

WHISTLER ANSWER



50¢

**Grass & Booze; Problems
World Cup
Cross-Country Downhill**

MARCH-APRIL



BRITISH COLUMBIA
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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As many of our astute readers will have realized by now the Whistler Answer did not publish a paper in the month of February. To many of you I'm sure this was just one more example of the "Laissez-Faire" journalism that we are so often accused of but in fact this could not be further from the truth. The absence of an issue in this particular month was in accordance with the Gregorian Calendar, had grounds in the ever tenuous world of editor-writer-housemate relationships, and was firmly based on the tenet that everybody needs a fucking break in the middle of these long hard winters.

It was Pope Gregory XII who in 1582 decreed that the eleven or so extra minutes unaccounted for in each year could no longer be ignored and gave us the Leap Year. The Answer in it's desire to march right in step with the rest of the universe decided, after much deliberation, to salute this astronomic event by leaping over February, in short the appointment book lay fallow for the entire 29 days.

Things weren't going that smoothly anyway. The staff was deteriorating rapidly. Keeping any more than one artistic type pointed in the same direction at the same time is difficult at best, and God knows this situation can't be best. Our normally crack crew was alternately being lured by the big city lights, the bottle and the hospitality industry. But why am I telling you this? We don't have to apologize. Do we?



It seems that the Municipal Council has once again side-stepped the issue of employee housing. In a proposal presented by the locally owned Mountain Development Corporation a plot of land was to be designated employee housing. Pending approval by Council major employers could implement construction plans. The Municipality did not respond firmly in any direction but stated that they are in the process of exploring every alternative.

This is all well and good but as the saying goes "time's a wastin!" The Lift Company presently employs in the neighborhood of 150 people, Blackcomb will probably hire up to 100 workers for the winter of 80/81 and at a recent Council meeting a representative of the proposed 316 room hotel in town center estimated that they would employ approximately 100 workers. Add to this all the new businesses in town center and compound it with the present housing situation and you end up with lotsa people with no place to live.

Anyone who has spent time around here knows how long things take to get done (why is another story) but our marvelous Town Center that was to be functioning by 1980 is example enough to convince me that unless Council gets off it's collective ass and gets the ball rolling on employee housing there will be a lot of "HELP WANTED" signs in the valley next year.



Several people have been inquiring as to the whereabouts of the Bosco these days. Highly reliable sources have had him as far away as Lake Louise and as close as Alta Vista while some characters with absolutely no knowledge of the Bear's migratory habits report that he's presently residing in Toronto. (A rumour I can only discredit.) As to the truth behind this matter, I can only name places where he isn't.

Obituary

IN LOVING MEMORY OF A GREAT SKI RUN

Although Fish Eye was a relatively short run, those three turns and five transitions made it one of the most-exciting runs on this mountain.

It demanded from a skier, willing to take it at speed, the perfect understanding of skiing theory and the skill to put it into practice. Because Fish Eye's changes of direction were so radical, both horizontal and vertical, the skier knew immediately if his technique was right or wrong. A turn or transition could be effortless and smooth or it could be a war to stay upright and out of the trees. A challenge it was, and in a society that seems determined to eliminate challenges for our own protection, this one will be sadly missed.

GRIPES GREETINGS

associated trivia

PAGE
THREE

Dear Answer:

We've got this problem, maybe you can help us out. You see, we want to be locals at Whistler. Well we know that that isn't an impossibility for most people, but we are a bit different. You see, we are both fourteen years of age and our parents are basic middle class West Vancouver residential type people. Well through various methods of begging, pleading and blackmail we manage to get about 40 days skiing a year, but this isn't enough. 65% of all winter weekends doesn't satisfy us, we want to live at Whistler. Because of our age, financial position etc., renting a place is out of the question. Our parents are too old, lazy and/or laid-back to move to Whistler and commute to the smoke. And since no person in our collection of friends lives at Whistler freeloading is also eliminated. So to partially quench our thirst to move we have adopted the costume of the local We wander around Hillside Secondary in Screls and Vuarnets and mutter about the merits of long skis. Now this sort of conversation and apparel promotes comments on our sanity from the numerous Grouse Mtn. passholders in our school I mean shit, these guys are coming around telling us that since they use 170's we have to as well Also, we have to junk our punk rock glasses and weird boots in exchange for I-Skis and Moon-boots.

Well thats about it. What do you think we should do?

Your friends,

David Opko
&
Brian Fournier

Well you definitely have a problem. My lawyer, however, advises that the course of action I was about to suggest would put me in excellent shape for a "contributing to juvenile delinquency charge". Ed.

* * *

Dear F.I.S.,

re: Whistler Answer

You didn't fool us! No way! You stole our ad. We retained all rights to that ad, and we are going to make you pay. Our lawyer will be contacting yours. Enclosed is a copy of the ad we featured in the November 1968 issue of SKIING, if you compare this ad with your 'net' ad in the Whistler Answer, Volume 3 No.13, you shall realize that they are the same! But possibly we could settle out of court; if you send us a years subscription of the news-magazine in which the ad appeared for the second time we shall drop all charges. Mail "Answer" to our new business address listed below.

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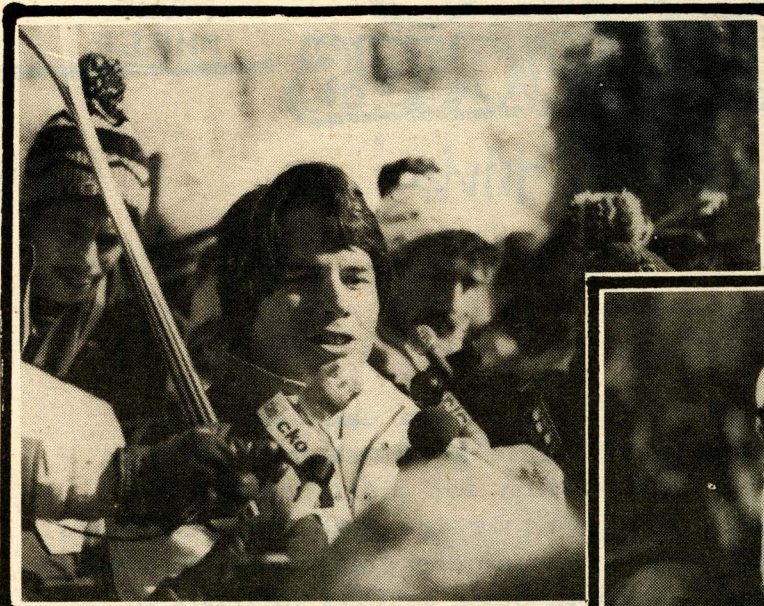


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KEN READ
JOHN RITCHE



The first days of March witnessed a World Cup downhill in Lake Louise. The event was significant in that Canada is trying to become a regular stop on the prestigious World Cup downhill circuit, Calgary is bidding on the 1988 Olympics and Ken Read had a good shot at winning the gold medal.

There is no athletic event which requires more strength and endurance, concentration, disciplined technique and courage than downhill ski racing. Months of preparation are all put on the line in a two minute plunge on race day.

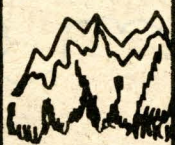
The excellent results shown by the Canadian team over the past few years have made the "Crazy Canucks" and "Kamikaze Kids" household names to the 100 million or so Europeans that tune into "La Cirque Blanche", the White Circus. Not so in Canada however, as was illustrated by the Warden issuing permits into Banff: "There's forty thousand people going to some kind of a ski tournament or something up there".

The snow glistens in Rocky Mountain sunshine. 10-12,000 people vie for position alongside the fences. The course is judged of middle difficulty by the racers but fresh snow is a problem and the luck of the draw becomes a major factor. Murray and Read's early starting positions make it doubtful that either will win. As ever, the Austrians are formidable. They take 6 out of the first twelve places, the Canadians, three. But the day belongs to an Italian, Herbert Planck, who takes advantage of a late starting position and turns it into victory. This moves Planck from seventh place over the year to third behind Mueller and Read.

For two minutes the racer matches his cunning against the mountain and the clock, but hours even days are spent analysing and pulling the race apart. Although the entire Canadian Press was represented in Europe by only one journalist, today the throng of reporters, photographers and fans converge on Read. The ambitions of a medal starved Canadian public come down heavily on any hopefuls but Read remains personable, patient and articulate explaining that although an Olympic medal would have been nice, his World Cup silver is more indicative of total performance because it represents races held over an entire year.

The question eventually gets around to retirement. Is this the last race for the four as a team? Here enters the ever present world of team politics. If the present coaching staff is not rehired then the four will not ski for Canada next year. There is no depth of international expertise in the Canadian coaching ranks and Read, Podborski, Murray and Irwin do not have the time to break in new coaches. Given the re-hiring of the coaching staff there is a good chance they will put it all together next year and bring home the gold.

A ski race is successful due to high organization, physical work and more than a little luck. Whistler has tried twice but the gods must have been frowning. The Village of Lake Louise, the race officials and Molson's are to be congratulated. "They did a tremendous job" praised Ritchie. "Without previous World Cup experience, they read the rule book and proved that Canada should be a permanent stop on the World Cup Tour".



