

# WHISTLER ANSWER



**50¢**



**September 1980**



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BRITISH COLUMBIA  
WHISTLER MOUNTAIN

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A special word of thanks to the mothers of Ontario for supplying their daughters.

## COVER PHOTO

Mike Gadd and Chris Janeway tuning up on Alta Lake for the Canadian Championship.

## EDITORIAL PAGE

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In response to the letter on page 3, by Mr. Al Raine, the Whistler Answer is indeed pleased that someone has enjoyed our humorous approach to Whistler's "life style", whatever that might be. It has come to the attention of this publication, however, that not all events to occur in this valley are intrinsically funny. We lament that fact daily.

But let me deal with your correspondence point by point and as clearly as possible.

Firstly, you state that I have a bias. Most, if not everybody, operates with some sort of bias.

This is mine: I've lived here for ten years and have seen a lot of development (some responsible, some not), and am very concerned that any and all possible environmental damage be 'nipped in the bud'. If you were to read the article more carefully you would see that I am not opposed to a park at Lost Lake but am concerned that irreparable damage not be done.

The reporting was not careless. It was written based on information supplied by Gord McKinnon, B.C. Habitat Protection Officer, Bob Reynolds, Squamish Conservation Officer, Paul Matthews, local environmental planner and yourself, Al. In short, from all concerned parties.

Although you don't specify the exact prejudicing remark, I would guess it is "do we really need a council member who refers to the Mountain Development Corporation as a bunch of dope smoking hippies." Our source was not one but several unidentified third parties. They shall remain so.

You then present your opposition to the speculative possibilities in the Mountain Development Corporation plan. This relates to nothing ever printed in the Answer and therefore has no place in this correspondence. It is, however, my understanding that almost all development in this community occurred along speculative lines and I would wonder why this particular situation should be treated differently.

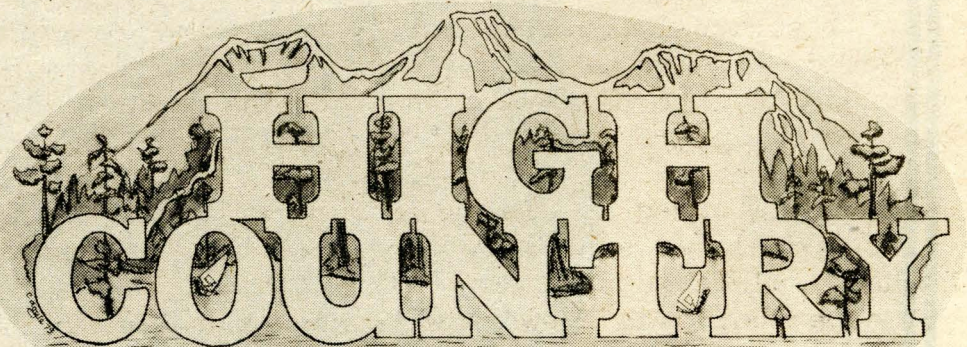
We also cherish the democratic principles and are upfront in expressing our beliefs. One democratic principle states that aldermen are elected, not appointed. Perhaps this is why we're at odds. If we have caused you any embarrassment we are sorry but as the articles were written in the hope that the democratic principles be upheld, with no malice towards you we cannot withdraw them.

Congratulations to Mike Gadd and Ginny Ladner of the Whistler Windsurfing Team for their victories in the Canadian Championships in Magog, Quebec.

\*

Interesting to hear that Blackcomb will be requiring all its new employees to shave their beards. Hey, it's cold up there guys!

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Alessandro Bonito of Trail who passed away August 27th at Vancouver General Hospital. Our sincere condolences are extended to the Bonito family.



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# GRIPES GREETINGS

*& assorted trivia*

Dear Sir:

Firstly, may I say that I have in the past enjoyed reading the Whistler Answer for its humorous approach to Whistler's "life style".

In your most recent edition is a less humorous article about the selling out of Lost Lake which contains some blatantly bias and careless reporting about the project. This report would not have warranted my putting pen to paper to dual with a professional editor who will always have the last word no matter what the issue is, except for your editorial comments aimed in my direction which are outright libellous. Before I comment on the editorial, I would like to assure Whistler residents that the Lost Lake park will be a recreational asset for the community and it will be developed without negative impacts on the fishery resources of the lake or streams. In fact the Horstman and Blackcomb Creek, which now have no or very minimal spawning activity, can be made into productive spawning streams.

In regards to your editorial, I have been asked by numerous people if your quoted remarks are accurate. At first, I found it hard to believe that such a quotation existed but after so many different comments, I finally read the editorial.

Having never discussed the Mountain Development Corporation Proposal with any member of the newspaper staff, your source must be an unidentified third party. To the best of my knowledge, I have not made such a statement.

I have told several Mountain Development Corporation members that I am opposed to the speculative possibilities in the M.D.C. scheme in that a member could sell his interest for a handsome profit once the units are approved. At the time of the M.D.C. purchase, this land was clearly identified in the Community Plan as land not to be considered for development, and it's sale price reflected this development constraint. I can only support the proposal if the M.D.C. functions similar to a "par value residential cooperative". This would mean that members could only resell their interests to the "cooperative" at a land value which would reflect their cash outlay plus an annual "cost of capital" adjustment plus an arbitrated or appraised fair market value for any improvements. This approach would allow members an opportunity to access affordable property, the stated objective of the M.D.C.

group. I believe this concept removes any land speculation possibility and still allows the members to construct their personal residences under the same conditions as every citizen interested in making Whistler his or her home. Hopefully this will clarify my opposition to the M.D.C. proposal presented to council.

I cherish the democratic principle that we have a right to express our opinions and I have always been upfront in expressing my position with people even if it differed from theirs. I seriously regret that "The Answer" or any individual would chose to maliciously use untruths and innuendos to goad people into believing that the statements allegedly attributed to me are true, thus prejudicing the public opinion of my character and opinion. I can only interpret that this action is aimed at discounting my objection to the M.D. M.D.C. proposal. I sincerely hope that this is not the case with these allegations.

I hope that "The Answer" will have the decency to withdraw these remarks or name the source in order that I may take the appropriate action to defend my public image.

Yours sincerely,  
Al Raine  
3010 Arbutus Drive



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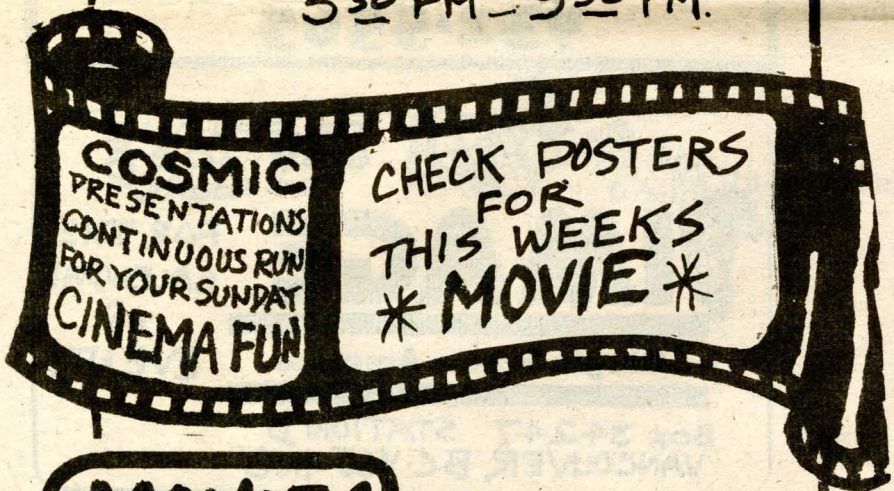
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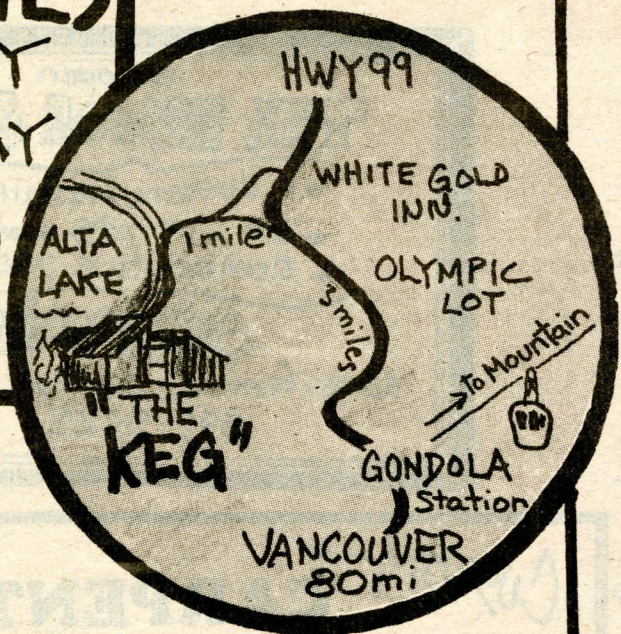
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**WHISTLER WINDSURFING TEAM**

ANDY MUNSTER, ANDREW STONER, JINNY LADNER  
CHRIS JANEWAY & MIKE GADD

On Thursday August 28th the Whistler Windsurfing Team left for two weeks of competition in Eastern Canada. They are taking part in the Canadian National Windsurfing Championships held at Magog, Quebec on Labour Day Weekend and the 1980 North American Open Class Boardsailing Championship at Craighleith Provincial Park on Georgian Bay, September 4th - 8th.

