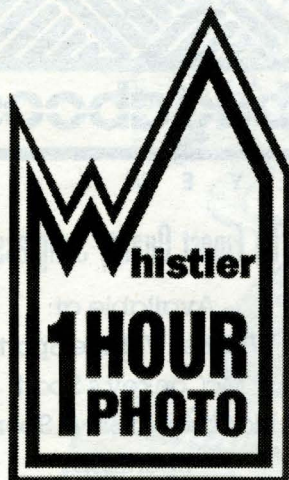
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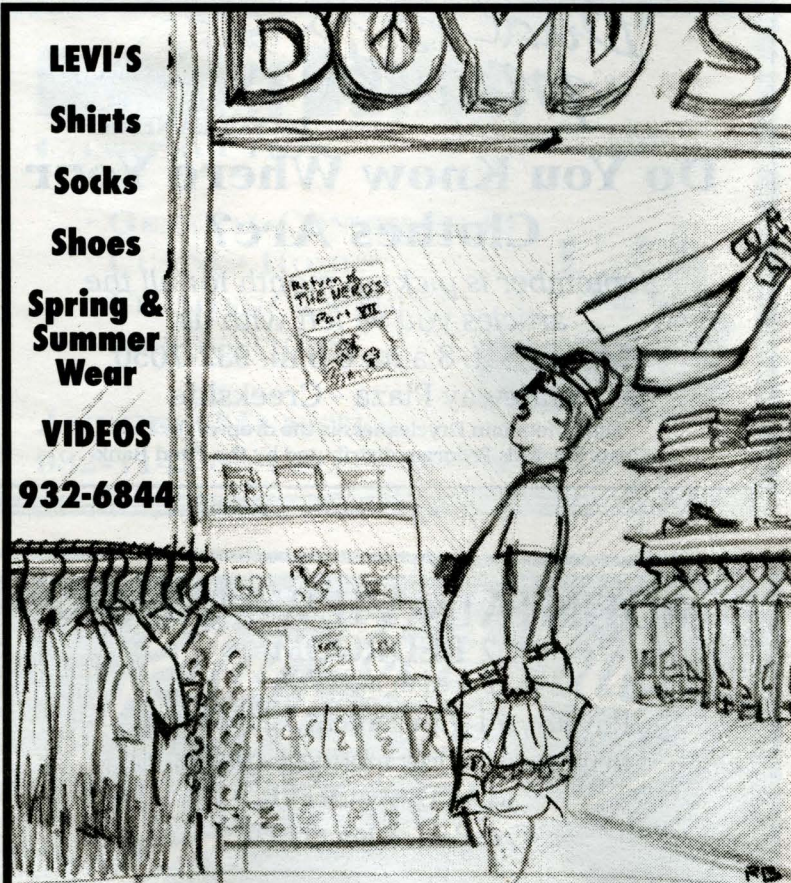
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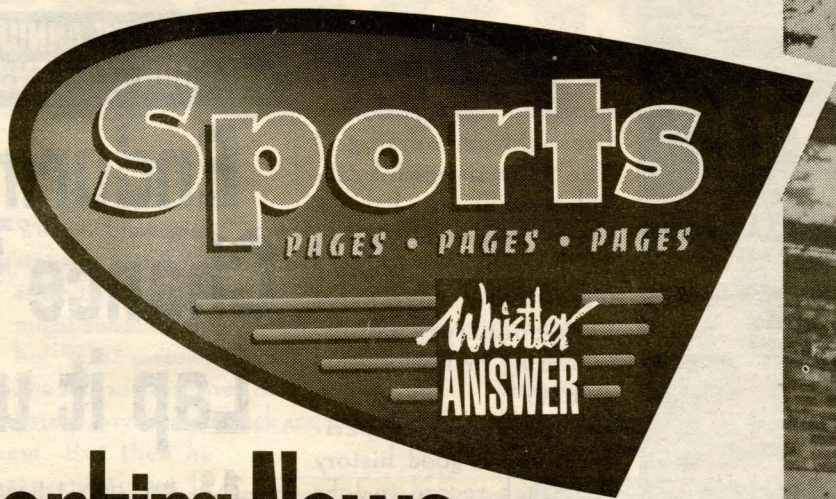
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*"Hey, don't you have anything that says
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at normal prices."*



Sporting News

By Jim Monahan



The acrobatic Wade Murray found out that the cash is in commercials. Charlie Doyle Photo

Well yes, there is some money to be made in mountain bike riding. Check in with **Wade Murray**, who is at the post office looking for a royalty check from a Nike commercial.

"It's all mountain bike riding and boogie boards. The network stations bought it on a four month contract," says Murray. "I was paid a talent fee for the shoot, plus royalties which can run around \$800 or \$1,000 a month U.S."

U.S.! Unfortunately, Murray has yet to see the spot on television as he's been on a money saving kick; living in the back of his truck with no electricity or TV. A cultural change is in order.

"I'm more into surfing than bike riding these days and plan to head to Bodega Bay, north of San Francisco for a break," Murray says with that far away look in his eyes. "There are a lot of sharks in the water there, but only six or eight feet long, no big deal. It'll just be good to get away from the everyday madness of living in Whistler for a while. Then come back with a while new attitude."

That and perhaps a diploma from a stunt-man school in L.A., as long as those Nike letters and checks keep rolling in to pay the bills.

Bluelines...

This next item has to be a scribbler's dream come true. It seems the editor of this publication may become a referee in the Whistler Men's Hockey League. Picture it: "HEY BOSCO! OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU'RE MISSING A GREAT GAME!" ...hee hee hee..

It should be noted that this corner went through immense trial and tribulation to get the scoop on this year's version of the WHL. After a weekend spent in a cave, half way up Singing Pass, here they are:

Chief Grey Cloud's

Training Camp Selections:

- Garfinkles..... (da doc is da difference). 2 to 1.
- Winterhawks..... (still plenty of savvy) 3 to 1.
- Merlins..... (will be magic around the net). 3 to 1.
- Chateau Sharks..... (dangerous on frozen pond). 4 to 1.
- Jimmy D's Devils..... (could surprise with good goaltending). 5 to 1.
- Savage Beagle Bulls..... (in tough with these). 5 to 1.

Meantime, the Whistler Whitetops old-timers team have already begun playing games in Squamish. The old boys may end up with from two to four teams in Whistler as ice time becomes available.

"We've spoken to the Squamish players and they're enthusiastic about playing here. They've been hosting us for a number of years and we'd like to return the favour," says the Whitetops **Michael D'Artois**. "We might also get some players coming down from Pemberton. If you're interested in playing old-timers hockey you can call myself, **Chuck Blaylock** or **Bill Barratt**."

Grip It and Rip It...

We all know that gambling is illegal but there could be some money changing hands at McCoos during a busy month of golf. First up, both **George McConkey** and **Jeff Coombs** will try to qualify for the annual Skins Game. The following week, they'll both be back for the **Garibaldi Golf Club Championship**.

"Of course, of course I'll win that one," laughs **McConkey** over the skins game. "I've been playing quite a bit, three times a week, and have dropped my handicap a couple of points. We're just happy to be involved with a good charity. Some of the proceeds will go to the Big Brothers/Big Sisters of Whistler."

"It's gonna be me. No doubt! Just a straight up bet though, nobody will give us odds," counters **Coombs**. Even **McConkey** will admit that **Coombs** has been playing a hot game this summer, lowering his handicap from an eight down to a four.

You might want to join the gallery and follow the players around the course at the September 9 skins game. The previous two winners were **Scott Ainscough** and **Brad White**.

Armchair Athletes...

The Escape Route's **Tom Duguid** is looking forward to having **Denise Spenser** back at work. Spenser took a tumble on the **Stawamus Chief** a month ago and is still doing re-hab in Vancouver.

"If she'd fallen straight down, she would have been all right," says **Duguid**. "The ropes are like bungee cord and will stretch. They were on a ridge, near the top, she just lost concentration for a moment and pendulumed into a rock."

All the best from the *Answer*, Denise, get well soon.

Say, the Whistler Public Library has a scary new book on the shelves, written by **Jeff Long**, titled *The Ascent*. The Boulder, Colorado author spins a partly truth, partly fictional account of an Everest expedition that librarian **Robb Ross** should classify as a page-turner.

"We have quite a few sports books that seem to go out on a regular basis," claims **Ross**. "**Mickey Mantle's My Favorite Summer** is a good one. A couple others that are still quite popular are **Ken Dryden's Home Game** and **Peter Gzowski's Game of Our Lives**."

Spare Parts...

If you see an old geezer huffing and puffing along the Valley Trail, don't worry. It's just my buddy **Doug Walsh** training for the Terry Fox Run...

Our travel award this month has to go to Terry "Toulouse" **Spence**, who was in Toronto with his family. He flew home to play three innings of slo-pitch with **Nester's Fruits and Vegetables**, then left the next day for two weeks of training with the Women's National Ski Team in Chile.

Will the skateboarders go underground this winter? Some yes, but

then: "Most of them will go snowboarding because snowboarding is better than skiing. It goes without saying," says Attitude at Altitude's Dylan Doubt. The Triple A dudes will carry a line of high performance rentals this winter, including top end boards from Burton, Santa Cruz, Sims, Aggression and Jackson Snowboards. Doubt helped design the new board for Jackson: "It's a free-riding, freestyle board. No, I didn't get a signature on it, but then I didn't want to. I guess I'm just too humble for that," admits Doubt.



Geoff Coombs is down to a four handicap, and looks good for the upcoming skins game. Bob Colebrook

So, you want to join the ski patrol at Blackcomb? Here's what you'll need: WCB Industrial First Aid, be an expert

skier in all conditions and on all slopes, and experience in a related field (eg. fire fighting, nursing...) The more successful candidates will also have: a Level 1 Avalanche Course, WCB Avalanche Blasting Certificate, extensive back-country mountaineering or rescue experience, extensive emergency care experience, and a good history and track record in jobs that deal with the public... Gee, suppose that lets this out, but they will be holding job fairs on September 26th and October 18th.

If you're running with the Whistler Windbreakers be sure to stay with the lead pack. They meet Wednesday evenings at 6:00, and Sunday mornings at 8:30 at Lost Lake... HEY, WAKE UP! YOU'RE MISSING A GREAT COLUMN! hee hee hee... So long, and here's to Silken Laumann wherever she might be. ■

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The relay around the trails of Mount Seymour will take place October 4 starting at 10 a.m. The team of two who makes the most laps around the trails wins. Classes include Expert/Pro, Sportsmen, Novice and Women. The entry fee for a team is two is \$60, which includes the requisite T-shirt, and other "cool stuff". For more information on this race call 876-2683.



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SPORTS PROFILE Mandy Dobbs

By Jim Monahan

If William Shakespeare were to descend the stairs of the Whistler Creek Lodge and enter the Pumphouse Fitness Centre he might suddenly exclaim: "What ho, what ho! What manner of man is this, who climbeth the stairway to heaven on a machine, and rideth the stationary bike o'er rock and green?"

Ahem. But then he may just want to get in shape for the ski season. Enough procrastinating, it's time to turn yourself in and get cracking before the snow flies.

"The first thing to do is to talk to one of our instructors. Don't worry, it's free of charge," says manager Mandy Dobbs. "They'll want to know your present health, any injuries you have and the goal you have in mind.

"Anyone, of any fitness level, can have a program set up for them. We like to stress a personalized approach so they won't feel intimidated or confused about what they're doing."

Though born in Dublin, Ireland—she swears she kissed the Blarney Stone—Dobbs grew up in Victoria before moving to Whistler and joining the Pumphouse staff five years ago. Except for a season at the Walcher Fitness Center in Schladming, Austria in 1989/90, she has been there ever since, and took over the managerial reins two years ago.

"I learned to speak German by taking night school classes," she recalls of her trip to Schladming. "I enjoyed taking them through some programs and teaching some techniques. I also had a chance to see how they train in Europe and bring some of those things back home."

At the Pumphouse, Dobbs is busy with everyone from ski racers to weight lifters, fitness buffs and even Moms and Tots circuit weight training. She also specializes in sports rehabilitation injuries, working closely with doctors and physiotherapists.

"Everyone with a sports injury in Whistler is so into their sport. They want to get back in action as soon as possible, like yesterday," she laughs.

Body building, as a sport, is all in the "eye of the beholder" according to Dobbs. Given that you need a natural physique, just to support all of the muscular build-up, she also finds that most Whistlerites are active in several different sports and just haven't the time and energy to dedicate themselves to just one thing.

"Most people use weights now to enhance their sports. They're into toning and definition, working on the endurance factor," notes Dobbs. "You can do what you want, longer and better. Do that extra set, run that extra mile. You'll find that

training year round has its advantages, like going from skiing to bike riding."

You wouldn't want Mandy Dobbs to catch you doing steroids.