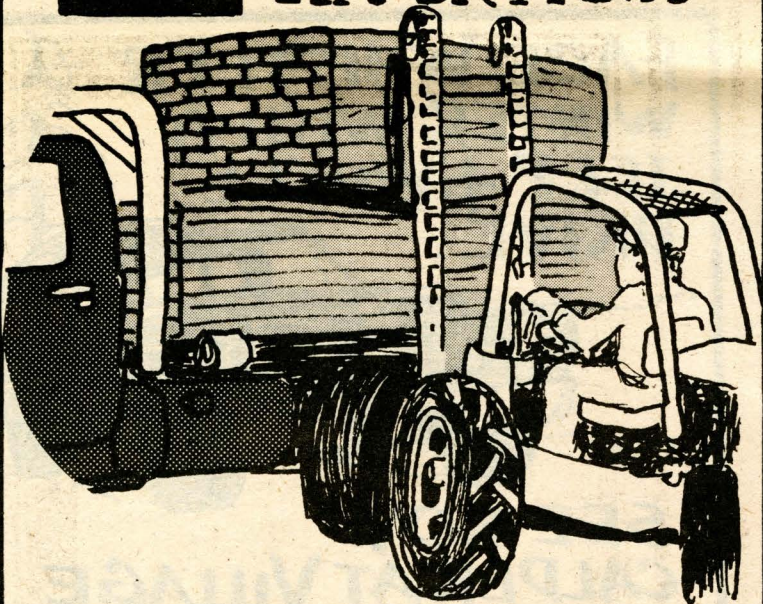
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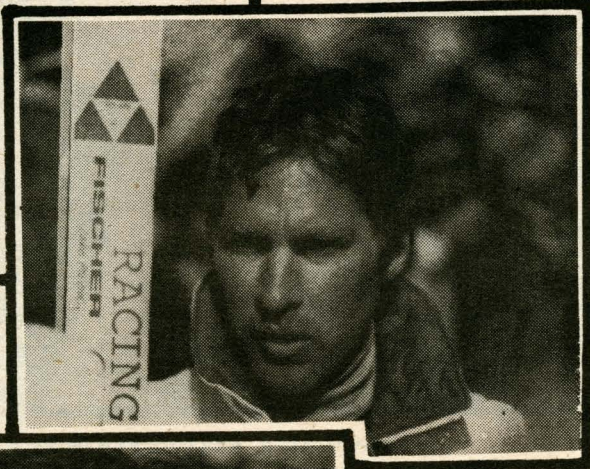
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Kandahar: THE PEOPLE'S DOWNHILL.

Since 1947, on the Sunday nearest March 11, Forbidden Plateau Ski Area has held their "Kandahar" race. Just 14 miles west of Courtenay on Vancouver Island, Forbidden is one of British Columbia's oldest ski areas and is a good hill, where unusually enough, the management likes fast skiing.

This year, the 33rd running, saw nine Whistler people finish in the top ten. The race is open to anyone who wishes to enter, and the field consisted of anything from a six year old girl on 95 cm kiddie skis to pseudo-Ken Reads on coke and 223's fresh from Lake Louise. This year over 100 people entered, with Veterans (over 40) running first and guys over 16 running last.

The winner of last year's race, Paul Manson (no relation to Charles, though if Charlie skied, he would ski like Paul) won again this year. Manson's time of 1:21 from last year, (a course record) was easily broken by all top 10 finishers. Second Place through 10th was held by Whistlerites, variously represented by Jim McConkey's Ski School, Rental Shop, locals, and Whistler Ski Team members.

Though not a technically demanding race, it was fairly fast in parts. Forbidden locals claim a length of 1.25 miles for the course, but a 65 m.p.h. average is bit high considering the top is relatively shallow with big rolling bumps. Only in the final long schuss, would some racers approach 60 m.p.h. Elwyn Rolands reports that, by far, the most difficult portion of the course was getting to the Island! "After a gaud awful wait there just wasn't enough gas to drive it on the boat so, against the ferry attendants best wishes, it was pushed on. Of course the battery was dead when it came time to get off so!"

Next year, Forbidden plans to include a series of G.S.'s to combine with the downhill, and once again all skiers are welcome.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------|
| 1. Paul Manson | 111 sec:79 |
| 2. John Clothier | 111 sec:84 |
| 3. Ian Verchere | 112 sec:28 |
| 4. Ian Bunbury | 112 sec:49 |
| 5. Richard Granholm | 113 sec:33 |
| 6. Dave Robards | 113 sec:70 |
| 7. Curtis Christian | 113 sec:76 |
| 8. Elwyn Rowlands | 114 sec:32 |
| 9. Shawn Hughs | 114 sec:51 |
| 10. 240 Gordie | 114 sec:68 |

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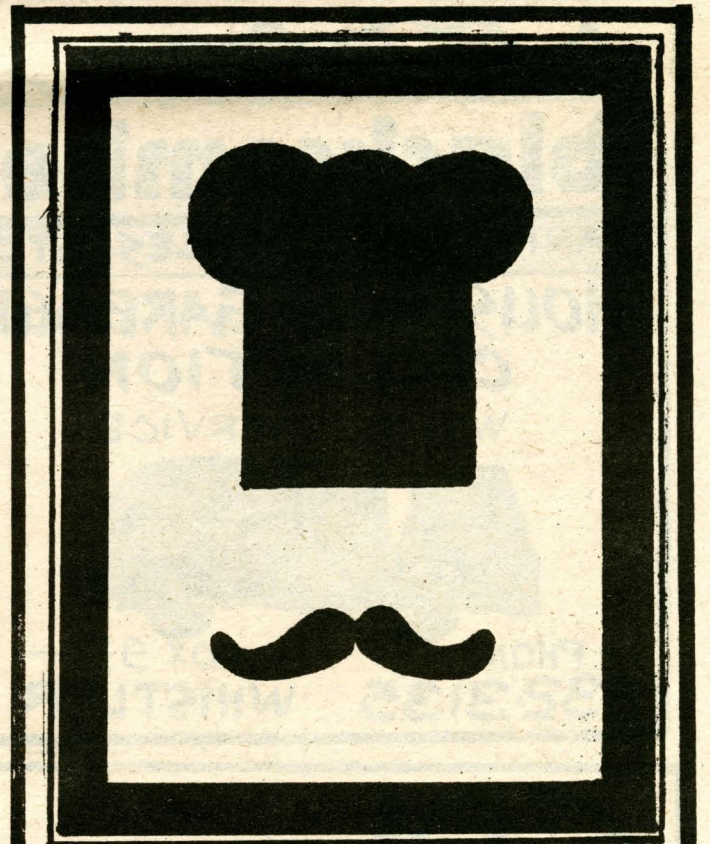
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Whistler WINTERHAWKS



Winterhawk stalwarts Brad Flint and Lyle Tysick gear up for the HSML hockey finals starting March 19. Brad models a new prototype protective device currently undergoing study at the Winterhawk training complex.

The Whistler Winterhawks played to a 2-2 draw against Pemberton in the Squamish Civic Centre this Sunday. It was the last game of the 79-80 season for the hockey jocks and with it they narrowly cinched a first place finish in the Howe Sound Mens League, "A" Division.

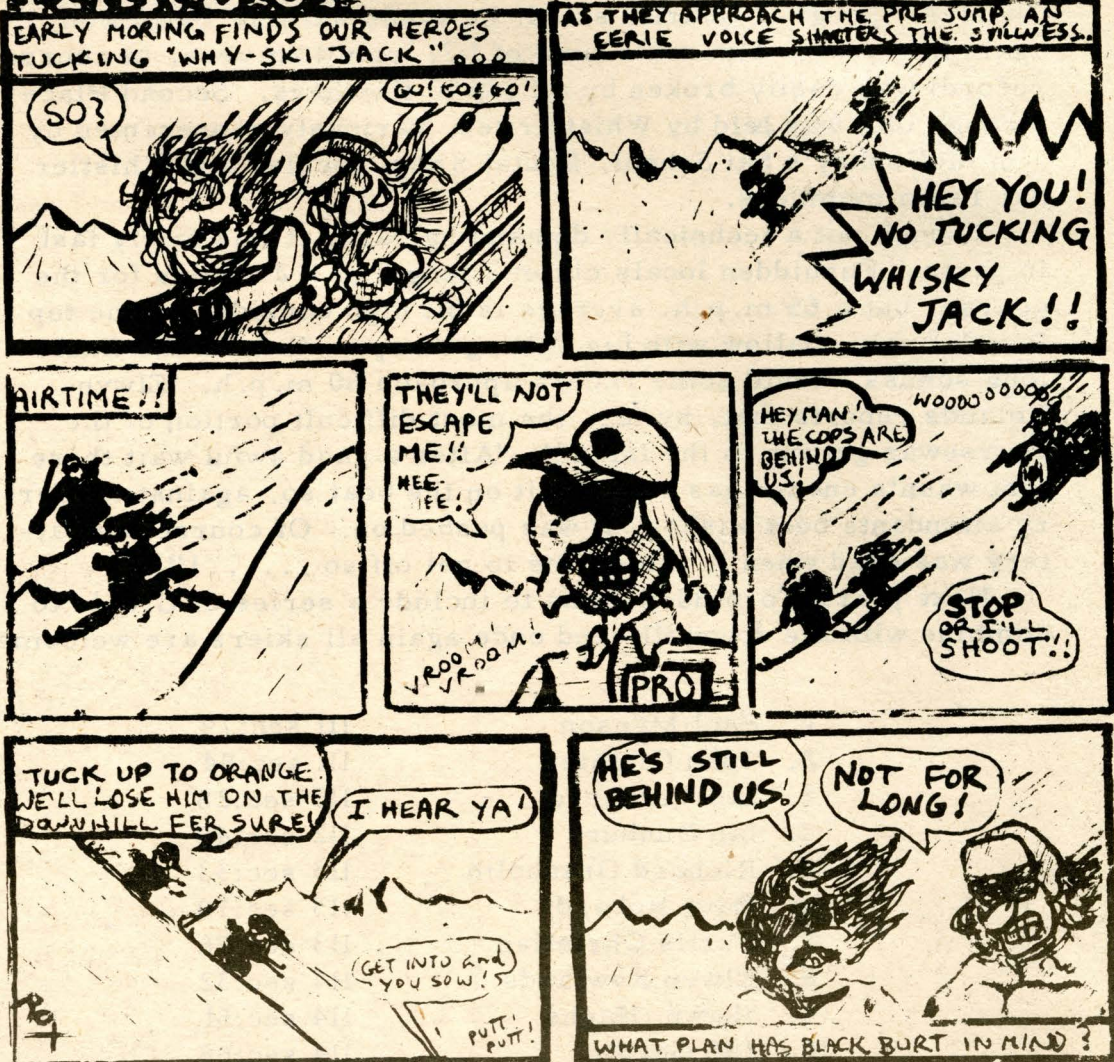
The boys open their best 2 out of 3 semi-final series this Wednesday, March 19 at 9:15 p.m. against the 4th place Truckers in Squamish. Pemberton has not been able to offer much competition this season due to the absence of an outstanding goaltender. He was able to make it this Sunday and very nearly deprived Whistler of the division title. John Robinson was able to beat him with a goal in the second half, and Tom Hanson got lucky in the second half. Greg "the trigger" Pritchard, who played a strong game, and Brian "Killer" Veitch were held scoreless despite many excellent opportunities. Pemberton "came to play" and scored twice on Doug Young who came through with another one of his fine efforts to maintain the 2-2 draw.