The team consists of Mike Gadd, current B.C. and Canadian Champion. Jinny Ladner, B.C. womens champion, Chris Janeway and Andrew Stoner who were first in their weight classes in the B.C. Championship and the rookie of the group Andy Munster who placed 4th in his class in the B.C. championship.

Competition is expected to be high calibre as sailors from all over North America will compete at both events.

The Canadian Windsurfing Championship is a single design regatta open only to Windsurfers while the North American Open will see boards from any manufacturer's eligible with limitations placed only on the measurements of the board and sail and the materials used. This should prove interesting as several competitors will probably be unveiling their own special 'hotrods' and the sailing characteristics of the diverse boards will provide more varied competition. As well as help answer the eternal question, "What boards are the fastest?" the open class gives spectators an opportunity to root for their favorite design instead of an number on a sail. In the history of competitive sailing it can be noted that greater design advances are made where the races are not limited to one class.

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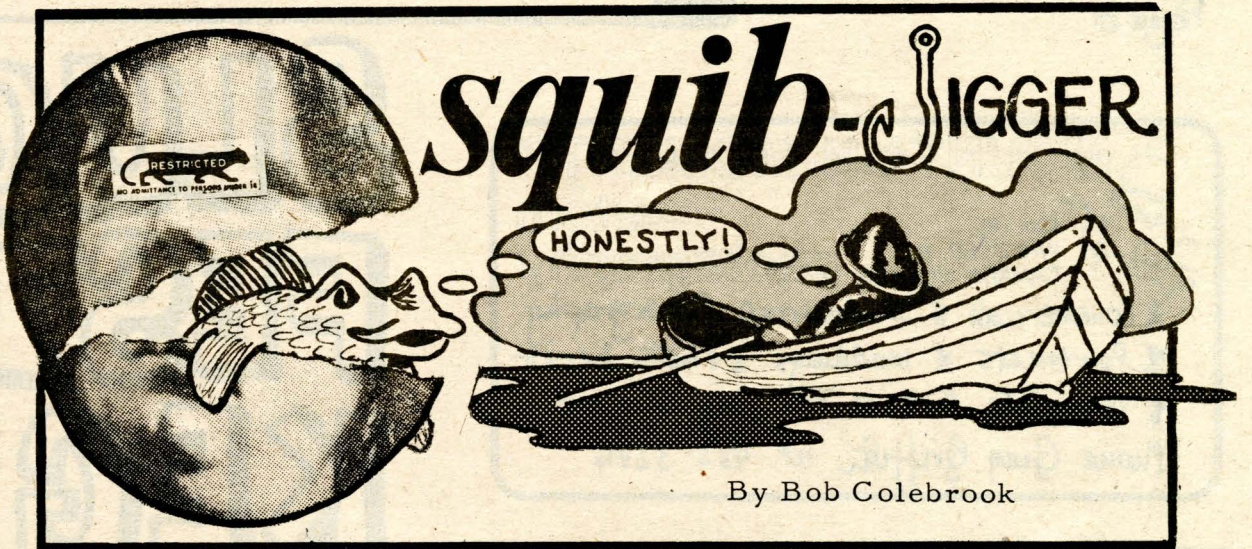
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**squib-JIGGER**

By Bob Colebrook

Having lent out my copy of Five Hundred Topics to Fill Newspaper Columns Not Previously Used By Eric Nicol or Russell Baker and being otherwise involved in a delicate matter in Deep Cove for the usual thought gestation period, I find myself with a blank page and an eight-thirty appointment with Joe the printer.

What's funny at Whistler these days, he asked rhetorically?

Take the town centre... PLEASE! No problem here, just rent out the rooms in the construction camp to international jet-setters. Hell, they even have a kitchen there and the odd pool table. No use trying to change Whistler's notorious reputation as the worst apres-ski area this side of Hamilton Mountain. The Land Company should really erect a giant mural with the architects plans on it beside the highway, then at least we wouldn't have to think about that glorified shopping mall.

And what about the pitiful apres-windsurfing scene around here lately? All self-respecting bar flies and lounge lizards are hiding under rocks. The Boot is closed, The Alta Lake Inn has been reduced to a nickelodeon, the Highland never has enough customers for a decent size brawl, and JB's is like drinking cocktails in a crowded elevator. It's enough, perish the thought, to make one swear off booze entirely. Although my friends at Al's Auto Body don't approve.

So there's approximately dick-all to do for laughs except go to Le Club. Talk about deja-vu. Some jokers even stand in the same place night after night. I suppose that would be alright if there was a band to watch, but what are you supposed to watch in Le Club - a shiny silver ball rotate in coloured lights maybe? Some people like watching John play records in his little booth - you'd think they were at the bloody aquarium. He should put curtains on it and charge 25¢ a peek.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS AT LE CLUB WITHOUT REALLY TRYING (no, not like a bowling ball) or HOW TO SAVE GAS MONEY TO VANCOUVER by Dan Bissonette.

a. Mutilate your face, sell the Mercedes, dispense with intelligent conversation, don't dance. This is optional but it really doesn't matter.

b. Buy some cocaine (30% will do, after all it's only bait) and show up at Le Club 5 minutes before it closes and you're in business.

Try to pretend this is not prostitution. Coke whores and coke Johns are what's happening.

Prostitution? Right here in River City?

No guff! Mind you it's not your good old Georgia/Davie/Keefer street variety, the here's the bread I want a half'n half, French, round the world, or penguin style variety, but prostitution just the same.

I'm disgusted.

\* \* \*

The following statement is attributed to the late G.K. Chesterton:

"The mere proposal to set the politician to watch the capitalist has been disturbed by the rather disconcerting discovery that they are both the same man. We are past the point where being a capitalist is the only way of becoming a politician, and we are dangerously near the point where being a politician is much the quickest way of becoming a capitalist."


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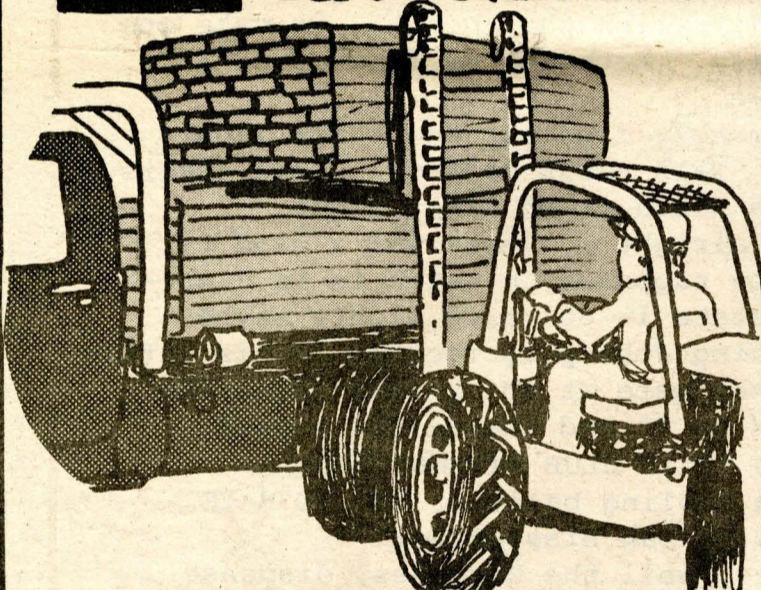


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# SLUG FEST KEG HIT



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It seemed easy enough. Doug and the Slugs were coming to town. To the Keg. So why not interview him. Just because everyone else has, is no reason not to do something. Besides, the only fun thing about this job is getting to hear good music (preferably for free) and then babble on about it in print. Easy. Or so we thought.