"That's a dirty word in our gym," she states emphatically. "I'm very, very much against using drugs of any kind to alter your body size or strength. Whether it's steroids to build up or diet pills to lose weight, people are looking for the easy way out. The only way to get your mind and body fit is through hard work."

Hard work and a well balanced diet, stay away from those preservatives and additives. Most athletes who require supplements are participating in high endurance sports and all of them should undergo nutritional counseling. Some may be short of potassium or sodium, or suffer from extreme fatigue or muscle soreness. See an expert and stick to that balanced diet.

O.K., so we can't all look like Christie Brinkley or Tom Selleck, but the game plan is to do the best with what you've got. Dobbs has the delightful notion that time spent in the gym is a reward in itself. With all the time people spend working hard and doing things for other people, here is a chance to do something for yourself. Take the time to work at fitness and develop a positive attitude.

"Setting realistic goals, and achieving those goals, is important in fitness as well as in life. It's great to have something to strive for," she says. "It's true, we sometimes have to talk people down a bit, but even the slightest improvement can be important. No matter how old you are, when you start training go with it. There are people in their fifties who still look like they're in their twenties. Being physically fit can both enhance and prolong your life."

Training at the Pumphouse can be a social event as well. Circuit weight training is held five nights a week during the winter, with as many as thirty stations to use on the main level. The idea is to work on both the muscular and cardio-vascular systems. The touchstones are variety, safety, fun and a superb all-round work-

out.

"We call it a timed weight workout and always have an instructor on hand," says Dobbs. "At some gyms they use a timing light or a beeper but we like the personal touch. The instructor can program the workout to highlight endurance or strength, perhaps an upper-body or lower-body day. People keep coming back because it's always different. It's a highly motivated class. You know what you're doing at each station and just follow the numbers around. It's so popular that some nights we've actually had to turn people away."

Stretching is another must on the list of activities at the Pumphouse. A few stretching exercises before a workout will warm the muscles, then a few more are recommended at the finish to help relax. A more flexible muscle will produce greater strength gain, plus there's less chance of an injury. Common injuries in Whistler include knees, shoulders, backs and wrists.

Dobbs is a member of the Sports Medicine Council of B.C., along with the U.S. National Strength and Conditioning Council. Both organizations publish newsletters that feature all the latest theories and changes in the world of sports training.

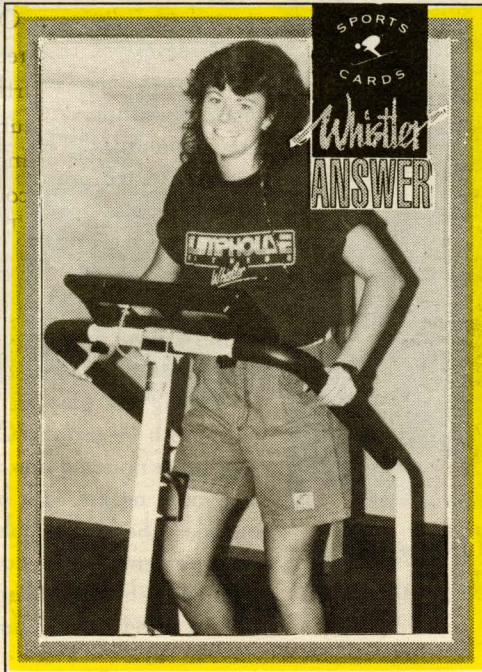
"You have to keep up with what's new in everything from nutrition to exercises and equipment. It's also nice when they confirm that what you're already doing is correct," smiles Dobbs.

The only disappointment for the manager of the Pumphouse these days is a lack of time to do things like aerobic instruction. Paper work and organizational tasks use up a lot of quality time, but owner Tim Malone has given Dobbs the chance to use her own thoughts and personality to run the business. Again, it's safety, personalized service, and always being open to suggestions.

"Things are going so well for me right now, it's hard to say what's next. I'll be in the fitness industry for the rest of my life, that's for sure. I'm really happy in my own little niche, teaching and

helping people get into a fitness lifestyle," says Dobbs. "The World Cup circus is coming to Whistler again this winter. When I was in Schladming they held downhill and slalom races. So I told them all, hey guys, when you're in Canada look me up."

You can bet they will. Former Mr. Olympic Franco Columbo dropped by recently to pump a little iron. As did actor Christopher Lloyd, the Olympic rowing team and the National ski team. To Dobbs and her staff at the Pumphouse though, the most important person is the next one that steps up to the desk.



Full name: Mandy Dobbs
 Born: 24/9/63 Dublin, Ireland
 Height: 5' 10"
 Weight: 145 lbs.
 Occupation: Exercise consultant
 Sponsors: Nike, Rucanor
 An expert in the fitness industry, Mandy began her career by teaching aerobic classes in Victoria, B.C.

By Chris Kent

Flex Belczyk Hangs Up the Boards

It WAS 1976 IN WHISTLER, BACK WHEN THE TOWN site was the dump, the Keg was in Adventures West and I was here for the Canadian Juvenile Alpine Ski Championships. I was a skinny, bow-legged, young ski racer from Calgary when I first met many of my future teammates and competitors. One of them was a gangly, snout nosed fellow from Castlegar named Felix Belczyk. "How could anyone with a name like that ever be a ski racer?" I asked myself. It made me envision Felix Unger of the *Odd Couple*.

Flex, as he was appropriately nicknamed, retired from the National Alpine Ski Team following last season. He raced with the team for eleven years. He is the first and only Canadian male to win a World Cup race other than downhill by winning a Super G at Luekerbad, Switzerland in 1989. He placed 3rd, 4th, 5th and had many other top ten places throughout his career in World Cup downhill, his discipline specialty. He also competed in two Olympic Games.

This is hardly the record of a Felix Unger. He would have been far too anally retentive to enjoy a cruise down the Hahnenkamm. Several factors were prominent in Flex's success: being raised a Red Mountain Racer, good support from family and

coaches, and believing in himself, which made him stick it out through the tough times.



Felix Belczyk retired this summer from the National Ski Team. Greg Griffith Photo

Felix was not what you would call a natural ski talent. He relied a great deal on his physical strength, which is why he was a late bloomer. In the early days he lacked finesse and some technique basics. He slowly developed those aspects, however, in his first four years on the National Team. His ski style was so distinctive that we, his teammates, called him the praying mantis. This was due to how he held his hands near the praying position. He would revert to this style occasionally when he was not at his best. It was his old style that he leaned on, which was learned early in his ski life. When he did we would say, "Flex is praying again." Maybe he was praying he could ski better. I think it worked.

In the summer of 1983 he made real progress in thwarting his praying tendencies. We trained at Mammoth Mountain, California that summer and I remember noticing how Flex stated to look smoother and more relaxed with his hands held further to the outside. The next couple of years showed no sudden improvement, but he got better each season and had isolated flashes of brilliance.

In 1984, after missing much of the season with

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Flex in action. Greg Griffith Photo

the Canadian Championships. In 1985 he improved his ranking with consistent, non flashy results. That year Kitzbuhel was particularly treacherous and he fell in every training and race run. The following year in 1986 he appropriately rectified that situation placing 4th at the Hahnenkamm and finally getting his first real World Cup result. I remember a bare-chested, champagne soaked Belczyk in the Londoner that night. While Gary Athans and myself contemplated retirement, Flex, who is our age, was just getting started. He would gamble his late 20's on more ski racing.

At that time Brian Stemmler and Rob Boyd had just entered the scene. All of them were staunchly non-Felix Unger types who gelled together and formed a team. Together they were able to support and compete against each other, which brought them all to new levels. It helped the rest of the team too.

Felix became the leader of the men's downhill team. He was the oldest and most experienced. Even though Boyd had won races Felix showed the leadership for the whole team, and it was he who the younger members would look to for guidance. During his tenure our team achieved many great results from the lesser known racers. Don

Stevens placed 2nd in a downhill in Vail in 1989 with Dan Moar in 7th. Mike Carney had several decent results other than his team best finish of 14th at the Calgary Olympics. Eddy Podivinski, Cary Mullen, Roman Torn and Darren Thorburn are all progressing well, all having being heavily influenced by Flex.

In 1989 there were three days in a row which made Flex's best season. It was at Luekerbad, Switzerland where there was a double downhill

hard conditions. Many of his other good results were on softer snow conditions and the finish in Are really gained Flex the respect of his peers.

After this fine season Flex decided, for some reason, to switch boot brands. I guess he thought it would help him win. I made the same mistake at the end of my career and failed to make it work. Flex had a poor season in 1991. His ranking sank past 70 and he was hurting. I thought at the age of 29 and at a loss for results he would

quit racing. Somewhere, though, he found fuel within himself to stay with it for another year, an Olympic year. Late last season he hit his stride again and

finished with an 8th place finish in Panorama. That was a great finish to a hard fought and fruitful career.

Felix Unger Flex is not. He often has messy hair, he organizes his bedroom with the "pile system," he is easy going and he does not listen to opera. He was one of those racers who was in it for the love of skiing, not just competition. He skied like a praying mantis long enough for his prayers to finally be answered. Now his life changes like every retiring athlete's. I'm sure we will see him shredding around here with a grin on his face for a long time to come.*

"This is hardly the record of a Felix Unger. He would've been far too anally retentive to enjoy a cruise down the Hahnenkamm."

and a Super G. Flex was having a decent but unspectacular season up until then. Day one he was 5th, day two he placed 4th and on day three he won the Super G over Swiss star Pirmin Zurbriggen. If you're going to nip anyone out for the victory, Zubi is the one to do it to. That was a sweet bonus.

The next season was spent as a solid first seed downhill with some reasonable Super G results. The last race of 1990 in Are, Sweden Flex finally got a podium finish in downhill. His third place finish was his best downhill result, but what made it sweet was that it was on a tough course with



