

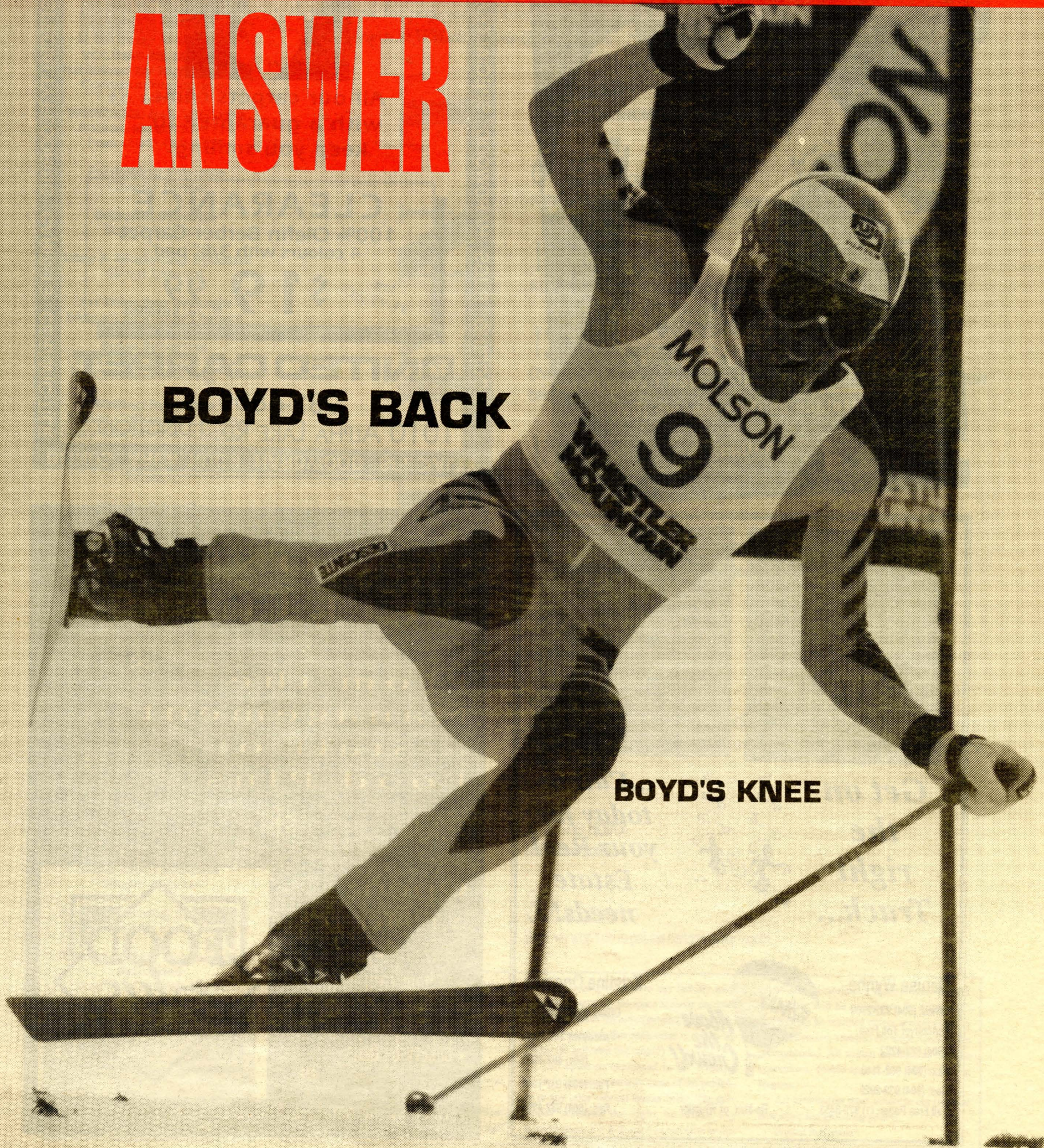
Whistler

\$1
V.2 no.9
DECEMBER

ANSWER

BOYD'S BACK

BOYD'S KNEE



Greg Guffiti

THE SHORBOARD SHOW

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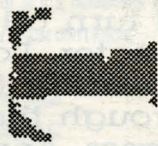
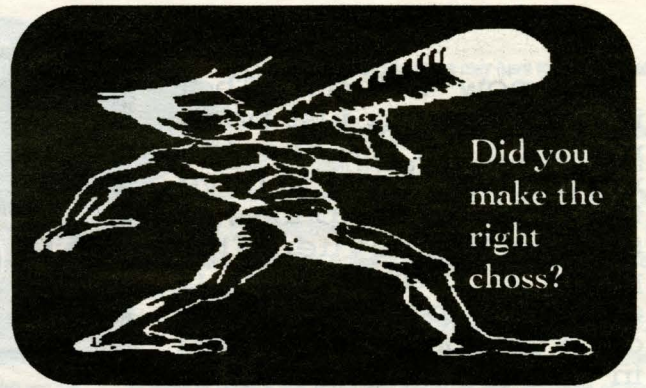
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COVER PHOTO

The Rasta Downhiller
on Fall Away
By Greg Griffith

8. Which of the following improves communication?
 - a. using complicated language
 - b. making assumptions about your listener's knowledge
 - c. chossing (sic) the wrong time
 - d. watching for non-verbal clues

—From the Whistler Spirit Questionnaire



3 Nightstalker
He turns to mush, specially at five in the morning.



6 M-I-C, See you soon...
If Whistler's so Mickey Muse, then where the fuck's Annette?



10 The Sporting News
A Christmas Shopping list for various and sundry local sporting luminaries.



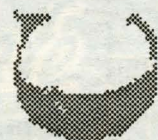
12 Snowboard Camps
Cheezeball notes that he may not be a real writer. Is this an inferiority complex or is merely being humble.



13 If He Were a Limo He'd Be a Stretch
The playing coach of the Winterhawks, Richard Strautman, is profiled.



14 Rob Boyd on the Comeback Trail
After some serious injuries, Whistler's Rasta Downhiller is back on track.



22 The Dance
A Short Story.

25 Doc Jake on Hawaiian Medical Practices.
They call him Doc Holiday, he's just never in his office. This time Jakester is sunning himself in the Sandwich Islands.

29 The Horror
More Short Stories.

30 Localman
What we won't do to get this cartoon every month.

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All contributors must adhere to our rigorous new attire and grooming policy.

Printed in Canada

It is now 4:48 a.m. That is bad. Having just pried myself from the sheets I realize that I have to have the paper at the printer at 8:00 in Vancouver. This page is blank. That is extremely bad. But listen, once this sucker is dumped in Vancouver, it's a day on the hill for this fellow. So I'm in a rare good mood this black Whistler morning. How good?

On occasion, like maybe once a year, the avocational cynic and pessimist opens his eyes and stares smack dab at a wonderful world. Sometimes he even likes what he sees. Today is that day.

Writing about positive things is a bit of an anomaly for me, and the sweat is beginning to pour out of my pores. I have been influenced, if not inspired, by a recent column by Karen Griffin in the *Whistler Question*, giving thanks to God on the occasion of Thanksgiving (Canadian). However, my *Ode To Joy* is a bit different than the Griff's. It doesn't include dreams of Chris Kent's derriere (as nice as it may be).

As I'm nowhere near the income bracket of the televangelists, I'll downplay the God angle a bit as well. (Most of my life I haven't really believed in God, but then again he didn't believe in me. But I think we've sorted it out.)

I feel elated that the marketing directors of the mountains have decided to give the *Whistler Answer* media accreditation for the ski hills. Vendettas are ugly affairs, and we at the *Answer* truly love the mountains. We love the mountains, I repeat, we love the mountains! We love the terrain, the scenery and the snow. Hiking up them would be a tad too laborious however, and would probably impact negatively on the coverage we would provide. I am also glad that the mountains

the NIGHTSTALKER

are self-confident enough and sufficiently mature to deal with possible criticism and or lampoons.

I'm kind of glad that I wake up in the middle of the night wondering if Kenny G is somehow related to Johnny G.

I turn all fuzzy and thank God for an art director. I'd also like to thank the *Whistler Question* for letting Margot Demers slip through their hands. Fumbles like that lose games. Anyway, to switch sports, I now know what it's like to play on a line with Gretzky.

I am very elated that I have a one piece \$49.95 Heat Wave green ski suit from WorkWear World, because it deflects attention from my thirteen-year old Atomic skis.

It is pleasant to realize that Mulroney is in the last year of his mandate and that he says he's running again. He deserves the humiliation he's going to get the polls.

I'm thrilled to shit to report that the *Whistler Answer* community cruiser has lasted three whole months, and is threatening to last until Christmas.

I'm extremely stoked to hear rumours that Grant Lamont is planning on running for council. The parties are already in the planning stages.

I'm very pleased that there are probably more worthy candidates getting ready to toss their toques in the ring, and that he'll no doubt lose.

One has to be extremely grateful for snow. As well as being a recreational device, it also seems to be Mother Nature's way of dealing with logging slashes.

Last, but certainly not least, I believe that life would be considerably more drab without Green Eyes. (And the heart, mind and soul that are attached.)

Gary McFarlane Photo



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Alternate Lifestyles?

Dear Publisher:

I am writing to you because I feel that there is a need for an "alternate" view on life in Whistler.

Your publication seems to be suffering from growing pains. You yourself have a very easy to read style of writing. But as time goes on there seems to be a lack of the publishers preamble. Was it just a coincidence or did it cease when you became a consultant?

I also realize that as a monthly periodical it is harder for you to react to political happenings. May I remind you though that the public does have a memory! And that some issues covered by our two weeklies deserve more research and this is where your strengths may lie.

You have a very talented editorial and reporting staff. It is a shame to see their talents wasted on being "bad boys" e.g. their article on alternate lifestyles have substance (perhaps substance abuse) and it would do them more justice if they let their words speak for themselves instead of their habit of talking about their lifestyles. The lifestyles of your staff are interesting don't get me wrong.

It is just I feel there has been a lot of potential wasted. It would be great to start having articles (once again) that not only provoke thought but stimulate conversation and actions.

Sincerely,
Rick Clare
Whistler

Reflections

Dear Editor:

Why do snowboard people wear puffy clothes and funny hats? Do their parents dress them that way? Does it help them catch more air? Does it protect them when they fall down? They look like clowns without makeup and toys. Do oversized clothes and pants that look rectangular

Letters
Whistler Answer
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cost more or less than normal clothes? Maybe they are imported from former Soviet bloc countries where they could only design square clothes. I don't know. I just don't know. They look so happy on their skateboards, going around in circles in the village. Is there a club you can join or is it a movement like punk rock or rap or Tupperware? I don't know. I just don't know.

Smiling Rose
Whistler, B.C.

Fallen Golden Arches

Dear Editor:

I appreciate Stephanie Sloan-Murray's impassionate letter against the forthcoming McDonald's restaurant in last week's *Question*. I believe that in a democracy everyone should have the right to dine whenever and wherever they like. Ms. Sloan is entitled to her opinion, and may indeed choose not to dine at the new McDonalds.

However, I don't believe that she should denigrate or belittle those of us who welcome the imminent arrival of the Golden Arches. Ms. Sloan-Murray makes certain convincing arguments about the nutritional value of McDonald's cuisine, and perhaps her assertion that it is "calorie-rich, low-nutrient, hormone-injected, antibiotic-stuffed, fat and oily" is correct. But that is why I enjoy it so.

Ms. Sloan-Murray also states that having a McDonald's in Squamish is close enough. Well, if she were paying my fuel bills every

time I have a Big Mac attack she may have to reassess her position.

Unfortunately, I don't have the financial resources to dine very often in some of Whistler's finer restaurants. (The ones I'm not barred from.) I welcome the option of having a cheap outlet for garbage/junk food, although to be perfectly candid I would prefer a Burger King. A drive through would be preferable for those of us with busy schedules.