The plan was quite simple. We sneak in late Monday night, the last set, sort of incognito; Bosco would interview Doug on Tuesday (preferably at Lost Lake or some other low key spot) We would then catch the entire show on Wednesday and perhaps get loaded with them after the show. A well balanced interview with just the proper blend of crisp musical criticism and late night craziness is what we planned.

Well I saw Doug at the Disco on the Saturday night prior to there gig but that part of me that doesn't like to interrupt or nag said "Leave him alone, I'm sure he gets bugged more than he needs. I'll talk to him tomorrow." It's ironic that I wasn't to come any closer to him until the wee hours of Thursday morning when alcohol had robbed me of whatever powers of recall I sometimes possess. Now Doug is an intelligent soul. He's articulate, turns a clever lyric, artistic (he designed the album cover and jacket) has an interesting capacity for concepts, a good (if somewhat bent) sense of humour and a glib, polished manner. He's also a fucking hard guy to find.

It was like trying to find Mick Jagger in Manhattan. It should have been easy. I know practically everybody in this town and not one of them sports a slicked back pompadour hairstyle, wears vintage sports coats before five and/or keeps company with a sweet little red head and a five piece band. We phoned all over. The band was staying at Whistler Creek but they didn't know (or wouldn't say) where Doug was. Even Jo Anne who sells Slug T-shirts didn't know. Ditto from the folks at the Keg. Reports flickered in. He had lunch at L'Apres. He's up here for a rest, doesn't want to be interrupted. He's having love problems. I'm getting to the point where I want to pan him just on principle.

But I can't. I've been listening to them since their inception. It seemed Whistler has always been a bit of a soft spot for them. They could continually pack the Keg or the Boot. And knock 'em dead-Doug out front, a sort of sleazy Boz Scaggs and an antic prone but tight band behind. Their repertoire was and is a curious blend of slightly warped originals and somewhat unusual oldies. I mean, who prior to the Slugs would dare to cover Secret Agent Man? And now I hear other bands try it!

Hearing them this time around, I was operating under a curious set of biases. First of all we were supposed to be doing a story and I wanted it to be good. Call it pressure. Secondly the Slugs had made it or at least were heading in that direction. Success breeds contempt. I was sensitive to any nuances of the rock star syndrom, ready to pounce. Mostly I was pissed off because I couldn't seem to get Bosco and Doug sitting together with a tape recorder between them. (You know they sort of look like each other)

Despite the inauspicious beginning of having Schultz's Speciality Service tattooed from my wrist to my elbow; it was a fine evening. The prime rib was delicious, the complimentary Spanish Coffee unexpected and the Blanc de Blanc in far too great a quantity. And the music was good! Doug's voice has matured, more power, richer. The band has gained confidence. John Burton, Rick Baker, Steve Bosley, Simon Kendal and John Wally Watson provide a solid and in-

# TO SPAWN THE EGGS OF THEIR YOUNG

by  
**Robert  
Bishop**

A bone chilling wind blows through the Mamquam River valley. Its raining, almost snowing, as I stumble over slippery rocks along the river's edge. My back pack contains wetsuit, face mask, fins, regulator and 15 lbs of lead weights. In my arms is a scuba tank.

The river looks icy cold. The snow that feeds it is only a few hundred feet above me. There are many salmon in the river, some kicking slowly upstream, others lying dead on the bottom or at river's edge. An eagle sits on the branch of a cedar tree and watches me with hard eyes. Of the river, the salmon, the eagle, and myself, I am the weakest, the most vulnerable.

I stop by a large boulder and shed my pack. My hands are numb from the cold metal of the scuba tank. I gather what hardiness I can and begin to undress. The native people of this coast traditionally swam in the rivers every day year round. I feel soft in comparison. I sit bare ass on a rock and struggle into my wetsuit pants. Wading hip deep I lay face into the water, an icy stream flows down the back of my illfitting wetsuit. Gasping for air I bite hard on the mouthpiece of my snorkel and try to breathe deeply. The salmon immediately absorb my attention. I switch from snorkel to regulator and sink. Moving slowly, hand over hand along the river bottom, the salmon aren't disturbed.

These spawning salmon have come from the Pacific Ocean beginning their journey in early autumn. Whether they come from the stormy seas off Kamchatka, the Aleution Islands, or the Bering Straits, they are lead by their noses and memory of this river. Five years ago as fingerling they followed this river's flow to the sea carrying with them a memory of the odor of their birth waters.

It is the odor of decomposing roots, decaying pieces of tree and shrub in the water, grasses growing along the shore, larvae and insects that find their way into the river from the surrounding forest, and dissolved mineral crystals from sand, gravel, and rocks washed by the river current. Together these create the unique odor of this river. The salmon fry live and eat in one small area of a river and learn to distinguish it from all other waters. Five years later as they begin their journey to their birth water, its odor has, like the salmon, flowed into the ocean and spanned its furthest boundaries. The salmon never lose their way. The river of their birth is like none other for each river and stream is unique, like every other living thing. They will never spawn in strange waters.

I see many dead salmon everywhere. They are discolored and scarred, strips of flesh missing, mouth and eyes gaping open. The humped females bellies are flat, they have secreted their eggs before dying. I notice a female and three males swimming slowly upstream. I follow, pulling myself forward hand over hand on the rocks.

The female begins nosing into the gravel. Soon she is plowing into it with head, fins, and tail. The rocks tear her skin and flesh. After scooping a trough in the stony river bottom she settles into it, humped and disfigured, to deposit her eggs. The three males circle her. Nearby another female floats downstream feebly kicking her tail. She has given her eggs and is dying.

A short distance away smaller fish dart about. They are waiting for the female to leave her trough so they can eat her eggs. The three males guard her. Exhausted and near dead they still charge the little fish, keeping them at a distance. One of them returns to the female, nudges her with his nose and bites her tail, telling her to hurry and drop her eggs. It was wildly funny and I could hear myself giggling into my regulator.

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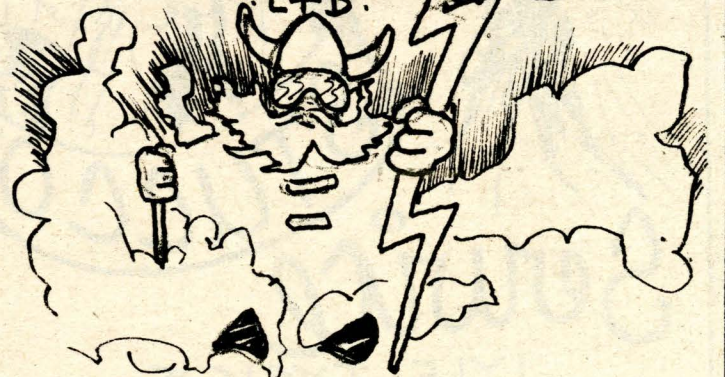
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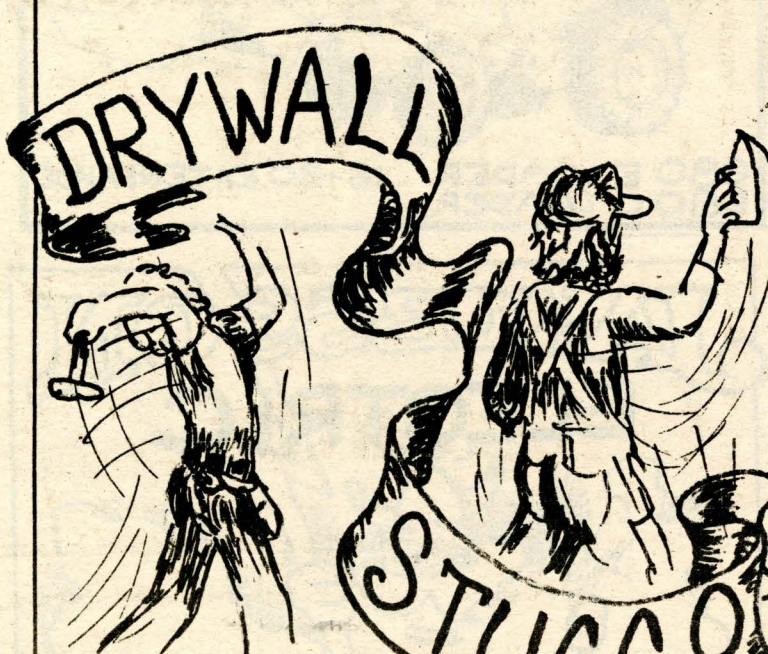
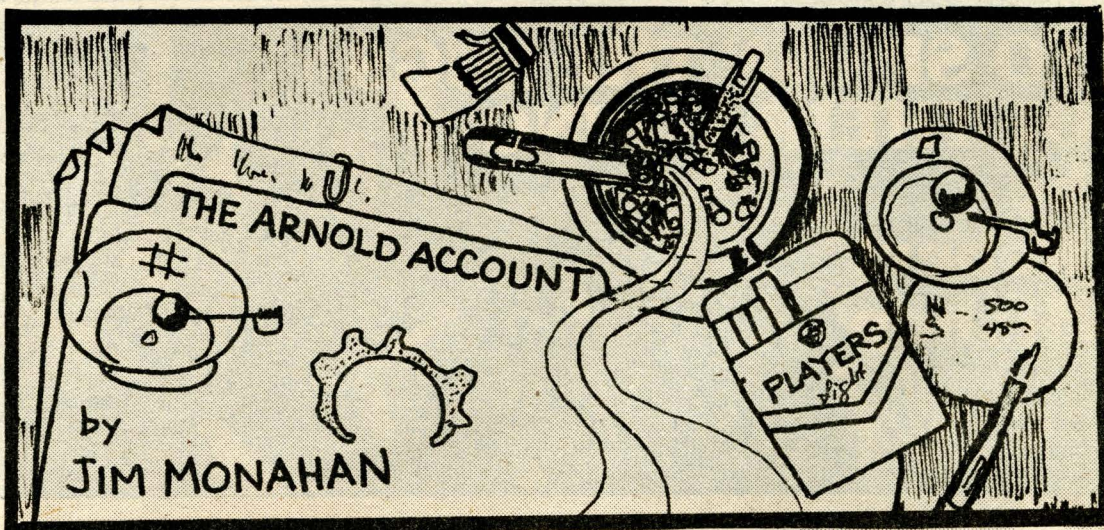
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Hanson was asleep at his desk, dreaming of his ex-wife no doubt as somewhere a girl was playing a flute.

