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# WHISTLER ANSWER



WINTER 1982

# GUIDE

**\$1.00**



# WHISTLER ANSWER

# GUIDE

THE LAST RETORT

Page 2 Whistler Answer

Ebony R.I.P.

COVER: JOHN BARTOSIK

The Whistler Answer Guide, as well as being the ultimate source of useful information in the western world, is a fine example of contemporary Canadian literature to boot, and is produced entirely by people who count themselves members of this sleepy little mountain hamlet. A more diverse group could not be found. But one common trait that all share is a deep feeling for Whistler. Leading off this press gang and considering age before beauty we present surely the most fit member of this fraternity, master athlete **Les McDonald**, who leads us not down the garden path but over the **Lost Lake Ski Trail**. Les is Secretary and unofficial bard



of the **Alta Lake Sports Club** and represented them at the last Socialist Congress. A strong trade unionist with a passion for Scotch, McDonald in this issue kicks and glides us through practically everything you've ever wanted to know about cross-country skiing. Our resident snow expert, **Chris Stetham**, has offered a treatise on **safety in the backcountry**. Chris is an avalanche instructor and consultant and is a former head of



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brevity. . . **Steve (Nurse) Johnston** is a local real estate typhoon and athletic supporter. Nurse's piece on **summer air** should have all the potential air puppies out there in printland involuntarily reaching for their sunscreen. Nurse's exploits are best not repeated here. . . Whistler's **golf course** promises to be no hole, as **Bob Wick**, the coordinator, points out in progress report for all the duffers. . . A Swiss who has lived in Canada 13 years, **Herb Bleuer**, is the head mountain guide in the Whistler area and is responsible for most of the **helicopter skiing** in the Coastal Range. With mountaineering experience in Europe, Alaska, New Zealand and the Arctic, Herb is more than qualified to guide you through a mountain experience, or, as indicated in this issue, tell you about them. . . The real rogues gallery is the staff, who are responsible for cajoling, badgering and generally doing whatever is necessary to make this thing happen. The latest victim is **Shelley Glenwright**



comfortable niche in the Whistler Mountain Empire. He has produced many notable yarns over the years and was once the national anthem singer at the hockey games in the Squamish Arena. He is presently writing a collection of haikus chronicling a journey from Horseshoe Bay to the Husky Station. . . **Peter (Peru) Chrzanowski** is on a



mountain safety for Whistler Mountain. Chris's passion for mountaineering finds him spending more time skiing the backcountry than the lifts, and his advice is to be heeded whether on a day hike on Whistler Peak or an assault on Mt. McKinley. . . **Jim (Mogul) Monahan** is our resident hack and minor regional author. Besides turning **swell bashing** into a major local sport, Jim has carved himself a



permanent **odyssey of extreme skiing**. Peter has gained a certain notoriety for his exploits on and around steep mountains and although his exploits have raised eyebrows in certain circles, his enthusiasm for skiing is infectious. . . Local man **Ian Verchere**, a red haired rasta and punk rock aficionado is a burr

in the fanny packs of the ski patrol. Ian has chosen the right medium, the cartoon, to comment on Whistler culture. . . the peak experience in cartooning is supplied by **Roxy**, who tries to be anonymous but should try harder. . . **Professor T.A.D. Frills** is a product of the Saskatchewan educational system and is Whistler's resident historian. A one-timer squatter, Frills likes water sports and was once head lifeguard at the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. He has chosen Whistler as his field of study owing to its relative historic



who, besides being a much needed ornament around the office, worked her exquisitely formed and well rounded little butt off chasing down some of the stiff in the **advertising world**. . . **Mike (Ground Control) Leierer** led us to believe that he was in charge of flow charts, cost overruns, cash flow and other assorted **obfuscations**. Mikey's creed is "never space tomorrow what you can space today". . . Building demolition was supplied by the great and wonderful **Bob Colebrook**, a close personal friend of Nancy Greene Raine. . . And last but certainly not least, the legendary **Charles Doyle**, a young lion in his own right who has shown remarkable patience and reserve under the most trying conditions. Gertrude Stein would've approved.

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CHARLIE DOYLE  
*Associate Editor and Art Director*

MICHAEL LEIERER  
*Marketing and Darkroom*

BOB COLEBROOK  
*Copy Editor*

SHELLEY GLENWRIGHT  
*Promotion and Sales*



# The Lost Lake ski trail

THE HOW, THE WHY AND THE WHEN BY LES McDONALD

The Lost Lake cross-country ski trail begins and ends at the Myrtle Philip School, which squats a little to the side of the town centre. You can't miss either of them in the Whistler Valley.

The track starts on the school soccer field. Make a couple of experimental loops of it to test the wax, the legs, and the heart. Then with skis zinging, the wax going clickety-click, head for the gap in the trees on the carefully groomed track, set by enthusiasts of the Alta Lake Sports Club. But wait a minute, we are a little ahead of ourselves, for all good stories should begin at the beginning, and this one should be no exception.

In relative terms, cross-country arrived only yesterday at Whistler. It is undoubtedly part of the rapid growth of the sport experienced everywhere where folk ski, or that snow flies. Sociologists will trace its growth (4 million cross-country - 2 million alpine in Canada) and note a parallel surge in jogging, in lift line-ups, ticket prices, stiff boots, and frozen toes. Along with a whiff of nostalgia for the simple 'good old days,' the discovery of wheat germ and rose hip tea, cross-country has arrived.

But it did flit briefly here in the past. Back in 1966 the then coach of the University of British Columbia ski team, Al Fisher, organized a race laid out at the top of Whistler. The course navigated its way around the lower T-bar and the Round House. (A race won incidentally by David Turner).

This event was a last gasp from a withering sport, dominated by a hardy breed of Nordic types. Although they only came from Oslo and Helsinki, by way of Prince George and Burns Lake, they may as well have come from Andromeda or the Crab Nebula, so different were they from anything known in this tiny corner of the cosmos.

To ski cross-country then, and for the previous 500 years, probably meant your name was Haende Oppmekiltlen or Oyve Frossanakkerooffs, or some equally romantic Nordic appellation. They appeared to survive on a diet of raw herring or kuakke brod, wore the latest *haute couture* from Jones Tent and Awning, and their breath always reeked of Ovaltine.

Trail grooming and track setting were simple delights. On Saturday morning, after the primus had sputtered to a halt, after every flake of oatmeal porridge had been coaxed from the corners of the U.S. Army issue mess can, it was out the tent door and on with the snowshoes (whose sinews had been masticated and lovingly created by Algonquins) to pack down the snow for 10 kilometres, four abreast. Sunday morn they got to snap on the skis, hand made,

16 layers of hickory covered in a pine tar wax brew that would have turned Merlin green with envy.

The leader would then press out a track on the newly packed snowshoe trail (provided it hadn't snowed overnight!), those behind following piously in his tracks. When this labour of love was complete it was usually pitch dark, snowing, with the wax balling up, the tent lost, and past time to go home.

### The New Era

A decent period of grace followed the demise of this most masochistic of all sports (outside of bullfighting without a cape and skydiving without you know what.)

Three important technological inventions joined together in the '70's to produce the contemporary cross-country ski scene. (No, it wasn't the advent of Lifa underwear, \$200 carbon ski poles, or multi-use oral, snow and rectal thermometers.)

Fischer-Rossingnol-Kneissl started to churn out fibreglass skinny skis, the way they'd been churning out downhill skis: unbreakable, no waxing, and a camber that stayed put. It ended, overnight, half a millenium of steam over ski tips and horse's hoof laminations of the Norwegian ski cottage industry. (Not too good for the Oslo capitalists, but a big relief for the wild ponies of the Joteuheiman Fjells!) After 300 years of mushing from Chicoutimi to Lac St. Jean in the dead of winter to collect firewood, a Quebecois invented the Bombadier Skidoo. The third item, a simple sled with two metal skis underneath, a 'track-setter,' pulled behind the machine of 'Jean-Baptiste,' accomplishes more in 30 minutes than what it took the pioneer two days.

You will excuse this laboured introduction to the Lost Lake Trail, for in these unsophisticated times the majority of souls gliding their way around the trail on mechanically groomed tracks are completely unaware of how they came to be there. Most of these worthy folk invariably hurl insults, or worse, at the innocent machine and its operator, as they trundle on their worthy way, assuming, one can only imagine, that the perfect symmetrical tracks grew, like Boletus mushrooms, by magic, out of the ground.

### Ski Touring

There are in fact two kinds of cross-country skiing, and about as akin to one another as surfing and water skiing. Those poets and other romantics seeking the solace of the wilderness and the acres of untracked virgin snow can find plenty of it in the valley. You should avail yourself of the booklet *Cross-country Skiing at Whistler*, by Monique McDonald, available at all reliable gas stations and drug stores, and go

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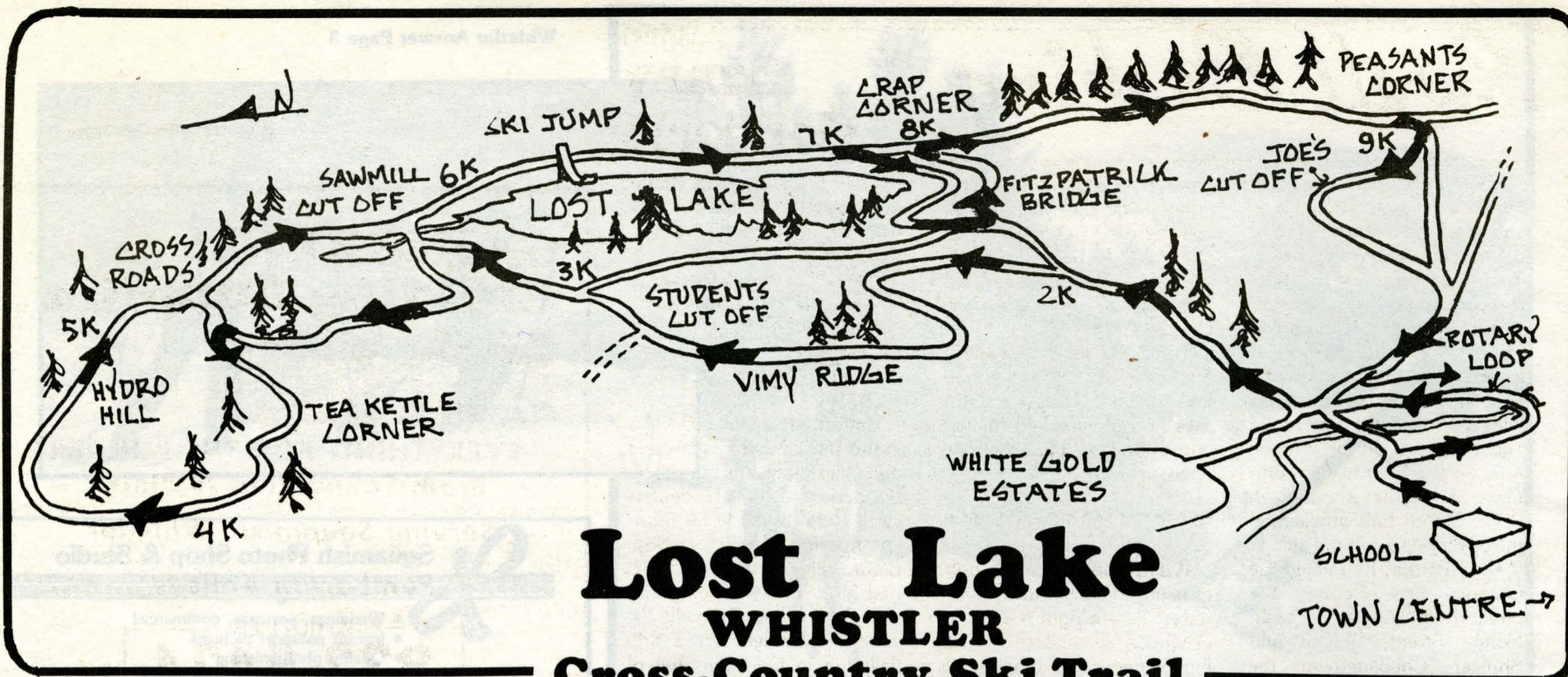
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# Lost Lake WHISTLER Cross-Country Ski Trail

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- 1 Complete Loop = 11 Kilometres
- 1 Loop Taking Sawmill Cut-off = 8 Kilometres
- 1 Loop - Sawmill Cut-off - Return Direct Crap Corner  
Fitzpatrick Bridge = 6 Kilometres
- 1 Lap of Lake = 2.5 Kilometres

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for it. On the other hand, those who seek the camaraderie and the pleasure of a groomed trail should go to Lost Lake.