The economic benefits of a McDonalds would also be a boon to the economy. The people in Pemberton would finally have a valid reason to come to Whistler and spend their money. As well, the young people with terminal acne who are currently unemployable would have great career opportunities. As well, perhaps McDonalds would spend some of their corporate billions advertising in local publications.

A McDonalds, contrary to Sloan-Murray's assertions, is a cultural phenomena. It's like the Catholic Church, get them while they're young. Ask a kid whether they'd like to go to McDonalds or Sushi Village. The answer is obvious, at least until they come up with Ronald McSushi.

Personally, I like to take those special dates for a Quarter Pounder with cheese every opportunity I can get. And the special sauce on a Big Mac has applications that are only as limited as your imagination.

Much of Sloan-Murray's arguments were specious, particularly the implied assertions that a McDonalds would mar the purity of Whistler, that it would somehow be incongruent. That battle was lost a number of years ago. My only concern is that the Golden Arches would be in contravention of Whistler's draconian sign legislation.

The basic point is, perhaps, that nutritionally illiterate slobs like myself should be able to enjoy food as served in all other parts of the world. They have McDonalds in Moscow and Beijing now, so isn't it time we had one. It may just put Whistler on the map.

Sincerely,
Bob Colebrook
Alta Lake

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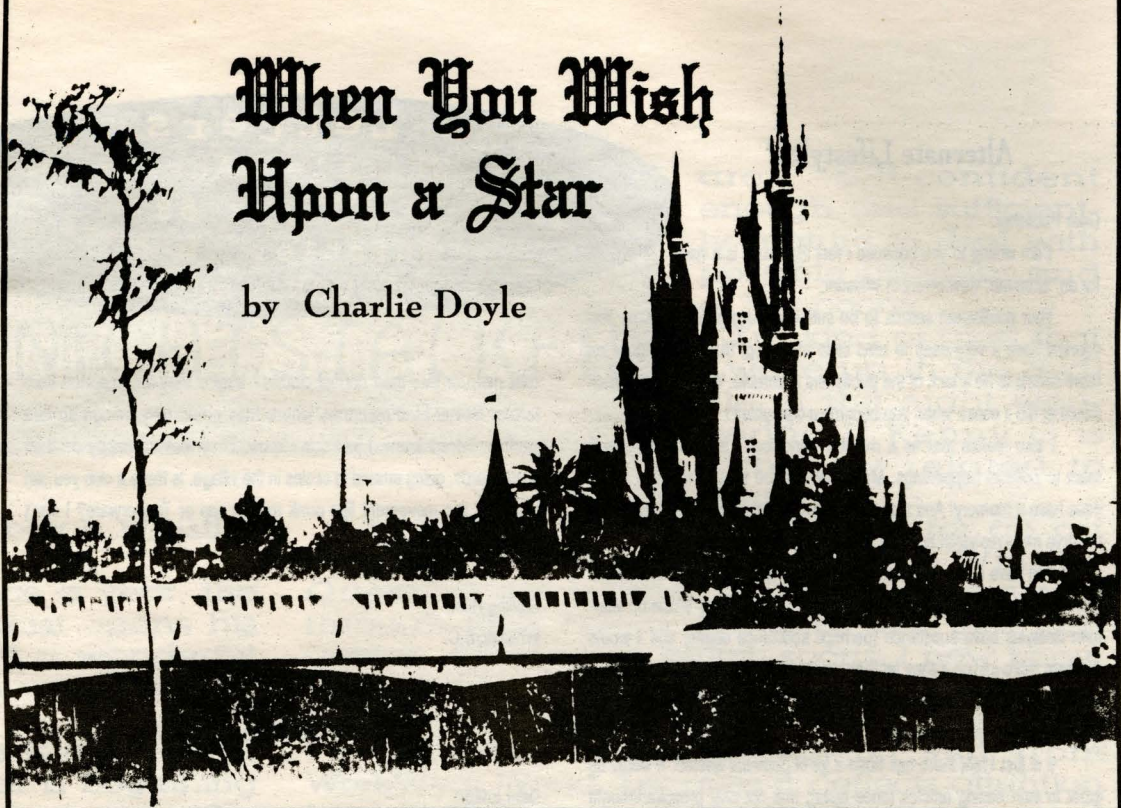
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When You Wish Upon a Star

by Charlie Doyle



At this year's Spirit Luncheon two of the four head table speakers independently came to the conclusion that Whistler's service industry and its citizenry in general should make a concerted effort to emulate that paragon of tourism experience, Disneyland. This coincidence is no doubt the influence of the consulting firm Management Tools International's Steve Mulvaney, who spoke recently in Whistler and contends that the way to keep 'em coming back is to employ the management tactics of this very successful amusement park.

While I'm sure Mickey and all the good folks at Disney do a great job of keeping everyone happy (I haven't yet been there myself), what speakers Patrick O'Donnell, president of Whistler Mountain, and David Thomson, president of the WRA, failed to note, despite their combined months of living in Whistler is that this is not a theme park. Never has been. Hopefully never will. The doors don't open at eight and close at five here in Whistler. We were a community long before they arrived and will continue to be one long after they pack up.

Communities, unlike theme parks, have their warts. We're kind of a strange town in that we lack a lot of the problems that other places have to contend with. We have no festering race problems, no abject poverty, not much litter, few cripples and hardly even any fat people. Our warts are things like silly haircuts, people with sweaters that are too big for them, earrings that don't match and publications like this. Some would say that alone qualifies us as a bit of a Fantasyland already so we might as well put up the castle and go all the way. I say that people with a genuine enthusiasm for their hometown are far more convincing than a legion of people forced to maintain their hair at mid-ear to keep a roof over their head. I've skied in places where the lifties were sixty year old guys with CAT hats, dirty coveralls and what appeared to be recently started beards. If anything, it made me feel good about the place. I knew, at least, that a guy like that could give some fairly knowledgeable advice on the weather.

Correct me if I'm wrong but I don't remember a slot for "grooming of locals" in the Snow Country Magazine article that bestowed upon us our much flaunted number one position.

There's a faction here who believes or at least espouses that imposing a sort of 50's paramilitary amusement park attitude will provide us with the "magic" to keep Whistler at the top of everyone's list. The people who live here because they love the place and not as a career move know something that these gentlemen apparently don't. Whistler already has the magic! Has had for some time now. Myrtle Philip knew it. Dave Murray knew it. It hit me like a ton of bricks on my first Gondola ride. It doesn't matter a damn whether the hosts who wish me a cheery good morning as they load me on a chair are sporting a nose ring and hair down to their ass. What matters is that they help my five year old on to the chair and enjoy doing it.

I'm the first one to recognize and appreciate the value of good public relations and what incredible advancements have been made along those lines in this town. I no longer sport bruises on the backs of my legs from being whacked by chairlifts. I don't pine for the old days. But the real magic is the mountains. The real magic is a community that is genuinely proud of itself and anxious to show itself off to the rest of the world. The real magic is a work force that is confident that they can earn a living that will allow them to live in the place they love. The real magic is a full moon rise over Wedge. The real magic is home-boy Rob Boyd who brings his guitar down to the local jam and then puts it all on the line at the Kitzbuehel the following week. The real magic is a town where the main employers are confident enough in their product to lighten up a bit and support endeavors that don't necessarily tow the standard marketing line.

If a resort doesn't have the magic there's no amount of spirit training or scrubby faced teens enticed from job fairs in Calgary that will convince a tourist that this place is any different from all the other schlock tourist places in this world.

LE QUATTRO STAGIONI

Il marchait tout doucement dans l'immensité du ciel. Son sac-à-dos semblait lourd mais quelque chose l'attirait au delà de l'horizon.

Plusieurs îlots sombres s'approchaient à vive allure. Mine de rien, avec des gestes calculés et précis, ce genre de geste qu'une personne habituée effective sans même y penser, il sortit son parapluie céleste. Les nuages remplis de rage et d'orage ne pouvaient l'atteindre.

Il marchait tout doucement vers le lointain, là où peu de gens peuvent se rendre, là où peu de gens veulent se rendre.

Ce n'était pas la première fois que je l'apercevais. Il avait croisé ma route plus d'une fois;

Au dessus des plaines où le vent qui étouffe court jusqu'à ce qu'il manque de souffle,

Au dessus des forêts où les feuilles mortes d'avoir trop changé de couleur tourbillonnaient autour de lui et

Au dessus des montagnes emprisonnées dans leur



blanche virginité.

La dernière fois que je l'ai vu, il marchait tout doucement dans l'immensité du ciel. Il poursuivait le soleil qui se couchait, fatigué d'avoir fait renaître la vie.

Jean-Philippe
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Sea To Sky II Just Like Rocky

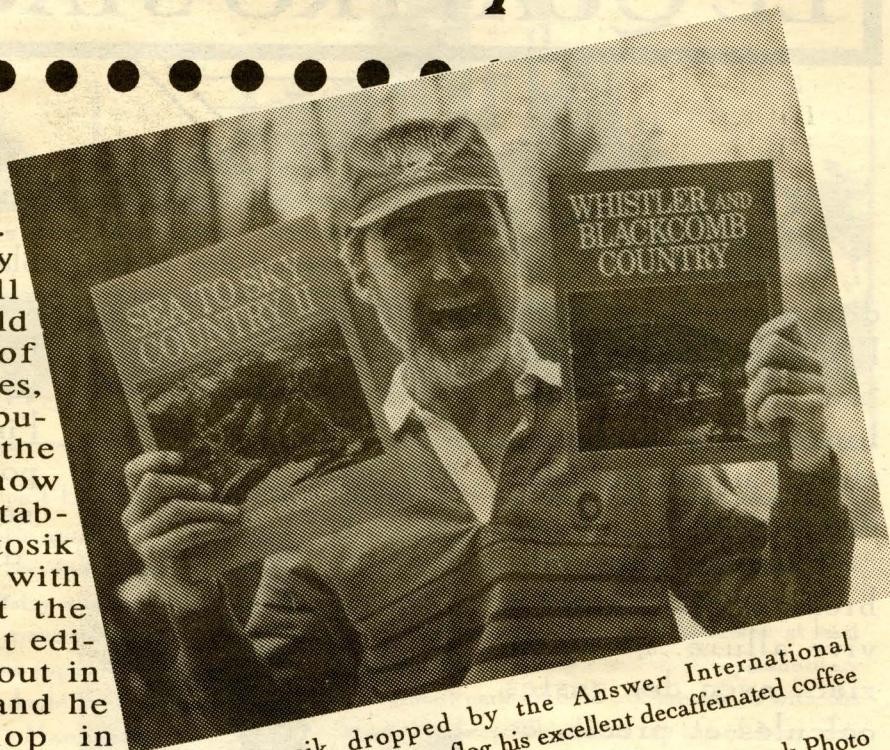
“Editing is the key,” says photographer John Bartosik. “The juxtaposition of the images, not so much what the images say, but how they flow.”

The publisher and principal photographer of Sea To Sky Country II was in Whistler last month and dropped by the Answer headquarters to explain some finer points of photography and to remind us about his very successful and classy coffee table book.

The forty-year old photographer now lives in Barrie, Ontario, and is currently working on a similar book about Toronto’s backyard playground: Huronia.

“I didn’t expect it to sell as

well as it has,” says Bartosik. Sea To Sky Country II has now sold in excess of 25,000 copies, and the popularity of the book has now been established. Bartosik remembers with amazement the day the first edition came out in late 1984 and he set up shop in Tapleys’s, only to leave in twenty minutes with no



John Bartosik dropped by the Answer International Headquarters last month to flog his excellent decaffeinated coffee table book.

Bob Colebrook Photo

Charlie Doyle
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books and pocketfuls of twenties.

Besides Bartosik's photos, *Sea To Sky Country II* features amazing images by such noted local photographers as Paul Morrison, Chris Speedie, Greg Griffith, H. Bleuer, Brian Smith, and Leanna Rathkelly. All seasons, sports, terrain and areas of Sea To Sky country are magnificently covered in this comprehensive work. As well, the text from former Whistler Question publisher Glenda Bartosh is crisp, accurate and concise.