"Wake up you half-witted moron," shouted his boss Edgar T. Waylon. "I pay you cadavers money, actual money to sit around here like a bunch of pumpkins."

"Sorry, just dozed..." began Hanson with the office girls snickering at his plight.

"Just dozed off?" fumed Edgar T. Waylon, "the resident genius just dozed off!" He slapped a hand to his forehead. "For heaven's sake," he said playing the room like the Strand. "Oh my God," he moaned.

Hanson checked his watch, his appointment calendar and then his watch again.

"Oh yes," he said, "lunch with Arnold today."

"Eat, eat, eat," shouted Edgar T. Waylon, "why don't you think, think, think. Go for the jugular Hanson - it's two bucks a yard and no holding."

Hanson was down on one knee preparing for the kickoff in front of the ad agency. Noon hour crowds congested the streets, bumping and swirling and bleating at traffic lights and trrolley buses.

"Pppppth," signaled Edgar T. and set his tassled loafers, lime green slacks and madras sport jacket in motion. He ran straight into a one-on-one with an elderly lady employing an umbrella defense. Run for daylight thought Hanson. If she goes left I go right.

She went right, he went left and into a swarm of blue collared tacklers until head-to-head with a free safety covering his zone.

"Eighteen yards," he called back.

"Bullshit," said Edgar T. Waylon skirting past only three cracks in the sidewalk.

It was a converted tub with tiffany lamps and enough stained glass for the archdeacon's residence. They were sitting at an open table in the middle of the room when an earnest young man in jeans and a checked shirt approached. He sported a neatly trimmed beard and a white apron tied about his waist.

"Hello, I'm Steve. I'm your waiter," he said. "Can I get you anything from the bar while you're deciding?"

"What is this joint, a guest ranch," said Edgar T. mauling a leather bound menu. "Beans and stew, homemade cornbread?"

"Martinis," said Hanson.

"Doubles," ordered Edgar T. mashing a cigar into a copper ash-tray.

"Right away, sir," said Steve, tucking his order form into his apron and turning for the bar.

A nice looking gray haired man in a grey suit paused a second by their table allowing his date to walk before him. She was a sweetheart of a redhead, middle aged but radiant in an off-green suit with matching handbag. It was Hanson's estranged wife.

"I saw that," shot Edgar T. Waylon.

"I gotta get outta here," said Hanson fidgeting with his glasses and trying to disappear from view.

"Waiter, more martinis," barked Edgar T.

Hanson was trying to shrink down in his seat. He bent his head down and covered his face with one hand. In desperation he took a pen out and began to scribble away furiously on the back of drink coasters.

The missus has just been named chairperson of the annual Red Seal Fund Raising Committee for Crippled Children. It must be someone from the radio or television stations he thought, sneaking a glance. They had begun an open and frank discussion about something of immense proportions. Could be someone from the Vancouver Sun, he tried to reassure himself. Were they holding hands across the table?

"You get that stunned cow off your mind and think, think, think," exhorted Edgar T.

"Think, think," mumbled Hanson.

"Sorry we missed lunch, the traffic you know," laughed the old man, "perhaps we're not too late, this is my secretary Miss Belinda Spinks."

He seemed relaxed enough in an open necked shirt but Miss Spinks was all business, with her hair up in a bun and a briefcase on her lap.

"You're unhappy with the portfolio?" questioned Edgar T.

"Unhappy? Two grand a week you guys cost me. I got a warehouse full of refrigerators. You ask me if I'm unhappy," said the old man.

"Very unhappy," tightlipped Miss Spinks.

"Hey waiter, bring a pitcher of martinis," barked Edgar T.

"Two pitchers," suggested Hanson from his notes.

The old man sat back and sighed as Miss Spinks began reading off quarterly reports with the heartlessness of a computer print-out. Negative cost benefits, saturation campaigns, market trends, image conscious home owners.

"I know you. You're Arnold from the Warehouse."

"Why yes," beamed the celebrity.

"You're a crook," said Steve the waiter.

Edgar T. Waylon's jowls spread over his lapels. He looked like a salmon too long in the deep freeze. Blood was trying desperately to escape from tiny veins in his cheeks. He took a stab at the kid's hand with a cigar.

"You'd look cute in a doggie bag," he said bluntly.

"No, let him speak," said the old man.

"I worked for you once," said Steve. "You con people into buying things they can't afford to buy."

"Oh balls," said Miss Spinks, quite out of character.

"It's all high pressure, track lighting, end tables and dressers when most of the customers down there can't even afford a bed."

"We create jobs in this country," sighed the old man. "People gotta eat. People manufacture our furniture, people buy it, people sell it."

"Sure," said Steve the waiter, "and they end up consuming each other."

Edgar T. Waylon nicked a stray pea from the side of a long forgotten Trail Rider's Stew dish. Waiting for that moment when no one was watching he winged it across the room, catching Hanson's ex-wife in mid-sentence.

"Hee, hee, hee," laughed Edgar T. Waylon.

"Your staff has never heard of job security."

"We have a quota system."

"It's called roulette," sniffed Miss Spinks.

"At the end of the week we tally up the sales and it's last person out. Hire a new one that's all."

"It's a cutthroat business."

"You gotta produce in this country," sighed the old man, "you gotta produce."

"Did you get that snaggelpuss," said Edgar T.

"I got it," said Hanson.

He looked up to a contemptuous glare from his ex-wife. The nice man was eating ribs and had grease all over his mouth and fingers.

"O.k.," said Hanson. "So overall It's product as savior again and I figure a sixty second time slot, eight spots per night, four nights running before the holiday sale. It goes like this."

#### Script 1

#### Animation blast

Arnold's Arnold's Arnold's Crazy Arnold's

#### Fade In

Interior livingroom, girl playing flute

Subliminal 1, sad song, empty, lonely

#### Pan to Girl

Young, pretty, long shining hair

Close up, frontal

Subliminal 2, hands on flute, wedding room

#### Action

Moves to refrigerator, trys handle, won't work, won't open, about to cry. Sound of apartment door opening, tall young man enters, clean cut, short blonde hair.

He: Honey! It's crazy at Arnold's.

She: (excited) Oh yes...

He: (opening arms wide) Bring 'er in boys.

Two men enter, Arnold's coveralls, new fridge on dolly.