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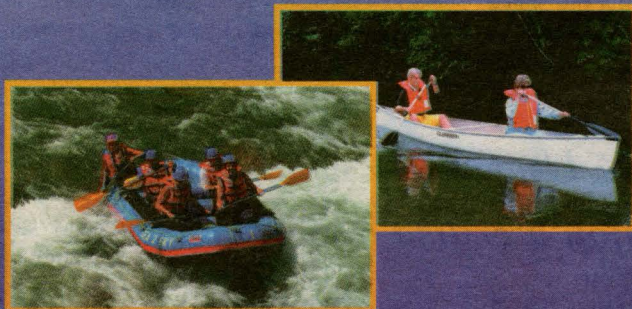
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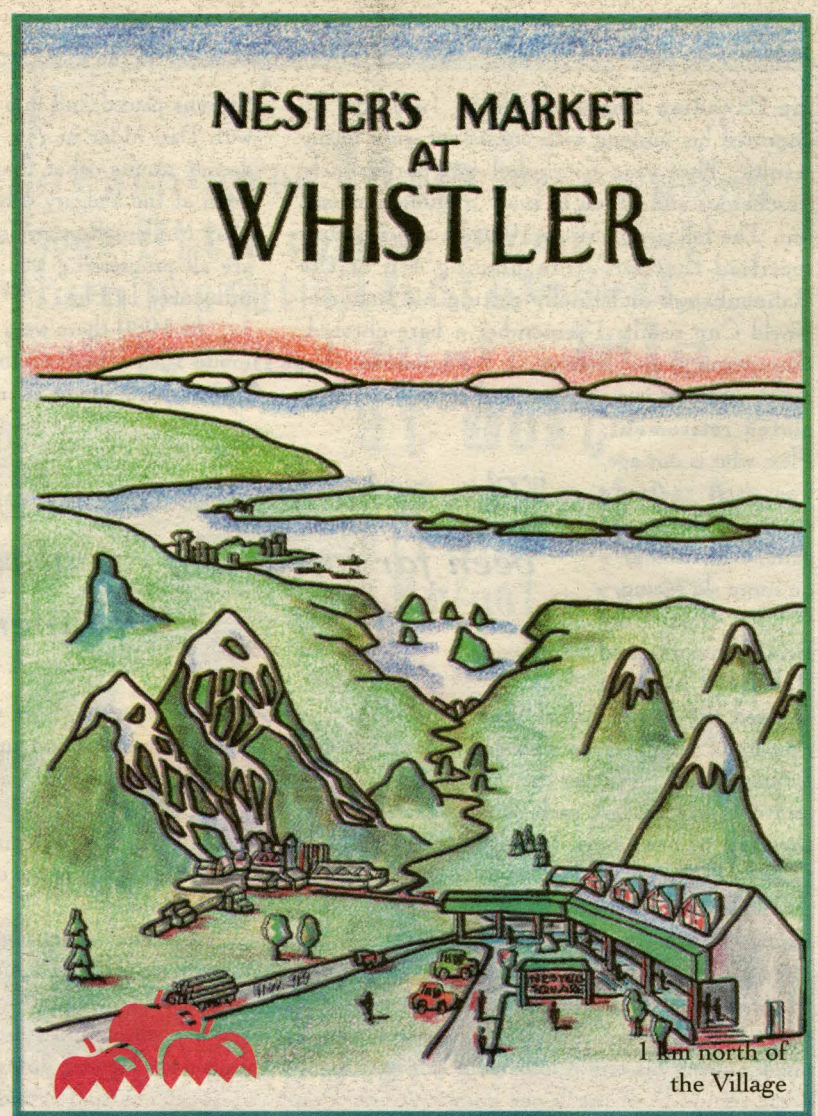
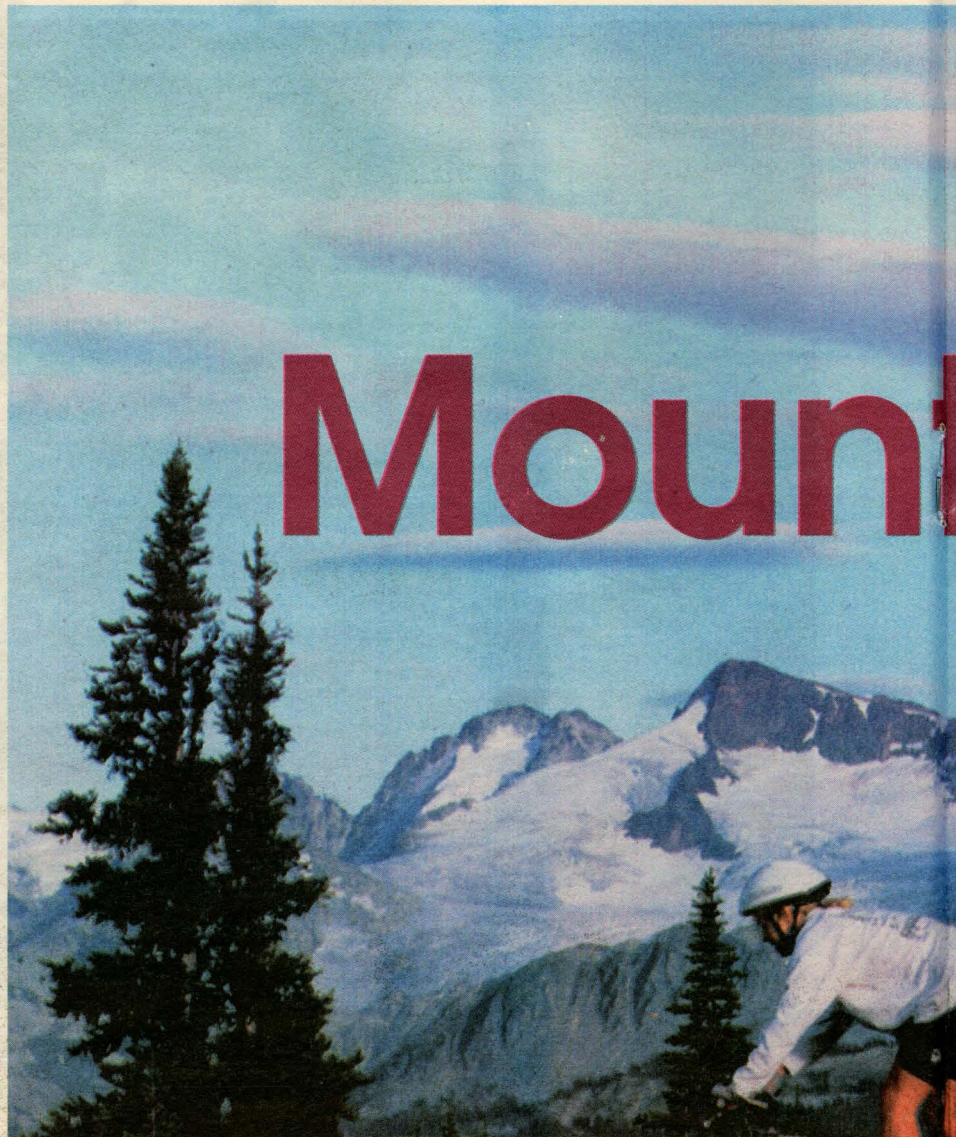
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Eric Berger Photo

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BIKE TREK OVER 7,800 FOOT WARNER PASS

By Liz Scroggins

In the early 1990's, many hopeful prospectors traveled the ancient Chilcotin Trail. However, this trail was not made by the gold diggers, it was pushed through by the Chilcotin Indians as their most expeditious route from the interior to the coast.

The Chilcotin/Cariboo region is breathtakingly beautiful. Riding along the Chilcotin Plateau south, back to the familiar Coast Mountains along such an ancient route gave one the feeling of freedom and tranquillity. At times as you spin alone down the trail, trying to capture every sight and smell, the connection with the land feels so real, as it must have felt centuries ago.

How do you experience this wonderful sensation? Well, first you get a friend to drive you and your steel horse to Lee's Corner (Hanceville, 100 km southwest of Williams Lake). A good overall outline and route of the trail is found on the B.C. Outdoor Recreation Guide—Cariboo/Chilcotin Map (1:250,000).

With respect to gear, travel light. We each had a sleeping bag, thermarest, bivouac sac, one set cycling clothes, one set warm clothes for night time, rain/cycling jacket and a cup and spoon, as well as one Whisperlite stove and medium fuel bottle, one pot, first aid kit, bike tools, two pumps, and enough food for six days. We used small day packs and rear racks to carry our stuff. The less you carry, the happier you'll be—guaranteed.

So we get out of our shuttle vehicle and assemble our gear, load up our bikes and the rain begins to fall. Is this an omen? God and by this time the trucks have left and their dusty trail is now far away. "No Wimp Tours" bellows Steve, and I get a shiver down my spine. "What have I gotten myself into?" remembering that Eric Pehota loved this trip. That only means that there are some gnarly sections ahead. "Oh ya, NWT lets go," I mumble.

The road south from Hanceville is a good secondary road and you can cover a lot of

ground in one day. The road is quite undulating and totally enjoyable to ride. Basically, the road parallels the Taseko River and you gain and lose elevation all day long. The descent down to the north end of Taseko Lake is very bumpy and rattles you a bit. I could not imagine riding up that sucker; by the way, it is definitely best to travel north to south on this trip

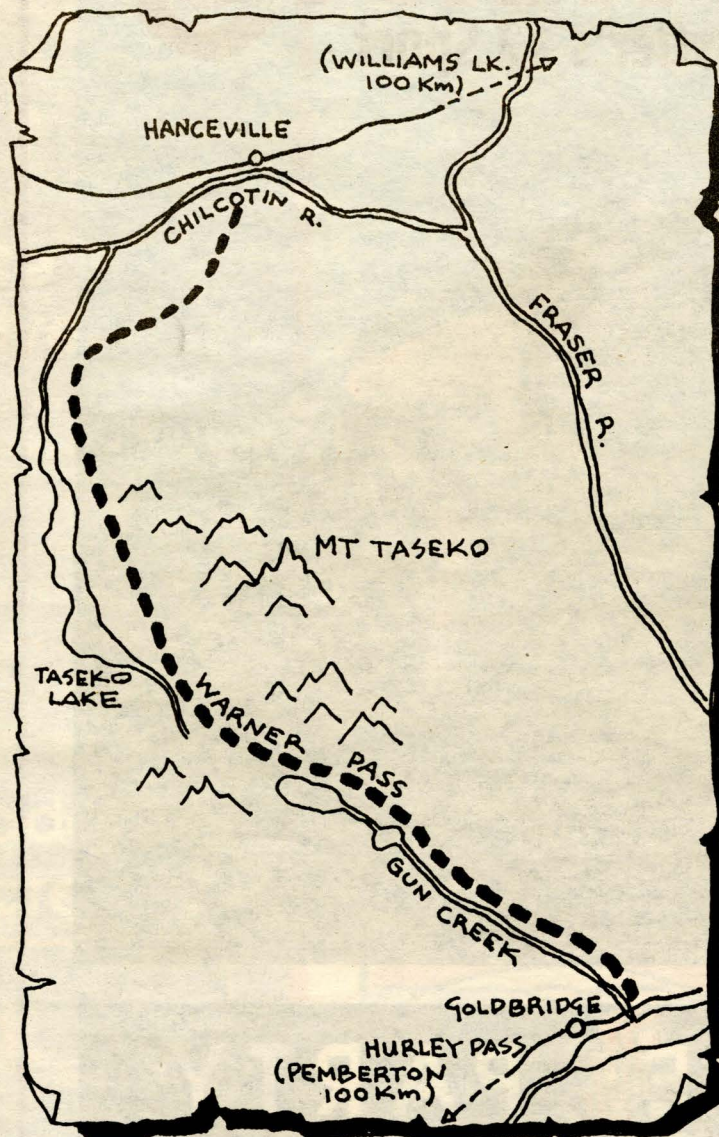
for that reason.

Continuing along this road, you reach the Taseko Ranch. It was hard to tell if the place was operational or not. There was not much action, only a few diamond drillers who had their equipment stored there. The precious metals in the hills still attract the prospectors. Conversation with the drillers quickly turned to mining; it was very difficult to ignore my love for exploration.

After a while we got around to the matter at hand: "Where are we?" We were glad to hear that Beece Creek was only about ten more kilometers. That was our goal for the day, so off we went, remembering to take the left fork in the road behind the cabins down the way.

We were treated to a crisp, cold Kokanee at the Beece Creek camp site. Our newfound friends, Nick and Judy, were quite excited about our adventure, and very curious about our river crossing to be attempted the next morning. That night it was cold and raining, leaving it very cool the following morning. The thought of fording the creek had been with me since I had seen the creek the night before, I wasn't exactly looking forward to it. All of a sudden there we were, barefoot, struggling our way thirty feet across the fast moving, waist deep "creek," packs on our backs and a bike over our shoulder. A rope spanning the creek would have been nice. It seemed like an eternity before I could feel my toes again, but eventually we were packed up and riding.

Things were starting to get a lot more interesting along the way, like avoiding the bear shit on the road. This was the day for wet feet, crossing several small creeks and one other large one, which fortunately had a log bridge for walking across. As we sat and had lunch at this particular creek, we heard the drone of a vehicle approaching. A bright yellow 4X4 crept down the hill and stopped to negotiate the upcoming creek crossing.



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As we were wondering who in the hell would be out here, I realized that I knew the passenger in the truck, "Ron, is that you?" I say. Sure enough out in the middle of nowhere I run into a friend from the good old mining days. It seemed to tie in to the whole scene, the drillers, the old mining roads, the bear shit.

Speaking of the bear shit, Ron informed us that the bear that was marking the road for us every 100 meters was "just up the road, yah, a real nice cinnamon bear, don't worry about him though." Easy for Ron to say as he cruises by in his truck. We proceed with caution and continue toward our goal for that day, which was Battlement Creek.

As I am cruising through the alpine, I am awestruck with the scenery and the riding is incredible. We ran into the drillers again by the top of Taseko Pass and waved as we went flying past.

We end the day in warm sunshine and wet shoes. Camping alongside Battlement Creek surrounded by

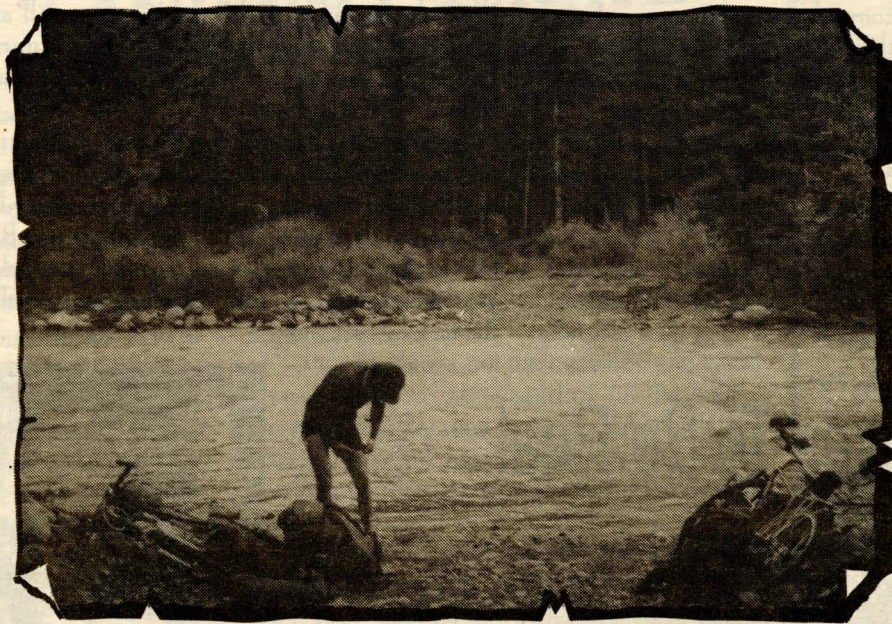
gossanous peaks and sulphide rich rocks again brings back some powerful memories that only the wild outdoors can stir. We talk excitedly about the upcoming day in which we will over Warner Pass. We also pray for

on the lookout for Denain Creek, which will lead us to the pass. Once we are above treeline, and begins to swing southwest, Mount Warner comes into view through a flurry on snow. It seemed as if it would take for-

Descending the other side is no bowl of cherries either. Carrying your bike is the best and safest way to travel across steep talus slopes. We push ourselves to make Trigger Lake where there is an outfitter's cabin. The cabin was a long four hours from the top of the pass and we arrive cold, wet and tired. That night the moon rises behind the nearby peaks and we look forward to the downhill ride the next and final day.