### Lost Lake Ski Trail

Along with the mechanical gear and the flashy skis, one also needs a trail. Since 1972 a group of refugees from the alpine slopes, formed into the Alta Lake Sports Club, have been hacking and hewing at the trees, and the rocks, around and about Lost Lake and have fashioned, with what existed, and latterly with the support of the municipal council, about 15 kilometres of trail.

The trail has become a labour of love for the club and sections of it bear the names of people who worked far beyond the call of duty. Joe Csizmazia was one such person, and although a Hungarian he is no fool. By profession a forester, he was always at pain to express his great sorrow at felling the forest giants. To him, and Joe's Cut-off, the A.L.S.C. offer a ditty on his zeal.

*I'm a certified woodman  
Said Joe with his axe  
And laid his hand to his task  
With his ears full of wax  
And his eyes brimmed with tears  
But his actions were bold  
As he hacked at the helpless  
The sick and the old.  
There were some who applauded  
And others who wept  
While the rest made a fumbling  
Noise as they slept.  
And a handful revolted  
By stirring their tea  
But not one was half  
As revolting as he!*

The trail is groomed and track-set by the club on a volunteer basis, and for crowds of ecology freaks who claim to detest the noisy foul smelling skidoo, strangely enough there is never a shortage of volunteers to drive it. They hold three citizens-tour races per year, run a junior programme and try to discourage dogs and people from walking on the track, the latter task being by far the most difficult.

This season, given financial assistance from the council, it will be set all week. To paraphrase Samuel Johnson, "Friendship, like fences and cross-country ski trails, should be kept in a state of constant repair."

The complete circuit of the trail is about eleven kilometres as shown on the map, although you may ski it in any direction you wish, the path shown by the arrows is the way it is laid out, the most natural, with no nasty corners you can't navigate, and hills that have a run out, rather than hurling you into the bushes. After a couple of inches of fresh snow on a set of newly laid tracks, you should be able, like a fried egg gliding across a ballroom floor, to glide around the course in a carefree 50 minutes.

### The Rotary Loop

A pleasant 2 kilometre loop, nicely worked over by the local Rotary Club, a good place to practice on stormy days. Complete with a wooden bridge over a babbling brook, or the wild raging Blackcomb torrent depending on your luck. One lap of the Rotary is the usual race distance for the school kids.

When we get it flood-lit, alpine skiers will be able to work out the aches and kinks from their bodies of an evening. The more fanatical of the skinny ski crowd will be able to log in some more miles before hot cocoa and beddy-byes.

### Blackcomb Bridge to Vimy Ridge

As you emerge from the Rotary Loop to the Blackcomb Road, avoid the temptation of turning right for a quick access to the lake via Peasant's Corner. You could get creamed by someone coming down, and if you have to herringbone to get up, you'll invariably obliterate the track, in which case you could get screamed at, so... turn left over the Blackcomb Bridge, heading up to White Gold Estates, and smartly right up the hill before you get there. And yes I am Irish.

After the somewhat previous cranky section this next kilometre is classical cross-country running, rounded hills, easy to diagonal stride, with the smoothness of the real McCoy.

No matter how cold you thought you were back at the school, you should be sweating (or gently glowing if you're a lady) like a United church missionary in a cannibal's pot.

### Vimy Ridge to Student's Slot

You can never tell with instant place names whether they'll survive the test of time. Mons down in the valley sure has. The scene of some desperate conflicts in 1917 for Canadians in far off Belgium, some from the logging camps of this valley. Volunteers for the First World War (would that it had been the last) walked out of the woods down to the P.G.E. crossing at Mons leaving all behind.

While cruising the woods for the ski trail in '72, members of the A.L.S.C. stumbled upon an old logger's cabin, hidden by dense foliage, and inside they found a table and chair, and from the roof a pantry suspended by wire, safe from animals, lined with a copy of the Vancouver Sun, year 1914! So to keep Mons company in the valley, we have Vimy Ridge, named for the long curving twisting hill which takes us to the high point of the trail, and for another of those desperate battles in Flanders.

The view from here has to be one of the grandest in the Whistler valley. Those wishing to avoid the rigours of the climb and seeking the quickest route to Lost Lake should turn right down and over the Fitzpatrick Bridge (He's the man that built it) and high tail it to Crap Corner.

# Swell Bashing

with  
**Henry  
Gondorff**

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OK kiddies, let's get right after those swells. Bruno Gerussi, star of wonder, star of light, and long running Canadian television series The Beachcombers is one step ahead of the posse and holed up in the Blackcomb Lodge. It seems the citizens of one Gibson's Landing are upset with remarks attributed to the aging scion of the performing arts. To wit: after twelve summers of location shooting in B.C., Bruno had proclaimed the territories a cultural gulag.

Poor Bruno, he missed the Ontario Arts Centre, the Stratford Shakespearian bash, Yonge Street, Wayne and Shuster, Cabbagetown, the warmth, excitement and vitality of Toronto. Bruno missed being "seen".

He was ankling his way across the courtyard as a twenty tonne cement truck backed its way through a narrow collage of construction rubble between the pub and an unfinished ice arena.

"Hey Jackass!" the driver screamed through a spray of phlegm. "Hey Jackass, get outta the road."

Bruno was nonplussed.

About that time my friend Rafferty was in town to attend a fund raising dinner. Picture it this way: Religion had been *declassé* for several decades. Culture scores a lot of points but is in the same division as the Ed Sullivan Show. The only truly gala moment at the opera or symphony is at intermission when they turn the foyer into a saloon. Culture for the *nouveau chic* is totally youth oriented. Help the kids, 2 to 20 set, Canadian Youth Orchestra, School of Fine Arts stuff. Art, well, that's more Rafferty's department. The answer is, if you will hand me the envelope please: Charity, baby!

Here is a dinner soiree so grand in scale there isn't a restaurant or dining facility in the valley large enough to hold it. The event takes place in the Myrtle Phillip Elementary School gymnasium, art deco, just add Perrier and water. Twelve apostate chefs from Vancouver's most exclusive restaurants are barbecuing lamb over charcoal braziers.

It's three hundred a plate for something called the Whistler Hospital Society (hold the one-liners, you may need it someday). Herb Capozzi is standing beneath an *avant garde* work of purple crepe ribbons. He is surrounded by a group of lesser satellites and is saying: "ever tell you about the time at training camp with the Lions when we were playing a little late night poker in one of the rooms and a guy is trying to sneak in after curfew through the flower beds and an open window when the coach comes round the corner with a pail of water and..."

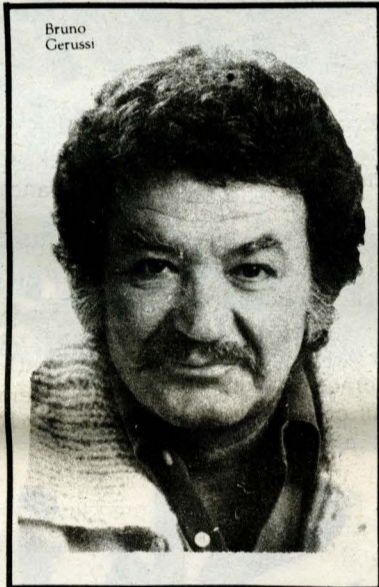
Enter the flagship, Provincial Minister of Tourism, the Honourable Grace McCarthy, with an entourage of short order cooks, head waiters, media stiffs and embalming

parlour personnel. Tom Jones, the Welsh warbler, was there in a satin jacket and charcoal pants. He bought them at a fire sale, and just painted them on, or so Rafferty says.

Total take for the evening: one hundred and six thousand dollars, baby. Rafferty says he only cracked for two grand. It cost him his marriage.

.....

We're standing at the pub, as usual, on a Saturday afternoon. To our right is a swinger whose sweetheart distracts him by fingering the hair at his neck. Her eyes are a bit wide set in an otherwise pretty face. She could be a cover girl for an automotive trade magazine, in stiletto heels, shorts and halter top, endorsing a re-adjustment valve for an overhead cam shaft assembly.



Bruno Gerussi

To the far left is a sawed-off little man in a chequered shirt and glasses opening a set of architects blueprints across the bar. Standing beside him is a pipe smoking individual, wearing a multi-buttoned pea jacket that a sailor wouldn't be caught dead in. The door opens and a guy with two ladies in tow saddles up to the bar between the pipe holder and Rafferty.

He is wearing a set of Eddie Bauer hand stitched moccasins, tan coloured wide waled cords with cuffs, pleats and slash pockets, \$125 at Chapmans and a navy, raglan sleeved crew sweater, \$115 at Holt Renfrew. He has a dark complexion, curly hair and a big honker of a nose.

The first gal wears a set of pantaloons like Charlie Finley designed for the A's, silver buckled patent leather slip ons and a snow white, high collared puffed sleeved satin blouse. The Victorian school-boy look at well under \$500 from Suzannes on Broadway. Her pal is wearing roller skates, striped wool leggings, jeans and a red throw-away sweater. Her hair is tied at either side above the ears, and she needs only for someone to paint the freckles. The rag doll look, cheap but campy, from Saint Vincent de-Pauls, on Hastings in Burnaby.

They were drinking champagne, not from glasses, but right from the bottle. Saturday afternoon at Whistler.

"What do you do for a living, if you call that living," cracked Rafferty.

"Tax collector," answered the crew sweater, obviously lying.

Rafferty holds tax collectors in the same regard as lawyers and child molesters but still he popped out his art dealers card. Rafferty made his money shooting snooker at Seymour Billiards until he married Money. He chiselled her out of the upper Granville St. location and left her a tiny gallerina in Gastown, full of trendy sort of stuff, suitable for a townhouse, I suppose. A sad affair, but there were no children.

"And it's a good place to put your money for a while," grinned Rafferty.

"Planned scarcity," said the little guy at the end of the bar rolling up his blueprint, "It's better than stealin'..."

How about some more Bruno bashing here, the old goat is just starting to get up. It's an ancient Oxfam routine with Lotta Hitchmanova. "Aw, poor leetie Bruno, doesn't anybody care, e as to spen es sommers on de wes coas, vatching reruns o de beechcomber, won' sombody pleez."

We were waiting for the bartender to turn a cassette in the tape machine when the guy with the big honker yawns and says:

"Think I'll go across to the Keg and have about a dozen escargot."

Henry Gondorff is a lead character played by Paul Neuman in The Sting. That is to say a con artist, an old drunk sleeping in the back room of a brothel and repairing a musical ride. The question is, will the real Henry Gondorff please stand up? What...you kiddin me?

"Hey Riff, y'know..." Rafferty was beside himself, the whole left side of the bar had emptied. He was staring at his card left floating in champagne residue.

"The stiff," he muttered.

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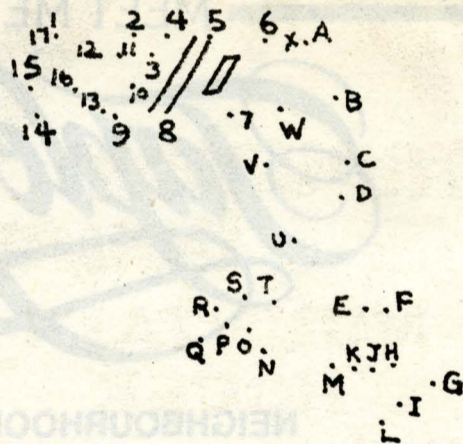
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# Skiing

## Blackcomb

Excitement runs high with Blackcomb's staff as they prepare for their second year of operation. Success and pride flourish on the mountain no less than the copious conifers. With over 4,000 vertical feet of fall line skiing and a super-friendly staff, Blackcomb is quickly becoming the envy of the ski industry.

Blackcomb general manager Hugh Smythe, the quintessential bronze-tanned ski god, and his competent staff have shown in one short year that they have what it takes to operate a first-class ski area. To use Tom Wolfe's term, they have "The Right Stuff."