Last year Bartosik published the Whistler section of the book as a soft cover, titled *Whistler and Blackcomb Country*. Bartosik estimates that eighty percent of the photos in this edition have been updated since original publication.

Of the estimated 150 photos in *Sea To Sky Country II*, Bartosik went



through 20,000 images.

Bartosik had a great idea, and while he knew nothing about publishing, he pursued it in a methodical and professional manner. Bartosik found his printer by looking at examples in bookstores. He was clear in his focus and knew the book would be a success.

Bartosik first appeared on the Whistler scene back in 1977, and the pictures in *Sea To Sky Country II* represent five years worth of photos. Bartosik comes back to Whistler three times a year to take care of business, and truly enjoys his trips.

"It's great," he says. "I find it a very unique civilization compared to what's going on back east, with plywood cities and stores boarded up."

With fabulous photos and excellent colour separations, *Sea To Sky II* will ensure that Bartosik's studio won't be boarded up for some time.

"Just call me Rocky," says Bartosik. "There'll be a *Sea To Sky III, IV, V...*"

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A Sporting Christmas Shopping List



o ho ho! It's that time of year when our esteemed publisher Uncle **Charlie Doyle** allows us lowly scribes in the toy department to submit our Christmas shopping list. Ladies and gentlemen, hang up your socks!

A is for **Asher**. Forget the white cane and seeing eye dog. A pair of sparkling diamonds and a round of applause for **Dave** and his slo-pitch executive. **Peter Alder** gets some Head racing skis to keep up with **Trudy**. **Dave Alexander** a trip to San Jose to watch his brother-in-law **David Bruce** perform with the Sharks. **Brian Ayearst** is a sports profile in the *Whistler Answer*.

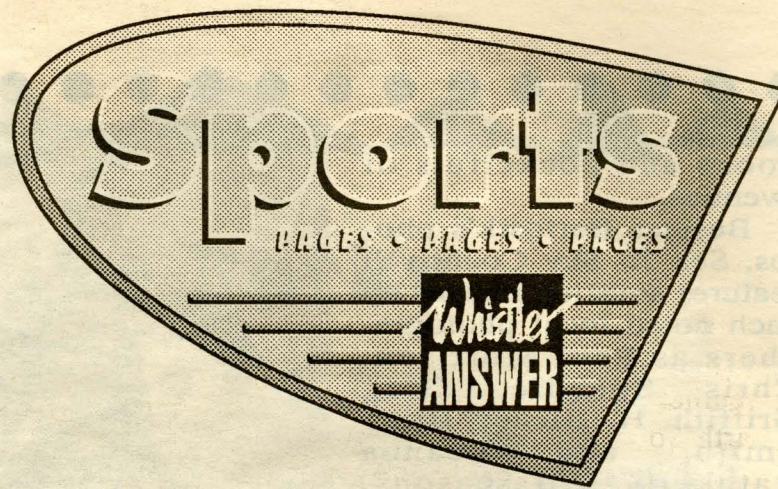
B is for **Boyd**. A copy of 'Hot Wax and Loose Bindings' for **Rob** and a strong ski season. A net full of goals for **Chuck Blaylock** and a year full of one-putt greens to **Karen**. A locals pass and a pension fund full full of money to **Andy Bathgate**.

C is for **Chew**. Though he says he retired, a competition ski is on order for **Phil** and best wishes on his *Whistler* camps. Boots that fit for **John Colpitts** and Search and Rescue equipment for **Dave Cathers**. **Ian Cruikshank** gets dinner for two at **Hoz's**.

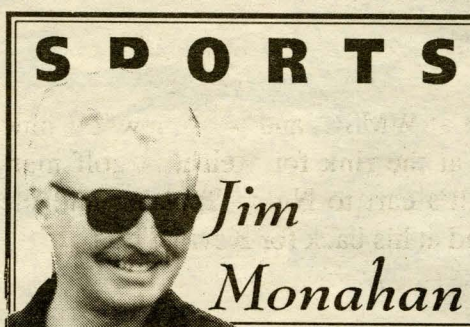
D is for **Dawson** and **Bob** from the Rimrock has gone from baseball to golf and needs just a couple of strokes to win the club championship. **Bob DuFour** gets an appreciation plaque from everyone who's ever worked at **WMSC**.

E is for **Ellis** and a lift ticket for **Alison** who is back after realizing that Cypress Bowl wasn't exactly peak to valley terrain.

F is for **Forest**. A trio of top-flight darts to **Gordie** and his Alpine Electric flame throwers. **Al Frumento** gets a roll of tape and a hockey puck as the worlds fastest construction worker changes from ski racing to hockey.



G is for greenskeeper, er, make that **Dave Gottselig** who'll find some long red underwear beneath the tree to help him til spring.



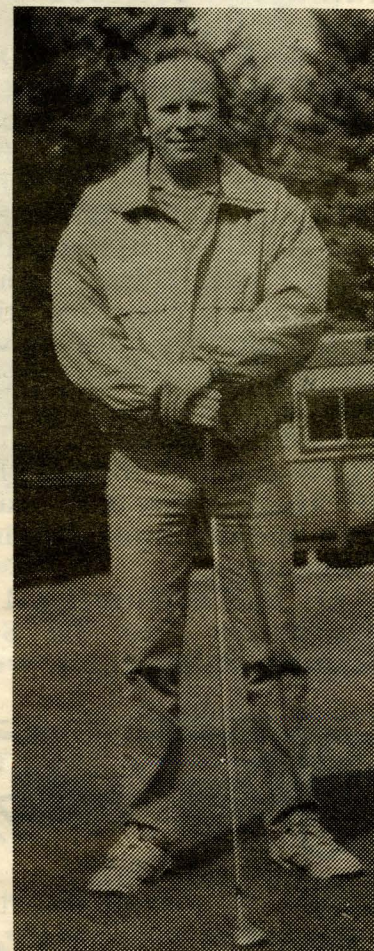
H is for **Hosner**. A mini set of clubs for **Alexander** whose pop says some of the best golfing in the world is right

here in B.C. For **Darryl Hnatiuk**, a fine inaugural season for his Jimmy D's Devils. **Scotty Hurren** gets a chaw of Red Man, a brass spittoon and a sports action selection guide.

I is for **Irwin**. First tracks on the Dave Murray Downhill for **Dave** and the Crazy Canucks who will gather for the World Cup Downhill. **Bart Imler** gets an old 'G' toque and skis you can recycle.

J is for **Jewett** and **Cathy** who'll need a patrol jacket and Vuarnets for a new skier due in '93.

K is for **Kerwynn** and a case-lot of Special K for **Dave**



Dave Gottselig may find some underwear under the tree.

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Chris Moore

Would You Buy a Used House From...

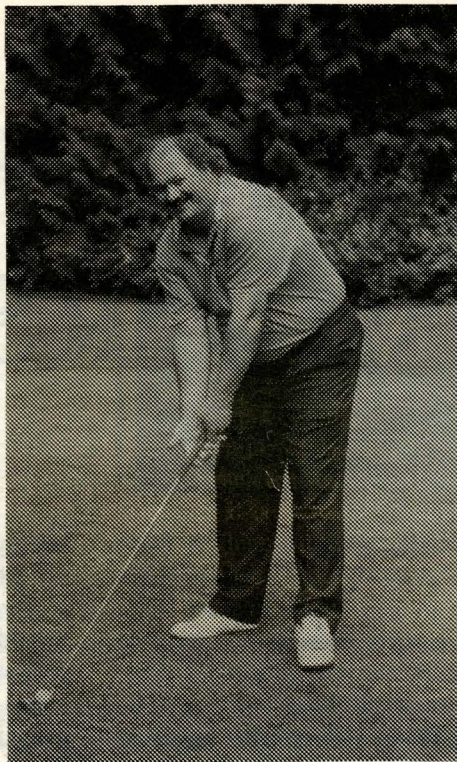
1. Someone who rides a Harley?
2. Someone who's been around longer than the town centre?
3. Someone who bears a passing resemblance to Lurch in the Addams Family?
4. Someone who doesn't drink Dewars anymore?

Whistler Office (604) 932-5538 Vancouver Toll Free 681-6627

The Whistler Real Estate Co. Ltd.

and his National Team technical racers. **Chris Kent** needs paper and typewriter ribbon.

L is for **Lepine**. A new set of rollers for **Francois**, the ace packer and charter member of the Flat Earth Society. Come spring **Steve Legge** will be here today and gone to Maui. **Greg Lee** gets a jean jacket from Boyd's. **Brian Leighton** will take some new tackle and hang out the gone fishin' sign.



What could Hoz possibly need for Christmas?

M is for **Mawdsley**. A pair of Everlast boxing gloves for **Neil**, who could till make a comeback on the senior's circuit. A diamond studded stick-pin to **Jim McConkey**. Official national team accreditation to Old Gravel Road skiers **Rod** and **Patty MacLeod**.

N is for **Nebbeling**. Both a pool and a cultural centre to **Ted**. As **Don Cherry** might phrase it: "Atta boy, Ted. You're doing all right there. You're doin' all right!"

O is for **Oliphant**. **Jerry** will need an agent to pour through the offers after this summer's Cable Six golf lessons. **Ron Johnson's** circa 1975 copy of Disneyland Employee Handbook to **Patrick O'Donnell**.

P is for **Pitt-Taylor**. An endless supply of Blue for **Colin** who will soon be surrounded by thirsty weasel workers. An audio cassette of Pittsburgh hockey announcer **Mike Lange** for **Greg Pritchard**. That to include such gems as 1.) He beat him like a rented mule! 2.) He's happier than a butcher's dog. 3.) I'll be cow kicked!

Q is for **Pat Quinn** and his Vancouver Canucks who might use a local facility for next year's training camp. And how about an old Winterhawk sweater for **Quinn Sadler**?

R is for **Rozsa** and **Raine**. A pair of season's passes top the winners podium for **Edith** and **Willy** who'll always be winners in Whistler. A **Tommy**

LaSorda nutri-slim course for **Steve "or is that Newf" Radford**.

S is for **Springman** and wouldn't **Joel** be happy to keep Tapley's Cup for another year. A fancy new kata to **Al Schmuck** and a week at the River of Golden Dreams to **Terry Spence**.

T is for **Tindle**. A controlled avalanche of correct forecasts to

Jan at WMSC, and some new TV blue ice at the rink for **Keith**. A golf marshal's cart to **Norm Trotter** and the wind at his back for **Kevin Titus**.

U is for **Umberto**. A gold at the culinary Olympics and thanks for the pasta from those carbo-crazed Whistlerites.

V is for **Vaillancourt**. A chance to choose Buffalo in the draft and an endless set of turns for heli-guide **Jimmy "The Fly"**.

W is for **Walsh**. A year's supply of shoe-goo for jogger **Doug**, better throw in some odor eaters. For **Don Willoughby** a three day session with **Howie Meeker**. "Jimminy Cricket, Willow, never pass the puck up the middle!"

X is for **Peter Xhignesse** and many more pledges to his memorial scholarship fund at Pemberton High.

Y is for **Y.P.** who gets a bonus package of Gillette razors for his race center, and also for **M.Y.** who receives an oxygen bottle for between shifts at the new arena.

Z is for **Zary**. **Mitch** deserves a few easy tip-ins for Jimmy D's while rounding back into shape after an early season shoulder injury.

Ah, we missed **Steve Buckman's** Habs sweater, **Terry Nash's** glove and **Layton Bryson's** chaps. Not to worry, old Uncle Charlie never forgets anyone at Christmas. And a Happy New Year to all!



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Two things this month, fun camps on Whistler and the best part about snowboarding.

First I would like to wish everyone in the world a warm and merry Christmas. Actually I'm joking, I don't really care. All I care about is money!! The way I see it is, your only friend is a buck and the more bucks ya got the more friends you got. I'm a cold bitter, bent and twisted human being, please send cheques to me. No canned food.