The biggest concern of coach Dan Paul, as the team prepares for this semi-final series, is all the new snow accumulating on the mountain these past few days. All this white shit could leave the lads skating around on wobbly wheels.

The second game of the semi-finals is on Wednesday, March 26 at 9:15 p.m. and the third, if necessary, game is Saturday the 29th at 9:15 p.m.

Good luck guys and I hope you go all the way and cream those nasty Floorman in the finals!

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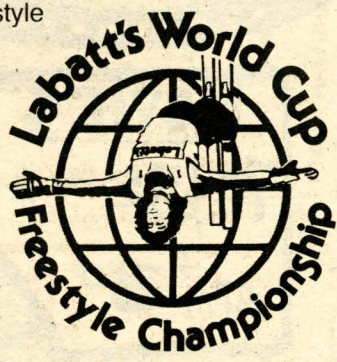
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PROBLEMS ASSOCIATED WITH Grass & Booze by Robert Bishop

Being stoned or drunk is a pretty common condition for a lot of people in this valley. After a long period of steady use one learns to function quite normally in this state. For the more occasional and often the constant user of these pleasant vices there are a few problems that can creep up. In this article I'll name a few I've run across in my experiences.

Memory Lapse

Probably the most common disadvantage of smoking grass is memory lapse. Marijuana neatly short-circuits the brain's ability to concentrate and focus its awareness. Thoughts race along inside the mind or meander about at random like little kids and puppydogs. This can lead to some embarrassing situations; for instance, making a phone call. Between the dialing, the ringing, and the answer it's quite possible, while stoned, to forget who you're calling. Suddenly the party answers with "Hello?", and your mind is blank. I've found that the best way to handle this is to say,

"Yes, who would you like to speak to?", or, if you're not used to being that polite, simply say "What do you want?" Whatever their reply is, answer "I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number" Then hang up quickly.

Forgetting names happens alot when you're stoned. Like at a party and you introduce yourself to a lady you'd like to chase but you forget her name almost immediately, mainly because you were admiring her breasts when she told you. A way around this problem is to immediately start calling her "darling". Unfortunately this only works if you're very good looking or rich. If you're short and ugly like me carry a pen and write her name on your forearm.

Babbling

Grass tends to make one babble. Or the opposite, you clam up in an advanced state of paranoia. The latter is very rare but possible. An example... you've finally got a date with the lady you've been lusting after for so long that Peter has worn a hole in your pants trying to get out. You decide to smoke a joint to relax before picking her up. In your distracted state you mistake your baggie of homegrown for the stash of Columbian saved for special occasions. When you finally arrive at her place (an hour late) you are so bombed you can hardly speak, let alone think of something to say. You remain in embarrassed silence for two hours then blurt out nonsensical babblings for the rest of the evening. Next time you call her she invariably has an excuse for not seeing you like, "I want to visit with my sister", whom she lives with.

Drunk

Getting drunk creates more problems of every kind than any other fun activity. One of the most obvious problems is driving. A few drinks does not necessarily make driving all that physically dangerous but it does make being stopped by the rules hazardous. With maddening regularity three or more beers makes "Good evening, officer" come out "Good evening, occifer". And its out of the car and walk a straight line while looking at the stars and touching your nose. Or some such nonsense.

When caught very drunk one should not be asked to do anything more than find his ass with both hands.

Being drunk on a date is a potential wipeout. You run the risk of driving off the road, getting your ass thrown in jail by the cops, or losing the car keys, all of which means your date has to hitchhike home, killing any possibility of romance.



"See You Tonight!"

DINNERS

5⁰⁰ - 10⁰⁰

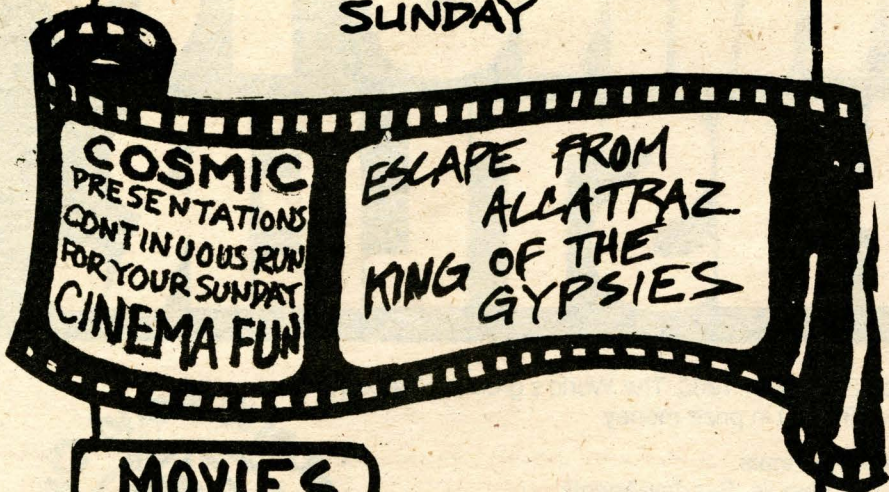
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5⁰⁰ - 11⁰⁰

FRI & SAT

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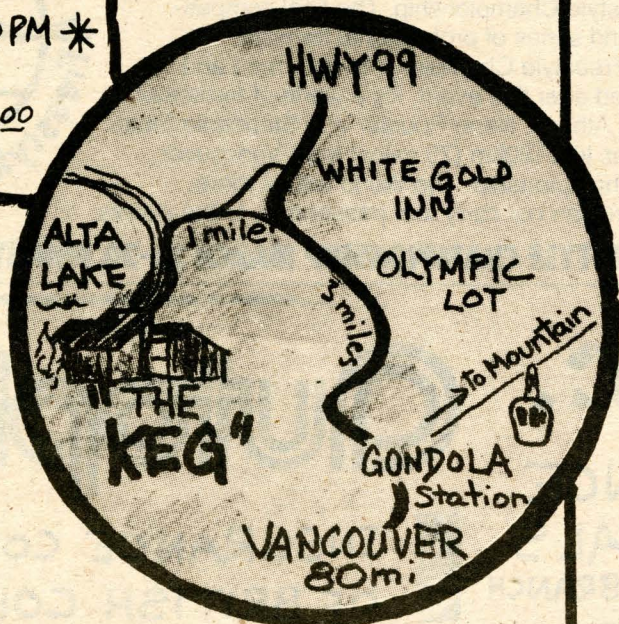
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Sex

There are many pleasant aspects of being stoned while making love, I'm sure everyone under 40 is aware of them. But a few disadvantages can crop up. Like time distortion. Time definitely elongates while stoned. One intense minute can seem like an hour, which can lead to "You're not finished already, are you?".

Booze can definitely be a liability when it comes to bedroom activities. The biggest, or smallest problem so to speak, is that beyond a certain quantity of alcohol consumed, Peter rises to a soft-on and no further. A soft-on is like a partially broken tool, it's there but very hard to work with.

If you're very drunk and in a large bed you can experience difficulty finding the partner. Particularly if you're so drunk you can't distinguish the floor from the bed.

The greatest danger of being too drunk is the ever present possibility of throwing up all over the bed. I'm assuming that even the worst drunk can avoid his or her partner. Throwing up during the action makes it highly improbable you will be invited back.

Drinking large quantities of beer or wine before lovemaking leads to frequent interruptions for a pee. If Peter is still functioning then you have the choice of peeing all over the wall some two or three feet above your head and soaking yourself with smelly splashes, or concentrating intensely for five minutes on the '68 Mets drive for the pennant to bring Peter down to an acceptable angle for a shot into the toilet bowl. Another alternative is to step outside, which in Whistler creates two problems: one, it immediately sets three or more large dogs barking and/or nosing your ass and balls in curiosity; two, its damn cold here at midnight for eight months of the year and on crawling back into bed your partner screams at your icy feet and quickly retreats to the far corner of the bed.

One more technique to handling this problem is a pot, (take one from the kitchen) placed beside the bed. But again there's Peter's angle. If one is not an adept yogist he will end up spraying the walls, any clothes, shoes, and socks laying around, his partner and himself. It takes a very sweet dispositioned woman to see the humor in this.

Physiological Effects

One must consider the physical effects of booze and grass on the body. Grass makes your mind bloom, a little the way that old-fashioned drug acid used to do. Grass makes the cells of your brain expand so you're able to take in more sensory input. Correspondingly, this causes a drop in your judgement ability. As I mentioned earlier, grass and booze disturbs the concentration and focus of your mind. This ability to focus one's thoughts is referred to by teenagers and heavy dope-smokers as being narrowminded. In short, you become a little ga-ga.

But, like a flower after it blooms, the mind wilts. Leaving one in the static state of mind so common after smoking or drinking.

"What do you want to do tonight, man?"

"Aw, I'm kinda wiped, I think I'll watch the tube, Star Trek's on."

Grass and booze gives your blood sugar a big boost, the same effect as sugar. This brings the pancreas into action secreting large amounts of insulin to neutralize the overdose of blood sugar, making it drop below normal. This is what causes the blahs. Constant use of grass and booze (and sugar) makes the pancreas get awful bitchy. Then it starts to malfunction. This leads to an interesting situation where you're 28 and your pancreas is 52.

Everyone knows how booze kills brain cells. They pop out like light bulbs. Of course, your brain is lit up like Hong Kong at midnight so a few thousand light bulbs now and then doesn't seem to make much difference. However, over a long period of time the brain will probably begin to resemble bombed out London after the Luftwaffe raids.

It must be all that glass from broken light bulbs that gives me those rotten hangovers.