This year Blackcomb has a full slate of special events (see calendar of events) that will have the eyes of the ski world focussed on it with close scrutiny. One would have to be criminally insane not to predict the many kudos Blackcomb will receive.

Hugh Smythe has had vast experience in the ski world and is no stranger to the Whistler area. Years ago he gained notoriety as a highly visible member of the Whistler Mountain ski patrol before en-

tering management for Fortress Mountain Resorts, Blackcomb's parent company.

For Smythe, Blackcomb is a once-in-a-lifetime experience that few in the ski industry are lucky enough to have: to nurse a ski area the calibre of Blackcomb from the planning stages right to fruition. In a high turnover industry Smythe has shown that he has the mental equipment and durability to go the distance.

Eventually, a dozen or so years down the road, Blackcomb will be a behemoth with 14 lifts and an uphill capacity of 14,000 skiers per day. At present the mountain has five chair lifts, four of which are triple chairs, that follow one another up to 1860, the restaurant at the top. The lifts now in place are capable of transporting 8200 skiers per hour.

Blackcomb offers a wide variety of trail selection, including a seven mile run. The breakdown is: Easier - 15%; More Difficult - 60%; and Most Difficult - 25%. One major innovation at Blackcomb is that some advanced runs are set aside and posted for fast, fast skiing.

The summer crews have been busy sweeping over the



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# The Big Ones

Blackcomb face with general improvements. There are new trails in Horstman drainage, several new cuts for late spring skiing and improved signage and loading facilities. As of this writing (mid-November) Blackcomb is waiting for the two most important deliveries it will receive this season: you and mass quantities of knee-deep powder snow.

Don Ross has been installed as Marketing Director of Blackcomb and brings an unbridled enthusiasm to the post. It is his job to sell a mountain that sells itself. He brings an upbeat and innovated approach to the mountain that is as refreshing as a dip in Lost Lake on a sultry August afternoon.

"If you want some idea of what our runs are like," says Ross, "just let your imagination go on their names. Gear-jammer, Choker, Gandy Dancer and Jersey Cream."

It is sweet, Don, to be sure. But the fertile imagination that can experience the orgasmic joy of wailing down Springboard on a warm spring day has yet to be invented. You had to be there.

Those with their heads in the clouds will be ecstatic with the news that Blackcomb has

constructed an FIS Freestyle aerial jump at the bottom of the hill. This permanent earth jump site is within 500 metres of the day lodge in order to facilitate spectators and television crews.

Lorne Borgal, Blackcomb Administrative Manager, stated that "due to the high spectator appeal of the aerial competition, we wanted to afford all spectators, both those on and off skis, the ability to watch the aerials without having to trek to the top of the mountain."

"The FIS representative will be out in the near future to examine our work and, when it passes, we will have one of the finest permanent FIS-sanctioned aerial freestyle jumps on the circuit," continued Borgal.

It is excellent that such facilities are being built, considering that freestyle skiing will be an Olympic event at Calgary and Canada will be expected to produce a good showing.

Which brings us to the future Olympians. Blackcomb has an extensive program for the little people. The Nancy Greene League is an extensive program that will ensure that kids get the best coaching possible. Special rates for children are \$4 for seven to thir-

teen year olds, \$12 for fourteen to seventeen year olds, and children under six ski free. And the Skidder Chair is always free to any one enrolled in Ski-ed. For those over 65 it is free.

So whether a toddler or an oldster, Blackcomb is ready for you this year. Just don't forget your smile.

## Whistler

The "Big Old Softie" is what Whistler Mountain is now billing itself as in order to let people know that it isn't only an expert mountain. It has miles and miles of beginner and intermediate runs too!

"We want to show that Whistler is not only for experts," says Whistler's public relations and marketing man John Creelman. "Skiing is fun, Whistler is fun, and we're having fun."

Quite simply, Whistler is such a giant operation that there is plenty for everyone; whether powder hound, mogul basher, extreme artist, ski bunny or toddler. If you want it it's there in large quantities.

Whistler Mountain, with a vertical of 1,305m (4,280ft.) and thirteen lifts servicing

endless alpine bowls and over 50 runs, is the big daddy of Canadian skiing. It is also the largest employer in the valley with 220 winter employees.

Particular emphasis will be placed this year on customer service and there will be no shortage of mountain hostesses to answer your every question. They are attractive girls dressed in red suits and their number has doubled to twelve this year.

Monday to Friday they are available at 9:30 at the gondola base and in Whistler Village for mountain tours. In the afternoons the tour starts from the Roundhouse area at 1:15 and weekend tours can be made by special arrangement.

David O'Keefe, Whistler Mountain's North Side coordinator and head of public information, ski school and hostess service, looks forward to a good year, the highlight of which will be the Molson World Cup Downhill on February 27th preceded by the Shell Canadian Championships. "It's a well situated course," says O'Keefe, referring to the new downhill that is second in length to Wengen, Switzerland.

One particular advantage to the new course is that it will

finish up near Whistler Village and save spectators on foot a substantial hike.

The north side of Whistler is also an excellent beginner area, with increased grooming and widening on the Olympic and Village chairlifts. This area was designed with the ski school in mind and Bob Dufour, the handsome and angular jawed ski school director, will be running a school with a staff of twelve full-time instructors augmented by 10-20 part-timers.

This year will also see the first organized ski school bus package from Vancouver. The Bright Crystal Ski School, in conjunction with the Whistler Mountain Ski School, will be running buses to Whistler from various Lower Mainland locales.

The Whistler Mountain Ski School is offering its widest curriculum ever, with everything from a special woman's package to video clinics, racing programs, ski weeks, wine parties, as well as the standard beginners instruction.

For those who desire a really memorable experience, Jim McConkey, a legend in the powder skiing world, is available for one-half and full day sessions. McConkey can offer the best in expertise, as well as stories about his crossbow hunting expeditions with his good friend Stein Erickson.

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## Some reassuring news about an age old problem.

**Incontinence.** Whether you look after someone who suffers from it, or, if you suffer from it yourself, you know it's a difficult and worrying problem.

That's why Facelle introduced Assurance pads and briefs, the new incontinence protection system. Quite simply it's designed to make incontinence a lot easier to cope with.

Inside the Assurance package you'll find 12 incontinence pads and 1 pair of briefs. The pads are specially designed to absorb fluids away from

the body. They are more absorbent than cloth, more comfortable than plastic and, best of all, disposable.

The fully washable briefs are designed to keep the pads snug and secure, preventing any unsightly bulge.

The Assurance incontinence protection system.

A convenient solution to a sensitive problem.



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# A STAFF CONSUMER REPORT PRODUCTS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

I bring terrible news. Devastating.

Just when you thought that with the help of Procter and Gamble and similar multinationals you had conquered dandruff, beaten halitosis, smashed underarm pollution, squeezed acne out of the picture, trodden on stinkfoot, shrank hemorrhoids, extinguished heartburn, and licked jock itch, along comes a malady that you may not have heard of.

This new affliction first came to my notice in TODAY, the only rotogravure in the country. A quarter page ad announced to the world that the Facelle Company has come up with a remedy for this most serious medical problem.

The ad was headlined: "Some reassuring news about an age old problem."

The ad itself was effective, for I had to read on to find out just what this "age old problem" with the "reassuring news" was.

The first word of the copy told me, sort of. Incontinence was the first word, indeed the first sentence, written in English bold type. My first reaction was, normally enough, "Maybe I've got it?" Maybe incontinence sufferers are always the last to know? As I didn't know the difference between incontinence and a Lincoln Continental, I read on.

"Whether you look after someone who suffers from it, or, if you suffer from it yourself, you know it's a difficult and worrying problem," the ad announced. I was somewhat relieved, for I know I don't look after someone who suffers from it because I don't look after anyone at all, self included. And it said that if I suffered from it myself, I would know what a difficult and worrying problem it was. I know no such thing, ergo I do not have it. I was relieved, for now I could devote all my energy toward my terminal jock itch.

(It is not true, as Ann Landers says, that jock itch is caused by congress with poison ivy.)

In order to find out just what I didn't have, I read further. "That's why Facelle introduced Assurance pads and briefs, the new incontinence protection system. Quite simply it's designed to make incontinence a lot easier to cope with."

Incontinence protection system? Could this be a strategy developed by NORAD? They'd make incontinence a hell of a lot easier to cope with if they mentioned what it is.

The ad then says that the pads are specially designed to absorb fluids away from the body. Much too vague for my liking. What fluids? Gin and tonics? Bulk oil? Phlegm?

At this point my imagination failed me. I know that a pad is a beatnik's abode. I know that cats pad about. I know that pad is what you do to your expense account. I know that a pad is what I write my grocery list on. I know that the Space Shuttle is launched from one. I know not, however, what an incontinence pad is, and as for incontinence briefs, I can only assume that they are maneuvers utilized by the legal profession.

Undaunted, I finished reading the ad. "The fully washable briefs are designed to keep the pads snug and secure, preventing any insightly buldge." I presume that these wonderful contraptions don't prevent sightly bulges as well. I'd like to know who the advertising wizard is who declares things to be unsightly. Personally, I thought that panty lines were anything but unsightly. At least they broke up the monotony and established the parameters.

Anyway, to meander back to the point, here I was, almost eighteen years old with no idea of what incontinence is. I could find no explanation for my ignorance. In my youth I had clandestinely perused the obligatory medical manuals, placing particular emphasis on orifices and appendages and their various functions, including an internship on Lenora, who lived next door and was surely a hypochondriac. I had once glanced at the JOY OF SEX, had seen various cinematographic feasts at the SeaVue theatre and was a subscriber to Playboy magazine, but nowhere had I come across incontinence.

The only thing for me to do was to consult someone with a greater intellect to explain it to me, but there being a poverty of savants in the Whistler area, I was forced to resort to FUNK AND WAGNELLS STANDARD COLLEGE DICTIONARY.

As I was thumbing through the pages I thought that maybe this thing was so horrible and obscene that it wouldn't be listed.

I was wrong. There it was: incontinence - the quality or condition of being incontinent.

Who wrote this dictionary - bureaucrats?

Moving down the page to incontinent I found my answer.

(Read no further if you are squeamish or in any way offended by bodily functions.) incontinent - unable to control bodily discharges, as urine.

My, my, my. I then realized how gross the ad was. These jerks are selling diapers for adults couched in language that suggests they are expecting a Nobel Prize for medicine.

Nappies for Nana.

I am sure that this new invention is cause for much celebration by incontiniacs everywhere. This does to geriatrics what roto rooter did for plumbing.

I am sure that the rubbies in the gutter of East Hastings will be pleased to no end. No more little rivers will be seen flowing across the sidewalk from camatose figures. Some brilliant marketing man might even come up with the brilliant idea of wrapping every bottle of Calona Red Dry in one incontinence pad.

Perhaps an incontinence concession stand could be set up beside the giant roller coaster at the PNE.

A law could be passed forcing all campers and hikers to wear incontinence pads and briefs in order to protect our fragile environment.

Public swimming pools would make incontinence pads mandatory, for we all know everyone is an incontiniac in this circumstance.

Organizations could be formed. Incontiniacs Anonymous. Incontinence Liberation. Lobby groups could put pressure on the government to initiate a Royal Commission. An incontinence week could be proclaimed. Annual outings to Niagara Falls could be arranged. Incontiniacs everywhere could come out of the closet, demonstrate and be proud of their uniqueness. The United Nations could proclaim an International Year of Incontinence. And "We're number one" chanted by fans at sporting events would take on a new meaning.

I wonder if the Facelle company realized what it has unleashed in this attempt to dam trouser flooding.

Madison Avenue will go into a frenzy. Celebrities will be lined up for the television campaign.

"I'm Lorne Greene and I'd like to say a few words about Jiffy Disposable Incontinence Pads and new Jiffy Heavy Duty Beer Drinking Pads, for those days when 'it' goes right through you. I use Jiffys because they're safe, cheap and ultra-absorbent. And Jiffys offers fourteen colours as well as paisley. Remember, if you have a problem going to the biffy, stock up on Jiffy."

Fade in. Roaring surf on sandy beach. Violins and cellos. Brunette on horseback galloping. Voice over (mellow): "Did you know that you can now do all those fun things without worrying about incontinence? Yes, with new fully disposable Clampons you can once again become a productive member of society. The no nonsense computer engineered pee-pee protection system." Fade out.