He: Only \$499.99 with easy terms and no payments until after

Cont. on pg. 15

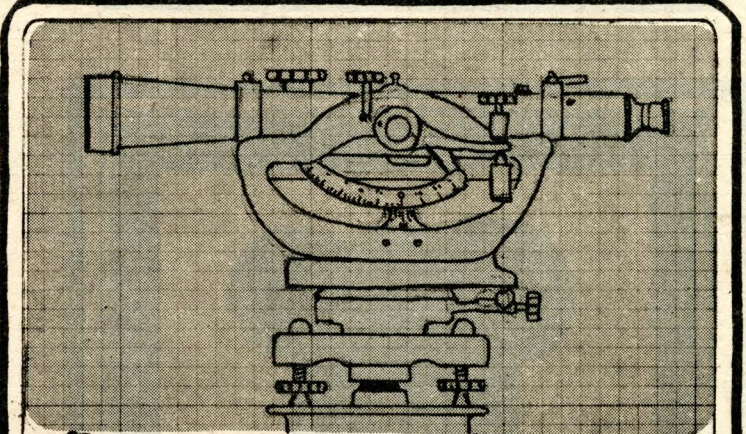
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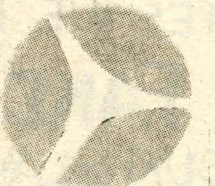
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One definition of the verb to fish is 'to seek something by round about means'; to be subtle or devious. The idea is to give the fish something that looks like food and in his moment of weakness set the hook.

Now the most difficult of fish fare to immitate while concealing the hook is the fly. First of all the fly is very tiny making it difficult to conceal the barb. Secondly the fly must sit on and move through the water like the real thing. It must be balanced and somewhat symetric. The colour must be just right to catch the eye and fool the fish.

In the world of fishing the fly fisherman is on the outer fringe - the fanatic. He's out of the main stream - so to speak. His skill involves the most skill and patience. And in the world of fly fishing the man who creates his own flys is even further out on that esoteric edge.

Some would say it's the money. "I can't afford to keep buying what I lose," but after watching Drew Tate create a few of his favourites I can't believe that. He chooses carefully between Chinese pheasant feathers, black bear hair, peacock tails and Mallard. (Even taking feathers from opposing wings to simulate the tiny flywings,) His eye is on the fly but his mind is somewhere under the surface of Green Lake. What is that big Rainbow looking for?

A well tied fly is prized by fishermen and many are needed to keep in tune with what the fish are eating and to replace those lost to snags and pan shy fish.

Drew demonstrated his art to the Answer one day just before the evening rise but we must have distracted him because the fry pan saw nothing but burgers that night.

## Notes From Nowhere:

\* Good to see Norm Berglund back in the valley. He was last seen at the Keg with nothing on but his Swiss Crystal watch. Keep it up Norm

\* John Taylor has recently got his knuckles rapped by B.C. Supreme Court. Sneaky real estate dealings on the self destructing duplex by the White Gold Inn is the story. It cost him \$30,000 and a suspension of practice.

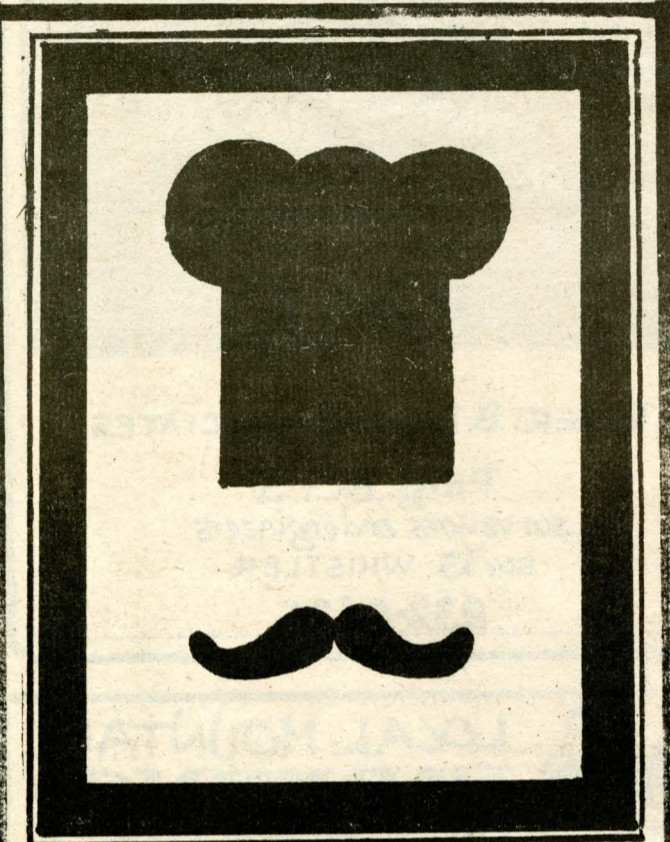
\* Nurse Johnson and Big Bob Miele have a big smile on their faces these days. They both received their licence to steal. Steve, however is somewhat nonplussed as he didn't warrant his own envelope. He's also somewhat concerned over the real estate possibilities in Whittler B.C.

## LOCALMAN NABBED

The Answer received a piece of unusual correspondence recently from Sicily, via third class mail. There was a photo of Localman gagged and chained, a broken pair of Vuarnets and the note below! Semi-private investigator Dan Bissonette has been retained but there are no further leads at the present time.

LOCALMAN IS BEING HELD HOSTAGE IN SICILY. IF ONE MORE WORD IS PRINTED ABOUT LUIGI..LOCAL MAN DIES

love Luigi



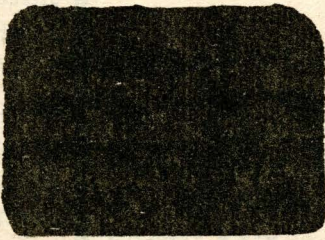
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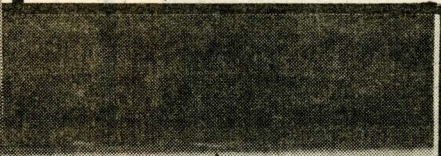