Do you remember summer camps? You know, bad food, no girls, mosquitos, dirt games, and "itchy" bums. Well thank God those days are over, "but it's never too late to have a happy childhood". This is the theme that oozes from the pores of the F2 adult snowboard camp headquarters. Some very hip and smart people have organized a five 2 day camps that will improve your performance and keep a smile on your face forever!!

As soon as you show up you can stop thinking and just have fun. The two day camp includes a continental breakfast party, coaching in free riding and gates, on-hill snacks, personalized video analysis, apres function and much, much more. The way I see it

HAPPY CAMPEERS

the coaching alone is worth it. Don't be a geek—sign up!!! Bosco might even grace us with his presence. When it dumps you get selfish and you want your fix, not your girlfriend. Strange but true it will change you.

There's nothing better in powder than a snowboard. Before I get yelled at by skiers, I'm not saying I'm having more fun than you because that's up to the individual. But what I am saying it has nothing to do with who's better it's just a matter of physics. Snowboards because of their larger surface area will always plane on top of the snow. Skis sink. This means we can generally go a lot faster, be in more control and have a lot less work. If you don't believe me stand in the peak chair line-up when it opens after a big dump. The other thing is you don't have to be good to snowboard in powder. So if you were ever wondering about getting into the sport, if never been easier to enjoy the deep snow.

The best boards for powder are the all around free riding boards. Pretty much everything works, but some better than others. A bigger longer nose helps the board plane better. A shallow tail sinks the tail helping the board plane as well. Mount it back from the center slightly. Point it down and get lost in the cold smoke!!

Cheezeball's Christmas Tip

All you weekend warriors from Vancouver or wherever in you frozen Levis, open jackets and wine skins swaying from you necks (sigh)

Stay the hell out a my way!!

The camps are a brilliant idea, especially when you consider that over 50% of the people on a ski hill are over thirty years old. Rumour has it that Whistler's #1 fun hog Bosco might even grace us with his presence. For prices and info call Whistler Mountain. The

best part about snowboarding is powder. Everyone likes what they're best at. People tend to develop attitudes towards others who don't prefer the same style of riding as they do. This is a joke and these kinds of people can get sidetracked from the fun. Snowboarding in deep powder is the most fun!! Who can argue that?

Most ski magazines writers go way overboard when they talk about powder or related topics. They'll tell you how it's the essence of the sport, poetry in motion, artistic, very soulful,



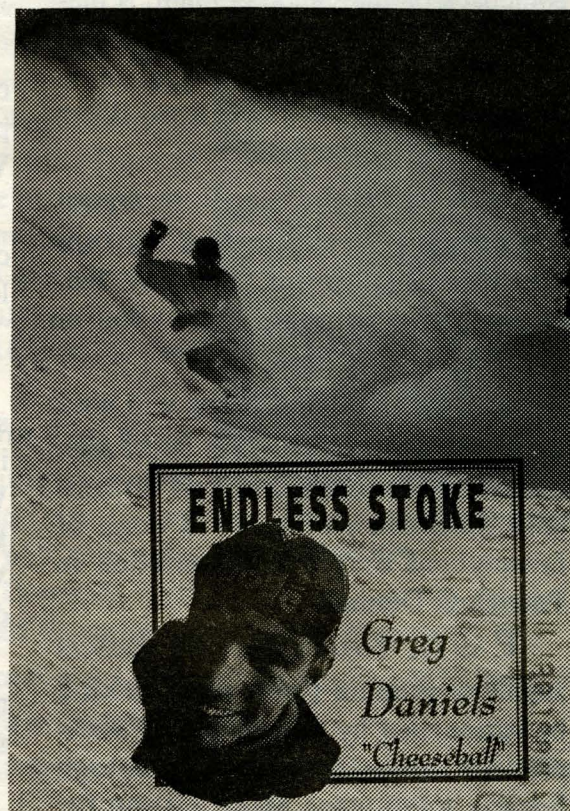
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Photographer Eric Berger by photographer Greg Griffith.

graceful, beautiful, etc. I guess there kinda right but it sounds so weak!! Personally I don't consider myself a real writer and I'm sure my articles are laced with grammatical mistakes. But who cares?

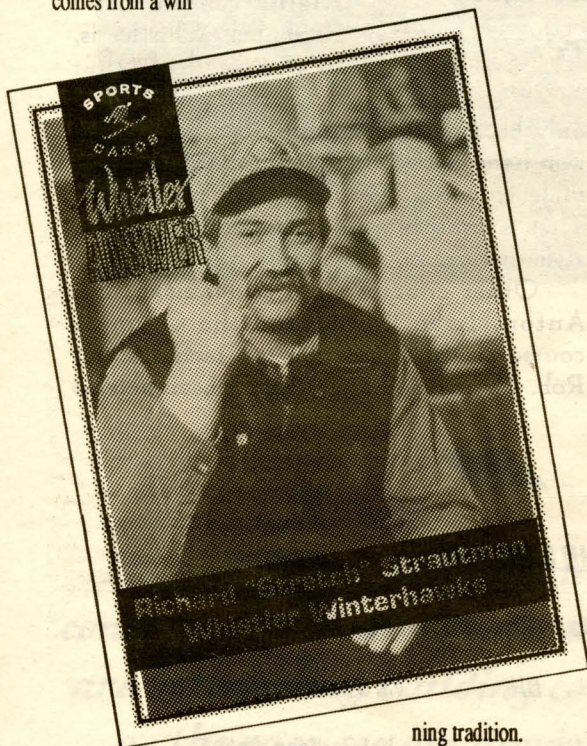
To me snowboarding in powder is like your first "Boner". It's the best!! Sorry for the comparison but I'm a guy and I've been reading a lot of Cosmo magazines lately. Neither last forever so you go for it while you have it. Soon powder becomes like a drug.

There was only five minutes remaining in the fifth and deciding game of last year's Whistler Men's Hockey League

final. The eight-time defending champion Winterhawks found themselves on the short end of a 4-0 tally against Garfinkles.

"I just told them on the bench, 'Okay boys, no bodychecks or stickwork. If we're going out, we're going out with class,'" recalls playing-coach Richard "Stretch" Strautman.

The Winterhawks as a team might be considered a hologram, wherein each part of the team reflects the structure of the whole. Strong up the middle, good on defence and in goal. And in the end, just that bit of class that comes from a win



ning tradition.

For Richard Strautman life as a Winterhawk began with a coin toss in Salt Lake City at the age of eighteen. On a ski cruise from his native Edmonton the decision, on Highway I-80, came up California over Colorado. Above the arena in Squaw Valley was a marquee billing a contest as 'Canada vs. USA'.

"The Lake Tahoe Stars had several ex-pro and U.S. college players. For Canada it's the Whistler Winterhawks. Here they are in the warm up with M.Y., (Mike Young), Keith Dalley, Mike and Mark Sadler, Billy 'Fridge' Haggarty," laughs Strautman.

Hockey fates, being what they are, placed Strautman in Whistler just a couple of years later. After responding to an ad in the local paper, there he was at a try-out camp with the Winterhawks.

"About ten minutes into the first practice I get into a scrap with 'Fridge' Haggarty. I'm skating off the ice, thinking I'm booted off the team now for sure. Mike Sadler comes over and tells me, 'you've made it.' It didn't even dawn on me until they handed me a sweater—Canada vs. USA—the team I'd laughed at, I'm now a member."

What followed was a Cinderella type of season for number 19. Strautman led the league in scoring. Notched the hat-trick and scored the game winning goal in overtime as the Winterhawks defeated the Chieftain Hotel Raiders 4-3, to win

SPORTS PROFILE

By Jim Monahan

their first ever league championship. The Raiders squad included former UBC Captain Laurie Vanzella, Al Knight, Al Dumas and Frenchy Cline. It was Strautman's first year of organized hockey in nearly ten years, dating back to the incident.

The incident occurred in his first year of Midget hockey in Edmonton. At a playoff game in the Coronation Arena, with the league president and officials in attendance, Strautman gets into a scrap with an opponent named Darren McCann. Just as he's unloading a huge haymaker, referee Rory "Blue Chip" Chalmers steps in and catches the punch right on the button. The letter in the mail from CAHA President Murray Costello call for a three year suspension.

"As Harry Neal used to say, when your crushers become rushers they soon become ushers. But honestly, it was brutal hockey. Intimidation, the Broad Street Bullies were the name of the game. It wasn't like I was an innocent victim that got suspended," confesses Strautman. "Mickey Vulcan who later played in Hartford and Calgary and I were always getting into it...."

"Another time, in probably the most embarrassing moment in my life. My dad A.J. was not a fan at all, he'd played the old hard-hitting style but this was too much. Anyway, I'm in the penalty box and the crowd is really buzzing. It keeps getting louder and I figure we've really got 'em going. Next thing you know it's Pops. The old boy has got me by the sweater and starts to work me over right there. All the while he's saying to the crowd, look at this guy, see, see how tough he is now."

Both Strautman's father A.J. and uncle Chuck played senior hockey in Saskatchewan with the Keatly Flyers. Uncle Chuck distinguished himself by scoring a goal on his first shift at a University of Saskatchewan Alumni tournament. He became a fan favourite with the crowd chanting Chuck, Chuck, Chuck. He scored the tournament winning goal for the Faculty of Agriculture. The program's guide had uncle Chuck's son listed, from the call of '82. Uncle Chuck, at close to 70 years old, was listed from the class of '49.

In between hockey seasons, a Turf Grass Management course at the University of Guelph has held Strautman in good stead. He's been involved in the construction of the Whistler Resort Golf Course and Pemberton Valley Course. He's working these days with the Big Sky Course, currently under construction in Pemberton. It was a golf superintendents conference in Montreal that gave him a chance to play at the fabled Forum.

"Yea, I scored a goal for the West," he reports. "Afterwards we all went to Ben's Smoked Meats to talk with our game referees, Dollard St. Laurent and Dickey Moore. We were there so long that we ate twice. We were admiring St. Laurent's Stanley Cup ring and he told us, yea, I got that in Chicago. When you win there you get a nice ring. When you win in Montreal they give you a frozen turkey."

Living in Whistler has given the Winterhawks a chance to

meet a number of current and former NHL stars. Team Canada 72 stars visited here in 1986, giving locals a chance to ski and socialize with the likes of Yvon Cournoyer, Stan Mikita and honorary Winterhawk Frank Mahovlich.

The newly formed Winterhawks Alumni has around 100 members. "We'd like to raise money for minor hockey. Be able to buy a kid some goaltending equipment, perhaps sponsor a rep team. Some of the guys are older and have some money now. Maybe it's time to start dishing out some of that money," Strautman proclaims.

"At the same time, we're still competitive and won't roll over for anyone. Whoever meets us in the playoffs will know they've been in a series."

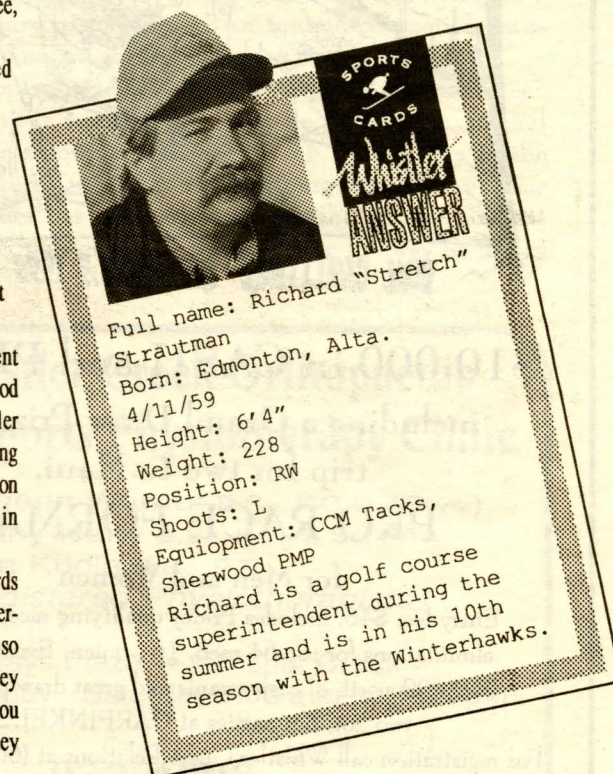
The team is off to a great start to the 92-93 season. At this writing they remain undefeated with four wins and a tie. Strautman is fourth in league scoring with five goals and seven assists, as well as a modest seven minutes in penalties.