And while we're on fade outs, this column will now fade out, for I'm completely pissed off with the entire topic of incontinence.

## A POUND OF GROUND ROUND

### LOUDLY S.G. WOULDSTIFF

**ONE FOR THE SMUT.** . . Here's another really funny original joke that I blatantly and shamelessly plagerize from **Gary Dunford** of the Toronto Sun. A chap was rowing down the Thames one Sunday when he lost one of his oars and it drifted to midstream. He tried to paddle with the other but found it difficult. Just then, coming downstream he noticed a boat with a man and two women in it, all rowing. "I say," he shouted across the water, "lend me one of your oars." The other man looked up indignantly. "They're not 'ores," he protested. "They're me mother and sister."

★ ★ ★

**WHISTLER'S FODDER.** . . letters are flooding into this office with suggestions on how best to put Whistler's almost-soon-maybe-to-be-newly-completed Recreation Centre to use. A wonderful \$5 million dollar roof is nice for sure, but without anything inside it resembles some of the people around here. Lots of beautiful window dressing on the outside but very little of substance inside. Some of the finer suggestions we have received are now available for public perusal. Remember, you read it here first. **Anne Bright** suggested that it be turned into the world's largest mud wrestling arena. Kinky, Anne, but right on! **Greg Lee**, a former professional ski racer and disciple of Lolita, suggested that it be flooded in order to stage large mock navy battles. You're all wet, Greg. The most ludicrous suggestion to come down the pike was from none other than the Land Company. They suggested that it would be ideal for a natural ice rink. Stupid twits should've built the roof over Alta Lake. Our prize goes to that swashbuckling **Harry the Pear**, who suggested they used it as storage for all the other white elephants we've managed to accumulate. . . Speaking of white elephants, who was that that was seen dumping carton after carton of our competitor's the Whistler Magazine into the compactor? Gotta keep that circulation up somehow, eh Paul?

★ ★ ★

**COUNCIL BIKINI BRIEFS.** . . Rumour has it that Whistler Mayor and Dixon coffee representative **Pat Cartoon** will be opening town centre's first smoke and joke shop. Known widely for his sharp wit and his mighty handshake, Pat will specialize in joy buzzers and coffee cup tie clips that shoot water. It is generally agreed that being mayor and running a joke shop will not be a conflict of interest, both being quite humorous occupations.

★ ★ ★

**A HOOP FROM THE POOP DECK.** . . local realtor and cable television czar **Gary Van Normal** displayed his indepth knowledge of the complicated T.V. game when asked what he thought of the new dish at the Blackcomb Lodge. Gary, only slightly taken aback, confessed that he hasn't eaten there yet but then he was definitely looking forward to it. . . speaking of high rollers, was that **George Tidbit**, the big daddy of the Keg Restaurant chain, sitting with Tourism Minister **Gracie (the finger) McCarthy** at lunch in the Husky Deli?

Yep. They were overheard to be discussing the possibility of legalizing gambling in Whistler. What odds will you give on the possibility of their elopement to Banff? . . Our highly reliable source in Deep Cove tipped us on a little egg on the face of none other than **Bruno Gerussi**. Seems the famed labotomy box star was trying to refuel his friend's thrity footer at the Deep Cove Marina. Seems that Bruno had the gas jet back out the spout right into his face. Marina staff were very entertained by his performance, which consisted of him running around in circles, crying, "I'm blind, I'm blind." Eventually, they had to throw him to the deck and spray water on the face of the squirming star.

**WATERMELON MAN.** . . Everybody's best freind and saloon keeper, **John Reynolds**, had accepted a mission to walk his little Scottie dog peacefully through the town centre. This meditative process was interrupted severly one night when the door of the Brass Rail flew open and out lunged one **Bosco Bear**. The brute took one look at Mr. Reynolds and the little pooch and yelled "fumble" and pounced on the pooch. The dog has been mounted and hangs over the bar in Tapley's; Bosco is serving fifteen days for unnecessary roughness. **Pete Rozelle** is undertaking an investigation.

★ ★ ★

**STAR WARS.** . . The award winning Canadian made documentary, The Man Who Skied Down Everest, is going it again. The sequel, currently being filmed at Whistler, is entitled, surprise, The Man Who Skied Down Everest 2. Action shots are now being filmed on the Green Chair, with **Rob Webster** doing the trick skiing. The mountain hostesses are looking particularly good as Sherpas. . . Also on location is the Fellini remake of the Odd Couple, with **Harry the Pear** playing the Lemmon/Randall role and Kaiser Bill giving a fine rendition of the Matthau/Klugman role. I think they might even win an Oscar. . . Also on the production phase is an update of the Tennessee William's classic about the organizational skills of the local business savants, called **A Bus System Named Desire**. Local rednecks are happy that Grayline won't be servicing Alpine Meadows and Emerald Estates, the last bastions of the thumb.


★ ★ ★

**TOY BOAT.** . . A local inventor has made his impact on the world of business by inventing a small plastic horse that rotates on a universal joint. **Fred Skinstone** is sure to make a million on his invention, the **Rolley Horsey**.

★ ★ ★

**KIND TARTS AND GENTLE PEE HOLES.** . . Local folk singer and conceptual artist, **Nancy Greene Raine**, is slated to open the World Cup ceremonies at Whistler by singing the Canadian national anthem, followed by the classic rugby ditty, "Don't get fancy, Nancy, and put that pillow back under your head." Which brings us to the question, "Why wasn't Jesus born in Whistler?" God couldn't find three wise men, let alone a virgin.

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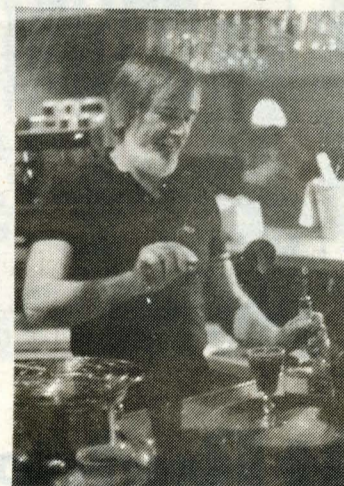


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WHISTLER VILLAGE

### Consumer Report

My first reaction upon discovering an ad for the Nomad Staff was to quickly check the cover of the magazine to rule out a new Harvard Lampoon parody. But sure enough, it was Backpacker Magazine.

I guess the view from their Park Avenue office would indicate a market for this item (or at least a desire for their advertising dollar), but short of NASA I can't imagine what a potential customer would look like.

Imagine the embarrassment of turning up at the Weage Mountain cabin

with a \$122 aluminum, stainless steel and neoprene pool cue in your hand, only to be met by a Neanderthal group of BCMC climbers fresh from a day sprint up Wedge. I don't think the handiness of a Sierra Cup attachment would even appease that lot.

Further perusal of the small ads in Backpacker confirms the newly developing trendiness of the sport of backpacking. Sling chairs that weigh in at "no more than a can of beer," slope meters to determine the degree of slope

to be negotiated and Pro Cort to relieve "the itching of the great outdoors" are but a few examples of products designed to make being "out there" just a little more pleasant. It's not surprising that the average knapsack has grown outrageously in the last few years. All these gizmos have to go somewhere!

Used to be a four thousand cubic inch pack would be at home in the Himalayas but today the urban packer carries that much into Lighthouse Park.

## Local pastor tends mountain sheep

In the hurly-burly labyrinth of the gondola base area exists, against all odds, a spiritual oasis in a desert of depravity. A gleaming beacon of faith in the darkness on the edge of town.

It is not Westminster Abbey but the Whistler Skiers Chapel, and it sits wedged in between the Okanagan Helicopter Pad and the Whistler Mountain Ski Club. The Chapel is the spiritual home of the Skiers Chapel Association and the Whistler Community Church.

Houses of the Lord come in many different shapes and sizes and Whistler's Chapel is a small A-frame housing a dozen pews, a very lovely stained glass window and lots of space for mitts and toques. A thirty-five foot wooden cross juts out from the surrounding ground to announce the chapel's presence.

"This is basically a community church," says local Pastor Ray Wiens. "And we don't push any denomination."

Wiens leads a Sunday morning worship service at 11:00 and stresses that it is open to everyone. There are also services on Saturday, at 4:15 for Protestants and at

5:00 for Catholics.

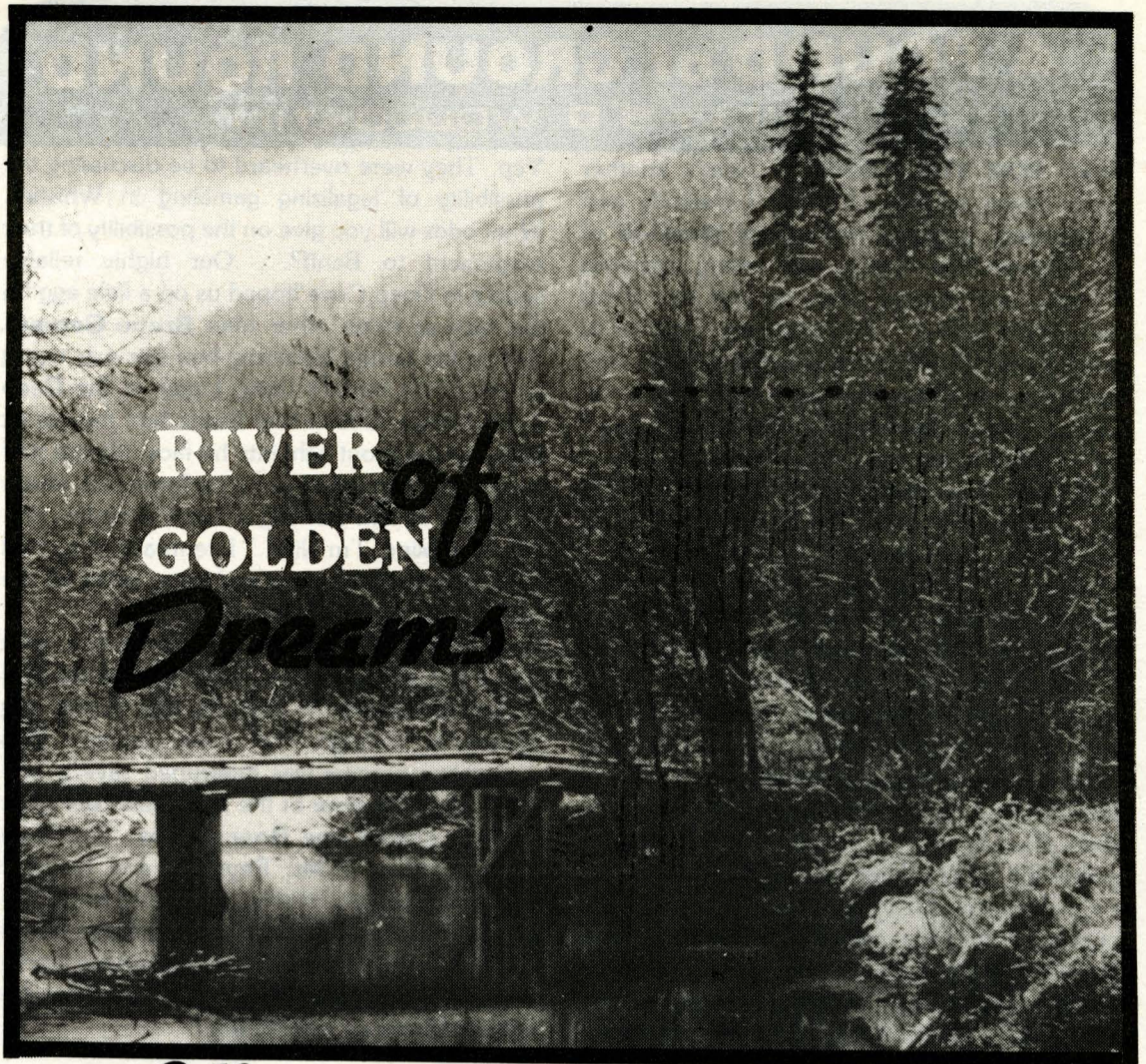
The Reverend Ray worked for the Forestry Department before coming to Whistler but has had an extensive education in theological matters, studying for two years at the Columbia Bible Institute, for four years at the University of British Columbia and for a year and a half at Regent College.