The bad weather we endured the previous day has disappeared and we enjoy our coffee in the morning sun.

The trail follows along Gun Creek and comes out at the Spruce Lake Creek parking lot, which is the trail head for the Spruce Lake area. The logging road from here takes you off the mountain and down to Carpenter Lake. Once you hit the main road along the lake, you head west to the town of Goldbridge. We rode along the highway in high gear in great anticipation of drinking copious amounts of beer in the Goldbridge Hotel. A serious bout of depression hit upon the discovery of a closed bar and restaurant. This was quickly dissipated by the invitation to a party with free beer and of course the realization that we had just completed the ride of a lifetime.



clear weather.

The trail at this point is a narrow horse trail and makes for excellent riding. After leaving Battlement Creek, we remain on the lower trail that seems to be the least traveled. As we speed through bear country, we are

ever to reach the top but in fact we are at 7,800 feet in less than two hours. The trail continues all the way to the top. The fastest way to move is by carrying your bike, however you can also push it—riding is out of the question.

PEAK Bros.



Bikers May Shave Their Legs, But Panty Hose Still Remain a Fantasy

By Grant Lamont

The sport of cycling, like every other sport, has certain strange customs and bizarre practices that seem ridiculous to the normal person. One of these customs that perplex many of the uneducated is the biker's habit of shaving their legs. When I was asked by our editor to justify this habit I became somewhat defensive and said I would explain this to our curious readers.

The main reason that most cyclists shave their legs is for quick and clean healing of the subsequent wounds that accompany a crash, commonly known as road rash. Without the hair it is much easier to keep the wound clean, which leads to being up and riding again much sooner.

The second reason that the legs are shaved is that when you do crash, as every serious cyclist does, the road rash is not as severe because the smooth skin does not rip and shred the same as it would if it were covered with hair.

The third reason for the shaving of legs is for massage. Ask any massage therapist if it is easier to give a proper massage to the legs if they are clean shaven, and one hundred percent will answer yes. Most competitive cyclists should receive regular massages during the season, and having shaved legs means you will get the best value for the time spent on the table.

My personal reason for shaving my legs during cycling season is the fact that I was born with chicken legs, and it is the only way I can show any muscle definition in my calves. And since my legs are so skinny it takes me no time at all to complete the task. I can see Bosco's reason for not shaving his legs during cycling season, as it is quite clear that with legs as large as his, he would have to hire the whole municipal parks lawn crew to complete the task by first snow.

Cheakamus Promises To Be Real Challenge For Real Bikers

By Buck Pirahna

Cheakamus Challenge Fall Classic Mountain Bike Race 1992

Date: Saturday, September 26 1992 10 a.m.

This years Cheakamus Challenge promises to be the premier one day off-road cycling event

in Canada. The relentless course covers 63 grueling kilometers from Brackendale to Whistler and boasts over 2,000 vertical meters of climbing (1300 of it in the final 11 km.)

With over 400 riders expected for this years race the competition will be fierce for

the over \$20,000 in cash and prizes being offered in all categories. The biggest prize this year is a complete Brodie Catalyst mountain bike which is a draw prize that competitors and volunteers are both eligible to win.

The Cheakamus Challenge is truly a classic as one of the only point A to B races in the country featuring incredible scenery, camaraderie, great prizes and a post race party that is becoming legendary. This year's party is being held in the new Myrtle Philip School gymnasium with food supplied by the Grocery Store and prepared by Dave Wright from Wright Choice Catering, featuring products donated by Whistler



Geoff "Lumpy" Leidel is a good bet to place or show in this year's Cheakamus Challenge. Bob Colebrook Photo

Brewing. Once the animals have been fed and all the prizes have been awarded we start to shake the tired legs to the sounds of Omniball, who were so impressive at the Hornby Bike Fest that Race Director Grant Lamont signed them up while in the ferry line-up.

All in all this years Cheakamus Challenge gives racers something that has been lacking in the mountain bike scene for 1992 which is good value for the money. The \$ 50 entry fee gives racers the race, T-shirt, dinner and a couple of beverages along with the opportunity to dance to one of the hottest bands in the province and the huge selection of draw prizes. For more information on how you can be part of this great event as a competitor or volunteer stop in at any bike shop in Whistler and enter or call Grant at 932-4554 to volunteer.

There will be a volunteer meeting at the Longhorn Pub on Wednesday, September 9 at 8 p.m. Anyone interested in helping on the race is strongly encouraged to be there, especially anyone who is a certified flagperson to work on the highway sections.



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Best Prices!

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end of October at Nesters Square.*

(New locations opening soon: Hong Kong, Brazil, Kuwait, Bombay.)

Da Plane! Boss, Boss, Da Plane!

Whistlerites Leave Their Mark On Hornby Island

By Grant Lamont

This year marks the 4th edition of the Hornby Island Cycle and Music Festival, and the *Answer* was there with a strong Whistler contingent that was not only dominating the racing but leading the charge in the partying area as well.

Needless to say, to attend this event a little ingenuity was required as our friends at B.C. Ferries are not noted for speedy commuting.

The opportunity arose through some quick negotiations with Mike Quinn of Whistler Air and we were scheduled for take off at 5:30 on Friday night. When we arrived at the float plane base on Green Lake we were met by an apprehensive Mike Quinn, who seemed a bit twitchy about flying in the electrical storm that was just passing through the area.

However, with a little prodding and whining we were soon strapped firmly in our

seats and preparing to take off as soon as Mike got a fix on the swirling winds. The 185 Cessna performed like a trooper as we went through some turbulence for the first half of the flight, with Mike's steady hand bringing us so close to glaciers that you could almost touch

them. As we passed over Pender Harbour the water looked incredible, as did the labyrinth of trails and roads snaking over Lasquiti and Texada islands that look great for off-road riding.

Within forty minutes we were landing in Ford Harbour and I could finally pry Caroline's viselike hand from my thigh, where it had dug in upon take-off.

Hornby Island is a beautiful place blessed with incredible beaches and some of the best single track riding I have ever experienced, along with locals who are friendly and very refreshing in their tie-dye and saffron.

The Cycle and Music Festival was held in a large field with tents and Volkswagen vans everywhere and people of all ages zipping about on their two wheeled toys.

With the cross country race not slated to start until noon on Saturday we proceeded down to the pub for some ice cold carbo's and wait for our gear to arrive with Ken (Yellowman) McCallum, Brad Furlan, Bo, Mike Christie, Ryan Brown, Mike Seniuk, Crank and the irrepressible playboy and child massage therapist John Colebourn.

They all arrived and we set up camp and

listened to the lament of the twelve hour B.C. Ferry nightmare and tried to wind them down.

We were kept up all night by the Scott Gang who dazzled us with their limited vocabulary and self defense demonstration that left them all with black eyes, cut lips and thousands of people willing to assist them in becoming organ donors.

After we shook out the cobwebs and clouded our minds we all headed off for the start of the cross-country race that included great shady climbs, incredibly banked descents and big ring sections that left everybody smiling through the pain.

The first across the line in the men's expert division was Whistler local Paul Rawlinson who set a killer pace on this highly enjoyable course

before he pulled away and smoked everyone. Diana Kilby another Whistler resident, took the women's expert crown. Caroline Hicks of Whistler took top spot in Sportswoman with her best ride to date and Mike Edwards, another local, took the men's citizen title.

In the veterans race it was Paul Brodie coming in first

with our own Charlie Doyle nipping at his heels to take third. In general it was a good day for Whistler riders and we settled in for a celebration that would not leave us in prime cycling condition for Sunday. The music began at 7:30 and didn't let up until 3 a.m., as the crowd of close to 3,000 proved that hedonism is still alive and well on this little island. Everyone was dancing, drinking, eating and letting it go in an environment that throbbed with an excitement and energy that used to thrive in the days of Whistler past.

Sunday morning came too soon, as reality slapped us in the face as eight people, one dog and all their gear headed off to Whistler in Ryan's Magic Bus. The rest of us weren't leaving until later and there was no flight home, only the dreaded three-ferry-trip-from-hell, which no one was looking forward to, especially me.

All things considered it was quite an eventful trip and I recommend that everyone with a bike go and experience the Hornby Festival, as it will put a song in your heart and lactic acid in your legs. But take my advice and fly over or go on Thursday and come back the Monday, because frankly folks the Ferries suck.☹



Two by two, the human zoo. Caroline Hicks Photo

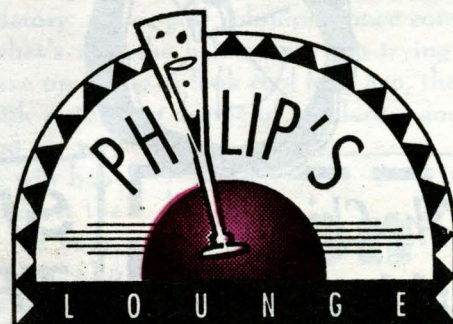
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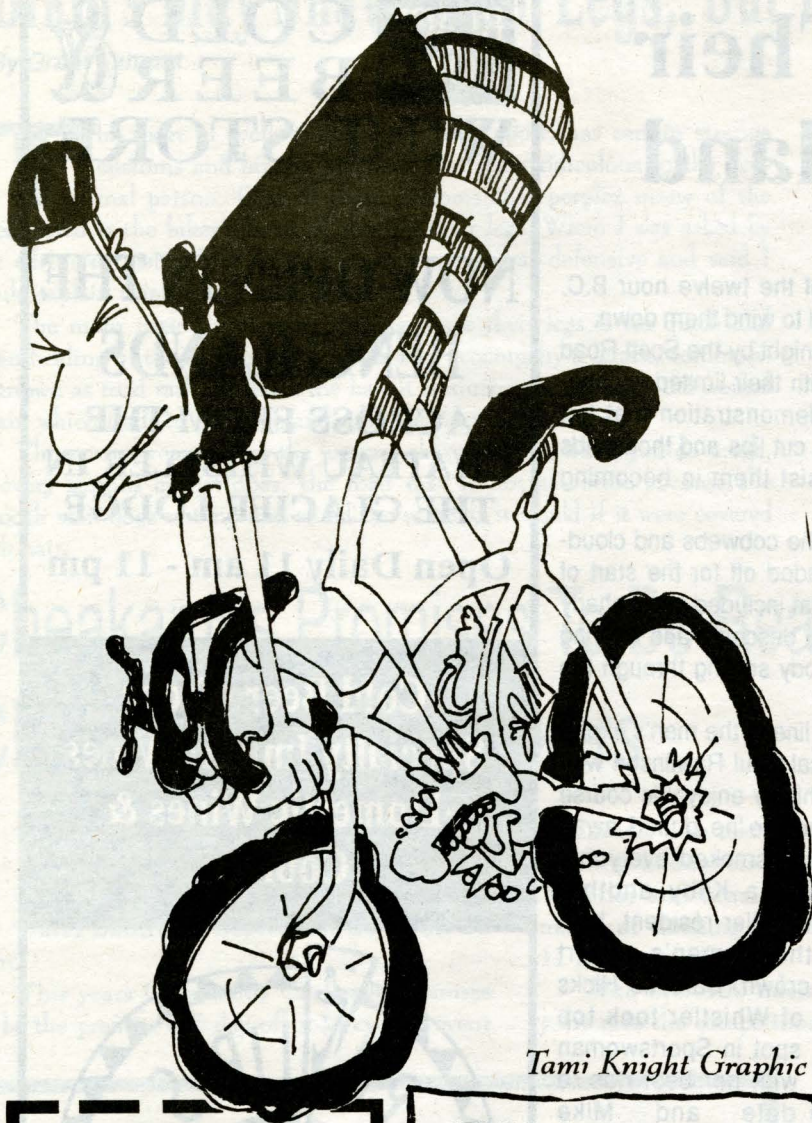
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Just a short 5 minute walk from the Village on the way to Lost Lake

A Neophytes Nattering

Biking For Pleasure and Pain

By Bob Colebrook



Tami Knight Graphic

The thrill of being pounded into a loose assortment of rocks, twigs and other sharp objects is still a novelty to me; the joy of catapulting over the handlebars and impaling myself on a sharp branch has not yet become mundane.