"I still think we have the best goaltending and defence in the league. We've got an excellent new centreman in Bob Andres. We'll get our share of Prime Rib dinners," says Strautman in reference to Tapley's Pub honouring the Player of the Week with a free dinner.

A sip of champagne from Tapley's Cup would seem to be on order for the Winterhawks next spring, though you can bet they'll run into some tough opposition from Garfinkels and Merlin's.

For the time being, things couldn't be going much better for Number 19. He's set to marry his gal Anne, next August in Pemberton. Though he's not likely to win the WMHL's version of the Lady Bing trophy he's certainly playing well and promises to do even more when he starts to skate.

Richard "Stretch" Strautman will have many years of enjoyment ahead, just knowing those Winterhawks championship banners are hanging from the rafters of the Whistler Arena.





Rob Boyd on the Matterhorn

The first trip I took with Rob Boyd I discovered something interesting in him. He stuffed a Big Mac down his gullet in two bites! it occurred to me that Molly, his mother, must spend a lot of money feeding him. I then nicknamed him VOID for his seemingly infinite abdominal chamber. It was then I realized this 18 year old upstart had the audacity to be a champion.

In December 1986, after a large breakfast, Boyd proceeded to turn the ski racing world upside down by defeating Italian favourite Michael Mair on his home hill of "Val Gardena" for his first World Cup victory running start number 26. He had shown signs of liking this course the previous year when he finished tenth here. This day he showed he owned the Val Gardena course.

That was my last World Cup race and Rob's win was partly responsible for getting me down in one piece. I had been largely under confident that week and Rob inspired me that day. I felt sorry I was leaving the sport but enamored that we had this audacious champion to carry the team into the

Rob Boyd is a distinct individual. If he had a chin sponsor he'd be a zillionaire.

future.

After success in the remainder of the 1986/87 season Boyd won Val Gardena again the next year. He's one of the few elite racers who has won on this course two years in a row. I believe his adeptness on that course stems from his background as a motocross racer. It has all kinds of bumps, jumps and rolls which he loves. Whenever

he competes in Val Gardena he'll be a threat.

Several courses exist which Rob is capable of winning on other than Val Gardena. I've always thought that he could win Val d'Isere which is usually the first World Cup on the schedule. He's come close there and

in other places such as Garmisch, Bad Kleinkirchheim and Kitzbuhel. Whistler is, of course, his other favourite venue, not

only because it's his home but because he won here in 1989. He is the first Canadian male to win a World Cup on home turf. That is another course that suits his skiing style to a tee.

Other courses such as Nakiska, St. Anton, Lake Louise and the Olympic course at Val d'Isere are too technical for Rob. Or maybe he just hasn't been able to

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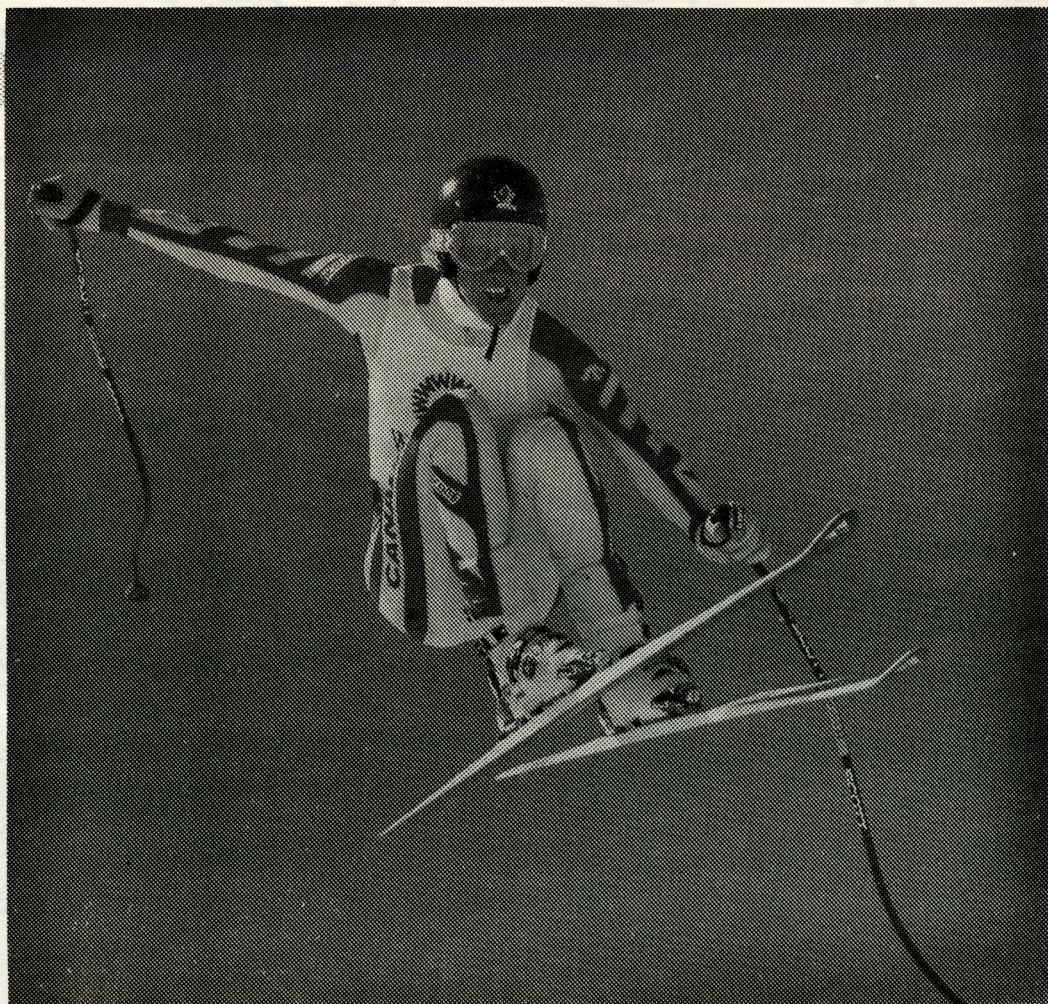
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MEN'S DOWNHILL ON CBC

Broadcast/race date	Discipline	Venue/Country
December 5	DH	Val d'Isere, France
December 12	DH	Val Gardena, Italy
January 9	DH	Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germ.
January 16	DH	Kitzbuehel, Austra
January 23	DH	Wengen, Switzerland
February 6	DH, K	Morioka-Shizukuishi, Japan
February 13	DH, SG, GS	Morioka-Shizukuishi, Japan
February 14	SI	Morioka-Shizukuishi, Japan
February 27	DH	Whistler, B.C.
February 28	SG	Whistler, B.C.
March 6	DH	Aspen, Colorado
March 13	DH	Sierra Nevada, Spain
March 20	DH	Lillehammer, Norway
March 27	DH	Are, Sweden



Rob Boyd
FIS Ranking, Downhill,
November 1992: 17
Born: Vernon, B.C.
Birthdate: 16/02/66
Residence: Whistler, B.C.
Club: Whistler Mountain
Height: 188 cm, 6' 2"
Weight: 81 kg, 180 pounds
On national since 1985

He and Brian Stemmell are now consistently winning time trails and are both feeling building confidence as the race season approaches.

get is Matterhorn-like chin through the finish timing beam. It precedes his body by two seconds. Either the turns in these courses come around too far or his head is too high at the finish.

Being blessed with several successful competitive seasons Boyd is now battling back from some serious injuries he suffered last year. First he hurt his back last November and it required minor surgery to repair it. After typically negligent injury management by the ski team he was entered in the race in Garmisch right after Christmas. He skied with a predictable lack of confidence and fell near the end of the course, tearing the Anterior Cruciate ligament in his knee. This ruined any chance of salvaging the season and put his future success at risk. Even though the Olympics were soon thereafter, I think Rob and the ski team learned a powerful lesson about injury management. An injured competitor cannot return to World Class competition too quickly.

The future is now happening for Boyd. How are his back and knee? He informs me everything is working fine and he feels quite normal except for a bit of numbness down the side of his leg. This is due to the back problem and it has caused the leg to regain strength at a slower pace than usual. Rob's confidence has been relatively low though the pre season ski training due to the injuries and, I think, skiing the way he did in

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Garmisch last year I don't believe he thought he was capable of skiing that badly. He should now have a better perspective of what he has to do, he should see himself as a mere mortal and he should mature greatly as an athlete. That is what makes a real champion.

Recently his training in Nakiska has reached higher levels. He and Brian Stemmler are now consistently winning time

trials and are both feeling building confidence as the race season approaches. I predict that Rob will have a slow start to the season after all he's been through. Val Gardena is, however, his second venue and two races will be held there. It has been a magic place for Boyd and others on the team, so it could be the plan where Boyd resurrects himself. More realistically though, I could see him starting slow and building

through the season to a crescendo at the Whistler World Cup.

Rob Boyd is a distinct individual. If he had a chin sponsor he'd be a zillionaire. With that chin and his infinite abdominal void he should chew up the downhill courses. His heart will have to outgrow his chin too push himself to world class level again. Every great champion has dealt with injury. I know Rob can do it too.



A junior Rob Boyd heads to the slopes on his trusty steed. Photo courtesy of the Boyd family archives.

ROB BOYD CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

02/91	CC	SG 1	Panorama
01/91	WC	D 3	Kitzbuehel, Austria
01/91	WC	D 6	Garmisch, Germany
12/90	WC	D 2	Val Gardena, Italy
12/90	WC	D 7	Val Gardena, Italy
03/90	WC	D 8	Are, Sweden
02/89	WC	D 1	Whistler
01/89	WC	D 6	Kitzbuehel, Austria
12/88	WC	D 3	Val Gardena, Italy
03/88	WC	D 5	Vail, Colorado
02/88	OL	D 16	Nakiska, Alberta
01/88	WC	D 5	Bad Kleinkircheim, Austria
12/87	WC	D 1	Val Gardena, Italy
12/87	WC	D 5	Val d'Iserre, France
03/87	WC	D 5	Nakiska, Alberta
02/87	WC	D 5	Furano, Japan
01/87	WM	D 5	Crans Montana, Switzerland
12/86	WC	D 1	Val Gardena, Italy Nakiska, Alberta
01/88	WC	D 5	Bad Kleinkircheim, Austria
12/87	WC	D 1	Val Gardena, Italy
12/87	WC	D 5	Val d'Iserre, France
03/87	WC	D 5	Nakiska, Alberta
02/87	WC	D 5	Furano, Japan
01/87	WM	D 5	Crans Montana, Switzerland
12/86	WC	D 1	Val Gardena, Italy

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Frequent Answer contributor Gary McFarlane takes photos of nude people engaged in various sporting activities under the name Barely Whistler. While offensive to some, these photos perhaps capture the essence of Whistler. "I'm still a novice," says McFarlane, "a neophyte stumbling around in the dark wondering what to do. Mom thinks they're great, so does grandmother, she shows them to selected friends down a the senior citizens home."

Posing for McFarlane's warped concepts has become quite popular. "It's very easy to find models. People are approaching me now.

But then nudity is the most natural thing in the worlds, more than likely."