"It's been interesting and challenging because of people's different religious backgrounds," Wiens says of Whistler. "It's also been exciting to see people put aside denominational lines and find a common ground in Christ. And that's what the church is all about."

Wiens is a family man, his wife Kathryn and sons Eric and Derrill living with him in Alpine Meadows. Ray also works doing maintenance in the town centre.

Since Ray has taken over the congregation has grown from about half a dozen adults to about twenty-five. And about sixty-five children are involved in bible school.

All in all, Wiens has been happy with the reception the chapel has received in the valley and he hopes to see everyone out in the near future.



## ..or how it might have been.

The weather had been fair up until they hit those esses past Brohm Lake where a gusty cold shifting wind had piled snow quickly against the already groaning wipers of the V.W. microbus. By the time they had entered the canyon Nick had readied the auxiliary motor - two pieces of string tied to the wiper arms and fed through the passenger and driver's windows to the person in the back seat who alternated pulling them left and right.

Up ahead, just visible through the driving snow, was the familiar flashing lights of the highway snowplow, and ahead of it, a bulldozer working to break through a wall of snow which apparently had come down from the cliff lands above.

"Wow man!" exclaimed Nick.

"Jesus!" piped Graham between tokes.

"Shit eh?" questioned Serge in his novel manner.

For three kids straight from Point Claire, Quebec a slide of this magnitude should have been more alarming, especially considering their proximity to it. However, each suppressed his innermost feelings at their first real encounter with the high country. After all, they were mountain men, or at least they thought they were.

Once the cat had cleared a path through the slide they proceeded on, past the old Welcome to Whistler sign, a rustic logo emblazoned on a stylized peace insignia.

It was the winter of 1974 and a whopper at that. Giant pregnant clouds, backed up to Woodfibre, had seemingly run aground in the valley, their upper torsos snagged on the peaks. After a few days everybody was smiling and commenting on the beauty of it all. "Wow," they said after five continuous days, "isn't this wild." By the eighth day most of the runs were closed and even the real old locals were wondering if it would ever stop. After the twelfth day nobody said anything; they just kept shovelling.

And so it was on this fifteenth day of the storm that a blue and white V.W. microbus passed the massive snowbanks engulfing what the passengers believed to be the small village of Gondola, B.C.

"Eeeenh," grunted Serge, smoke pouring from both nostrils as he hung over the front seat.

"My broder he told me dis place here is just down da road from da lifts. We be close now."

The bus pattered its way along through the white chutes until they came to a highway sign, Ski Area Turn Left. The van then erupted into a chaotic box of screams and fists beating on the roof while Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young

wailed at 57 decibals on the tape deck. Out of the doors piled Nick and Serge before Graham even had time to put on the brakes.

"Place sure is empty."

"Oui, tabernac!" replied Serge.

All three walked into the tiny daylodge and gazed out the windows at the various rope tows in operation.

"Excuse me," enquired Nick to a young lady serving food in the cafeteria, "but where is the rest of the mountain?"

"What?" came the puzzled answer.

"Well...the cable car. Where is it?"

A rather large smile ripped across her face for a moment before she answered.

"This is Ski Rainbow, not Whistler. You came about five miles too far. Go back the way you came and turn left at the Gulf."

"Hey thanks," sighed Nick with a look of relief, having conjured up images of instructing stem christies all season.

Graham approached her, grinning, and placed a joint in her top pocket, then turned and joined the others in the van.

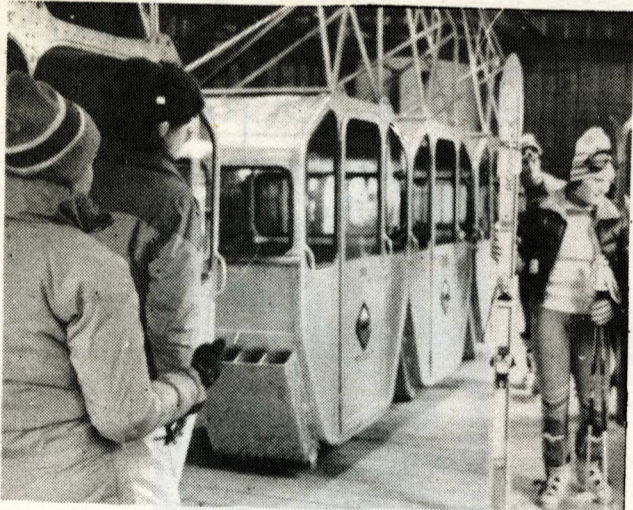
The three of them spent that winter together as caretakers in a single's cabin in Whistler Cay. Not a bad deal. They had the cabin to themselves through the week while sheer mayhem reigned on weekends when they shared it with no less than 32 other people. But then what can you expect for \$150 for the season's rent. Besides, it made for some wild parties and new friends, albeit all considerably older.

That winter and the next were incredible snow years. The grey cliffs of Sproatt slowly transformed into sheer walls of white as the clouds got lower and the mountains became topless. The valley grew tighter, as if encircled by a great petrified glacier.

Skiing was so spectacular that the three friends found very little time to do much else. Nick was cooking till three a.m. four times a week at the Keg, while Graham pumped gas one or two days a week at the 76 and then draft beer at the Boot by night. Serge was a liftee and had fallen in love with a waitress in L'Apres. Sleepless nights and endless days of powder snow were the routine.

The second summer saw Nick retiring from the fast food franchise to take up the noble art of carpentry. So, as a first project he proceeded to build himself a shack in the woods, close to the mountain so he could ski home. His choice was also close to the town dump, not implying a preference of environment but for its practical usefulness as an unlimited source of building material.

Alta Lake at that time was almost a company town, not so much as a corporate entity but as



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a developing industry. That of course being the ski trade. Unlike a typical ski town, Alta Lake escaped that narrow definition by disregarding the generally mindless ski resort culture. Summers were very, very quiet. Social court convened outside the Gulf at around ten every morning when the indigenous population would pull up the yellow milk crates and participate in that age old game of Bait the Bastard. Each car that pulled in would be subject to unmerciful taunting, ridicule, jeers and in the end a plea for a free handout. This would carry on until someone would offer a lift up to Lost Lake whereupon the entire mass would converge upon the single vehicle, whether it be a one-tonne flatdeck or an Austin Mini. Many an old beater, fraught in its own fragility, passed away under the load of an extra sixteen passengers.

Those summer days at the lake were the very definition of "laid back." Sun, drugs, sometimes a little wine and that cool refreshing water. Twenty people was a busy day then, and even when the RCMP would drive all the way from Squamish to answer complaints of nudity, they would be welcomed down to the dock where they never failed to lose an argument on the question of morality.

"Damn college kids," they could be heard muttering as they left in total exasperation.

Graham had landed "employment" with the Forest Service as a fire fighter and in doing so had fulfilled what he deemed his one time macho fantasto image. Anyone who has any romantic images of gallant forest fire fighters has never had to sit next to a tandem Wajax Mark II pump station for twelve hours.

Serge retained his position with the liftco, fell more in love with his waitress girlfriend and his life continued to become routinely predictable, except to occasionally get too drunk, take off all his clothes, pour lighter fluid on his feet and dance around the bar partially in flames.

At this time political activity centered at the regional district level and rumours abounded concerning a proposed town centre to be located at the south end of Green Lake. Every one was all fired up, and it was no wonder, considering that all commercial development was frozen till they sorted it out.

The three friends decided to attend a big meeting down at the liftco when they were going to discuss a master plan. Now there were only about 250 residents at the time but a more dissimilar crowd you could not find. They ranged from older straights like the town's most respected realtor and his wife, on down to some piss tank Northair miner. There were clean cut freaks to earth-mother-with-a-kid-on-the-nipple types. And then there was the usual array of skiers. It was the incongruity that made it interesting.



Chairing the meeting was Al Raine, an event which consequently earned him the name of Big Al, the Man With The Plan. On they droned for what seemed like hours discussing the formation of a municipality and assorted development schemes.

Graham, being the more perceptive of the bunch, quickly realized the inherent boredom of the whole affair and retired to the deck to blow a joint. He was joined shortly by Serge, who commented simply that all it meant was more turkeys.

By the time Nick joined the two they were rolling on the ground laughing and mimicking the people inside.

Graham stood on the railing as if addressing the crowd:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is with the utmost sincerity and best regard for the community that I must announce firm plans to level Whistler Mountain and replace it with a massive condominium project. We here feel that in order to make this a destination resort we must provide the newest, most modern facilities around, and quite frankly, this place has been around a long time and is getting pretty seedy. I mean the mountain itself is several million years old.

Serge pipes in pretending to be a member of a supportive audience, "It's a simple case of aving do destroy hit in order to save hit. Beside, hit his blocking da view!"

Whereupon the two collapsed into each other's arms, tears streaming down their faces. It was one of many such scenarios the tree has come to perform at the drop of a hat. Nick and Graham watched as Serge pulled himself off the ground and headed for the parking lot.

The picture of Serge stumbling off to the old V.W. microbus could easily be deemed vintage Pro Patrol (summer), his faded t-shirt barely visible through his tangled blonde hair read Life is Ecstasy. Inside the van sat two red setters eager to play. Serge had fulfilled all the patrol's image requirements and had just recently been appointed a member.

Graham and Nick proceeded to hitchhike up to the Boot for a game of pool and a few frosties. Both had not been working for awhile, Graham by choice, Nick due to the construction lull; neither were too concerned about it though. Both were living on the periphery of a semi-urban society, what they called Suburban Squatting. They were philosophical about it, often joking about their pursuit of this existential game. Both had given up their university degrees for various labour oriented jobs as if in an attempt to dissolve their bourgeoisie upbringing. At the time their consciousness rested simply at this level.

Still the fact remained that they had actually transcended to a more exalted degree of elitism. Unconfused by the vulgarities of life, such as a steady job, they had attained the highest plane. "Poor by choice."

The next winter was so incredibly bad that the recently formed Resort Municipality of Whistler was immediately dubbed the Depressed Municipality of Whistler and/or Pissler Fountain.

Now for a guy like Graham a winter without snow was too much. He packed his bag for a North American tour of the Big Lifts, hoping, he claimed, never to return to this "godforsaken drainage," a forest service term he cynically used to describe the valley.

This announcement was not taken too seriously by Nick and Serge, or for that matter by any of the other locals. After all, nearly everyone knows someone who has 'left Whistler for good' every year for the past ten. It's an unwritten law that when the times are good you don't want to leave and when the times are bad you can't.

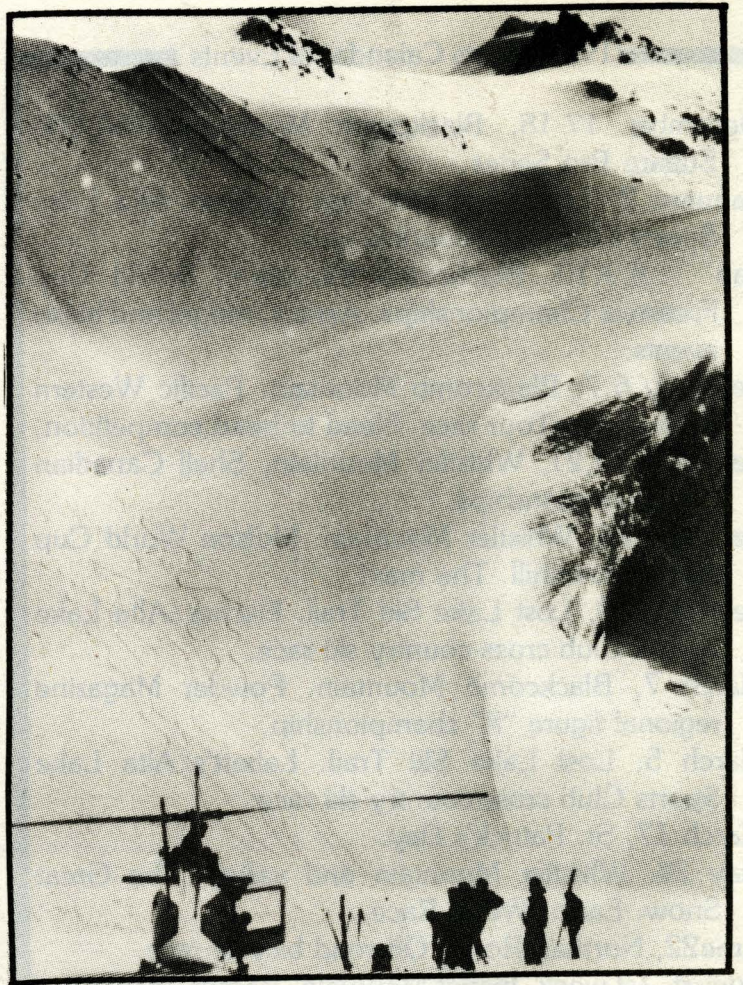
Almost paradoxically, when the weather is poor for skiing, investment in the area accelerates and thus Nick found himself much in demand. He revelled in his new reputation as a good carpenter, even though his total experience in the trade was less than 18 months. Nevertheless, in a place where job employment offers consist of washing dishes or banging nails, and where a guy who owns a nail set is considered a cabinetmaker, Nick felt quite privileged to let the myth flourish.