Incoherence

Grass causes the mind to bloom which leads to stunning revelations. Its quite possible to see the world in a grain of sand while stoned. The hard part is to be coherent about it in a way that makes others interested in your revelations.

con't on page 13



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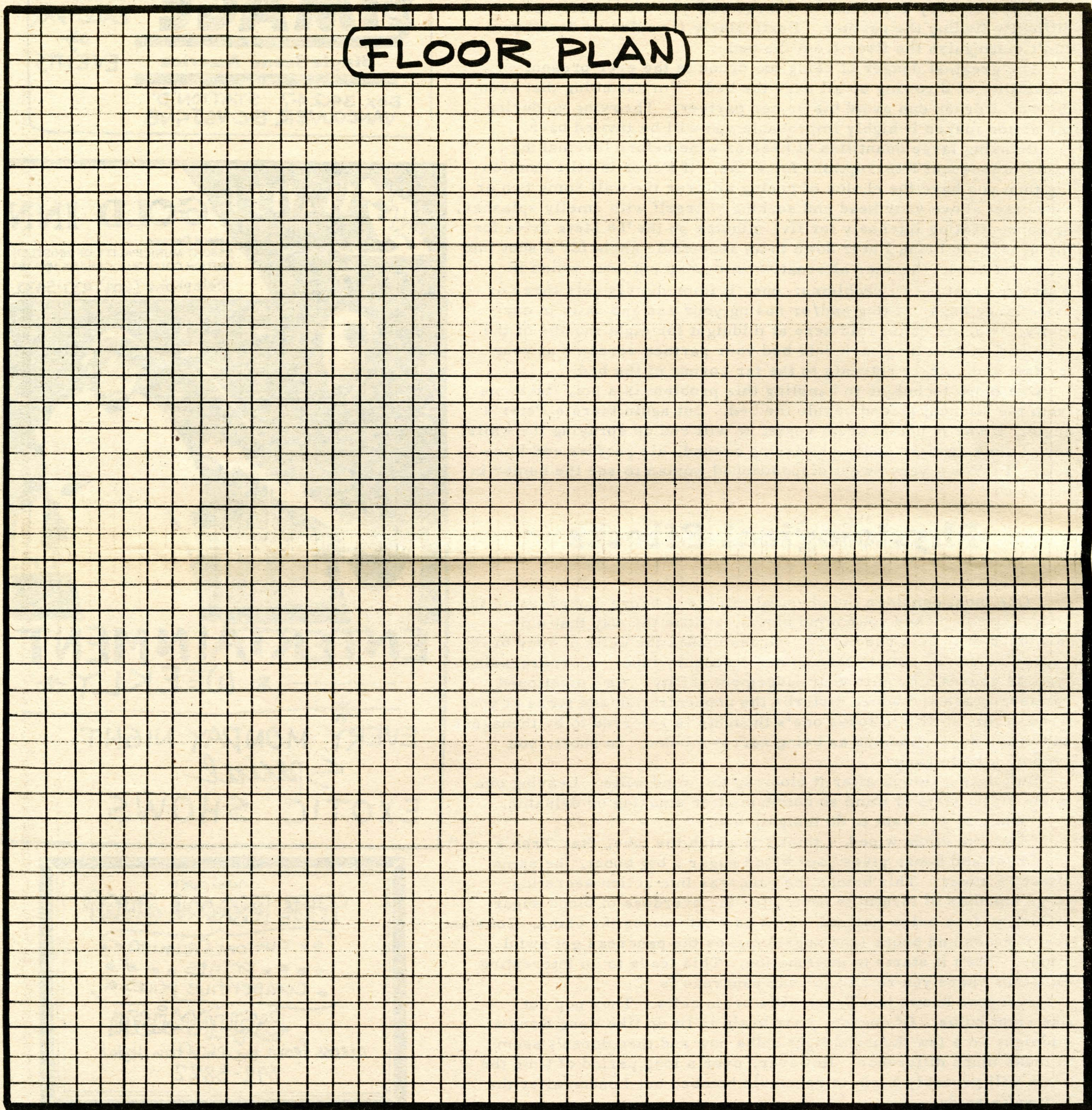
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DAVID BARNES PHOTO



Cross-Country Downhill

It used to be that if you saw anyone with cross-country skis on the Mountain he was either very lost or not firing on all eight cylinders. These days, however, there are more and more people cruising the Green Chair, attacking mogul fields or even skiing the likes of Shale Slopes, with only skinny skis, soft leather boots and three pin bindings.

My first reaction was to send for the boys in white but after a little thought and a few hours off the beaten track on my own cross countrys the smug look of satisfaction on the faces of these backcountry skiers began to intrigue me, I mean, there was a pre-Saloman day, when men where men and skiers strapped their feet onto seven feet, ten inches of hickory ski and threw themselves down mountains. No runs, no patrols, not even any Round House.

The emergence of cross-country downhill is due to several factors. There is a surge of expert alpine skiers who have discovered the spell of back country skiing but are reluctant to give up the joy of a downhill run. Advances in equipment design have given us light, durable touring skis that run well, edge on hard snow, turn easily and even carry speed stably. Today's boots are feather light, flexible fore and aft for efficient ski striding and torsionally stiff enough to control skis in any snow. The advent of the heel locators has given the skier added lateral support while not locking the heel to the ski.

The granddaddy of all ski turns, the Telemark, is ironically the hot child of the modern back country skier. This graceful turn is practically as old as skiing itself but was put into moth balls with the advent of rigid fiberglass boots and locked heel bindings. Although the alpine skier will find the turn awkward at first he will soon learn it's strength, stability and grace.

A telemark turn can be compared loosely to the principals involved in turning a bicycle. The front ski (or wheel) is the prime or initial factor in the turn while the following ski completes the turn. As long as the front ski is turned in relation to the rear, you turn. The following, or uphill ski tip is placed roughly at the boot of the front ski creating, in effect, a long, continous, and variable side cut.

Because one ski follows the other, the Telemark turn's greatest advantage is in crud or breakable crust, where a thin path is carved through the snow rather than trying to push aside the snow with brute force. With one ski behind the other, the skier is very stable for and aft.

But I'm getting carried away! I can't begin to describe the different types of turns and techniques possible. Clearly the limits of loose heel, light weight skiing has not been reached. Todays back country skier is developing the sport as he goes along borrowing tricks from the oldtimers as well as the modern alpine racer. Elements of the open link turn, stem and step turn and anticipation are all raw material to be combined and refined.

P. Grant *
TRUCKING

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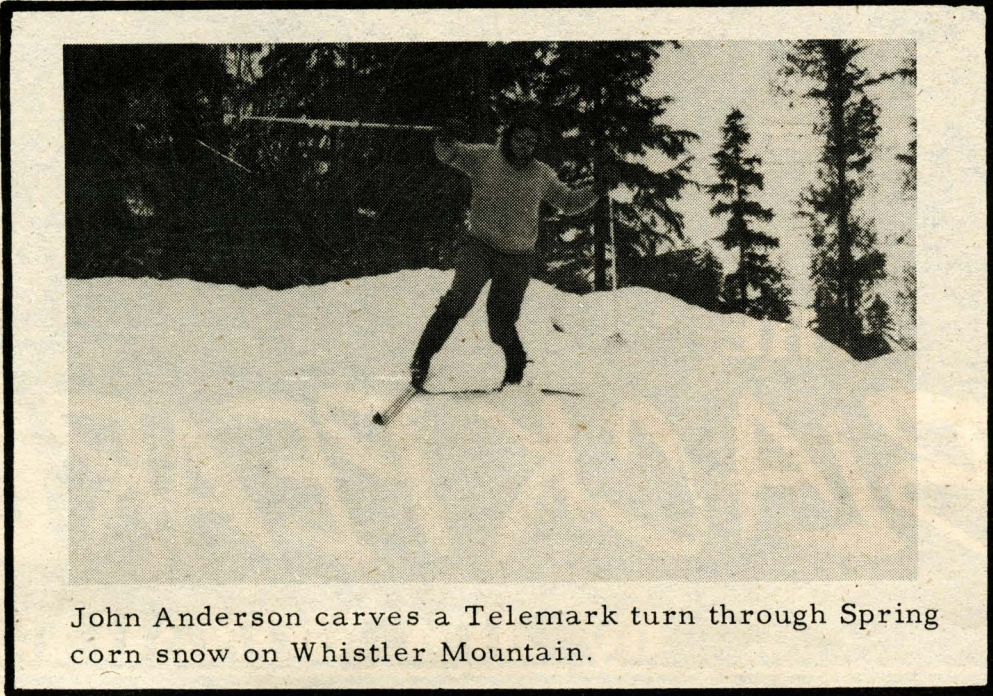
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A greater choice of conditions and terrain are open to the wilderness skier simply because he is not limited to an established ski area. By using maps and a guide book good skiing can be found on the driest of snow years in alpine meadows or permanent snow fields. An icy ski resort can mean perfect harpack touring in the next valley. In the Coastals we can have our cake and eat it as the best touring occurs when the lifts have shut down and the sprig sun compacts the snow.

But what it all comes down to is "gravity power". You either pay your money and move to the back of the lift line or discover the skiing that is opening up due to the speed and mobility of light touring gear.



John Anderson carves a Telemark turn through Spring corn snow on Whistler Mountain.

STAFF PHOTO

If your interested in learning how to turn skinny skis get in touch with Tony at Fitzsimmon's Ski School (932-3III) in Whistler. They guarantee improvement! In Vancouver ABC Adventures (687-1614) at 549 Howe Street offer lessons in all aspects of Mountain touring. If you'd rather read about it and work on it yourself I suggest Cross-Country DownHill and other Nordic Techniques by Steve Barnett, Pacific Search Press, although there are many different books currently on the shelves that Im sure wil give you the information you need.

CONT'D FROM PAGE NINE

For instance, there's the mind boggling theory that our solar system, the planets circling the sun, is just like an atom with electrons circling a proton. The solar systems play with each other to make galaxies, like atoms bind to form molecules. Our galaxies harmoniously make up our universe, like molecules form into cells. And these similarities go on infinitely in different dimensions of time and space. Therefore our solar system might just be a tiny piece of the ass-end of some cockroach in another dimension. In which case we are in danger of being stepped on and squashed this very minute.

A great theory from an obviously stoned mind but I have yet to see this revelation presented convincingly enough to appear in Scientific American.

The end result of this article is to prove, beyond doubt, that grass really does cause babbling.