Mountain biking is almost as much fun as a visit to Mistress Monica's parlour for some late night leather.

The only thing I know for sure about mountain biking is that it must be fun, so much fun that it outweighs the pain and the considerable expense.

I don't profess to be any sort of mountain bike expert, for there's enough of those sort around, and the competition is rather fierce. No, I just bike for fun and for transportation, which, as far as I'm concerned, is the essence of the sport.

My first mountain bike, purchased back in April for the paltry sum of fifty dollars, was an ex-rental bike that had seen better days. I took it to a bike shop for a tune-up, and judging from the look on the mechanics face, this was akin to taking the Titanic into dry-dock for a new anchor. I'm sure he said to me things like: "The flay rod's gone out of skew on the treadle." Anyway, with a new treadle, flay rod and everything skewed up nicely I departed said bike shop about two hundred dollars lighter.

Unfortunately my riding days on this velocipede were short, due to the fact that the paint job was supplying 80% of the structural integrity of the frame. A couple paint chips broke off and the bike imploded, with me on it. Doc Jake had to surgically remove the bike's seat, and put a splint on three damaged hemorrhoids. I ached in places I didn't even know I had places.

I cannot speak for women, for I can only *imagine* how much

comfort they derive from modern bicycle seats. But speaking as a man I can attest that these bike seats are very uncomfortable. They bind, chafe, pinch, scrunch and flatten anatomic locales better left unmolested by inanimate objects. After my first long ride I would've bet big dough that these seats were designed by radical feminists with ingrown toenails, revenge being their motivation. (Sigmund's little theory about penis envy never took bicycle seats into account.)

For my second Bike I progressed to a hundred and fifty dollar bike. It was a used Ritchey, which I was informed by all and sundry is a popular brand name denoting quality. The main feature that impressed me was the colour: green. A solid bike to be sure, but the seller warned me that it needed "a little work." And it was just a *little work* that the bike needed, compared say to building the pyramids.

I was starting to learn the mountain biking vocabulary: brakes, rims, gruppos, derailleurs, chains, bottom brackets and the ever popular

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treadle. Unfortunately I was learning these new words as they were written down on my copious invoices, of which I had enough to open a small paper recycling plant. So my one hundred and fifty dollar bike soon became a six hundred dollar bike, and I started thinking that maybe I could get a lot of taxi rides for six hundred dollars, and if I really needed to go to Lost Lake I could hire a few Sherpas to carry me up.

I soon exorcised these evil thoughts and grew to love the bike. In fact, we could be seen together everywhere. I called the bike Margaret, and I would ride her constantly, and she would respond to my every command. We'd spend placid days together meandering through the trails around Lost Lake, stopping periodically to admire the scenery, or some days we'd really get it on, and terrorize pedestrians on the valley trail. (Which is real easy due to the fact that pedestrians seem bent on walking four abreast, creating an unsurpassable wall of ignorant human flesh.) And after a particularly satisfying ride I'd often join the patio crowd for a few beverages, and Margaret would wait faithfully for me, patiently bidding her time in the bike rack.

This heavenly bliss lasted for three months, until that fateful day when the Lord decided to take her away from me. I suppose I took her for granted, and left her unattended while I made the rounds in town centre. When I returned in the morning, bleary eyed and repentant, she was gone without a trace.

I take the blame. I may as well have put a sign on her saying "steal me please," but nonetheless, the thought of some other ass riding around on my dear Margaret makes me nauseous, and revenge has become my driving force. Bike thievery is a heinous

crime, and must be stopped immediately. Personally, I favour some strict penalties for bike thieves, such as amputation of the legs, burning at the stake or season's tickets to the B.C. Lions.

Once again bikeless I began to explore the options. Not wanting to buy another used bike and refurbish it, I started to look at new bikes. The price...

Seeing I was in such a jam, a friend lent me a hybrid bike from his rental fleet. Even though I was on the rebound, this hybrid just didn't make it. It wasn't a mountain bike and it wasn't a road bike, but some bizarre combination of both.



Photo: Grant Lamont

Bikes, like kids, should be one or the other. Imagine, if you will, telling your friends that your newborn infant isn't a boy or girl, it's a hermaphrodite. Anyway, the pedal and arm soon fell off this bisexual unit and I returned it forthwith, informing my friend that he's got a real beef with the manufacturer. (My friend hinted that perhaps modern engineering is incapable of building a frame strong enough for my frame.)

After putting out feelers for sponsorship by a bike manufacturer, to no avail, I took another loaner from my friend, under the pretext of eventually buying it, should I win \$900 in the lottery. Come first snow I plan to return it to him, saying that "it just doesn't seem to work for me."

I've asked a number of people for advice on what kind of mountain bike to buy. I've asked friends, associates and mountain bike salesmen. The advice they give me is probably all valid, provided I was going to go into world class competition. I fail to see why I should worry about how many grams by back derailleur weights, or what kind of alloy the frame is made of. I certainly don't need to shave milliseconds of my time to town centre on the Valley Trail, and the weight of my mountain bike seems almost irrelevant

considering I'm packing around fifty extra spare pounds. (I did, however, make one move to lower the overall weight of my new bike: I installed a titanium ashtray on the handlebars.)

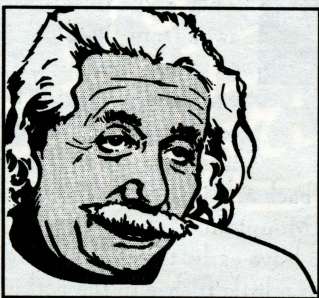
Helmets are mandatory. An ex-golf columnist once commented to me: "Hey Bosco, what's with the helmet, are you trying to look cool." Well, Doug, I gave up trying to look cool long ago, the helmet is because I fall off with a startling degree of regularity, and I have

very little warning and no way of predicting when it will happen. Helmets are to protect the intelligence centre of the body, and presumably bikers who don't wear them are giving a sign that their grey matter is operating at a diminished capacity or that they don't have any brains worth protecting. Perhaps they should take up golf, a sport where the only danger or excitement is the possibility of getting hit by lightning.

Mountain biking is more than just recreation, more than just a way to spend unwanted dollars—it's a hobby that makes masochism acceptable, if not desirable. †

Ten Crucial Things To Know About Mountain Biking

1. Bike mechanics are like doctors, always seek a second opinion.
2. Don't ride the Valley Trail drunk on a moonless night in the rain.
3. Pedestrians should be banned from the Valley Trail.
4. You'll never crash while wearing your helmet.
5. Don't backpedal—leave that to council.
6. Bear shit provides poor traction.
7. If both front and back brakes are locked and you're still going 20 kph, prepare for a transfusion.
8. Titanium is less malleable than gold, although more expensive.
9. The average biker can ride faster than the average bylaw enforcement officer can run.
10. Tight lycra bike shorts can cause blood constriction to useful appendages.



IF YOU WERE SMART YOU'D BUY YOUR BIKE PARTS AT VIL-LAGE NORTH CYCLES IN FUNCTION

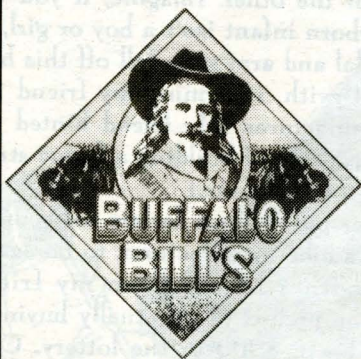
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18 - 19

TBA

20

Beat Farmers

27 - 28

Painters & Dockers

Library Benefit At Boot Long Overdue

By Stephen Vogler

Rhythm and Books? Is that new literary influenced blues music? Is it the latest craze in blues literature? No folks, Rhythm and Books was an outdoor blues concert put on by the library committee and the Boot Pub to raise money for the Whistler Public Library.

Let me give you a little background. The library receives its funding through a grant in aid from the municipality. These grants are adjusted by inflation which happens to be low right now. But for some reason this doesn't stop the price of books from going up and the library's costs from rising in general. The upshot was a grant of five thousand dollars less than this year's budget required.

It seems to me that in a growing community like Whistler we could be improving our library facility and not cutting back on its hours. Faced with that, the library committee decided to raise the needed money itself. The previous fund-raisers this year have already dug them out of their financial hole, and this one should get them well on their way to purchasing an automated computer system and increasing their book circulation.

And what better way to raise some money than a Saturday afternoon outdoor concert. The venue for the Rhythm and Books festival was the parking lot and volleyball court behind the Shoestring Lodge. The parking lot was cordoned off and had a barbecue and raffle sale for a season's pass, while the sandy volleyball court housed the stage and beer garden.

Slidin' Clyde Roulette, who hails from the Sandy Bay Reserve in Manitoba, kicked things off around two o'clock with his fiery, three piece, blues rock band. Playing old classics like "Sweet Home Chicago" and "Brownsville", Roulette got some feet shuffling in the sand, and turned the hacky-sackers into dancers without them even knowing it.

Next up was People Playing Music, a group of eight performers, some of whom play in other bands including Second Nature and the Grames Brothers. They played various styles ranging from reggae to fusion to a James Brown type of soul. More people were beginning to show up now and the sandy dance floor was getting a low dust cloud over it.

What had started as a cool crisp morning with a good dose of autumn in the air had now turned into a blazing August afternoon. Sun screen, a hat and plenty of beer became absolute necessities in beating the heat. I wandered through the crowd and found a mix of locals, and others up from the city to catch their favourite bands. When I heard word that the Porsche rally had descended on the village and turned it into a pressure cooker of tourists and expensive engineering, I knew I'd picked the right place to waste away my Saturday afternoon.

The music continued with the Grames Brothers playing their own blend of funk, jazz, blues which was well received by the audience. The dance floor began to extend further out toward the picnic tables, and the dust cloud kicked up a little higher. Around this time I discovered that, apart from the cold beer, trips to the Fitzsimmons Creek just behind the stage were a good way to keep cool and refreshed.

The last band I heard was the Catherine Wheel. They took things farthest away from the blues theme of the afternoon and cranked out tight rock songs with harmonies reminiscent of a sixties sound.

People began to kick back and just listen and watch the sun sink over Sproat Mountain.

Because I had to leave early, the only playing I saw Russell Jackson do was a little frisbee in the parking lot. I'm sure that together with Eddie Clearwater, bluesman from Chicago, they got the dance floor cooking for the final set of the afternoon. While the venue for Rhythm & Books could have easily handled a bigger crowd, the two hundred people who attended made for a fun event. Unfortunately, as I found out later, this only allowed the library to break even with the cost of the bands and the sound equipment. They learned that to draw a big crowd, you have to get the publicity machine rolling early. And as one local resident pointed out, a venue like the Lost Lake Beach would have attracted more local families with young children.

Nonetheless, a pat on the back goes out to Ardon and the rest of the folks from the library, and Jonathan at The Boot for putting together a great event. O



Catherine Wheel at Library Benefit. Larry Charron Photo

Grames Brothers Fit For Whistler

By Bob Colebrook

The Whistler music cognoscenti have taken to the Grames Brothers in a gigantic way. For the past year the bros have been periodically massaging the eardrums of the neo-hippies at the Boot with their varied blend of rockin' reggae blues fusion.

"We've created our own niche," says the quartet's Johannes Grames, "We've blended blues with the Sixties sound, with African and reggae influences."

Combine this approach with strong musicianship and you've got a band that is not only popular in Whistler, but is making big waves in the port city to the south. The Grames Brothers are selling out gigs at Vancouver's largest clubs, including the Town Pump, 86 Street Music Hall and the Commodore Ballroom.

The three brothers, Johannes, Dinos and Panos attended the Capilano College music program in the mid-Eighties, and they haven't suffered from the experience. "We got an opportunity to experiment with different styles in front of a critical audience," continues Johannes, "The theory helped in different aspects. We can communicate ideas better."

The Grames Brothers were born in Alaska, of Icelandic heritage, hence the unusual first names, but were raised in Secret Cove on the Sunshine Coast. Drummer Ivan Duben hails from Czechoslovakia, fleeing that country as an infant during the Soviet invasion of 1968. This diverse cultural background has no doubt contributed to their unique sound, which they describe as an "amalgam."

The Sixties influence came naturally enough, as the band (ages 24 - 28) heard the music around the house as they were growing up. "We're the children of that generation," says Johannes.

This reviewer can attest that the sound is authentic, and if one closes ones eyes and uses a bit of imagination, one can be transported twenty or twenty five years back in time. And when Dinos gets on his Korg keyboard, he can get a sound so close to a Hammond B-3 with Leslie speakers that it's as if Deep Purple is going to jump up on stage and do Highway Star. (Which is a fairly scary thought.)