It was on one such job that Nick began meeting people, read as 'Bigshots.' Men whose cigars cost more than his days wages.

They liked him for his simple attitudes, good naturedness and what they called common sense. It was a good deal, he would provide the local flair and they picked up the bar tab.

Business was getting better and better for all the inhabitants, in particular the nail banging population. Sitting in the new J.B.'s bar one could often hear new faces speaking quite energetically about their future plans for the area. According to them they were going to build a whole town, pave all the streets, double the highway capacity, add three hundred new businesses, shut down seven, run cable cars up every mountain in the valley, tear everything down again and rebuild it on a grander scale. All of this between a round of drinks.

Outside, a small group of locals would laugh cynically between tokes. "If this place is so



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- January 2, Lost Lake Ski Trail. Molson/Alta Lake Sports Club cross-country race.
- Jan 8,9,10, Blackcomb Mountain. World Cup Freestyle Championships. Aerials, mogul and ballet events.
- February 6,7, Blackcomb Mountain. Pacific Western Airlines Pro Tour race. Head to head competition.
- February 20,21, Whistler Mountain. Shell Canadian Ski Championships.
- February 28, Whistler Mountain. Molson World Cup Men's Downhill. The max!
- February 28, Lost Lake Ski Trail. Fischer/Alta Lake Sports Club cross-country ski race.
- March 7, Blackcomb Mountain. Powder Magazine regional figure "8" championship.
- March 5, Lost Lake Ski Trail. Labatt's/Alta Lake Sports Club cross-country ski race.
- March 17, St. Patrick's Day.
- May 24, Whistler Mountain and valley. The Great Snow, Earth, Water Race.
- June 22, Northair Road. Off road bicycle race.
- August, 1st week, Ipsoot Mountain. Ramer/Ipsoot Extreme Ski Camp.



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great," they would say, "How come I spent more money on rain gear this winter than I did on food."

By summer, work had commenced on the municipal sewage system, known variously as the Big Ditch and the Shit Shoot. With it came the first really large influx of outsiders, the Sewarcides, men hell bent on damaging themselves, and if possible, anyone who ventured into their path.

It was the beginning of the demise of the valley's bar scene. The Boot had always been a dive but a popular dive and quite honestly the living room of a good third of the valley's residents. Not to say it was always a peaceful scene, but then not many family situations are. One could, however, at any given moment float a loan, buy a truck, send word to a friend back east by way of a traveller, get a job or engage any number of people in frivolous conversation.

Part of the whole free feeling of the valley emanated from the openness of the bar society. Even though you might not ever have talked with a certain person, having been with him in the same bar on a number of occasions gave you a certain kind of familiarity which entitled you to at least wave as you passed on the highway.

With the introduction of the Shit Shoot came unprecedented requests for development and hence a whole new slew of newcomers. And accordingly, each had an inkling as to what their imminent future was. Unfortunately, they also felt obliged to plan it and thus the major considerations as to the valley's direction were made not at home but in boardrooms and offices in Victoria and Vancouver. In fact the whole premise of a major development was never even put before the populace for approval.

Initially, Nick was among the locals who were somewhat opposed to this particular prostitution of the area, although on the other hand, it would be too cynical to say that the money was dangled and they sat up and barked.

All that winter he was busy working and on occasion would wake up to a sub-zero cabin and begin to wonder about just what he was doing here. Once again it had been a dismal snow year and his urge to cruise deep powder was definitely waning. It almost seemed that with each new day his frustration mounted. Everywhere there were new faces, stories of people planning on opening up this subdivision or that business. He kept bumping into newcomers from last week who were already 'old locals.' Not that Nick was an ornery sort of person, he just felt that old urban alienation creeping back into his life and well...he feared it.

Perhaps things might have turned out different, but on one of the few sunny days that spring Nick ran right smack into the proverbial lucky break. One of those big fat cigar smoking weekend buddies of his had put him on to another big fat cigar smoking weekend buddy and this guy put forward a proposition to build a deluxe home for the speculation market. All he had to do was supply the talent for half the take. He knew inside that he was something of a carpenter, nothing of a plumber and that propane and electricity scared the shit out of him, but then that wasn't much different than most of the valley contractors.

What bothered him was that he had to join the other 'ground floor' people and he wasn't sure if that would be any different from the creeping alienation. With the way things were changing so quickly Nick found it increasingly harder to articulate 'his own concern for the environment' and the 'concern for his own environment.'

However, he had heard from good sources that a certain high ranking official in the municipal realm was pressing hard on the provincial government to rid the valley of squatters. He decided he would go for it, if for no other reason than as a last parting gesture to the valley.

Well, the real estate market picked up dramatically that summer and Nick found himself later that fall physically and mentally debilitated and much the richer to show for it. He was so elated with his newfound venture that he took the winter off to ski, quite often with Serge, who was by now married, mortgaged and rising up the liftco ladder. Graham joined them in

the spring after having spent the past two years touring the backwaters of Colorado, New Mexico and California.

In his travels Graham had become very adept at rock climbing, kayaking and beer drinking. he had also succumbed to that great American disease: Environeriosis. He had become an Ecoteur, one who works outside the system, employing near terrorist tactics against real estate agents, hydro personnel, hunters, etc. According to him, no development, no matter how well planned, is safe from the assaults of these wilderness freaks, nature lovers, bird nuts, hikers and other subdivision raping elitists.

Graham, between tokes, insisted that Nick's newfound trajectory was on a collision course with his own. Nick laughed and agreed and they both skied Exhilaration in hip deep powder. The next day Graham left Whistler after his dog almost slaughtered Serge's neighbour's poodle.

Nick's well informed hunch proved correct and later on that fall he was served with an eviction notice. During the course of the winter he pondered many alternatives including the option that his friend Graham had chosen. But in the back of his mind he realized that had he had his shit together when he first arrived in the valley and made application for a Crown Land Lease he would not only be the closest person to the lifts but, he could probably have negotiated a free season's pass for life in exchange for chairlift air access over his property.

And so it was on a sultry day in May that Nick and friends dismantled the cabin which had been his life for the past four years.

Over the next three years there came massive quantities of urban money literally pouring into Whistler. It came from developers, brokers, speculators, back to the landers, city show-offs and professionals. Everyone wanted a place in the country, almost as if by purchasing a lot at Whistler they could buy their way into a state of rural peace.

Well, if Nick had had any apprehensions about the ground floor before, he certainly pushed them to the side in a hurry. For during that period of time, he wheeled and dealt with the best of them. He built and sold nine houses, two duplexes, a couple of condos as well as buying a restaurant, part of a taxi business and two craft stores. In his spare time he was selling hot tubs, bicycles, neoprene ski suits and windsurfers. As Serge put it, "Dat guy's no bush baby no more."

Just the other day Graham returned to the valley, fresh from a two year stint of Himalayan climbing. He cruised through the door of Nick's new town centre house, nonchalantly singing the Stone's song Shattered:

The prime rate keeps going up and up and up and up

Look at me  
I've been shattered  
Boop Baroobeh  
This town's in tatters!

Nick came from the kitchen with a beer in his hand, obviously his mind lost in some stock exchange somewhere. Upon looking up to find his long lost buddy standing before him, he promptly lost control of the bottle and it fell to the floor in a burst of foam. The two crossed the room with arms flung open and embraced each other for quite some time.

"Hey man! What is happening around here? Everyone I used to know is now driving around in goddam BMW's," Graham said, laughing.

"Well this town ain't what it used to be. And it won't be what it is today the same time tomorrow," replied Nick.

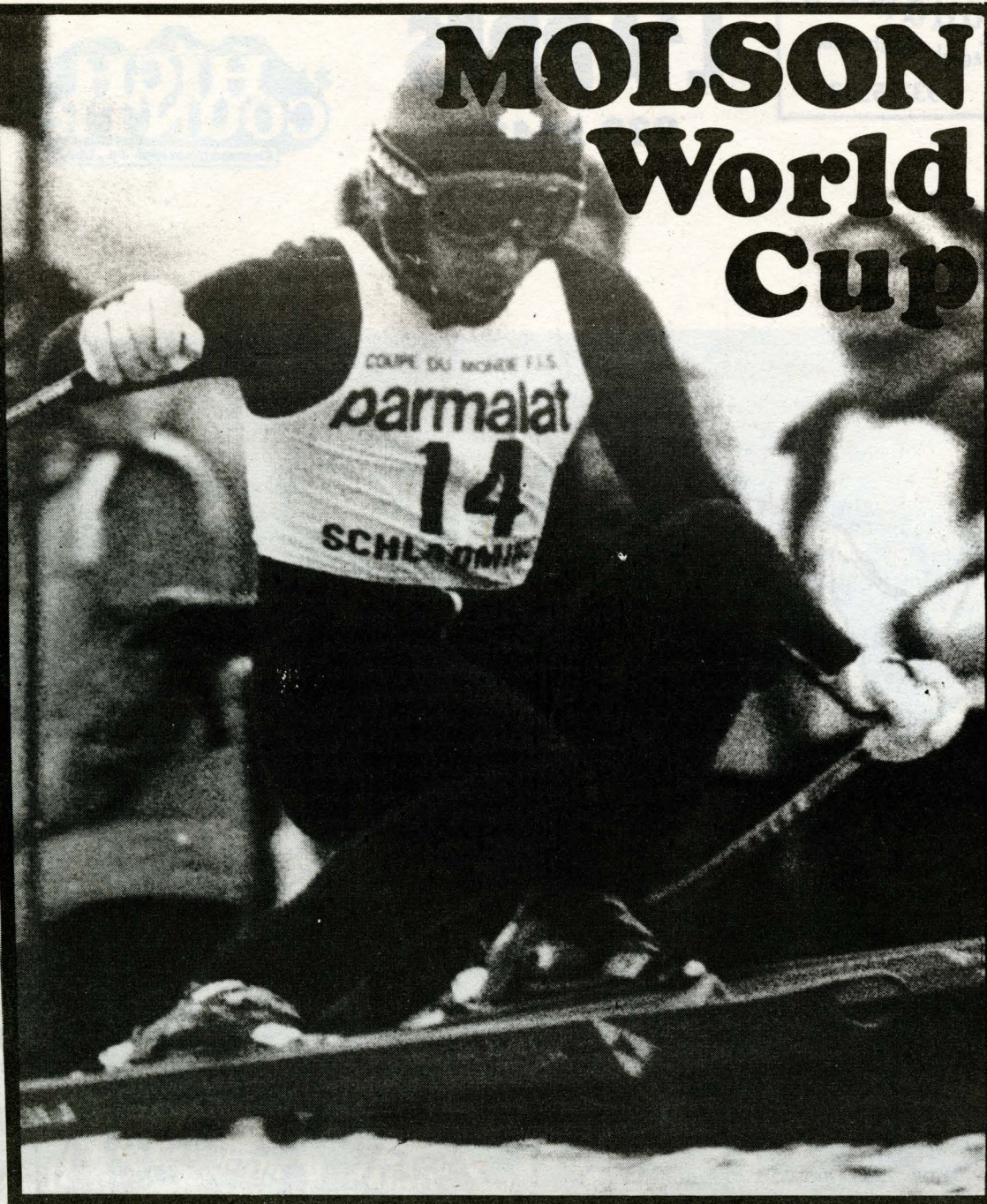
"No, it will probably be worse."  
"Good chance."