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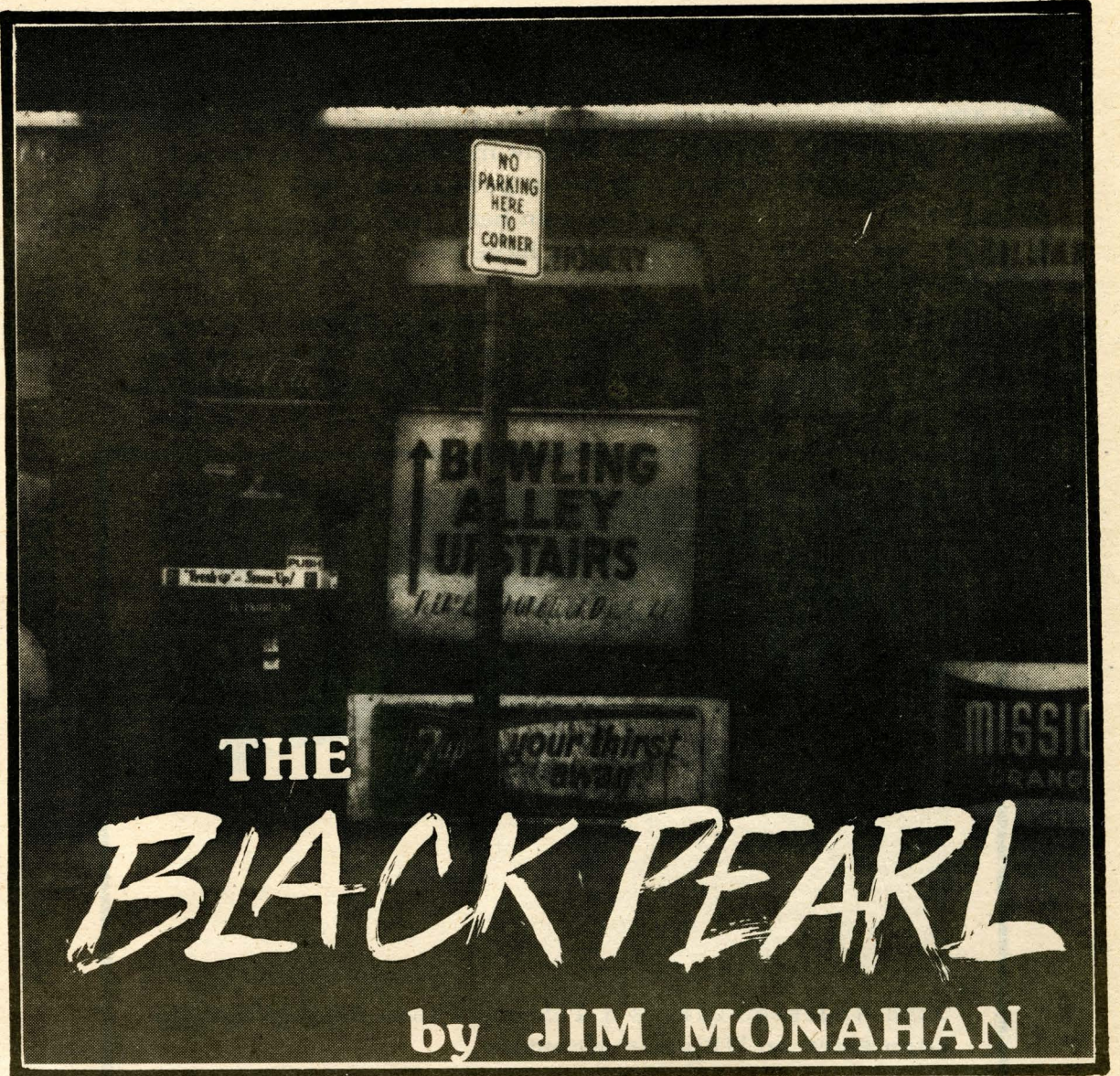
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Chapter I: *Stiff in the Rain*

The sign on the door read Dan Bisonette Private Eye but it was Jung's theory of chance or perhaps Einstein's relativity, who could tell, it was pretentious enough scanning the morning Sun. There was a headline buried on page six of the second section that read: Stiff in the Rain. I was just to the part where the coroner had put him in a wicker basket at 5 a. m. when the phone jangled.

It was a Mrs. Nora Millerich in West Point Grey, seems she'd lost a cook last night and would I come over immediately. This had to be a wrong number but maybe a guy should consult the I Ching.

"They put him in a wicker basket at . . ." she hesitated, holding back the tears.

"Be right over dolls", I slammed the receiver into it's cradle

There ought to be a law against all the farmers coming to market on the same day but then that's trade and commerce in Big Van. A lingering fog hung like a tubercular cough from building to building, and the sailboats rocked at their mourings in the harbour. I fought the traffic over the Burrard St. Bridge and tacked from south to west and the Point Grey exit.

There was only one car parked in the block I wanted and I pulled my heap up well past, then walked back to check it out. There was a registration form above the steering wheel on the drivers blind. The owner was a Sam Fitzgerald, a reporter for the Herald, so the press was in on the act.

There was a full acre of lawn with a couple of fountains and several statuettes engaged in some X-rated activities. A walk on the swell side up to one of those beautifully decayed mansions in white with brown baseboard. There was a bulldog, a butler and a pansy mailman chewing the rag on the front steps. "Come on crack" I said to the butler and held him up by the tuxedo so that his feet dangled in the air like a kid on the monkey bars.

"You brute" cried the postie and began to flail away at me with a bag full of junk mail.

The bulldog managed to sink his teeth into the back of my leg and still growl ferociously. A little indulgent I thought but then the door swung open and Sammy Fitzgerald stepped out with a beautiful English woman.

"Looks like Colebrook in a licensed premises", he chided. "Mr. Bisonette, do you mind", intoned Mrs. Nora Millerich.

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I followed her down an open beamed hallway and into a study where a fire was crackling behind a screen. She sat on an autumnal squared divan and motioned me to a matching piece the other side of a polished mahogany coffee table. She was public school all the way and over the shooting sherry the yarn went something like this.

Her and the old man owned the Granny Muffin shop in the False Creek marina. The guy they'd found dead the night before was a Chinese baker by the name of Wo Tu and had been in their employ for several years. Someone had wanted some information and had made Wo Tu's last night a long, long night.

I took a small retainer and was down the full acre sans mailman, butler and bulldog. They'd towed my jalopy away but down the street came Fitzgerald from the Herald.

"Listen wise guy, I only been in there..." I started.

"I never called them, here I'll give you a lift", he coughed and hacked a couple of times.

"S'the matter, the editor short of fill?" I went for my two bits.

He was a potatoe faced little guy with ears that stood out beneath his hat and a mustache so light in color you kept looking to see if it was really there or not there at all. A likeable enough guy, he worked the city beat and stuck with the second section by lines. We figured the Millerich's to be clean but went to stake out the Muffin Shop for lack of a lead.

The place closed at nine that evening and we sat until well past then, with the sandwiches, coffee and the odd pull from a silver flask he had stashed beneath the seat. The rain began again and the fog continued to roll in off the ocean and across False Creek. The scribe drummed his fingers that hung from the corner of his mouth.

"Think I'll take a closer look". I figured out loud.

"Forget it Bisonette" he said as the cigarette arced out the window and into a cold puddle by the sidewalk. Fitzgerald reached for another, started the motor and pulled from the curb. "Chinatown", he said.

Chapter II:

Big Lady; Small Girdle

Traffic was light all the way down Main Street; past the railway yards, industrial section, and sleazy hotels with their draft rooms and iron fire escapes. We pulled left on Pender and circled the three or four blocks of Chinatown proper; souvenir shops full of jade earrings and restaurants with green neon dragons and half wheeled rickshaws. Then back across Main until he found the address amongst the derelict rooms and tenaments.

"Wo Tu's place" he pointed at an unmarked doorway and lit another cigarette, coughed and hacked a couple of times. "You ain't coming in I take it".

"Nope just riding shotgun".

"Smart guy", I said and handed him my 38.

There was a market still open with duck and rabbit carcass upside down in the window. They'd been skinned and didn't exactly make the mouth water. I bumped into a trash can and sent a stray cat meowing into the darkness beyond the street lamp. That made three lives in danger as I slipped through the doorway and up a rickety set of wooden stairs.

A dim bulb hung from an electrical cord at the landing and I made my way down a long hallway with the smell of stale cooking and clack clack of a ma jong game in progress. 209 was locked but easy to jimmy, the light switch didn't work but I pulled a flash from my pocket and stepped into the room. Someone laid a sap hard against the side of my head, just above and behind my ear.

The sunburst shadows of the red night sent me crashing down a volcano of molten lava. I awoke in the ashes, tied to a bed with a hot water bottle suspended above me and drops of water... ping... ping across my forehead. Three Chinese hovered around me and waited for the pin ball machine to tally the score.

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"So Mr. Bisonette" one began "pearl diving tonight?"
"Untie me and I'll put you through the rinse cycle", I snarled
"Try to be more civilized" he said and touched his hands together.
"What are you jabbering about?" I asked like the ventriloquists helper.
Ping! Ping! He was jabbering about a missing pearl, a hundred thousand dollars worth of 13th century Tang dynasty pearl. But that didn't matter. The Tong wars, passed down from generation to generation. Ping! Wo Tu jumps ship, disappears. No money matter, Chang Tong loose face if Cheng Tong gets pearl. Ping! Cough! Cough!
It was Fitzgerald from the Herald. He stood in the half light of the doorway with a frown on his face and the .38 sticking out from under a folded newspaper.
"Aw right" he said, "the party's over".
"Where have you been" I nearly wept "on holidays?"
"Like the guard said to the con" he whispered "clubs are trump".
"Aaaaaeaaaaahhaaa!"

Chapter III: **Mondo Bizarre**

Idunno how we got out of there or how we got home, it was all a bad dream: Kung fu artists chopping people into tiny pieces, San Andreas fault and all the water in the world, the little guy with the potatoe face and the big lapels. I went out for a stroll in the afternoon and as luck would have it the sun broke through in long hazy shafts beside the shoreline.

Aye me hearties, the smell of the salt sea air and the whitecaps in the bay, Even the seagulls sang in key enough to lift the spirits from this veil of tears. I had to shake my head a bit, obviously the sap still had me a little cookoo. There was the scribe in front of my place with the motor running.

"Danny, have I got a story for you", he coughed enthusiastically.
"I'm working on a divorce case", I mumbled.
"Get in" he reached over and popped open the passenger door.
"The Holiday Inn", I said "gotta take some photos".
"I know where the pearl is", he slapped his leg and hit the pedal.

He tossed a receipt over that read: "Two hundred date and raisin muffins. Ladies of the Hadasa Bazaar P.N.E. Agredome March 15, 1980".