The Grames dig Whistler in a major way.

"The audiences here are very enthusiastic, very loyal and supportive. They pick up on new songs right away," says Johannes.

Adds Panos: "You can feel the community here more."

While the Grames Brothers can wail on the old Sixties chestnuts, it's the original material that keep the band vital. "It's a very cooperative band," notes Dinos, and all song writing is shared.



The Grames Brothers have become a staple for Boot music fans. Bob Colebrook Photo

Being in a band is no easy matter. You have competing egos and musical opinions cramped up in tiny vehicles and hotel rooms for long stretches of time, a sure recipe for conflict. But throw three brothers into the equation and does it make it harder or easier?

"It's both," says Johannes. "The family aspect make certain things harder to deal with, but then we know they're going to be around tomorrow."

Adds Dinos: "I've known you longer than you've known yourself."

Non-brother Ivan Duben has a different perspective. "We have the same hurdles you have to jump over as in other bands. But there's also the element of trust, and we have a very strong foundation."

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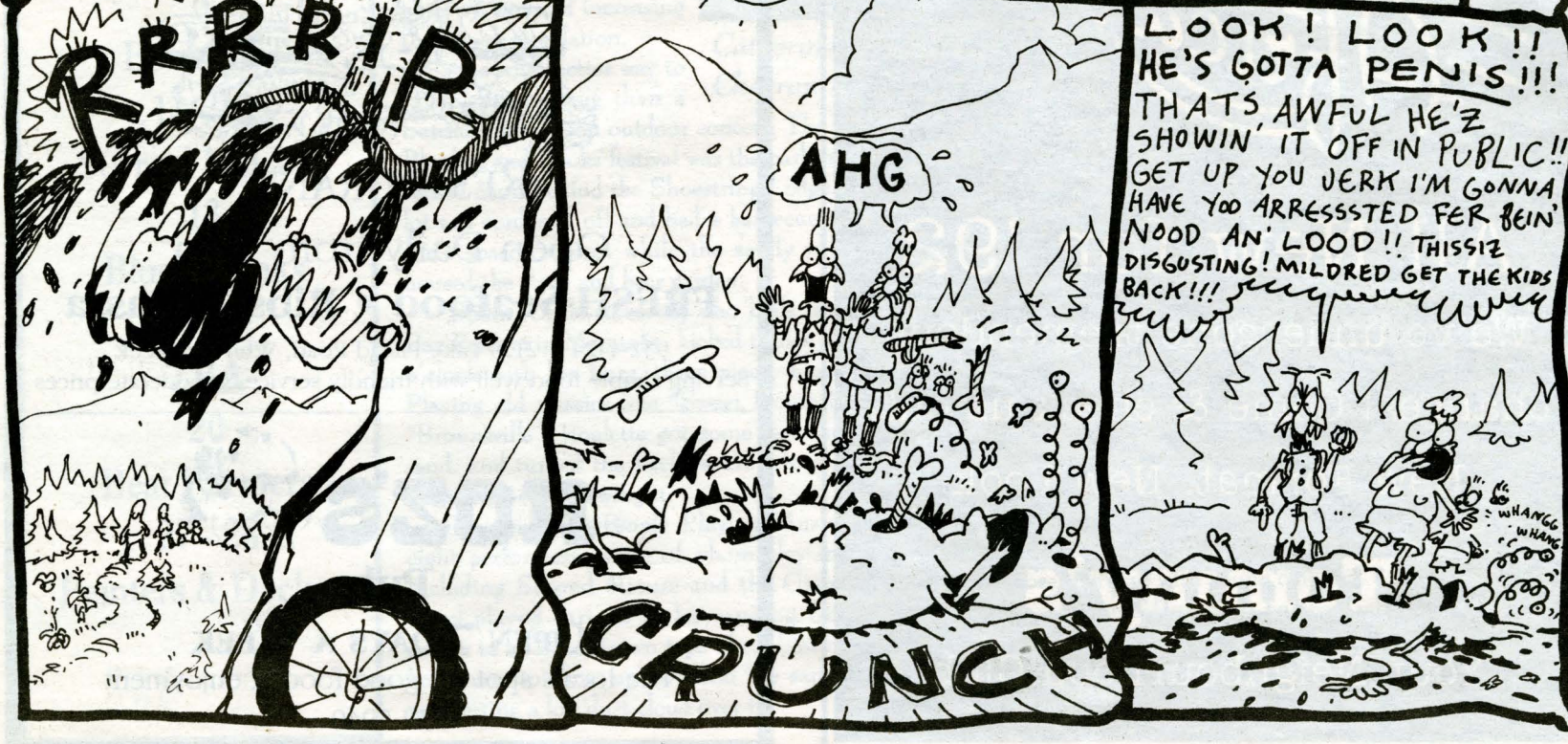
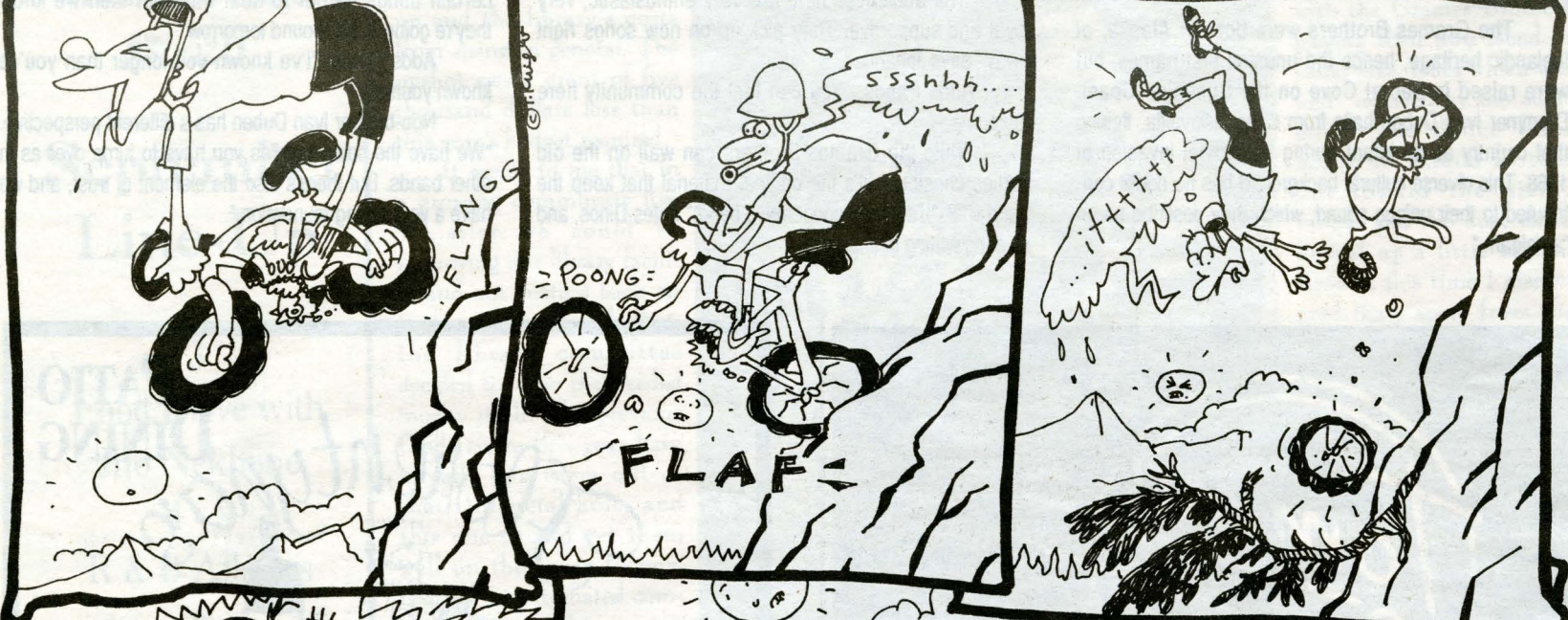
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TOONZ in the NOOZ

Bag of Goodies- Compilation L.P. Label- Luv & Haight/ San Fran

Swelling and spinning in the cells of confusion, pondering the meaning of existence of what was and wasn't, prophecy was revealed to me in the form of a vinyl compilation hailing from San Fran called a Bag of Goodies.

Damn straight!! This Bag of Goodies left my mouth agape and my ears drooling for more. The Luv & Haight label are practitioners of recognizing overlooked rare grooves from the 70's. Rare in the sense that most of these little ditties were released on lesser well known indie labels with limited quantities available. It's unfortunate but while these obscure artists were pumping out these sweet sounds, the world's ears were focused on bogus bands like Abba, The Bee Gees and the Village People.

Every groove on this album oozes integrity, soul and exceptional musicianship backed with the underlying message of "Lets have fun and party"!!

So let's take this opportunity to applaud the likes of the Red Hot Chili Peppers and the Beastie Boys for bringing groove to the "Ignorant masses" but give credit where credit is due. Most of the "cool bands" us young folk are so hyped on today, were influenced heavily by the "dead music era" we labeled disco!

So to all the chumps and

chumpettes out there who are so hell-bent on hearing the R.H.C.P.'s, the B.Boys, etc. etc....you obviously haven't heard Ivan Boogaloo Jones make love to his funky guitar. You haven't heard the in your face rapping of the female Vibrettes. You haven't heard the furious fusion of slap base delivered by the Propositions. You haven't heard Chuck Carbo swoon "Can I be your Squeeze?"

I could go on and on but I'll leave the rest to churn in your cranium. These compilations are a must for any music con-a-sewer. Unfortunately, I think that Luv & Haight releases are only available on vinyl due to the concentrated size of the label.

So people get ready and keep your eyes on this label, for they are celebrating a fusion of jazz, soul, funk, swing and groove in a big way.

Thumbs up for feeding us little grommets who missed out the first time around. Luv & Haight releases will show you the way.

Rate ☆☆☆☆☆ - Spun-K

Midnight Oil Scream in Blue (Live) Columbia

The Oils are never dull. Their music is still as hard driving as ever. This Aussie-Centric band are probably the only band that can mix politics and music continuously and get away with it. Flaws are Peter Garrett is his usual high strung, intense self.

He works best in the studio. Live performances such as "Stars of Warburton" and the "Beds are Burning" come off a bit lame. Especially if the oils are giving you a message, you kind of want to listen and enjoy. Overall Oil fans won't be disappointed.

Rate ☆☆☆ - Hersh

Otis Clay Bullseye Blues. I'll treat you Right.

Once in a blue moon a record will appear out of nowhere and grab you by the ears. This one is vintage R&B, blues and wicked soul. Otis Clay's voice is so bold and brassy and silky smooth. This works cause the tight ensemble work of the band is so impressive. Check this one out, because the blue moon may be ready to shine again.

Rate ☆☆☆ - Hersh

T-Bone Burnett "The Criminal under mmy own hat" Columbia

One of the premiere producers on our planet. Why the hell is this one co-produced with Bob Neuwirth. I guess T-Bone can do what he wants, he probably owns the fucking place. On this collaboration he takes his band and listeners down a dark and gloomy path of neurotic

self doubt, agony, self-destruction and perhaps redemption. "Criminals," "Tear This Building Down" and "Kill the Switch" are filled with weird, wacky, violent black humour lyrics. It's criminal — I don't get the message. Except for his bands crafty playing this CD is valium slow.

Rate ☆☆ - Hersh

Soul to Soul Volume 3 - Just Right Virgin Records

Soul 11 Soul is back with a winner. Produced by Jazzie B. you think of rap! Right? Wrong! Soul to Soul is a paragon of modern Jazz Funk. The percussion rhythms and tight keyboards are beautiful, it's pure groove. It will throw you off balance and propel you into a dance. Start to finish "Just Right" is a gem.

RATINGS

☆☆☆☆☆ — Buy it

☆☆☆☆ — Excellent

☆☆☆ — So-so

☆☆ — Not so good

☆ — Dud (Give it away)

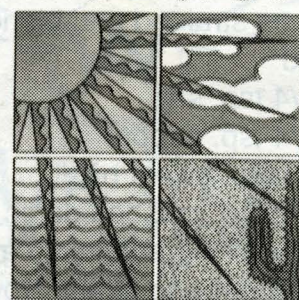
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“When the moon hits your eye like a big pizza pie, its amore.” Sing it Dino.

Just think of how long that song has been around, and you'll realize how long “pizza” has been a part of our lives. Years ago when I used to spend a lot of my misguided youth in pizza parlours, I would have bet anything that the phenomenon wouldn't last more than ten years. I guess I'll just chalk that one up to another one of my bad bets. This flavourful pancake-like food is more popular now than it has ever been. Even that fine Scottish restaurant, McDonald's has put pizza on the menu. That should secure its immortality.