At that moment the phone rang and Nick excused himself to answer.

"Hello, Pete? Is that you? Yeah listen. You know that twenty acres I got on the West Side... Yeah that's right, the swamp. Yeah well, Council ain't too big on the condo idea so I got to thinking. And you know I think I might have a new market. What do you think of turning it into a cemetery? Don't laugh! Listen, I'll call it the Last Run. Maybe we can sell time share or something... Yeah, yeah..."

Graham just sat on the couch shaking his head and grinning.

# MOLSON World Cup



Flats" headed for the "Hard Left Turn". On "Tokum Flats" the first intermediate time will be taken, approximately one-third of the way down.

From the "Hard Left Turn" it's on to the "Forest Schuss", an extremely fast straight away section through the trees. From this schuss the racer emerges into the most exciting and technical section of the course. The racer drops down the "Elevator Shaft", an extremely steep section that hurtles the racer into the "Elevator Shaft 'S' Turn" where he reaches speeds of more than 75 miles an hour. From the 'S' turn on to the "Olympic Crossing" the skiers head for "Crabapple Pitch" after passing the second intermediate time.

From "Crabapple Pitch" and out across the "Crabapple Meadows" competitors will be extremely tired so this section will be very demanding as the competitors will slow to under 60 miles an hour and they risk losing the race if any mistakes are made through the meadow bump.

"From the "Crabapple Meadows" the course crosses "Crabapple Creek" and over to the "Sleeping Cloud Crossing" and through the "Split Pitch Cut-off". This cut-off leads to the "Village Schuss" and the finish area.

The finish is located at the 2,415 foot elevation on the "Jam Tart" run. This run was named in honour of the late John "Jam Tart" Cleland, a young liftee who died in a tragic accident on the mountain.

For spectators on foot, two good viewing areas will be on the "Village Schuss" or the "Willy's Wall" area, which is accessible via the Whistler Gondola Lift. For anyone on skis, virtually the entire course is visible. The "Tokum Run" section should only be considered by expert skiers between "Willy's Wall" and the "Olympic Crossing." This section is steep and in a heavily forested area and the course fencing will severely restrict the skiable terrain. The most exciting section will be the "Elevator Shaft" and the "Elevator Shaft 'S'" which can be viewed from almost all locations on the lower course. An extremely good viewing area will be the top of Lift 14 on the Whistler northside. Spectators viewing from this area are advised to consider binoculars as there will be some very excellent long range viewing opportunities.

Spectators should take along sufficient supplies of their vices, get to the course early for the best spot, and carry all kinds of signs and flags supporting our National Team.

There is nothing in the ski world that is even comparable to a World Cup Downhill. Anyone who has even a rudimentary knowledge of the sport has to stand in awe of the downhill skier. The downhill racer has to be a superb athlete who combines technique, conditioning, coaching and balls into a winning blur on cliffs called downhill courses.

The Molson World Cup Downhill on February 28 is guaranteed to be the most significant event to ever take place in Whistler. For months before nothing else will dominate local sensibilities, reaching a crescendo during World Cup Week. Even the best local skiers will be forced, by comparison, to undertake a sober re-evaluation of their talent.

Whistler's new downhill course promises to be a beaut, with the anticipated winning time in the two minute fifteen second bracket, the second in length to only Wegen, Switzerland. The new course descends down Whistler's north side Tokum Run, covering a distance of 12,500 feet with a vertical drop of 3,090 feet.

The "Bob Parson's" start is located at the 5,505 foot level near the top terminus of the Orange and Black chairs. The start is named in honour of the late local resident Bob Parsons, who devoted much of his life to the advancement of amateur skiing. The Parson's start drops quickly off, and racers accelerate almost immediately to speeds of 60 to 70 miles per hour.

This starting schuss is steep, with two major rollers designated "Double Trouble". These transitions test the racer's ability to maintain the aerodynamic tuck position while experiencing the terrain changes. The tuck is then essential across "Pony Trail Flats", a flat stretch leading into the "Toilet Bowl Pitch." The "Toilet Bowl Pitch" or "Toilet Bowl 'S' Turn" is a high velocity right turn followed by a shorter left turn flowing into a long right high speed schuss leading out of the "Toilet Bowl" to "Willy's Wall."

Every racer will be tested to the limit through the transition at "Willy's Wall" and by the wall itself. After "Willy's Wall" the racers cross "Tokum

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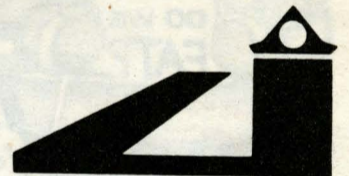


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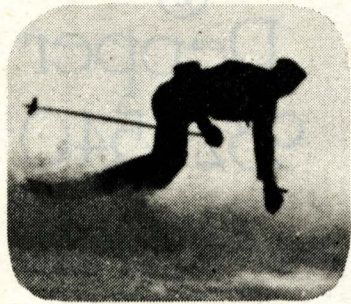
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# suicide sam

CIRCA 1976



GEORGE BENJAMIN photos



Suicide Sam was reported to have come from Quadra Island, one of the Gulf Islands off of Campbell River, where he no doubt found life far too placid and safe. Like many before him his home was his mobile condominium, in his case a green 1965 Chevrolet van with rust hole ventilation.

He was eighteen when he made his appearance, a short-haired fellow resembling the physics buff in high school, which was more than appropriate considering his many experiments with falling bodies. He wore those old fashioned glasses that have black rims but are nonetheless transparent, and that are neither round nor square, but somehow both. These glasses were held together at the hinges by liberal amounts of black electrician's tape and, to show the world that he had a good grasp of the principle of contrast, at the nose bridge by a large wad of white adhesive tape.

In short, he was a nerd of the first magnitude.

From the start of Suicide Sam's career on the slopes of Whistler he entertained the notion that he was an aerialist. And if the amount of jumps and time spent airborne are valid indices, he was indeed an aerialist. Unfortunately for him, the old expression "what goes up must also come down" applied to him in a most insalubrious manner. He would come down squarely on every part of the anatomy besides the ones intended: the feet.

There is no doubt that he lived by the motto "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It must be considered the eighth wonder of the world that he didn't also die by it.

There were two factors working against Suicide Sam's success in aerial acrobatics. The first was that he had somehow overlooked the fact that an ability to ski would be an invaluable asset. His floundering on skis was, however, achieved at great speed, much to the dismay of the ski patrol. He was of that species of skiers that looks out of control at all times, even when standing stock still.

The second obstacle he had to overcome was a reliance on equipment that was not only outdated, but incomprehensible as well. As he had no visible means of income, coupled with the fact that his crashes demolished equipment with great ferocity and regularity, he was forced to use whatever he could scrounge, which usually changed on a daily basis. For example, one day he showed up at the gondola barn sporting one antique Rossingnol Strato 207 cm. ski with a Marker Rotomat on it and a less old Olin Mark IV 195 cm. ski with a Solomon rental binding on it. The ensemble was accentuated by a pair of bamboo poles with baskets the size of hubcaps and ski togs on loan from the East Hastings Ski Team.

To my knowledge, no one ever accused Suicide Sam of being a conformist.

After about three weeks of this nonsense, Suicide Sam had become the talk (some would say laughingstock) of the town when he suddenly disappeared. Ski patrol members proclaimed, in response to many barroom enquiries, that no, he

hadn't gelanded into a neck brace or impaled himself on a tree, he had just vanished, which could be nothing but mutually beneficial.

The valley was not to get off so easy. He returned within a week, with an understudy.

Suicide's girlfriend was the antithesis of a ski bunny, with the same style glasses, as yet untaped, and with a tragically plain face with a perpetually running nose lodged in the middle of it. In lieu of a chin she had a patch of corrugated skin flowing down from her lower lip that ended abruptly at her very large and overripe Adam's apple. Her hair could only be described as a shock, and it hung in clumps and was as flaxen as a mud puddle. In some cultures, most likely in the Canis Major constellation, she would be considered beautiful, even ravishing. Suffice to say that if you were stranded on a desert island with her you would either blind yourself or take up long distance swimming.

If she had ever stood on a pair of skis before she hid it remarkably well. Under Suicide's tutelage, however, she was soon flying off cliffs, moguls and kickers, with the predictable results. She proved an excellent student, and the master could only be pleased with the amount of cuts, bruises and tape that adorned her, the theory being that it had to be an improvement. For all anyone knew she may have been led to believe that the sole object of skiing is to maim one's self beyond all recognition.



Yes, two peas in a pod; a duet of flailing limbs; the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of the air were Suicide Sam and Suicide Sue. Happy? The question is superfluous. These lemmings were in a perpetual state of bliss.

Public opinion, rarely being kind, had them both pegged as prime candidates for the lunatic academy, the verdict being one of non compos mentis.

The pair weren't content to merely leap off of natural objects, and a shovel became an integral part of their paraphernalia. They would construct jumps, some of incredible size, all over the mountain, usually in highly visible spots under chairlifts. The net effect of all this activity was that they moved enough snow to manufacture a medium sized glacier.

The crowning glory of these airborne histrionics took place one sunny spring afternoon on the flats outside the Whistler base cafeteria. The usual crowd of basking heliolaters and others with no pressing engagements looked on in amusement as the pair started building a kicker on the flats. It was observed that such a flat landing was pure idiocy, sure suicide. Undaunted, the Suicides kept shovelling. It got to a certain point where the spectators started to doubt that it was a jump at all, such was its size. Their creation was beginning to look like a wall, six feet high and still counting.

Finally, Sam judged the structure in order and they both stepped back a few paces, lost in admiration. They then charged over to the gondola for their ascent. This is an appropriate spot to note (parenthetically) that the Suicides eschewed alcohol and drugs, their slight contact with reality being in no position to be severed.

Meanwhile, the mob in attendance were in various positions of posing, each member thereof trying to hog as many of the sunrays as possible, when a vigorous debate was launched on the feasibility of such a project, with frequent digressions into the general topic of mental health. Various experts on freestyle skiing were called upon to evaluate the situation and, having declared the enterprise inoperable, the eternal question of courage versus stupidity was dusted off and tossed around. A faction of cynics emerg-

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ed that proclaimed the entire proceeding a mere hoax, but they were soon silenced by a group that maintained that the Suicides were capable of trying anything, no matter how impossible. The final outcome of all this discussion was that the school of thought that propounded madness carried the day, and everyone sat back and retreated behind a mask of indifference.

The masks soon caught sight of our heroes plunging down Lower Franz. The two careeners with the precarious style were running under full sail. One mask employed his ski poles in a staccato fashion on a bench, in loose imitation of a drum roll.

Screaming, the duo emerged on the flats, arms akimbo and skis snaking. Practitioners of the Malayan fertility dance would've been envious of all the activity. Suicide Sue was acting as the trailer and was no more than ten feet directly behind Suicide Sam.

It was all over in a flash. The huge kicker grabbed the shabbily attired figures and flung them straight up, both in the air at the same time. One had to be quick to appreciate their flight plan. There's a cartwheel; a somersault, both back and front; many twists; inverted jack-knife; a mobius or two and several manoeuvres that had previously only been performed by epileptics.

The law (Newton's) was soon enforced and they came down in two separate but indistinguishable heaps, a result of different trajectories. They lay there, crushed, for about twenty seconds, like two squished flies on a windowsill.

The gallery of masks followed an imaginary tennis ball back and forth over an equally invisible net, fidgeted with their limbs for a moment and let out a collective yawn.

The survivors dug themselves out and began to assess the damage and apply the tape. If one could only get inside their minds; who knows what insights into the human condition would be lurking there?



The lift operator who loaded them back into the gondola reported that Suicide Sam declared to Suicide Sue that, "Maybe this time we should try it a little faster."

Other forces had different ideas. The packer driver pulled his Thiokol hydrostatic around the corner on to the flats and lowered his blade. If the packer had been a bull and the kicker a huge mound of red, the charge couldn't have been as fierce.

The masks had another diversion.

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# Whistler Golf Course



by BOB WICK

Whistler's Arnold Palmer designed golf course is now near reality!

When the course opens for play in September 1982 it should fulfill the dreams of even the most experienced golfers and at the same time provide a pleasant experience for those with higher handicaps.