"So..." I watched him reach for his roll your owns.
"Ah so", he held one finger in the air and began his speil.

He'd been out to see Nora Millerich again and yes Jeeves sends his best wishes and yes Wo Tu did have a thing with pearls; jaw breakers that is. With every big batch of muffins sold Wo Tu would bake a jaw breaker into one of them, and whoever got the muffin with the "pearl" would find happiness and good fortune. Yes he'd checked the receipts for the week and this had to be it. We double parked on Hastings and rushed for the turnstiles.

There were a thousand or so old birds in the sanctuary, each one of them dressed up like an Edsel showroom in Florida. The pastel lamé hip huggers doing overtime, sequined gowns, silk blouses with bold slashes of Van Gogh mania and a Zulu goddess with six or eight alternating gold and silver necklaces above an ample busom.

"Which way to the Home and Bake sale?" questioned Fitzgerald
"Right this way", she cooed with motion in the backfield.

We pushed on through the rummage tables stacked with used clothing, appliances, toys and fabrics. It was a mad din of shrieking hawks, buzzards, and macaws mixed with a jungle bargain fever and the smell of expensive eau de cologne
"What are we doing here?" I said at the back of the hall
"Think I'll try a muffin", speculated my pal. "No, perhaps this one here", he caught the drift "or this one"
"Mr. Bisonette, would you?" he said handing me one.

The paper began to fly, the muffins began to crumble, dates, raisins, muffin crumbs. "No, perhaps this one here", he attacked again and again. The old doll behind the table made the mistake of selecting one herself.
"Gimmie that lady", he snatched it from her, and she let go a shriek like an opera singer sitting down in a cold outhouse.
"I got it", I hollered and tossed it into my mouth just as a big mitt slapped me on the shoulder.

"Let's go downtown", Lieutenant Hawthorn growled.
 "Not me. I'm with Fotheringham here", I pleaded and rolled the sphere around in my mouth.
 "Outa here you ink stained wretch", he told Fitzgerald.
 I got it between the dentures and bit down hard.
 "Crack!"
 "Too bad", Fitzgerald shook his head.

Chapter IV:

Birthstone for June

It was down in the basement, the coldest room in the whole joint; two hard wooden chairs, an arbourite topped table, a single light with a metal shade two feet above us. He was a tough old bull, a yard and a half wide at the shoulders and no trace of taper through the frame. The brush cut was a steel grey, the nose bent here and there over a very dark five o'clock shadow. We played cat and mouse for three hours, first the nice guy, then the hard line.

"Have a smoke".

"I don't know anything about a pearl".

"You don't know", he slammed a fist down

"I dunno".

"You dunno", he slammed the other fist down.

He pushed the chair back so hard it fell over, stomped over to me and grabbed me by the shirt. He pulled me up out of the chair till we were nose to nose.

"Bisonette" he said "I got a helluva cold I hope you're catching. Get outta here". He slammed me back down and pointed to the door.

I wanted to say it but I didn't. I grabbed a taxi to Fitzgerald's place in Kitsilano. He lived on Fourth in an old brownstone walk up. I could see from the street there was a light on so I rushed up the stairs and knocked at his door.

"I got em", he grinned.

"Smart guy", I said "smart guy. Any trouble?"

"Well I had to break in the Muffin Shop", he shrugged his shoulders.

"For a hundred grand" I said, "blame it on a habit".

He put the Brandenburg Concerto on the stereo set, lit a nice little fire in the fireplace, pulled a jug of rye from a panelled cupboard and we sat at the kitchen table. There were Wo Tu's jaw breakers, all two thousand of them in a hugh glass candy jar.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Ready", I said and reached for a handful.

We sat there most of the night rolling and twisting and biting down hard. Crack! "Too bad", coughed Fitzgerald. Rolling and twisting and licking and sucking and biting down hard. Crack! things were going over the edge again. Crack!

"Too bad". He looked awful and reached for another choaker. Crack! His tongue was black, his teeth, lips, mustache were all black. Crack! Too bad.

I took a pull of rye and felt sick as a kid the day past Halloween. We were maybe a third of the way down the jar and my mouth felt like the dentist was an ex-jackhammer operator in drag. The little guy got a Ford he jumped up and turned the whole jar over on the table. I lurched forward trying to keep them from spilling onto the floor. He grabbed one then another tossing them one by one over his shoulder into the sink, the hallway, the fish tank.

"The weight", he screamed

"The wha", I shook my head.

"I got it", he shouted following his hand into the passage way between the kitchen and livingroom. I watched him pop it into his mouth and roll it from side to side, around and around and around. He bent down low like a discus thrower then jumped up and bit down hard! He stood straight again and between his black teeth he held a beautiful white pearl.

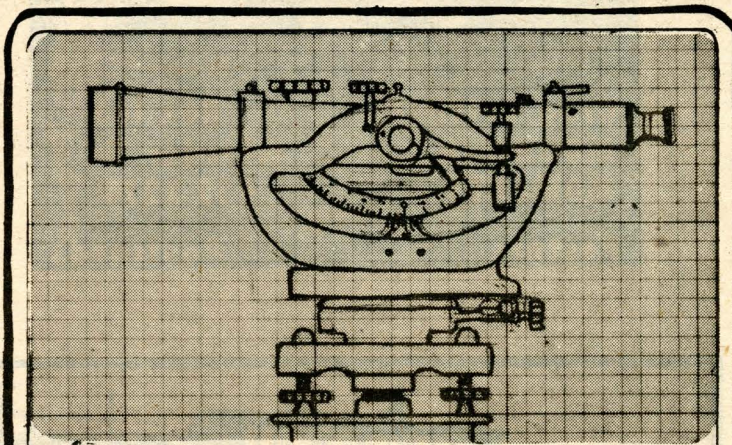
"Let's go see Mr. Chang", I said and threw his coat at him.

We pulled open the door and like the con must have told the guard: there he was.

"Aw but Lieutenant" began Fitzgerald from the Herald.

"Okay boys", he growled "hand it over".

He hung out his big mitt and Lord Tang's pearl disappeared like a snowflake on a long stretch of highway.



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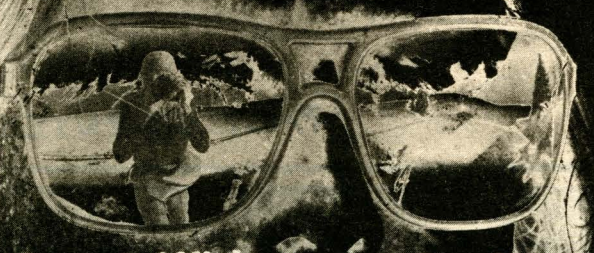
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COMMON SENSE



Da Voice of da Woikin Class

This month's Working Class column is dedicated to all those people who actually make it work. Sure, we know that the boys in the front office make a lot of important phone calls, have to attend boring luncheon meetings and occasionally go as far as to don their winter boots for that long journey up the mountain. I suppose they have to reassure themselves every now and then that it's actually happening and those memos from the Alpine Office aren't full on fiction. But lets face it, we know who really keeps it rolling.



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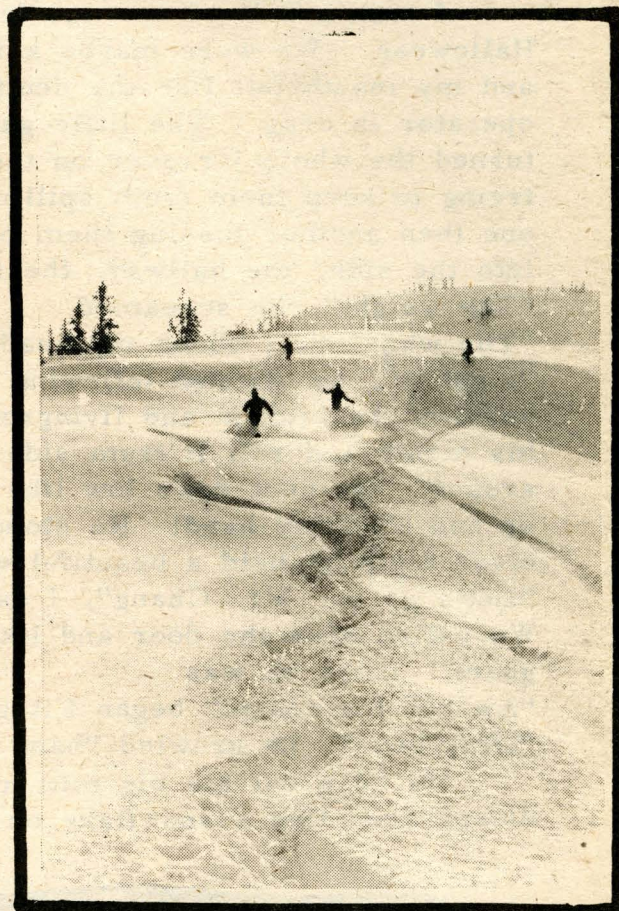
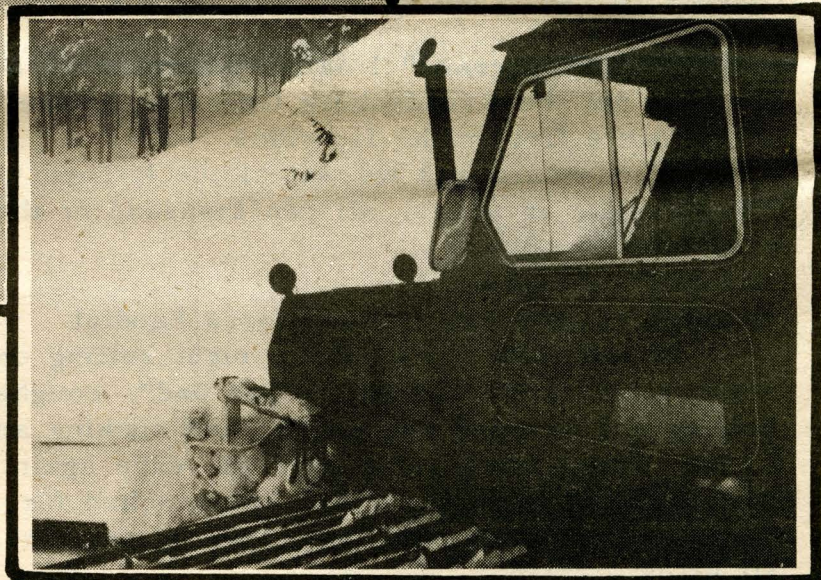
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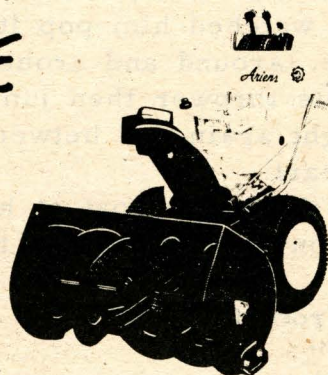