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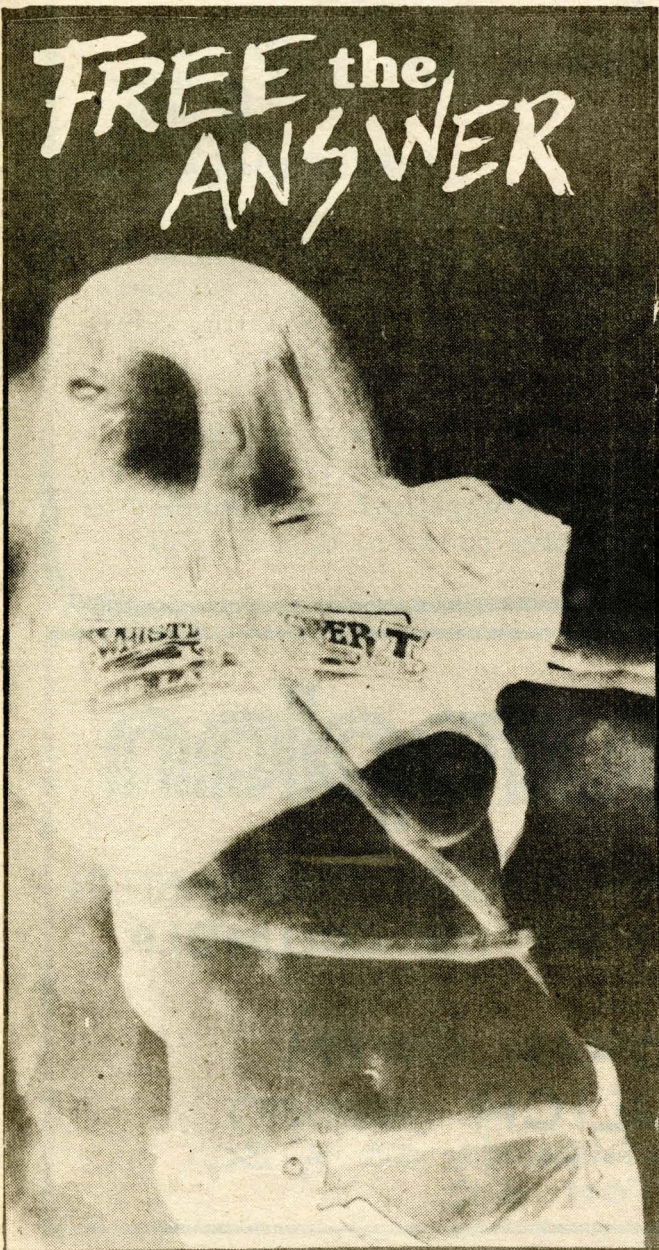
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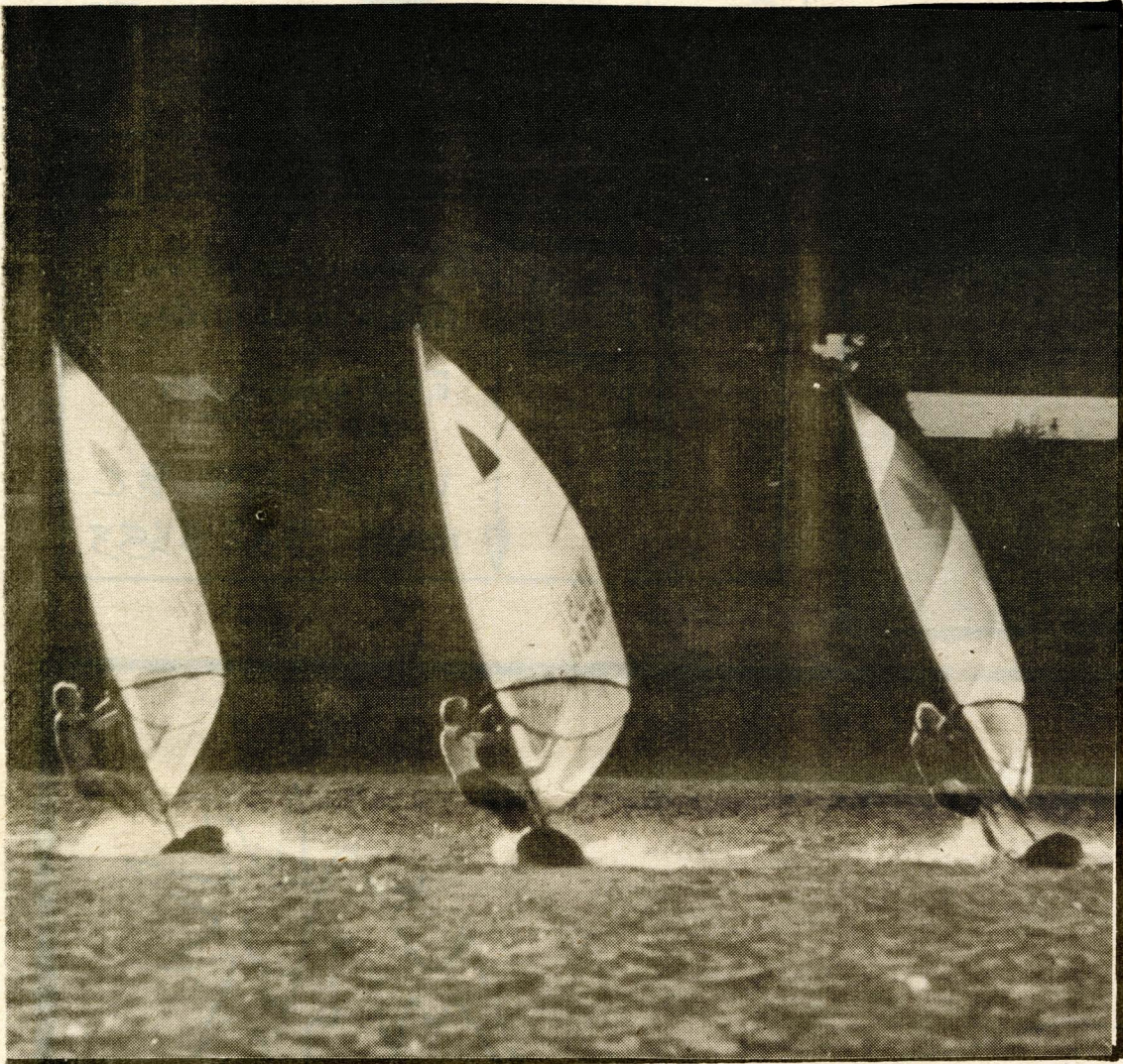
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In single design racing the advantage is gained by superior sailing skills and the condition of the equipment. In these regards the Whistlerites are in good shape. Their record speaks for ability and each member of the team decided on a brand new board and tight new sail for the event. "It's as much a psychological advantage," stated Munster. Every little bit helps.

The Whistler contingent should be among the nattiest attired as the Resort Association pitched in to dress the team up in new wet-suits and track suits suitably emblazoned with the Whistler Logo. The Resort Association also purchased two new sails with the familiar circle of W's in bright red and travel arrangements were made by Syd at a generous discount. Stoner, contrary to the true surfer image even got his hair cut which shows 'you can dress 'em up'.

The best overall man and woman at the North Americans will be flown to the World Championship in Nahariya, Israel in October, so the best of luck is extended to the Whistler Windsurfers.



JANEWAY, GADD & MUNSTER (DOYLE PHOTO)

On Saturday, September 13th, FUN REGATTA. will be held on Alta Lake, hosted by Whistler Windsurfing at the Alta Lake Inn. The emphasis will be on fun and will give Whistler's many recreational sailors and neophytes a chance to compete in team events and relays.

Awards and a party will be held after the event, so don't put those boards away yet! Take this opportunity to celebrate the official end of the boardsailing season!

**Alpine Lodge**

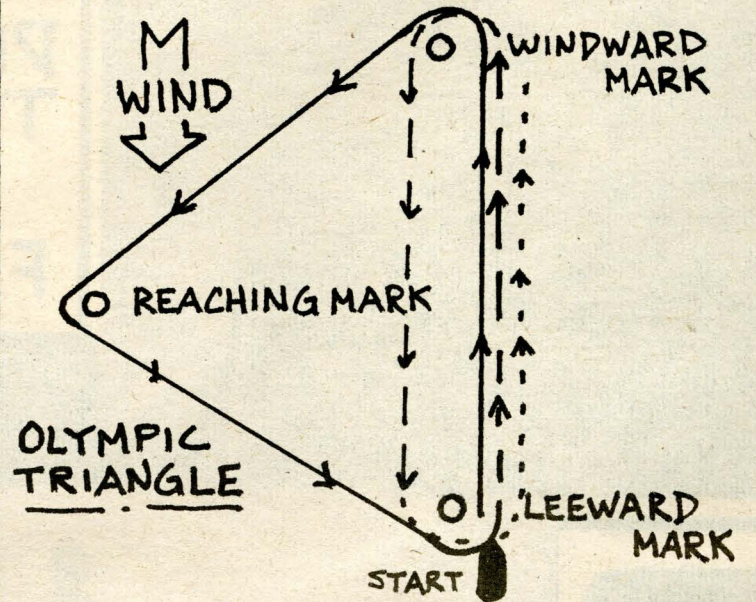
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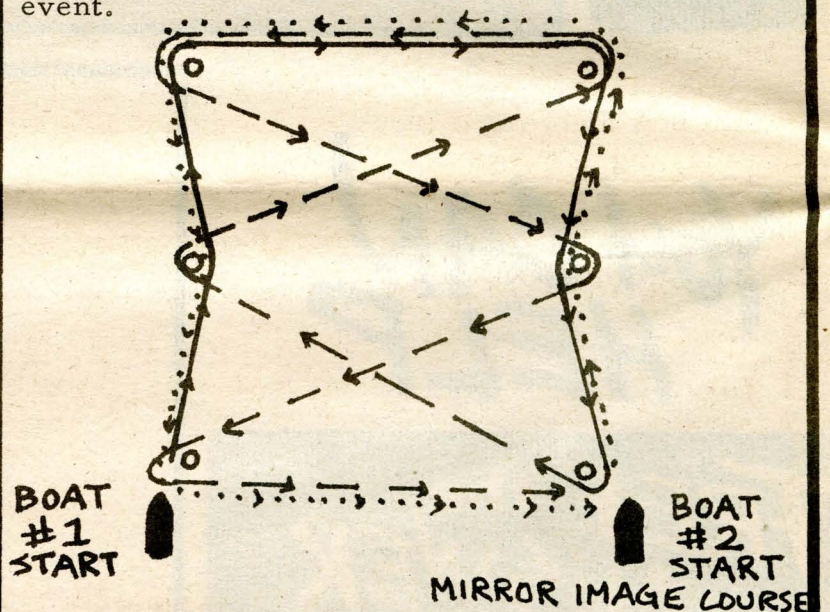
The competitions will include the Olympic triangle course, long distance racing, slalom and in the North Americans, freestyle.

In the triangle race the sailor must negotiate the three main points of sail: an upwind beat, a reach and a downwind run.

"Olympic triangle racing is as complicated as a chess game. You have to become completely absorbed in the tasks of reading wind-shifts, covering an opponent and winning," said former Canadian champion Tim Williams.



In long distance racing the course is similar but much longer; usually over six miles and is often started from the beach, LeMans style. Endurance, the ability to maintain concentration and the use of a harness are requisites for this event.