In Whistler, there are at least eight established restaurants that serve pizza. The ones that come to mind are: Misty Mountain, Boston Pizza, The Original, Peter's Underground, Settebello, Dusty's at Whistler Mountain, Merlins at Blackcomb and the Mad Cafe. There could be others so I'll apologize now for not mentioning them.

Just what is pizza, where does it come from and why is it so popular?

Of course we all know the answer to the first question. A round piece of flat bread topped with spicy sauce, meats, fruits or vegetables and cheese. The variety of toppings are endless and can certainly tax your imagination. The crust can be thick or thin. Whole wheat flour or regular flour can be used, although I think its a crime to put something “healthy” into such a great “junk” food. It's a bit like putting a hot dog or hamburger on a granola bun. I always thought the bun was there just to stop your fingers from getting messy or burnt. The sauce is usually spicy tomato, however, I have tried a French style pizza with a very thin crust and a light white sauce. It was excellent. All in all, a pizza can be anything you want it to taste like. You can buy all the ingredients at most grocery stores, including pre-made crusts and sauces.

Where does pizza come from? Your guess is

Repast Times

with Ross Smith, Executive Chef,

Whistler Conference Centre

as food as mine. The leaning tower of Pizza. NOT. Italy, possibly. Even though most ethnic cultures have a similar dish, the style most popular in North America does tend to have an Italian flavour. Actually, tomatoes are not native to Europe and were unknown until Columbus

appealing to all tastes. From the basic cheese pizza of Peter's Underground, to the gourmet designer style of Settebello, there's something for everyone. Some pizza establishments stay open until the wee hours of the morning. What better way to satisfy the munchies after a night of Whistler Village revelry? Pizza can be eaten as a luncheon, a dinner, or a snack. It can be enjoyed with a cold beer while watching a football game on television, or a soap opera if your life is that empty. Pizza can be eaten with your fingers, so if you are really drunk, you eliminate the possibility of injury from sharp utensils such as knives and forks. Mind you, some people I know have still managed to bite their fingers. Nothing is perfect.

With the variety of ingredients found in local stores, even a total idiot can prepare a pizza at home. I know, I've done it.

All kidding aside, pizza is popular probably because it tastes good. People like it.

Misty Mountain Pizza is the only establishment in Whistler to serve just pizza. They do not have a liquor license, and ninety per cent of their business is “take-out.” Owner-operator Rosemary Gabbit worked a season in Whistler five years ago, as a waitress. In march, 1991, she came back here to open her first business in the Royal Bank Building. Armed with only one pizza oven and an extensive education in baking, cooking, and restaurant management, Rosemary started down the road to success. Now, with three ovens and a satellite operation in Function Junction, Rosemary explains the reasons for her success.

“We have a great location beside the Royal Bank. I use consistent quality ingredients for my pizzas. I don't try to save pennies by buying cheaper. I also give discount cards to locals. Their support helps maintain a year round business.”

Whatever the reasons for her success, Rosemary certainly picked the right business. Pizza, pizza, pizza.○



Illustration: C. Doyle

touched the shores of the “New World” five hundred years ago. Who really cares where it originated? We know it has become more North American than apple pie and mom.

Why is pizza popular? It's relatively inexpensive, fairly filling and simple to prepare or purchase. There are various styles of pizza available that makes them appealing and that makes them

ROSE'S PIZZA SAUCE

Rosemary Gabbit offers her pizza sauce recipe for you to try at home. Buy one of the various premade crusts available or make your own. Add your favourite toppings and smother it with cheese. Bon Appetito.

1/2 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup virgin olive oil
1 28 oz. can plum tomatoes strained and blended
1/4 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. pepper
2 tbsp. sweet basil
1/2 tsp. crushed garlic
Mix all ingredients in a blender and strain. Now, create your favourite

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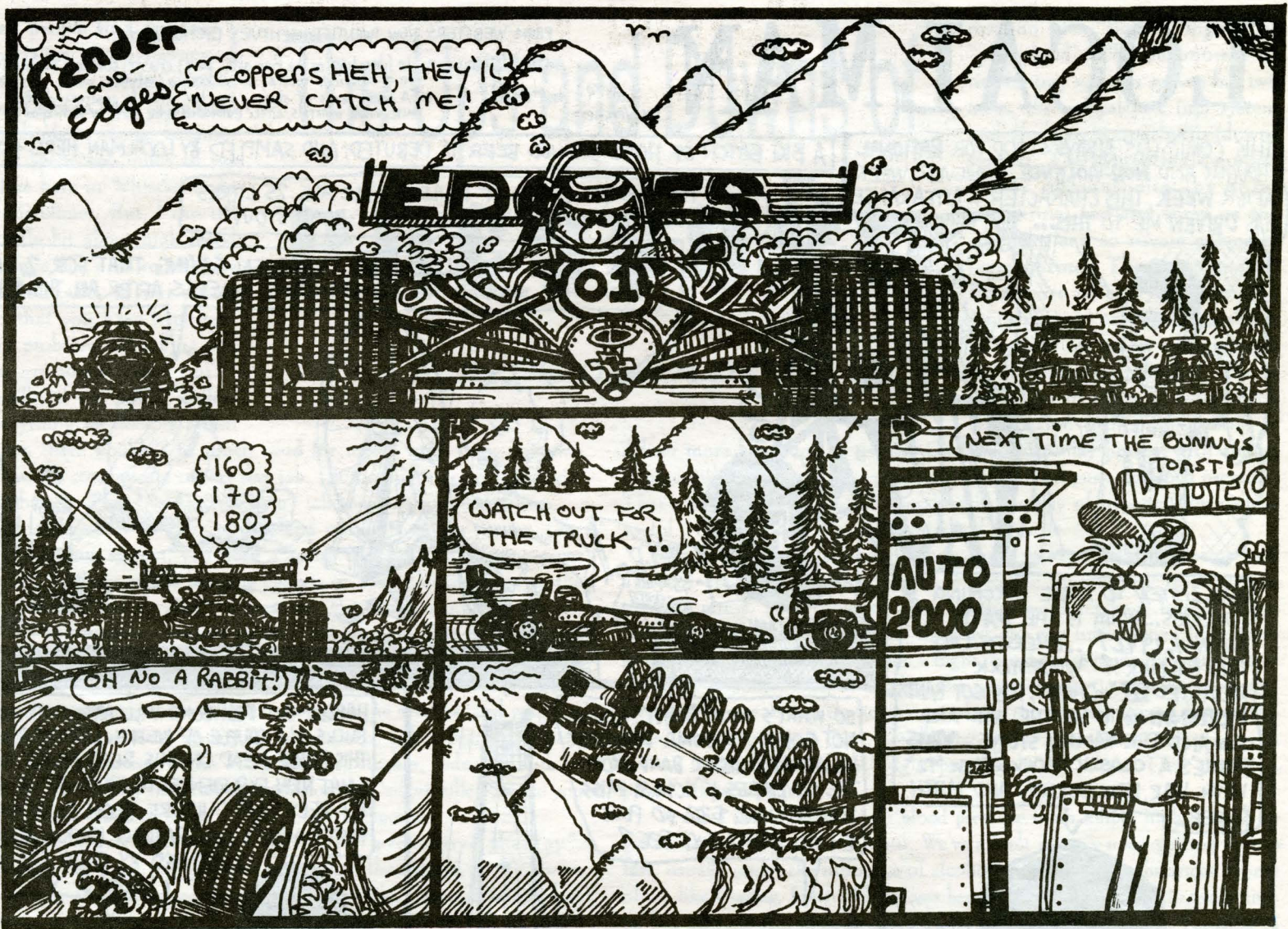
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LOCAL MAN

FROM WEBSTER'S NEW TWENTIETH CENTURY DICTIONARY:

class'ic, a. 3. "In literature or the fine arts, pure; chaste; correct; refined; as in a classical taste; a classical style..."
rock, n. 1. "A large mass of stoney matter usually compounded of two or more simple minerals; either embedded in the earth or resting on it's surface."

Jan '92
by Verchere

THIS COMIC HAS ALWAYS STOOD FOR RATIONAL THOUGHT AND NON-VIOLENCE. HOWEVER, WEEK AFTER WEEK, THIS CHARACTER'S APPEARANCE HAS DRIVEN ME TO THIS...

A BIG BATCH OF HOME-BREWED BEER IS DEBUTED; AND SAMPLED BY LOCALMAN, HERB + STAN...

...SO THERE'S 50 LITRES OF HAILEY'S PALE ALE, 25 LITRES OF HOGGER LAGER, AND IN 2 WEEKS: "OFF-ROAD STOUT"

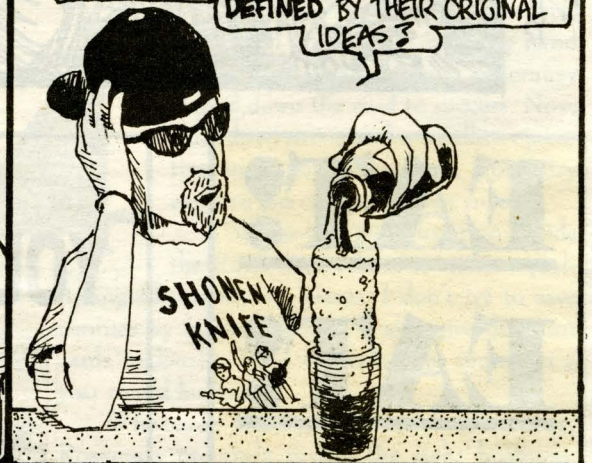
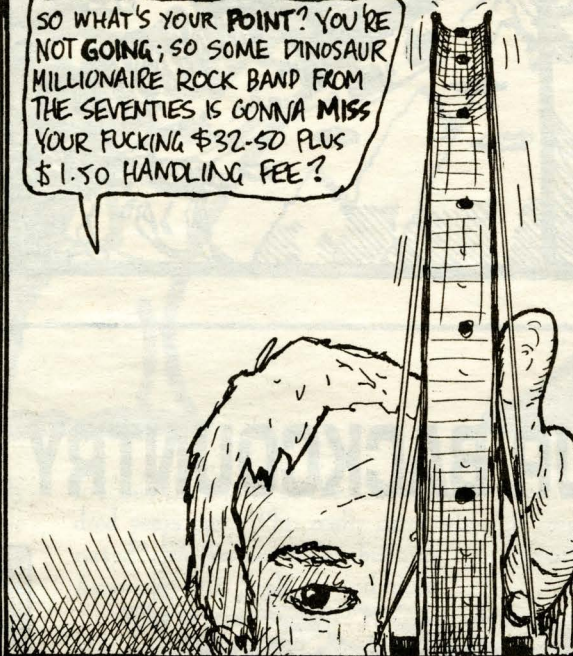
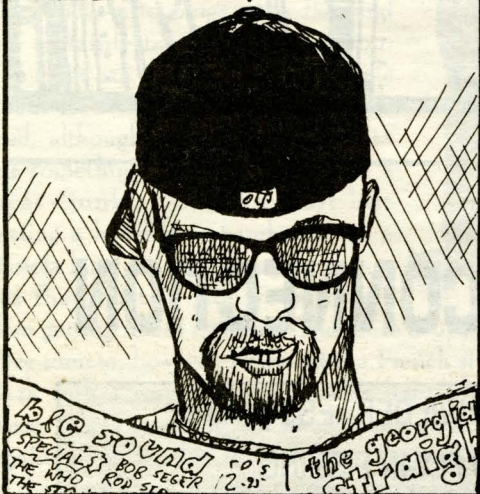
THIS STUFF IS REALLY GOOD, I'VE BEEN SAYING THAT FOR 2 HOURS NOW... HEY, SHOULD WE BE BUILDING WHEELS AFTER ALL THIS TESTING?



MAN LISTEN TO THESE UPCOMING CONCERTS... WHAT IS THE DATE ANYWAY, 1972?... EMERSON, LAKE AND PALMER!? "WOODSTOCK REVISTED III" -CHRIST, IT'S GOT BANDS PRETENDING TO BE THE WHO AND SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE... YIKES THERE'S A 'CLASSIC ROCKSTOCK '92' WITH WAR, ERIC BURDON AND MITCH RYDER...

SO WHAT'S YOUR POINT? YOU'RE NOT GOING; SO SOME DINOSAUR MILLIONAIRE ROCK BAND FROM THE SEVENTIES IS GONNA MISS YOUR FUCKING \$32.50 PLUS \$1.50 HANDLING FEE?