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18 & 19
She Stole My Beer

24 - 26
David Raven

28 - Jan. 2
Trama

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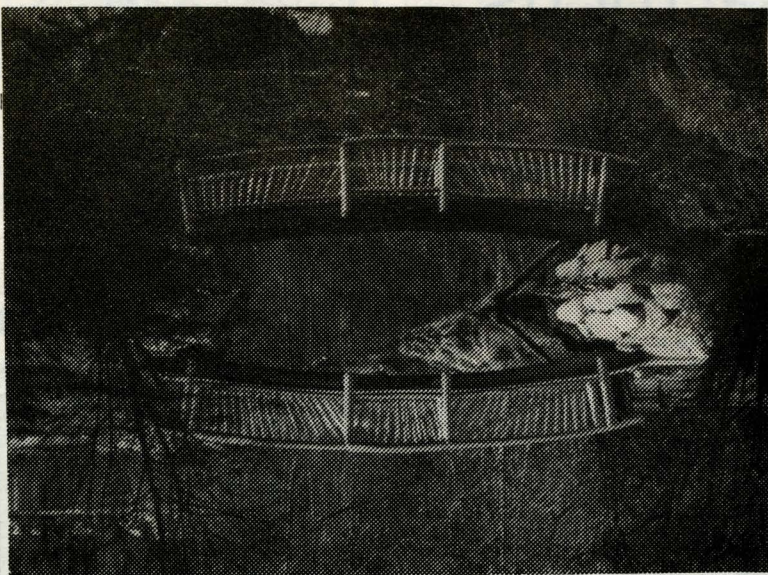
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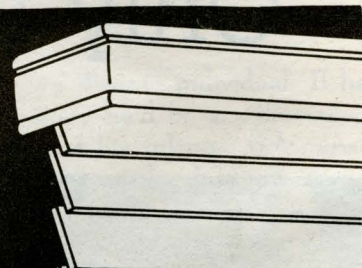
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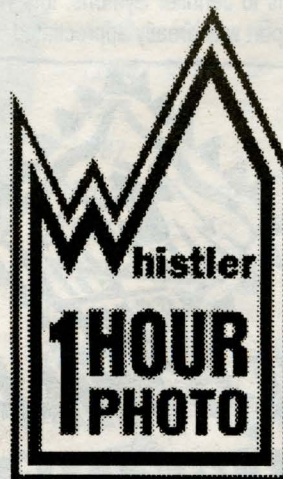
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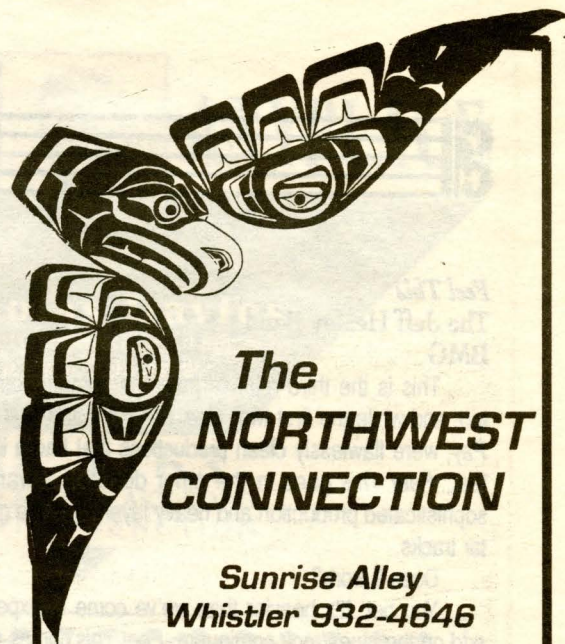
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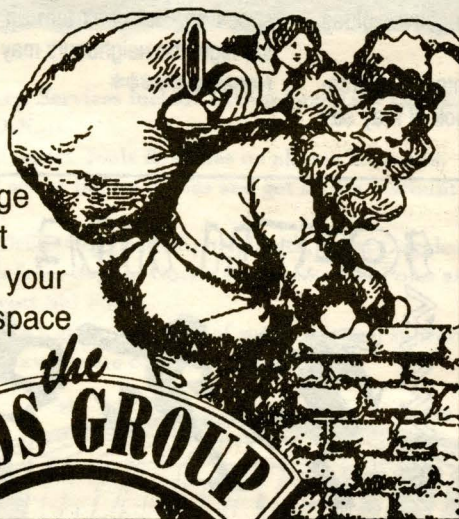
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MUSIC

Feel This
The Jeff Healey Band
 BMG

This is the third release from the Toronto-based trio, and while the first two, *See The Light* and *Hell To Pay*, were flawlessly clean productions that had a live feel, *Feel This* goes in the other direction towards sophisticated production and heavy layering of the guitar tracks.

Does it work?

You bet. It's heavier than we've come to expect, and on the blues/rock continuum, *Feel This* comes out on the rock end of the spectrum, but when someone of Healey's consummate musical talent picks up a guitar and microphone, it's virtually impossible for any bad sounds to emerge.

Blind since the age of three, Healey's unique lap style playing has awed fans and other guitar players since he first started gaining attention and recognition in 1988. His hands have been likened to tarantulas racing across the fretboard.

Some credit for the increased raunch level on *Feel This* goes to co-producer Joe Hardy, who has worked with the likes of Steve Earle, ZZ Top and Tom Cochrane. His influence is obvious, and the blues aficionado Healey emerges as a *bona fide* rock picker. On some guitar breaks Healey even drifts into Joe Satriani-land, with brief excursions to Hendrix-ville, which could be a bit of a shock for longtime Healey fans who are used to his soulful blues as first demonstrated at venues like Grossman's in Toronto and The Yale in Vancouver.

Healey has definitely taken a risk with *Feel This*, but the greatness involves chances and growth. The Jeff Healey Band have demonstrated both.

Says Healey: "As a band, we have definitely grown both musically and personally. We channelled that growth as positive input into *Feel This*. Joe Hardy had a very special chemistry that integrated very well with all of us—actually helping to push us to a higher performance plateau. Our freedom to layer the album, coupled with Hardy's uncanny sense of placement and, of course his technical expertise, has resulted in our most developed, accessible release to date."

Any review of a Healey album or performance

would be sadly remiss without the mention of his side-kicks, Joe Rockman on bass and Tom Stephen on drums who prove that it is not Jeff Healey and some other guys, it's a group. Honourable mention should also go to Paul Shaffer, who took time out from being Letterman's stooge to play keyboards on the album.

Turns Into Stone
The Stone Roses
 Artista

The leading exponents of the "Manchester Explosion," the Stone Roses have made a major impact with their quirky and mesmeric blend of ear bending psychedelic textures and seamless melodies. Their 1989 debut album has sold 1.5 million units. *Turns Into Stone* is a collection of classic Stone Roses singles not available on the original UK LP. It includes seven tracks previously unavailable in North America. An essential album for Stone Roses fans, and a welcome addition to the consumers of progressive music.

Third Man In
Amos Garrett
 Stony Plain Records

This is Garrett's seventh album, and he really steps out as a vocalist. Sure, we all know he can play the guitar, but he can also sing with the best of them.

By now anyone who has read any local Whistler publication knows of Garrett, who plays Jimmy D's on December 3, 4 & 5.

A stalwart blues player, Garrett recorded this album with the aid of some of the Vancouver blues mafia at Tom Lavin's Blue Wave Studio.

"Third Man In: The first player to enter an altercation in progress" — NHL Official Rule Book. It may say

so in the book, but *Third Man In* is not about "an altercation in progress," but about relationships. Garrett points out that, "most of the songs are about the third person in so many relationships."

This blend of cover tunes and originals starts out with the upbeat "Poor Fool Like Me," which demonstrates Garrett's tongue in cheek humour:

You got time for watching game shows/you got time for shopping sprees/But you don't have time for a poor fool like me.

You got time to get your haircut/You watch Oprah on TV/But you don't have time for a poor fool like me.

Another highlight of *Third Man In* is Garrett's stellar rendition of "Rainy Night In Georgia." Garrett's vocals ooze soul, and make you forget all other versions.

And on "But I Do," the piano and string accompaniment, in conjunction with Garrett's vocals, simply makes you want to weep.

Oh, by the way, did I mention that Amos Garrett and his crack band the Eh! Team are playing in Whistler at Jimmy D's on December 3, 4 & 5. Well if I

did forget it must've been an oversight. It is recommended that you get your tickets in advance.

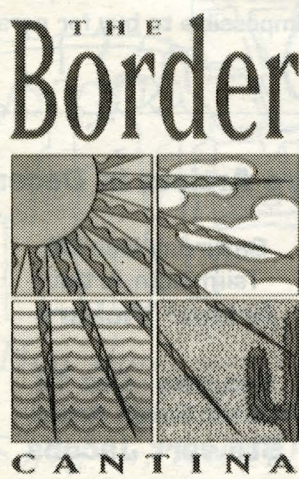
Disco Classics - Volume 2
 BMG

Nostalgia can be nice, but what the hell's next: Great Loves Songs of the Spanish Inquisition? I can tell you one thing for sure: twenty years later disco still sucks.

But this album is still a keeper. Whenever those unwanted house guests overstay their welcome I just shove some cotton in my ears and crank up "Funkytown" by Lipps Inc. or "Boogie Oogie Oogie" by A Taste of Honey or "Macho Man" by the Village People. They hit the door before I can get my platform shoes on. But don't turn up that Village People song too high, the neighbours may begin to wonder.

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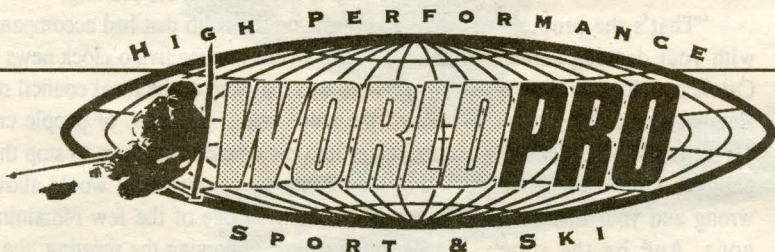
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A DANCE

by Stephen Vogler

Caroline sat on the floor in the corner of the warehouse. She jutted her feet out in front of her and wrapped her arms around her knees. The tenses bandage on her left wrist made her look like a wounded bird who'd bounced off one of the windows and landed smack dab on the floor.

She examined the bandage closely, the rough weave of the pink elastic cloth and the doctor's office smell that it still carried with it.

"Of all the stupid injuries!" she said to herself, "A sprained wrist. Nothing serious, just enough to keep me from going on the tour." The director of her dance company, Bernadette, had already spelled it out for her.

"We wouldn't want it to become a lingering problem. You're better off to sit this one out."

"Of course I am Bernadette. I didn't really want to pay the rent this month anyway." Caroline sank deep into a sulking mood. It was what she'd wanted to do all day; just to wallow in it for a while, and then come out of it when she was good and ready.

She rested her cheek on her good arm and her blonde ponytail hung down on her black tights. She sat motionless for fifteen minutes, indulging in her misfortune. Eventually her feet began to slowly kneed the wooden floor and her mood began to lighten a little. She knew she'd be able to get the rent together somehow. And she also knew that Bernadette was right. The last thing she needed was a recurring injury that could put her out for a long time.

She lifted her head and looked at the floorboards that stretched lengthwise towards the windows at the far end of the room. When she moved in, it was all covered in moldy linoleum until her friends Kim and Tom helped her tear it up and sand down the fir floor boards beneath it. Then they put layer after layer of varnish on the wood until she had a floor that she could dance on. Along the other side of the room was her bed, a small kitchen with a pot belly stove that heated the place, and a tub and toilet at the far end.

"How could I be depressed?" she asked herself, "I've got everything I could ever want right here: a floor to dance on, a bed for sleeping (and sex of course -but not necessarily in that order), food in the kitchen, a stove, and a tub to wash in."

The concept of a pot belly stove in a dance studio stuck in her mind as rather strange. "On the other hand," she thought, "It's a perfect symbol for my strange life: dancing in the city and touring with the company, and then returning to my warehouse retreat in the mountains."

"Maybe I don't have much," she said to the empty room, "But I love what I've got."