Slalom racing is similar to dual slalom in skiing. The course consists of two lines of three bouys lined up opposite each other. Two boats sail the course at the same time charting mirror image courses. The first sailor to finish without fouls is the winner. Freestyle involves the creative use of various sail positions and acrobatic movements much like freestyle skiing.

The scores of a competitor are combined to make up a cumulative score or best overall sailor.

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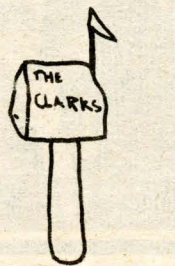
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"edna? there's someone  
sitting on the road drawing  
us again."



-malcolm-

Cont. from page 6

novative setting for Doug's lyrics, as well as doling out their own blend of rock during the "warming up the audience" ritual sans Doug.

The Slugs seem on the verge of hitting it. Their single "Too Bad" has already been overplayed on radio and "Chinatown Calculation" is just beginning. They've outgrown their community hall "theme" dances and now sell out the Commodore. They embark on a Canadian Tour this fall and after that, who knows?

Their album "Cognac and Bologna" on RCA has a number of surprises. "Tropical Rainstorm" is in the Van Morrison tradition and takes no backseat to Wavelength. They 'new wave' their way through "If I Fail" a candid look at vulnerability and laugh through "To be Laughing." The Slugs move "Soldier of Fortune" like a verbose Joe Walsh. It's good stuff. There's more good tunes than filler and a lot of distinctions in style.

Now if there weren't 22 possibilities in the book I'd phone Doug right now and get all those swell personal details I missed on Wednesday night.

cont. from page 7

Watching in awe I'd forgotten the cold and had stopped cursing my leaking wetsuit. Now the raw cold swept through me. I clung to a rock and tried to concentrate all my feeling into my eyes.

Now the female rose from the trough. One of the males swam to it and secreted his milt over the eggs. Then both began kicking gravel into the trough with their tails and noses. When it was completely filled they circled the mound. Then the four together swam slowly upstream. The little fish swooped in over the mound of gravel nudging into it with their heads. But they couldn't get to the eggs.

The four salmon were moving sluggishly, drifting cross-stream. Their goal, spawning the eggs of their young, was completed and they would soon die. The males swam toward other females, driving away the smaller fish trying to get at her eggs.

My jaws were beginning to vibrate. I turned and kicked hard downstream. It was easy to believe that I too was a fish, though I doubt they get cold. I shot quickly through the water weaving amongst the startled salmon then arched toward the river's edge where I shed tank and weightbelt. Standing took a couple of tries. I hadn't realized how numb I was. I fumbled out of my fins and lurched across the rocks to my clothes. My fingers were frozen making it damn near impossible to get out of my wetsuit. After a frustrating half hour I was changed and thawing and able to think about what I had seen.

The Pacific salmon live a life of struggle, danger, and tremendous courage. They leave their birth waters and rove in strange seas most of their lives. Their last journey is a return to their home river which they fight rapids, waterfalls, and man to reach. Here, as a last act, they spawn the eggs of their offspring and die.

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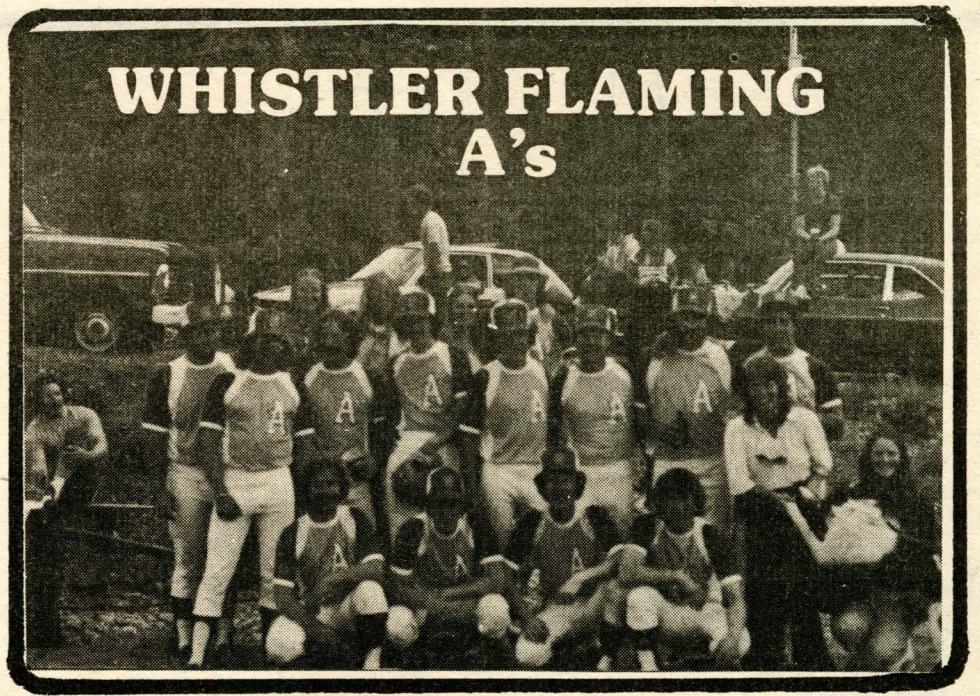
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It was the A's first year in organized ball and their first year in the Squamish Men's Fastball League had more low notes than high. In regular season the rookie team won only one game in 21 starts and came out the winner in one out of four tournaments entered.

Spring training opened with a bang as 40 aspiring ball players turned out to show their skills. As the season opener approached 15 players were chosen to wear the A's blue and gold colors.

As it became evident that the season was not to be successful the frustration of losing took its toll. From a team standpoint the moral was lifted by the astounding late season tournament win at the Gaffer Invitational Tournament in Nanoose B.C. It was a four team tournament featuring the host Arlington Angels, Outlaws, the Burnaby Beavers and the Flaming A's. We lost the first game to the Outlaws 6-5, but went on to defeat the Beavers 6-4 and the host Angels twice 5-4, in extra innings to win the tournament with a record of 3 wins and one loss.

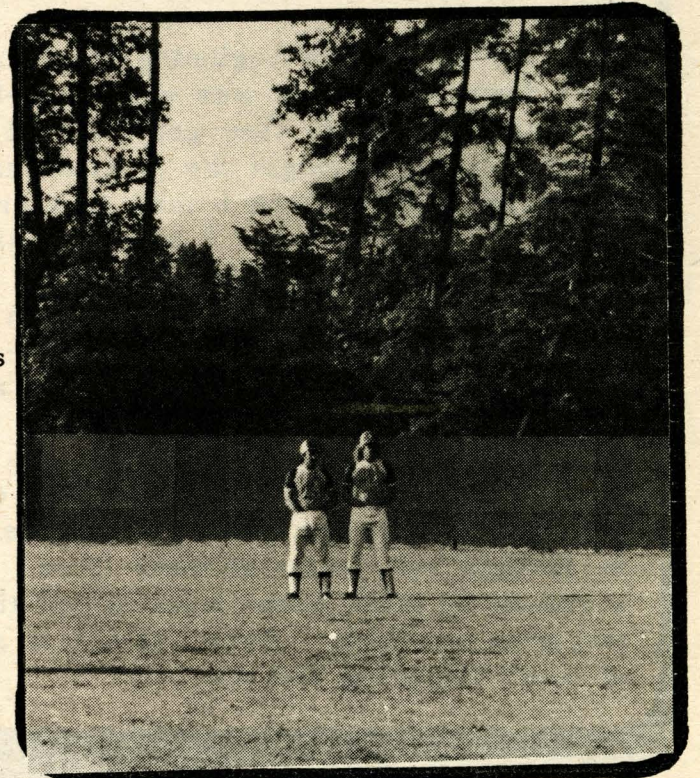
Although the team record was rather dismal several individuals show promise and a more successful season is expected next year.

Kirk Sudds, although the youngest player on the team was our number one hurler. With three pitches at his command he kept opposing batters worried. Neil (110) Mawdsley our number two pitcher was an asset with his .351 batting average but sometimes found his temper a little faster than his fastball. Dave (Barkface) Patterson was our catcher for the year and as his name implies was not a great fan of the league umpires. Chris Jacob's steady glove was a big help to our sometimes erratic infielders. Bob Dawson and George Eadie took care of 2nd base while Ron (Bones, Reggie) Jackson handled short stop and batted a respectable .292. Bruce DeGraff did an excellent job of playing the 'hot box' but his .047 average at the plate could use some work. Brent Harley, Bob Currie and the 'Pitcher Platoon', Neil and Kirk patrolled the field with assistance from George (Magic) Juvshik. Brian (Mike) Veitch, Bob Bernard, Danny Paul, John Gabura and Bob Griffin formed the utility squad and ably played wherever they were needed.