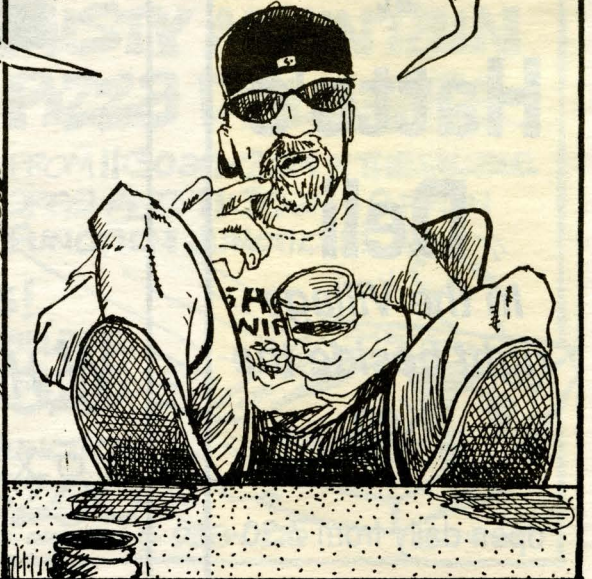
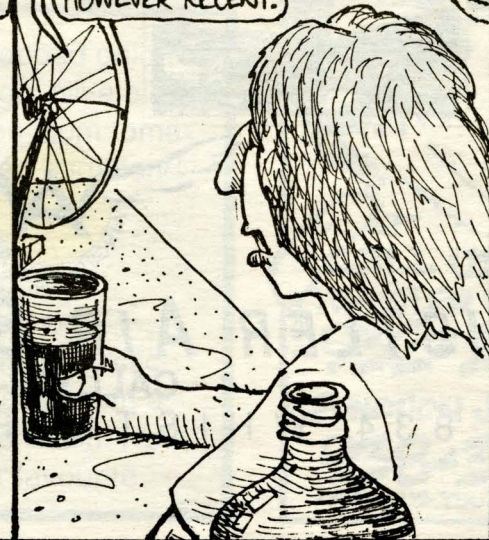
HARDLY-BUT FISHBONE WILL APPRECIATE MY 22 BUCKS IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS. LET ME ASK YOU THIS. (NICE HEAD ON THIS BEER BY THE WAY.) WHAT NEW EXPERIENCES OR IDEAS DO WE LOSE BY RECYCLING CULTURE FROM DECADES PAST? AREN'T GENERATIONS EVENTUALLY DEFINED BY THEIR ORIGINAL IDEAS?



I HAVE THIS THING ABOUT CAM-CORDERS, AND I THINK THERE'S AN ANALOGY HERE -FOR EXAMPLE, SOMEBODY IS RUNNING AROUND A PARTY, VIDEO-TAPING THE GUESTS AND THE ACTION... NOW -THE INSTANT PEOPLE GATHER TO WATCH THE TAPE, NEW EXPERIENCES CEASE TO BE MADE, AND THE GROUP BEGINS TO LIVE IN THE PAST. THE PARTY AS IT WERE, IS OVER.

WHAT ABOUT THE GROUP EXPERIENCE OF WATCHING THE TAPE FOR THE FIRST TIME? ISN'T THAT A "NEW" EXPERIENCE?
 YES, BUT ONLY THAT ASPECT OF THE EVENT IS UNIQUE. THE BASIS OF THE EXPERIENCE IS SITUATED IN THE PAST, HOWEVER RECENT.

THIS IS NOT ADVOCATING "NEWNESS" FOR IT'S OWN SAKE, NOR IS IT SOME DELIBERATE ATTEMPT AT BEING "ALTERNATIVE" OR OUT-OBSCURING PEOPLE. I'M JUST NOT READY TO BEGIN RELIVING MY PAST, OR WORSE -RELIVING SOMEONE ELSE'S...



When people find out that I specialize in the therapy of hypertension, they always want to know about stress. Well, I can't tell them much about stress, because, after all, I spend too much of my leisure time here in Whistler or in other exotic climes. But, I can tell them a little bit about high blood pressure since that's all we mean by "hypertension". So, if your doctor tells you that you have hypertension, he's probably not telling you that you are too stressed out. I mean, really, if the public understood everything we doctors talked

about, then there wouldn't be much need for me to write these columns and I'd have to concentrate on my day job. (Some might deem this advisable). So, here go a few trade secrets: don't tell your doc you read it here.

Blood is necessary to carry oxygen and nutrients to the tissues. Like any good plumbing system, you need a pump (the heart) and some pipes (the arteries). Let's water the hanging baskets in Town Centre. Turn up the tap, increase flow, and up goes the pressure. Put a finger over the nozzle, increase the resistance to flow and up goes the pressure. The flowers might withstand too high a pressure for a few seconds, but eventually they will be flattened by the stream. Similarly, turn up the flow with stronger heart pumping or increase resistance with narrowing of the arteries, and your tissues withstand the pressure, usually for many years, before reaching breaking point. Then, you can suffer heart attacks, strokes, kidney failure or heart failure. That's why they call hypertension the "silent killer", since you have no idea your blood pressure is high until it's checked.

Lowering blood pressure is therefore "preventive therapy". Unfortunately, the drugs can often be worse than the disease, so it's always best to avoid or minimize drug therapy when possible. Exercise, weight loss in the obese, curtailment of alcohol intake, salt restriction etc. are all useful in selected patients. But, my *Random House* dictionary also defines hypertension as "excessive or extreme tension". Does stress really play a role?

People are born with a genetic tendency to hypertension. That's in the cards, but later environmental influences can play a role. Stress is one of those influences. Your body is designed to gear up under stress, and one result of this can be higher blood pressure. Here is an illustrative case culled from my personal files.

Trogg and Digdug were cleaning up after a fine dinner of mastodon stew. Digdug's brother Ben was hanging out by the fire sipping a prehistoric brew from a hollowed-out stone. The baby, Zees was asleep near the door of the cave. Suddenly a marauding sabre-tooth tiger appeared at the door and made for the baby. Digdug fainted dead away. Ben ran like hell out the back door of the cave, establishing a new world record (which was later stripped). Trogg became a wild thing, grabbed a club and chased the tiger off. Zees continued to sleep.

When confronted with extreme real or perceived danger, we can

The Ups and Downs of PRESSURE

By Jake Onrot M.D.

respond with "fight", "flight", or "play dead". The autonomic or involuntary nervous system has two arms, the sympathetic (up) system and the parasympathetic (down) system. The sympathetic system makes noradrenalin (or norepinephrine) and also turns on the adrenal gland to release adrenalin (epinephrine). The noradrenaline takes care of everyday business (cruising gear) and the adrenalin is in reserve for stress and vigorous exercise (passing gear). So, a byproduct of stress is sympathetic stimulation with the potential to deliver more blood to the tissues. Chronic stress may present with almost imperceptible increases in sympathetic activity and push up blood pressure. That's why stress reduction techniques in therapy of hypertension can be useful. Now let's digress a bit to low blood pressure.

We have evolved from prehistoric times (again, apologies to my vast army of creationist readers) with 2 possible involuntary responses to extreme stress, both of which work or they wouldn't have lasted. When Trogg grabbed the club to defend the baby, she was fueled by an immediate sympathetic response. Ditto, Ben's flight, but he just made different use of the same response. But, in Digdug, the parasympathetic response predominated. The parasympathetic system slows the heartbeat and lowers the blood pressure, so you faint. To all intents and purposes, at this stage you are no longer a threat and might possibly be left alone. (Tell that to a pissed-off grizzly).

A faint comes about when blood pressure is no longer high enough to get sufficient oxygen to the brain. We've all felt woozy upon getting up too fast, usually under the influence of alcohol or other toxic substances. Some of us, like Digdug, faint under stress because of parasympathetic overactivity, but other causes include drugs, heart disease and blood loss. Fainting in young people is usually not serious but in the over-50 set, a cause should be sought. Some people tell me that they have low blood pressure. This is great as long as they don't experience lightheadedness or fainting spells on a regular basis.

No one is immune from fainting under stress. Two more cases:

Joe was the captain of the UIC ski team and a born leader. The Red Cross nurse turned to him and said "sir, would you like to sit down?" Joe declined and the nurse pricked his fingertip for the pre-donation blood sample. As his blood welled up, Joe felt nauseous and lightheaded. He grew very pale, broke into a sweat and collapsed in a heap.

"Dragon bait, damn!" mused Gwendoline. "I knew I should have let Yorick undress me that night in the back seat of the '57 cart coupe (ed. note: 857). Now, I'm the only virgin left in the county, tied to a post, smelling these hot flames of Saurian halitosis." The smell got worse, and with a mighty roar, the dragon emerged from his cave. Gwendoline swooned and lost consciousness.

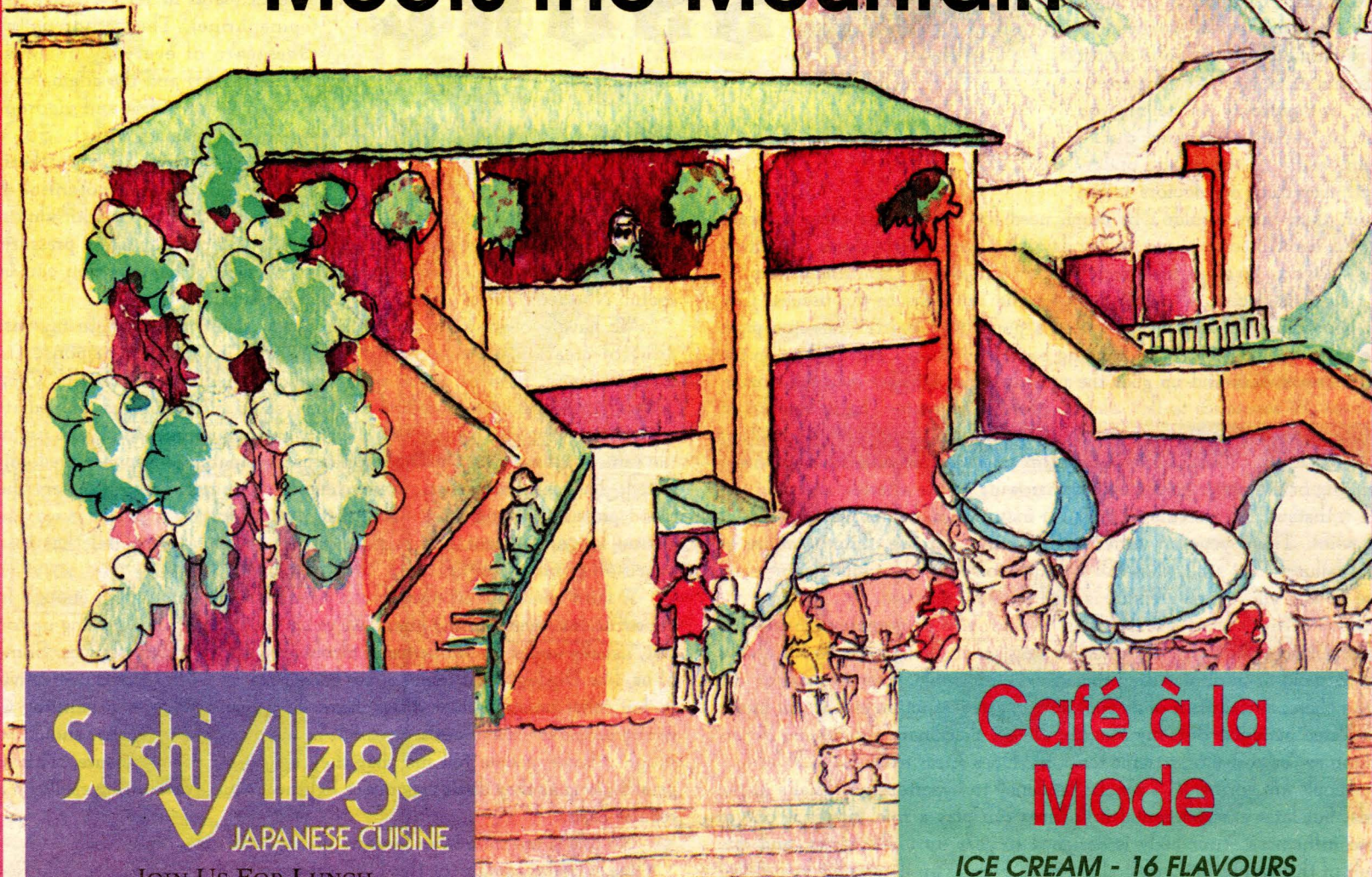
Well, to tell you the truth, I do feel a little stressed and my blood pressure is up a tad. But, I know it's because deadline for this article looms and editors can be real dragons sometimes. Maybe I should swoon instead. †

Forget Owl Creek, Summer Love and Woodstock, Stay Tuned For The

FREAKER'S BALL

Dr. Jake Onrot is a practicing physician and clinical pharmacologist with expertise in drug use and abuse, and has a commitment to educate the lay public. He is also an accomplished flautist.

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