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A bright salute to start the day
 Good Morning to you Mister Turkey
 And on our way throughout the day
 Our brains growing ever so murkey

We push the cars till we see the stars
 We load the Hexel hoard
 But it's not as though we're slaves you know
 At least slaves get room and board

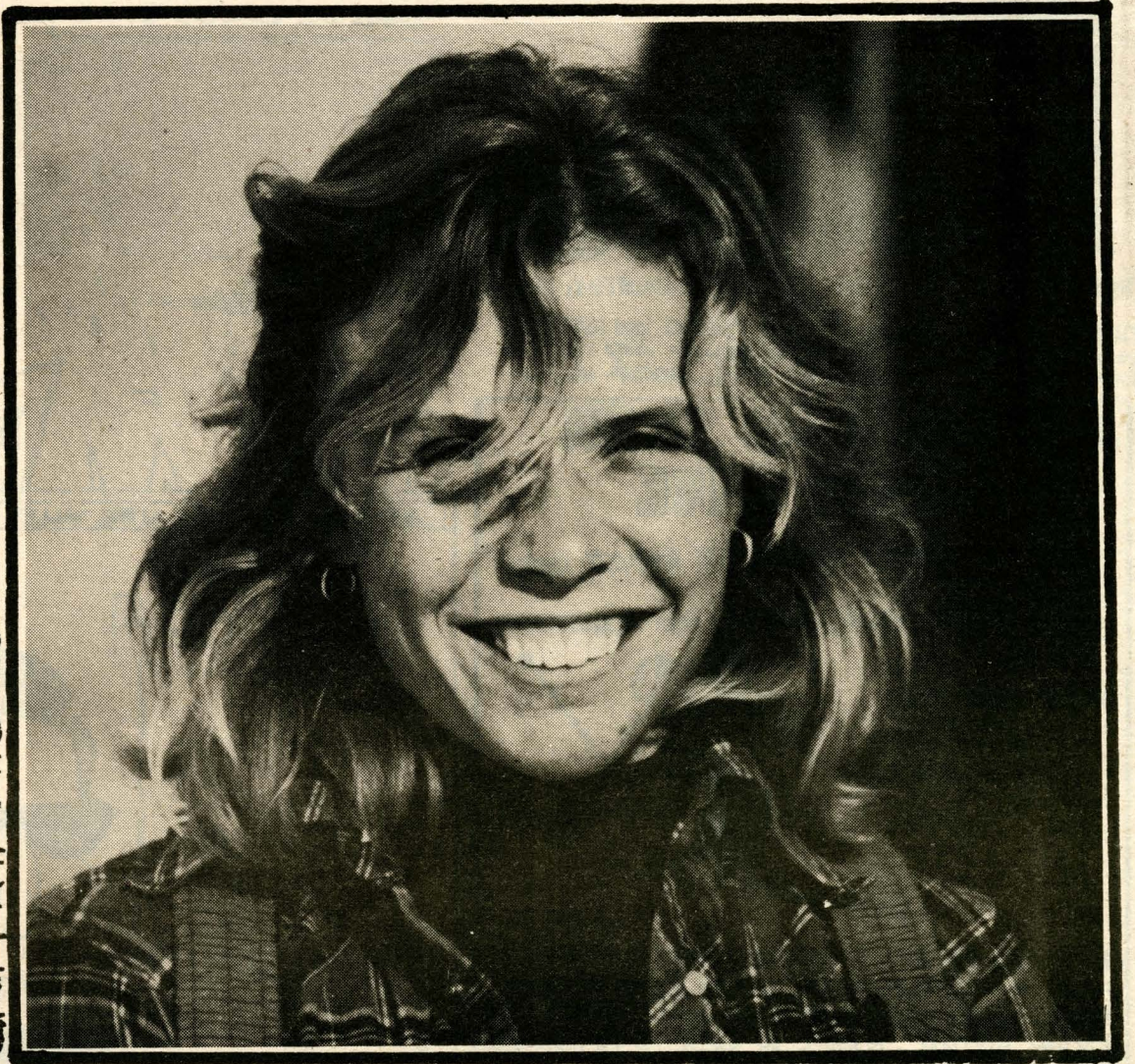
On busy days we drag ourselves
 We must ignore the ladies
 We must work hard and fast
 To buy Franz a new Mercedes

But I'm not bitter the liftie says
 His puckered body straining
 Didn't they tell us 'bout the fun we'd have
 Back there in liftie training?

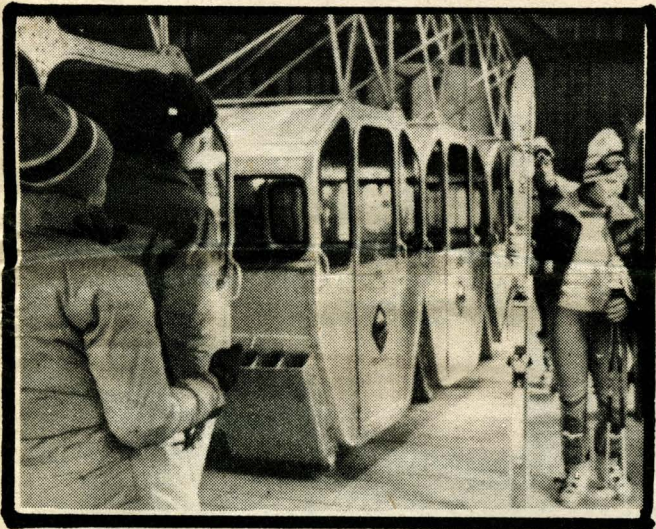
And a happy lobotomy to you all!!

found in a gondola car and signed:
 the unknown liftie

GRIFFITH PHOTOS



PAGE NINETEEN



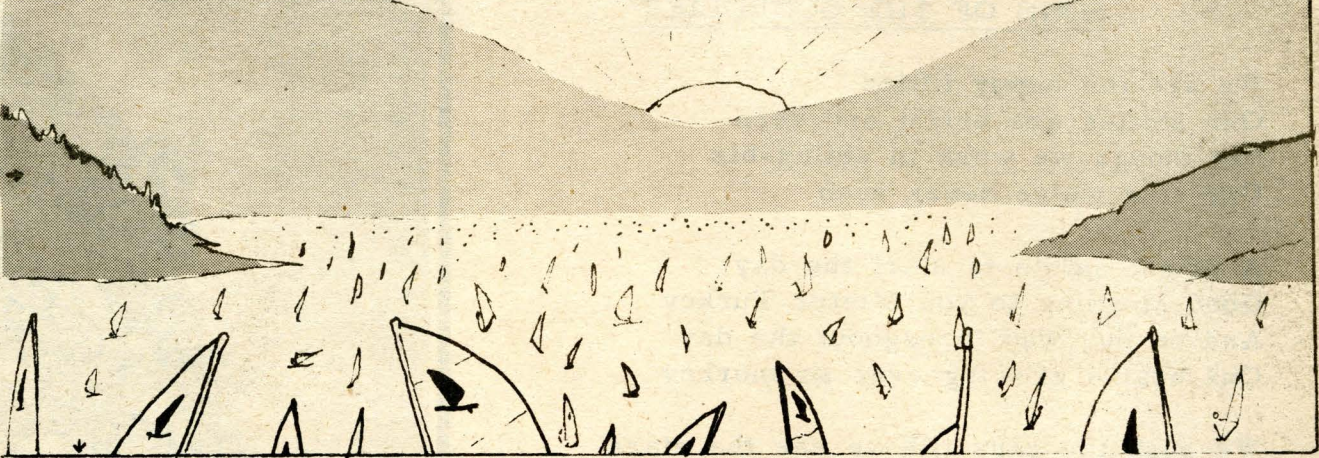
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LOCALMAN

PRODUCED BY THE VUARNET SKI AND WINDSURFING TEAM

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE PSEUDO KEN READS IN THE RENTAL SHOP "DA BEAR," BELUSH" AND THE BOYS - SOOO? KANDAHAR BOYS - OOOHA MAGUYCHA

SUMMERTIME WHISTLER B.C....



A LOCAL'S GUIDE TO THE WEEKEND SKIER

"A NEW MONTHLY FEATURE FOR HARD CORE LOCALS"

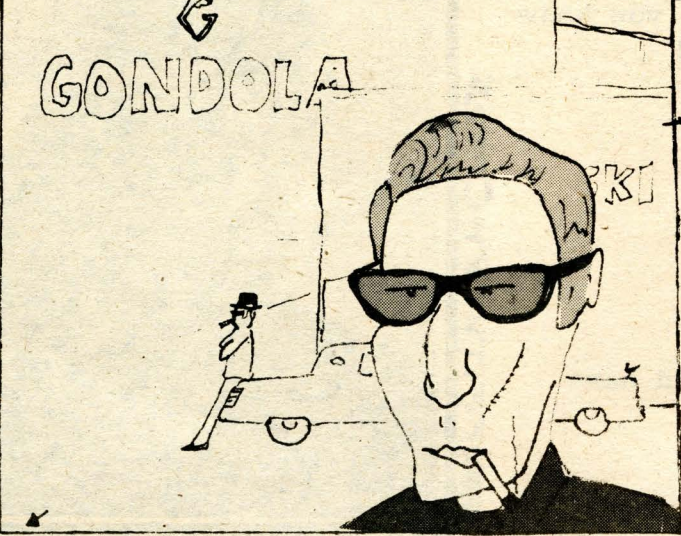
THIS MONTH: HIGHSCHOOLUS PORT COQUITLANAE