The two who were instrumental in putting the team together are coach Bruce (Spaceship) McGregor and general manager Scotty Hurren, who due to pre-season injuries, did not see much active play.

A special round of applause goes to our fans who battled the weather and the scoreboard in giving us unending support during the year and last but certainly not least, the generous folks who made it all possible-our sponsors.

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Danny & Space in typical stance

**P. Grant** \*

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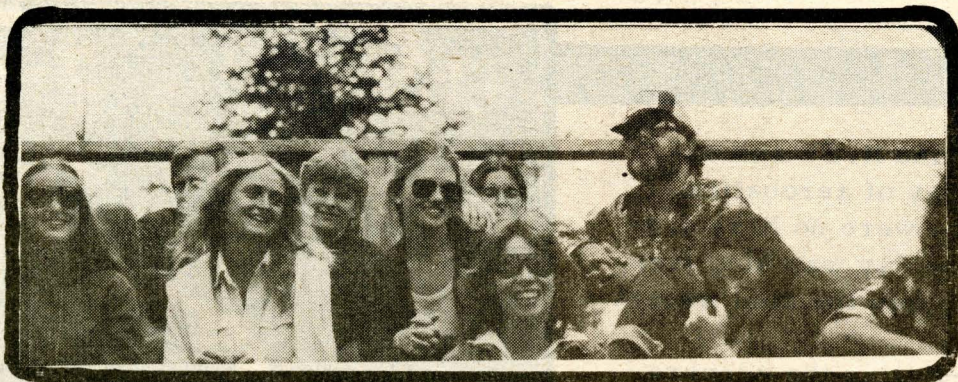
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**WHISTLER BC**



Donna DeGraff, head cheerleader, leads the A's Angels in a rousing rendition of the team song.

New Year's.

Cont from pg. 9

She: (approaching ecstasy) Oh!  
rushes to open arms, drops flute  
subliminal 3, drops blues dildo for real thing

BREAK

full orchestra, rapid 4/4 heartbeat, animation-bright colours  
Arnold's Arnold's Arnold's Crazy Arnold's

ACTION

new fridge installed, workmen leaving with old fridge

CLOSE-Up

smiling faces

She: Guaranteed for ten thousand ice cubes!

He: Only at Arnold's!

Together: (strong emphasis) Crazy Arnold's!

Superimpose palpitation animation

Arnold's Arnold's Arnold's Crazy Arnold's

Sound of door closing

Subliminal 4, it's a square deal

"It's a square deal," shouted Edgar T. Waylon.

"I dunno about the ice cubes, but it's a deal," said the old man rising from his chair.

"Sensational," remarked Edgar T. reaching for his plastic money.

The old man nodded politely to Steve the waiter. He took the glacial Miss Spinks in tow and they jostled with the other patrons abandoning the restaurant. There should have been a flag on the play but the nice man with the grey hair and suit ran a deep post pattern. Hanson's wife stopped a moment beside the table and looking down at Hanson she shook her head. He was motionless with beads of sweat gathering on his temples.

"Well ah, can you play the flute?" asked Hanson in all sincerity.

"If I could I'd ram it up your nose," she said and marched on through the debris.

"Forget it," said Edgar T. Waylon.

They left a four per cent tip and bashing one another on the shoulders, they jogged down the cedar steps to the roar of the traffic and a punt return back to the office.

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On Sunday, August 25th competitors from around B.C. and as far away as Japan converged on Lost Lake for a day of aerobatics. The weather man co-operated, to a degree, (there were no bare asses) and the one hundred or so spectators had a fine day watching freestylers put it together (and almost put it together) into the cool waters of Lost Lake.

The competition was stiff and no-one was predicting the winners as the judges tallied up the totals. Scott English, last years winner and B.C. junior trampoline champion came out on top with three solid jumps. Mas Tsunoki who is from Japan and training in B.C. this summer had a little trouble with one of his intricate jumps and copped second place while Brett Wood of Whistler took third. Peter Vogler of Whistler was definitely the photographer's favorite with three very courageous flights. (he's still reviewing his flight plan)

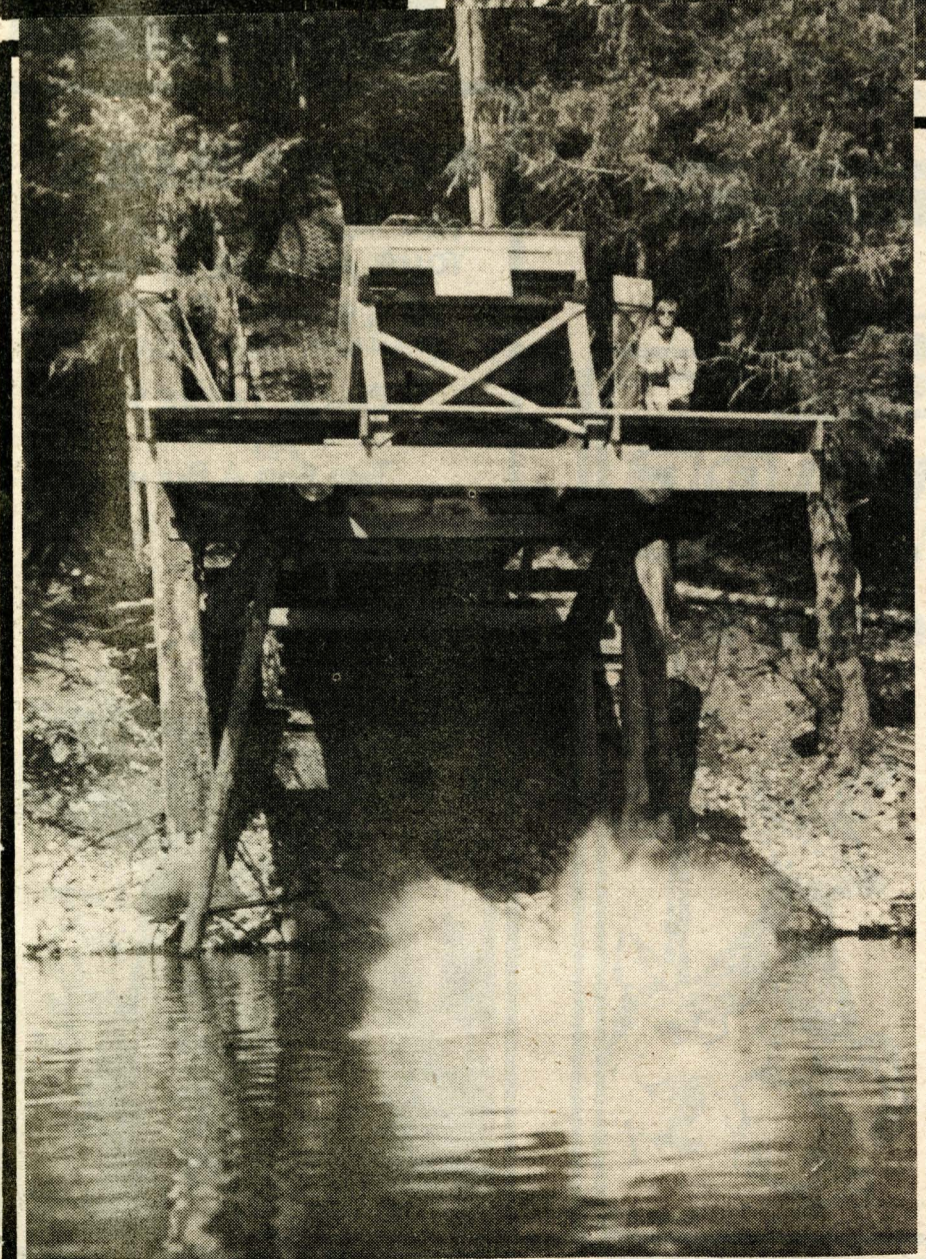
The jumping facilities at Lost Lake have undergone a thorough renovation this year. The main jump has had it's lip lifted to 23' above the water and the in run extended by about 10 feet. This provides the jumpers with about 35' to 40' of vertical air. Anew and smaller novice jump has been constructed for those not quite ready for the big "pop." A gravity feed irrigation system has been added to keep the "grass" fast and do away with the bucket brigado. Stairways have been put up the bank providing better access.

Fitzwright, Salomon, Blackcomb Sports, the Keg and Whistler Creek Sports pitched in to make the event a Success. Organizer, Dave Lalick, is already looking forward to the third annual.



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