A knock on the downstairs door interrupted her privacy and she heard someone walk in.

"Caroline, it's Reg."

"Oh, come on up."
Her last sentence still hung in the room and she wondered briefly how Reg fit into it. He was in his mid thirties, about ten years older than her, and his curly haired good looks were already tinged by a bit of grey that gave him a distinguished look beyond his years. Reg was in real estate but was trying to move into land development. Caroline had been seeing him for about six months now, ever since she moved into the warehouse.

He climbed to the top of the steep stairs and stood on the landing in his business suit and black soled shoes.

"That ladder could be the death of somebody one day," he said. Caroline smiled, "It's not so bad. I can do it with one arm."

"I just stopped in to say hi on the way up to my meeting. The council's going to give approval to the town house development and I'm going to sign the agreement." He was brimming with excitement like



she'd never seen in him before.

"Do you have time for a cup of tea?" Caroline got up and walked to the kitchen.

"No, I've got to run. But what do you say about going out for dinner tonight and celebrating on me?"

"Sounds great," said Caroline, "but I thought there was some opposition to that proposal. How do you know it's going to be passed?"

"There was some opposition but since I got all the investors onside things just started falling into place. It's as good as signed now. How does seven thirty sound for dinner?"

"Sure, I'll be ready."

"How's the wrist?"

"It doesn't hurt much, but it's keeping me out of commission for a while."

"That's the problem with your dancing career Caroline..." Reg took on a paternal tone in his voice. "It's just not secure enough. One thing goes wrong and your income's gone. And by the time you're in your mid thirties your career's pretty well

over. You've got to have something that puts food on the table."

"The only jobs that put food on the table are farming, hunting and fishing."

Caroline had been through this argument before and she was well armed with ideas.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter. When this deal goes through you won't have to dance any more; at least not to make your living. I'll be able to buy you a house and your own dance company if you want." He took a quick look at his watch.

"I better get going or I'll be late for the meeting." He gave her a peck on the cheek, threw his coat on and started climbing down the stairs.

"See you at seven thirty," he called out on the way down.

Caroline sat on a chair in the kitchen. She wondered if his talk about a house and a dance company was some kind of indirect proposal. The prospect didn't thrill her as much as she thought it might. It was what he'd said about her dancing career that really stuck in her mind. He'd planted a seed of doubt and already it was starting to grow.

"Maybe he's right. Maybe I never will be able to make a decent living. And what will I do in ten or fifteen years; I thought I could teach and get more into choreography, but who knows?" The thoughts echoed around in her head and she sat and listened to them for a while. After a few minutes she began to recognize them for what they were.

"I'm just getting paranoid," she said to herself. "I've already gotten depressed once today and I'm not about to do it again." Her resolve began to return.

"At least I love what I do. That's more than a lot of people can say. And I know I can make things work out."

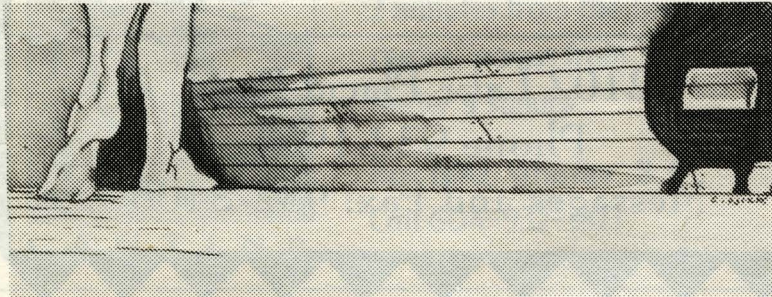
She flipped on the radio on the kitchen table and walked back to the dance floor. She bent over at the waist and stretched down until her hands were around her ankles and her head against her shins. Then she stood upright and put her feet through the different positions she'd learned as a little girl in ballet class. She did a plier and then began a little dance.

She circled around her bandaged arm as if inviting it to join her. Then it became her partner and she waltzed and tangoed and fox-trotted around the room with it. She spun around twice on one foot with her bandaged arm pointing up to the ceiling. Then she went into a series of one armed cartwheels that brought her all the way to the other end of the room.

She stopped in front of the window and smiled to herself. She'd danced the sorrow right out of herself and she felt good again. She looked out at the fog moving briskly across the mountains and she began to look forward to her dinner in the evening.

The music on the radio that had accompanied her dance came to an end and the five o'clock news broke.

"There was mayhem at the local council meeting today," the voice said. "Hundreds of people crowded themselves into the council chambers to stop the signing of a development permit which would allow town houses to be built on one of the few remaining wetlands in the valley. Following the meeting, the mayor stated that with so much opposition, the plan might be put on hold indefinitely."



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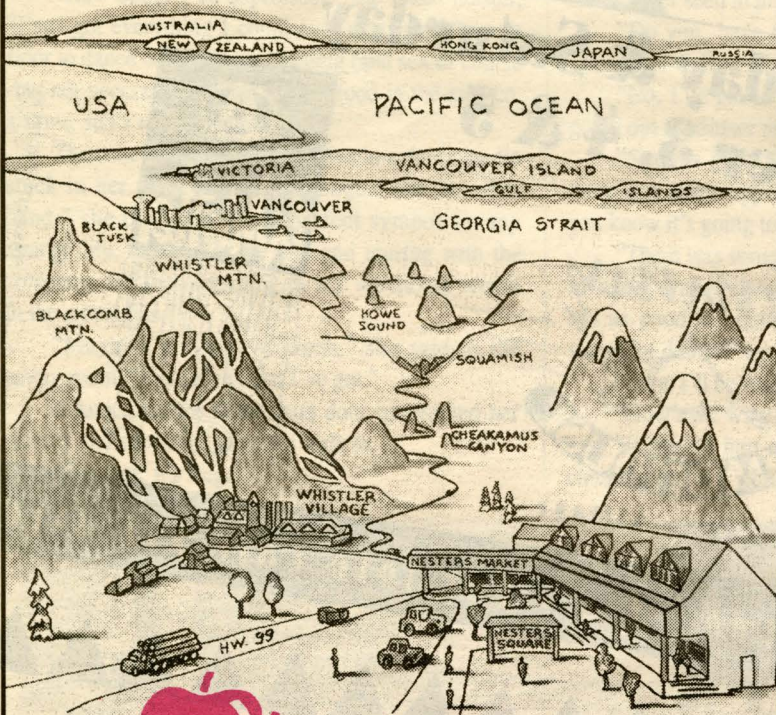


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More Trips With Doc Holiday: Hawaiian Health Tips

By Kauka Jake

MY interest in Hawaiian medicine began with the lowly breadfruit. We decided to do a 10 mile hike to Waimanu, a deserted valley which had once been home to many native Hawaiians. We'd heard about the fruit-laden trees and the streams filled with fish and prawns, and so we decided to go native and forage for our food and only carry some tea and spices. Bad idea. New to Hawaii, we hadn't a clue. After a full day's hiking, we set up camp and stuffed our bellies with a sumptuous meal of tea appetizer, entree de the, and chai for dessert. After breakfasting on tea, we spent an unsuccessful morning without so much as finding a scrap of food. Some natives! We resigned ourselves to beating a hasty retreat, but needed something to kick-start us for those ten miles that were looming large (see "Bonking with Dr. Jake", Answer #5).. Luckily, we met two women who gave us a breadfruit. The voyage of the Bounty was for breadfruit, so we knew that this fruit must at least be tasty enough to mutiny for. Wrong again. The breadfruit, or "ulu" needs to be cooked for several hours. We built a fire on the beach in the hot sun and tended it for three hours until the breadfruit was soft enough to pound into an unpalatable paste which the Hawaiians call "inferior poi". Let me tell you, even "superior" poi ain't so great. The sap of the ulu is used for skin disease and sores, cuts and scratches. The Hawaiian gods, however, thought enough about ulu to roll the fruit across the floor of the underworld to create thunder. I think fruit is a misnomer. Well-fueled by the ulu, we were able to make it back by the next afternoon to break our 48 hour fast with some homemade Napoleon pastry and special brownies from scratch. That's another story for another time.

Hawaii was settled by Polynesians from the South Pacific over a thousand years ago. Talk about seafarers! While the Europeans were taking short jaunts around the North and Mediterranean seas, these people crossed the vast Pacific under sail, in small, double-hulled canoes, without the aid of compasses, navigational charts or a fixed star like the North Star. Their culture flourished for over 500 years until Captain Cook happened into Kealakekua Bay on the Big Island in 1778. (He offended King Kamehameha the next year and became the "guest of honour" at a sacrificial feast.) The culture, as in so many other aboriginal societies, was based on a belief in the harmonious interdependence of nature, only on e aspect of which was man. Medicine, as practiced by the "medicine kahunas" or "la'au lapa'au", or "kaukas" was dedicated to maintaining this harmony. It was only natural, then, that a vast knowledge of the medicinal uses for plants was derived. I wasn't surprised to learn this, since every aboriginal culture has it's medicinal plants and herbal remedies. We practitioners of "Western medicine" still have a lot to learn. The most revered "haole" or "outsider" doctors in Hawaii are still those

who acknowledge the healing powers of the kahunas.

The medicine kahuna had to deal with all aspects of health including the patient's personal relationship with the gods as well as his exposure to the influence of malevolent spirits. Before you scoff, remember The Exorcist. Kahunas were groomed from early childhood for their roles (much as I was by my Jewish mother). Training was based on the apprentice system and heavily linked to traditional religious beliefs. For many years, (until the Westerners came bringing diseases such as syphilis and measles), there was little sickness and I suppose the medicine kahunas felt like Maytag repairmen. If the same situation existed in BC, I'm sure most doctors would be pleased to go on salary.

Since many illnesses stemmed from offending the gods, much therapy was directed at appeasement. Perhaps Neville Chamberlain would have made a good medicine kahuna. There was a special code of offerings for various offences, depending on the social status of the patient, the illness, and the offended god. The spiritual essence of the offerings went to the gods and the offerings themselves were then given back to

the patient and his family. This was the Hawaiian version of "reuse, reduce, recycle". Most of us are familiar with Madame Pele, the volcano goddess. You don't want to get her pissed off. Today, I visited the ex-town of Kalapana. Black Sand lava which stretched out a good 1/2 mile beyond the old coastline. This island is growing faster than Whistler!! Pele takes the form of an old, ugly woman and wanders

amongst the Hawaiians seeking food and shelter. Be nice to her and she will reward you, but scorn her and you'll be looking down the barrel of a lava tube. Could Ullr be a Whistler cousin?

Once the gods were appeased, the body could be treated. Plant medicines formed the basis of treatment. Each medicine kahuna was well-skilled in finding, preparing, and dispensing the medicines. Many similar remedies were used the world over. The wild ginger (awapulhi-kuahiwi) has underground stems which are used as a stomach remedy. Elsewhere in the world this is known as "Jamaica ginger". sometimes the 'ape plant was used to chase away spirits because it was so bitter. Perhaps this was the theory behind my mother's cod liver oil. Even bananas had their uses, but to the women in ancient Hawaii, they were forbidden fruit. It's also believed to be bad luck to dream of bananas. Go figure, Freud.

Aloe vera sap is useful for sunburn, insect bites, athletes foot and arthritis. I once cut some aloe to treat a burned leg from a motorcycle exhaust pipe. It worked great. I also tried aloe for a staphylococcal skin infection that kept spreading from one scrape to another. Everybody I met had their own remedy including golden seal, garlic, mercurochrome, Polysporin, Bactine, iodine, salt water, fresh water, hot water, cold water, and alcohol (topically only). Nothing helped until I finally caved in and took antibiotics. It was then that I learned that every branch of the healing arts has its strengths and weaknesses and there's nothing wrong

with a dollop of antibiotic when it's called for (see Answer #1). Probably, if I'd talked to a traditional Hawaiian doctor he would have said, "Hey broh, no like cephalosporins?"