HABITAT: GREEN CHAIR LIFTLINE AND BY JUKEBOX N ROUNDHOUSE

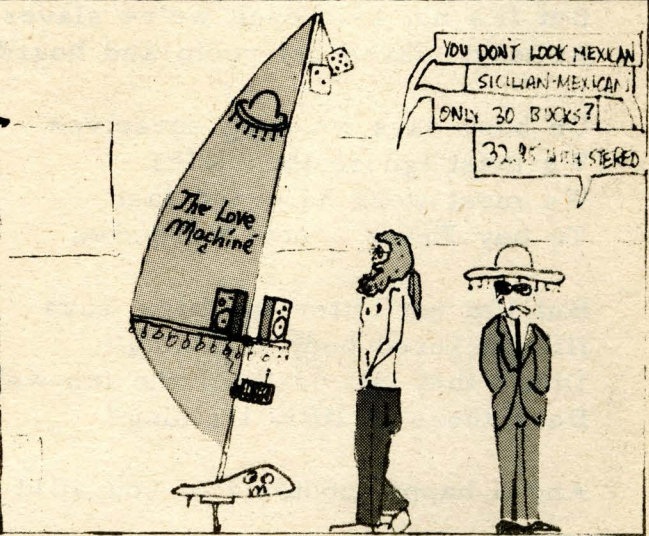


IDENTIFIABLE BY: RENTAL EQUIPMENT, WINE, SKIN, SMOKES WHILE SKIING, COQUITLAM JUNIOR B CHAMPS HOCKEY TEAM JACKET, SWEARS DOT LOUD WHILE HUNTING FOR "FUCKIN' AIRTIME" - TRAVELS BY RAY'S Z28 CAMARD

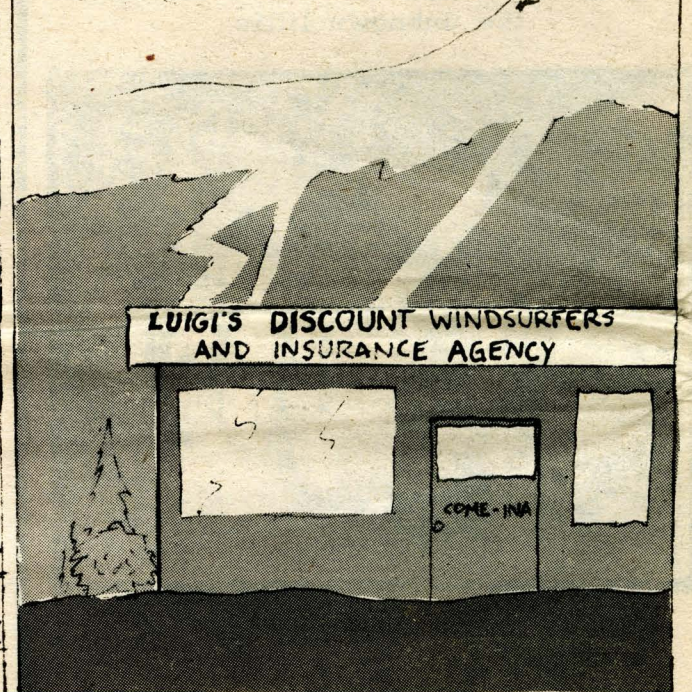
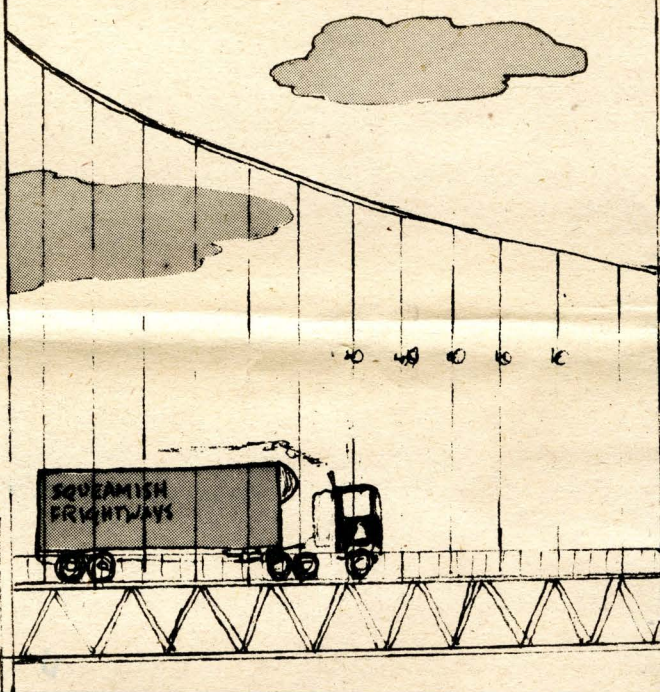
...AND SOME NEW FACES IN THE VALLEY...



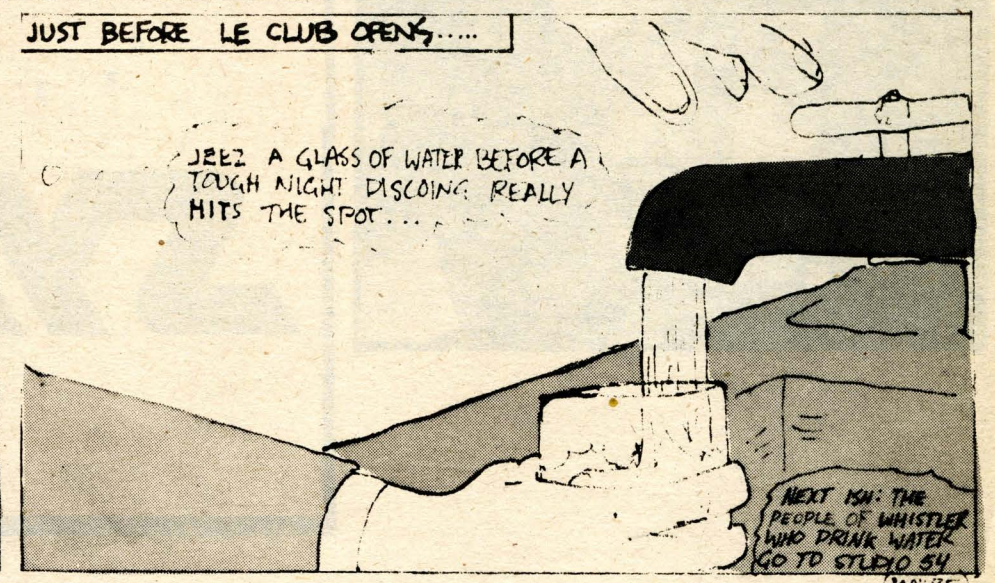
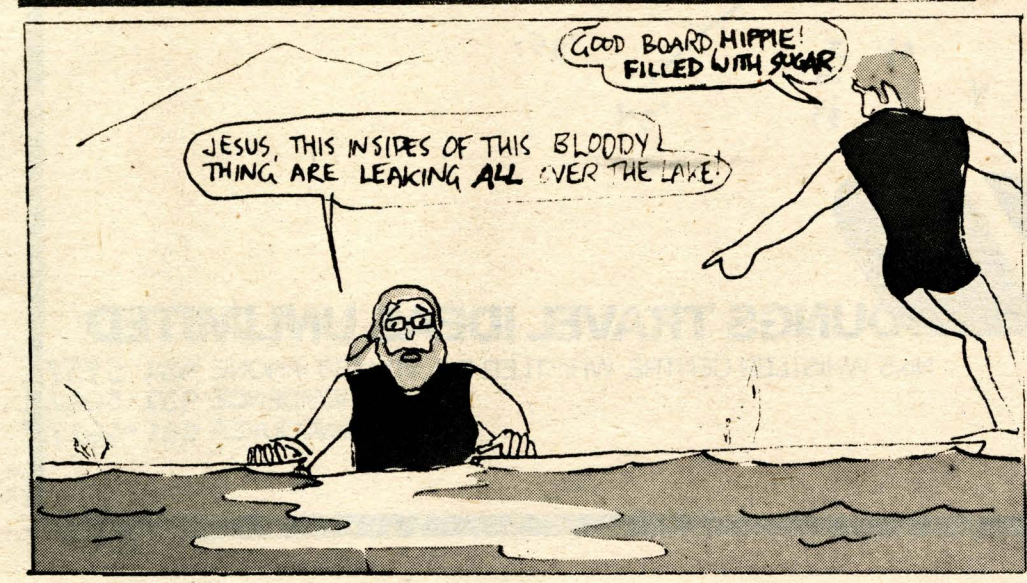
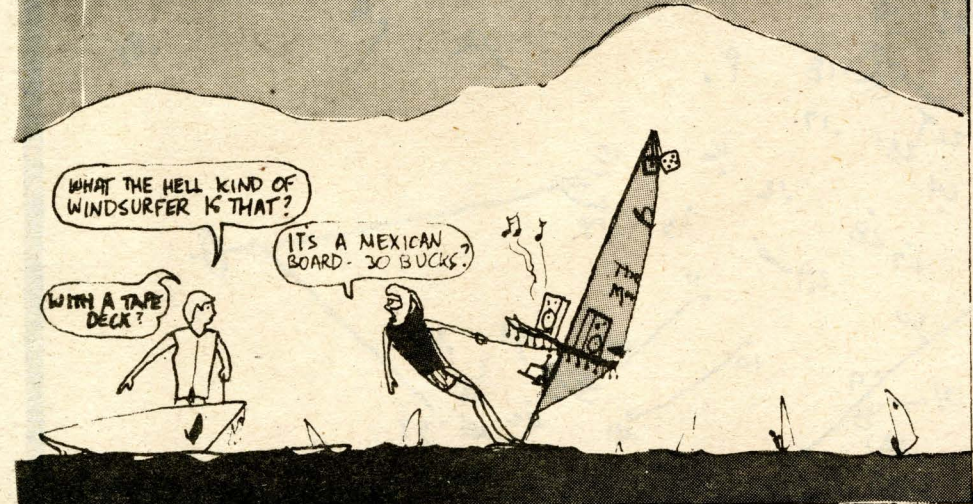
...WHO ARE IMPORTING MEXICAN WINDSURFERS.



WITH COCAINE INSIDE! THESE FIENDS ARE UP TO SOMETHING...



THE LOCALS OF COURSE, BOUGHT THEM LIKE A HALF PRICE SALE ON HIGH-TEST



BEAU'S

AT RAINBOW
Fine Continental Cuisine

RESERVATIONS
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X



X Marks the spot for Fine Dining