Other practical modes of therapy were also tried. Steam-bathing was used especially for piles and perineal injuries from childbirth. On a volcanic isle, steam is not hard to find, but the Hawaiians also built "anipis" similar to those used by native Canadians. Sunbathing was recommended for some skin and joint diseases. Massage with various oils and pastes was also prescribed. (This is starting to sound better all the time.) Lancing of boils was a common practice just as in our clinics even today. Bleeding and purging were also employed. One can see that ancient Hawaiian medicine was not so different from that practiced by doctors like myself in modern times.

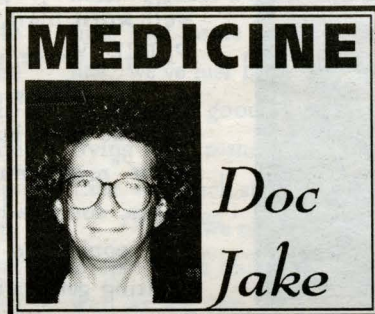
Once an illness was cured, measures were taken to prevent its recurrence. Ritual bathing in designated waters or in the ocean was combined with feasting and offerings to keep the disease at bay and stay on the good side of the gods. Follow up visits were instituted to ensure cure. Our government would probably frown on these as an unnecessary expense.

It's impressive that almost every plant in ancient Hawaii was useful, both medicinally and otherwise. For instance, banana and it's leaves were used as plates. Bamboo was split lengthwise and used for irrigation conduits, or covered on one end to form a tube for carrying water. It was also used to make fishing rods and musical instruments. The legend says that the goddess Hina cut her hand on the sharp bamboo, so Maui then turned the stem inside out. Not the outside is smooth and the inside is sharp. The sharp parts are used for needles, pens, and knives.

No discussion would be complete without considering the coconut, the "tree of life" in the tropics. Aside from its wonderful aesthetics, the coconut fruit is a food staple. You can drink the milk direct from the shell and then use the shell as a cup. The less mature, softer pulp could be eaten with a spoon and later as the pulp hardened, it could be scraped off and grated on food. The leaflets were woven into baskets or used for brooms. Parts could be used as a strainer or even as a rake. Ropes and nets were made from fibres of the coconut husk.

Now, armed with my library on the Hawaiian healing arts, I'm off to tour the Big Island and plant try again for Waimanu. This time, however, I'll be taking all of the food that my trusty companions can carry.

Sources: Lois Lucas - Plants of Old Hawaii
June Gutmanis - Kahuna La'au Lapa'au



When not on prolonged and numerous holidays, 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. His hot tub is for therapeutic use only.

The Waltons Make Bail; Go For Broke

By Colin Smith



Photo by: Annie Tong

IF the architects of our recent referendum really want to pass something other than wind the next time out, they should really target the Canadian obsession with acoustic music. "It's as old as the hills and ripe for the pickin'," as my Grandpappy would say.

I swear if you were to dig deep enough, you could probably unearth some sordid details surrounding Sir John A. MacDonald and a dirty washtub bass. If he were still around today, the hard Rock Miners would probably be guaranteed seats in the Senate. Aside from UIC and Welfare, the nation's third most popular (i.e. profitable) pastime has to be busking, right? All you really need to set up shop is a familiar set of acoustically inclined songs, a well worn plaid shirt, an old tin pot and PLINK! You're in business, bub.

But I digress.

The point is, Canadians love their acoustic or "roots" music. They like it in their pop flakes, country bran, rockabilly, wheatamix, folk toonies and practically every other atom-splitting genre with a few notable exceptions:

skate, punk, funk, death/speed/metal, grunge and psychedelia. Oh well. Can't please everybody I suppose.

Again, I digress.

The latest installment to find favour with the accu-tuned crowd is a folk flavoured trio called The Waltons who left their knotty wheat fields of Saskatchewan two years ago for a trendy hovel on a might stretch of naughty blacktop that has become synonymous with gluttony and greed in the Canadian music industry: Toronto's much ballyhooed Queen Street West. Oooh aaahh. But you know that old saying, "you can take the boys out of the country but you can't make 'em live in Hogtown? All too true in this case.

Major domo Jason "Walton" Plumb (chief songwriter, singer and guitarist) actually split to Hamilton with vocalist/bass player Keith Nakonechny and their

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drummer, Dave Cooney, sought refuge (or refuse?) in Scarborough. In a printed interview with the local bastion of liberal thought, Plumb was quoted as saying: "We tried our best to pose and fit in but it just didn't work for us. Living on Queen Street just gave us this huge appreciation of where we were from. We just thought, gosh, Saskatchewan really has some appealing qualities about it." (Toronto Star, September 17/92) We'll just take your word for it, Jason.

But snide observations aside, the change in geography did yield more than its fair share of positive results. The Waltons soon developed a stellar amongst the "seen it all" scene and perhaps more importantly, gained the respect of a handful of celebrated local musicians. Eventually they managed to secure opening slots for the Tragically Hip, Andrew Cash, the Skydiggers and their pals, the Barenaked Ladies. The "sometimes, it's the company you keep" maxim may have provided them with a boost in the beginning, but there's no point in diminishing The Walton's current ability to draw an enthusiastic throng to their live shows. They drive 'em "Hog" wild, you might say.

After two previously released demo tapes, the band secured a lucky linchpin in producer/musician John Switzer (Andrew Cash, Jane Siberry) when it came time to record their indie debut, *Lik My Trakter*. The twelve tracks on the album have been likened to a countryfied version of New Zealand's Crowded House, and that is at least in part due to the similarity that exists between Plumb's velvety vocals and those of Kiwi crooner/songwriter Neil Finn.

In addition to producer Switzer, The Waltons were fortunate enough to enlist the considerable talents of Blue Rodeo's Kim Deschamps on lap steel, mandolin and bottle neck slide

guitar; Anne Bourne (Jane Siberry) on accordion and organ; Dave Allen on violin; and Peter Nunn on Hammond organ. No slackers here. The album was nominated for a CASBY Award last month and continues to sell exceedingly well for an independent release. I caught up with Jason Plumb on a cross country tour. So how does he feel about the band's newfound respect and the rosy promise of a real honest-to-goodness future as a working musician? Is this all still a big surprise?


"Well, I credit it to our days spent in the province of Saskatchewan as a very young, ambitious band willing to open for any band that came through and we'd play for nothing," says Plumb with characteristic earnestness. "I guess we just had an attitude that some bands seemed to like. We've just been very focussed on making good music and not trying to be something we're not." Like, um, rock stars?

"Yeah. We're just writing very simple songs and playing them as well as we can," continues the Regina native. "It all just comes down to the fact that we're all Canadian musicians and we're all just pulling for each other. There's no reason to have a cutthroat kind of attitude and thinking you're better than everyone else, when all you are doing is striving for the kind of personal satisfaction that comes with creating music. And if you can actually earn a living at it, then that's just a bonus."

Well the Waltons will be doing just that—singing for their supper—when they pull into Whistler for an evening of homespun, toe-tapping entertainment at the Boot Pub on December 10 before heading to Vancouver the following day to play two nights at the Commodore Ballroom as openers for local faves Spirit of the West. Just everyday folk trying to make a go of it like the rest of us miserable slob, right? See you there!

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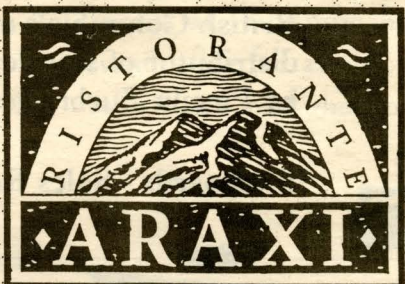
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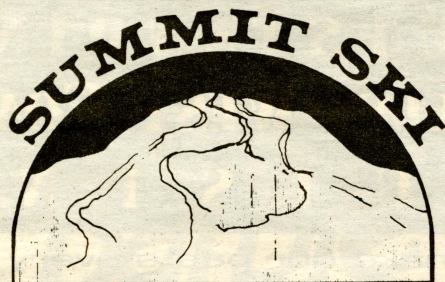
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The Horror

Jane! I can no longer live with these people. Well for one thing they keep turning on the hot water when I'm in the shower. It wouldn't be so bad if they gave me a suitable warning, like turning off the radio. But no! No warning, just that awefuxd suddenness when hot water turns to cold and the muscles in my back tense up and the cramped feeling like after too much sex. It never stays long in memory because we just go on creating more babies. But today the latest trend in babies is lease to own, that way you can trade them in at 144 months or 12000000 feedings and 12000000 subsequent crappings when they are no longer cute.

It's the suddenness of it Jane. I hate it! I pulled a knife on him last time, pinned him down on the bed and screamed in his face for the 30th time this month not to turn on the 3243658ing hot water when I'm in the 3243658ing shower. He looked at me like he didn't know what I was screaming about, so I dragged his sorry ass into the shower and ran hot and cold water in his open mouth until he understood the difference between freezing and scalding. Needless to say he wasn't at breakfast. The next morning he did it again and I was so saddened by the fact that I had wasted a perfectly good dramatic lesson on such an idiot that I lay down in the tub and let the cold water spray.

Jane! They smell funny too. Not just after work, sex, eating, or smoking whatever it is they smoke. Not just after drinking and vomiting and urinating all over the place, and of course after the

usual unsatisfactory fornicating that comes when two people who are so in love that it makes you sick drink tequila together. No! They smell funny all the time. All the gddmnao time. Like it was cool not to bathe, not comb your hair or shave your legs or use perfume, much more than needed is deodorant.

It has gone on too long Jane, and we have dogs and cats, and evil looking birds hanging around the house, which doesn't make smell any better. What Jane? Shoot who? The dogs and cats and the evil looking birds or those two inconsiderate things who almost constantly form a copulating mass when they are not eating or reading Ezra Pound and Harlequin romance. GD! It's more than teenaged angst, Jane. Leave that pile of cow patty's for the Germans and their friends. I just want to have a 324568ing shower in peace without a sudden change in temperature.

bowl of piss.

Canadian rednecks can most often be found parading around in the same shit cars they drove from Moose Crotch, Dog Butt Bay, or Dead Cat Sound. The local BEER STORE would be an excellent place to start a sociology thesis because the rednecks flock there like gnats to a bug lamp on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and, soon to be released, Sunday. Acting like they own the world in their cut-off dress shirts and jeans hanging around their asses when they can't even read the UIC form in order to take part in the social welfare after putting in the required 20 weeks at some mind-sapping industrial job they came all the way from some shit-hole frontier town to do.

Question: Are shit-holes named to sound like shit-holes, or do places that sound like shit-holes just evolve into shit-holes? (Sartre: Essence or existence.)

Doughnut shops filled to the rim with useless slime, holding no ground in the utopian nightmare, not a crumb. No place in the scheme of things. Nope. Just barely self aware maggot fodder trying to stay afloat in mind piss vats of beer, fighting over brand names and imported heroes at the union hall. One dollar twenty-five for another 1000+ brain cells. Can't miss what you never had.

Rude Future

The arrogance of ugly stupid people is repulsive. Worse are people who drive over the line or pass an obstacle on their side and take your lane. Big fat dumpers living discounted lives in polyester from Bargain World. I wish people would hold their place, or at least wait quietly in line.

Question: Why do (How can) morons live what appear to be happy lives, like goldfish camouflaged in a 3-D

SHORT

VIGNETTES

By
Jim
McAuliffe

LOCALMAN by Ian Verchev'az

November 30-December 1, 1992

The Editor, Whistler Answer

Dear Bob;

In recognition of "World Without Art", an international gesture to call attention to the devastation of the arts community by the AIDS virus, on World AIDS Day, December 1st; "Localman" will be submitted in this form for the December issue.

I would also take this opportunity to express my concerns regarding the advertisement for "To Sir With Love Escorts" printed in the November issue. In view of the dangers and tragedy associated with the transmission of HIV and other STD's, I would ask you and Charlie to reconsider the relative value of advert. revenue in this light.

Sincerely,
J. Verchev

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