It will be 6,218 metres (6,800 yards) from the opening tees, and 5,761 metres (6,300 yards) from the back tees, every inch of it manicured with a country club's fastidious attention to detail. Most of the grooming will be done when the course is not in use.

Of the 18 holes, four will be par 3, ten will be par 4 and four will be par 5. The shortest hole will be 146 metres (160 yards) and the longest 480 metres (525 yards).

For a player attempting a birdie, four of the par 4 holes and two of the par 5 holes require accurate shots across bodies of water to reach the greens. The number of water hazards on the course, to-

gether with the splendor of the towering Whistler and Blackcomb Mountains surrounding it, will make it one of the most spectacular courses in the Pacific Northwest.

The Arnold Palmer design is being directly supervised by Ed Seay, golf course architect and director of design of Arnold Palmer Course Design Company. Total construction cost of the Whistler Golf Course is \$2.5 million - and it appears destined to look every cent of it.

Work on a club house and an underpass across Highway 99 to the practice fairway and Whistler Village Centre will begin in the early spring. The practice fairway is expected to be ready for play in June 1982.

All told, nine tonnes of turf grass seed are being sown at Whistler. A bluegrass and fescue combination is being used on tees and fairways, and pennisetum bent on the greens. Fast germinating Manhattan type grass is being sown with them to promote soil stabilization and moisture

retention.

To raise the Ph factor of the soil to the required level, the 120 acre site has been pre-treated with twelve tonnes of fertilizer and over 100 tonnes of lime. Watering will be controlled by a completely automated underground irrigation system.

The course overcomes what had been a major obstacle: drainage problems caused by underground springs. Seven lakes created on the course solve its drainage problem and enhance its beauty as well. The springs that were on the east side of the course have been controlled by the underground drainage pipes and diverted into the lakes to keep them fresh.

Now the 190 acres of drained land are no longer a breeding ground for mosquitoes. Another remedy for the mosquito problem was the removal of all underbrush from the roughs. Also, renovation of the natural stream flowing through the course made it better suited as a spawning ground of trout and kokanee.

# SUMMER AIR

Page 18 Whistler Answer

by **STEVE JOHNSTON**

Whistler's Lost Lake is serenely secluded beneath well treed benchlands of British Columbia's newest mega-ski area: Blackcomb Mountain.

Lost Lake lies between Blackcomb Mountain to the east and Whistler's new multi-million dollar destination resort town centre to the immediate west. To the south one appreciates one of the most beautiful and unrestricted vistas of Whistler's north face, including the newly charted downhill course.

Historically, Lost Lake has been an oasis of natural beauty for both loggers and locals who enjoyed an isolated and cooling retreat from those hot days of summer. It is in this setting that Whistler's aerial ramp was conceived, under the direction of Dave Lalik.

The ramp was first constructed in the spring of 1975 but it was not until the spring of 1978 that final touches yielded a more professional appearance. After three weeks of personal determination, money and time by Dave and his "air puppies", they produced the finished product as it stands today.

From water line to the top of the kicker, the ramp covers seven metres of air (23 feet). The top of the ramp, access-

ible by ladder, has an added six foot long "jet ramp" joined to a sixty-five foot long "in-run" leading to the kicker itself. An awesome structure carved out of the surrounding forest, it is Whistler's "Flying Kilometre" with a functional twist: to produce World Cup aerial talent!

The local engineers of this project have sought out the best aerialists to help their aerial camps and competitions. One such director at this summer's aerial camp was Peter Judge, who has been in World Cup Freestyle for the past five years. Judge has placed well in all his competitions and has enjoyed a second place finish in the combined. A sincere interest in developing young aerial talent permeates the air at these camps and Judge is more than qualified in assisting young skiers who are maturing in the aerial arts of freestyle skiing. The dedication these aerial directors display during the coaching of their students is truly inspirational. The time that the directors spend at the camp, while well utilized and appreciated by all concerned, is totally funded by their own money.

Due to the lack of any Can-

adian government assisted grants and/or programs for freestyle training camps, it is hard for the directors to acquire experienced and competent help that works for free. Thanks to Al Karaki, the needs of the aerial camp are well looked after and problems are met well in advance to limit the possibility of any liability being incurred during the camp's two week indoctrination period. Karaki has assisted in organizing many World Cup Freestyle events in Canada, including last year's competition here on Whistler Mountain. Karaki is currently helping to organize the Labatt's World Cup Freestyle to be held this January on Blackcomb Mountain. Like Peter Judge, Al Karaki shares the common goal of all the camp directors: to produce World Cup aerialists via good coaching within a safe training environment!

In order to build confidence and good aerial technique, the directors built yet another aerial ramp but on a smaller scale. This smaller ramp accommodates the novice to intermediate-advanced. Here the novice learns the basics up to progressive aerials such as double tuks. While the direc-



## LABATT'S WORLD CUP FREESTYLE CHAMPIONSHIP.

**JANUARY 8, 9, 10 AT BLACKCOMB.**

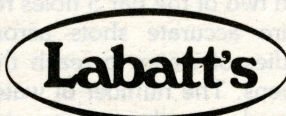
Don't miss the sensational second stop on this year's World Cup Freestyle Championship circuit. Three days of freestyle skiing with local favourites Greg Athans, Renee Smith, Rick and Lauralee Bowie competing for this year's top honours.

Friday's event is the challenging Mogul competition where you'll see the timing and styles of the top performers. On Saturday watch the graceful and interpretive Ballet right above Whistler Village. And Sunday's spectacular Aerial's competition will feature some of skiing's most amazing stunts and aerobatics. Qualifications start daily at 10:00 a.m. followed by competition at 1:00 p.m.

Experience the real thrill of World Cup Freestyle by being there to see it all happen.

Blackcomb Ski Area is located at Whistler Village, just 120 kms north of Vancouver on Route 99.

**SEE YOU THERE!**



tors are competitors as well, students are encouraged to do their best without being pushed beyond their own capabilities. One coach the students (14-23 years old) really admired was Masahito Tsunokai. "Mas" is Japan's number one freestyle skier and has dominated Japan's freestyle competitions since 1978.

While I watched Mas jet down the ramp producing a "747" takeoff, I had a hard time believing that he had only started skiing four years ago! Like all gifted teachers at the aerial camp, Mas teaches by example. Before Mas comes to Whistler to assist and compete with the other directors and aerialists, he holds his own mogul/ballet camp in Japan during April.

The scene at the ramp is anticipatory as people gather to watch the aerialists put it all together. The sun is hot and the lake is warm. A generator pulses electricity which provides background "mood" music. A voice welcomes the crowd and they respond, the tunes heighten in beat while the tension mounts. Every one smiles and waits anxiously for the first aerialist. The usual drama unfolds as the first aerialist mounts the top of the jet ramp.

The local talent from Whistler shared the top five places with some world-class aerialists. Top honours went to Masahito who performed three beautiful jumps soaring thirty to forty feet above the crowd. Mas wowed the crowd

with a triple back flip with a full twist; a tuk-tuk lay; and a tuk-tuk full for a score of 155.9. Dave Wallin, a local and an air ramp director, came second with a score of 152.8, performing a full-in-full-out for his first two jumps and then really hit it clean with a triple-back.

Both the competitors and directors rate the aerial ramp as being well engineered, of excellent quality and they rank it comparably with the world's top four aerial ramps. That comes as high praise when one considers that one of the world's top ramps in Switzerland is government funded at a cost of over \$100,000. The Swiss ramp features an hydraulically adjustable kicker complete with an automatic sprinkler system, a bubbleator machine in the concrete landing pool and the *piece de resistance*, a spaghetti layered synthetic material which surfaces the ramp thereby increasing stability and speed.

The summer air camp was an inspirational success for all those concerned, including the crowd in attendance. Solomon, Fitzwright and Kazama were the gracious sponsors who offered a positive incentive for future aerial camps through their donations. The organizers wish to extend their invitation to all athletes who are interested in participating in next year's aerial camp under the qualified direction of pro skiers who, as Dave Wallin says, "are all in it for the love of the sport!"

# An Odyssey of Extreme Skiing

**NOT A  
SNOW-  
BALL'S  
CHANCE**



by Peter  
Chrzanowski

As the fall issues of ski publications began filtering out from the presses, I noticed an increasing trend towards the more extreme aspects of skiing.

Names such as Patrick Vallencant and Chris Landry are beginning to dominate the covers and contents of the ski magazines. The steeps are becoming a testing ground for an entire chapter in the sport of skiing.

Deep in the heart of Colorado, near the town of Golden, resides a veteran of backcountry and extreme skiing. For the past ten years Paul Ramer has devoted his skills as a mechanical engineer toward the total perfection of ski touring and avalanche protection equipment. He has made it his life's ambition to generate gear to enable us to reach those remote areas which up to now have been too distant, and with skiing so excellent.

We visited Paul at his Wondervu Ranch where, comfortably at home, he has developed all his ingenious backcountry gear in a basement workshop. We shared many ideas and reminisced about days on 55 degree plus slopes.

Every year Ramer plans to host one or more extreme skiing camps aimed at improving, teaching and sharing the techniques for extreme uphill and downhill touring and descending on skis. In the past the camps have been held in remote regions, from the Colorado Rockies to the Cascades. There were no more than twenty participants in each camp and the clients were usually armed with Ramer's touring and avalanche equipment.

This coming summer (1982) Ramer plans to host his first extreme camp in Canada and we discussed many possible locations, finally concluding that Ipsoot Mountain would be ideal. Ramer and Ipsoot Ventures Ltd. will join efforts for the five day camp to be held in August. We hope to bring the best instructors in extreme skiing from all over the world and avalanche safety will be an important part of the course.

After meeting with Ramer we continued our journey northwards, cruising towards the Banff and Jasper areas. We discovered what proper touring equipment can do when we spotted Mount Athabasca, a towering peak rising 11,452 feet above the Columbia Icefields. Shining us in the face was a beautiful headwall of steep quality that stretched for at least 1500 vertical feet, then mellowed into a rolling glacier for several miles. Simply spectacular!

## ...FEELINGS OF HESITATION AND AWE DOMINATED MY WILL TO SKI THIS ENORMOUS FACE...

By contacting the warden's office we found that it had yet to be skied, the north face that is. Many climbers from Banff had recommended the peak's north face as an excellent ice climbing achievement and had encouraged us on a first ski descent. But the mountain had to be climbed first.

Bart Ross, John Reed and I began our trek upwards early one crisp morning. We started hiking from the snowcat access road and reached the foot of the glacier within an hour. Here we donned our new Ramer touring gear, slapped on the skins, turned on the Echo avalanche beacons and started the three mile ascent. It took about five hours to reach the base of the prescouted headwall. We zigzagged the steeper rolls in the glacier and meandered our way through a maze of crevasses. It was a beautiful tour in itself.

The glacier was of humongous size and dazzled our eyes constantly with spectacular icefalls and towering seracs. Finally we crossed the snowbridge dividing the north face from the glacier by way of a large bergschrung. Here we binded ourselves into our new footfags, an ingenious creation developed by Lowe to replace the strap-on crampons with binding type contraptions. They have 20 ice points as opposed to a crampon's dozen, with very prominent front points (four of them) set out like miniature ice axes.

With skis on our packs, we began spidering up a wall with ice tools in each hand, our faces mere inches from ice. This took over one very exhausting hour to accomplish. We climbed

through boiler plate and snow and ice with constantly changing conditions.

Bart had approached the summit rockband ahead of me as he veered to the left into a cluster of rocks in order to film us in the climb. Upon reaching the rocks I found myself on a narrow ledge. The view from here was breathtaking, with the valley floor far below and the Icefields Highway snaking north to Jasper and south to LAKE Louise.

Initially, feelings of hesitation and awe dominated my will to ski this enormous face of ice and snow. It seemed like such a long way down - at 55 degrees all the way. However, nothing beats the feeling of at least 200 cm. of edge biting into a steep wall so I sideslipped a few feet to get the feel of those brand new skis.

Oh well, I thought, there must be a first time for everything. I planted both poles, jettied my skis through them, turned right around the pole shaft and freefell for about fifteen feet. My edges bit in upon impact with the slope and I bounced, making a light yet secure poleplant with my left hand. Here was another turn. Soon steep instinct took over with rhythm, and down I went for 1500 feet.

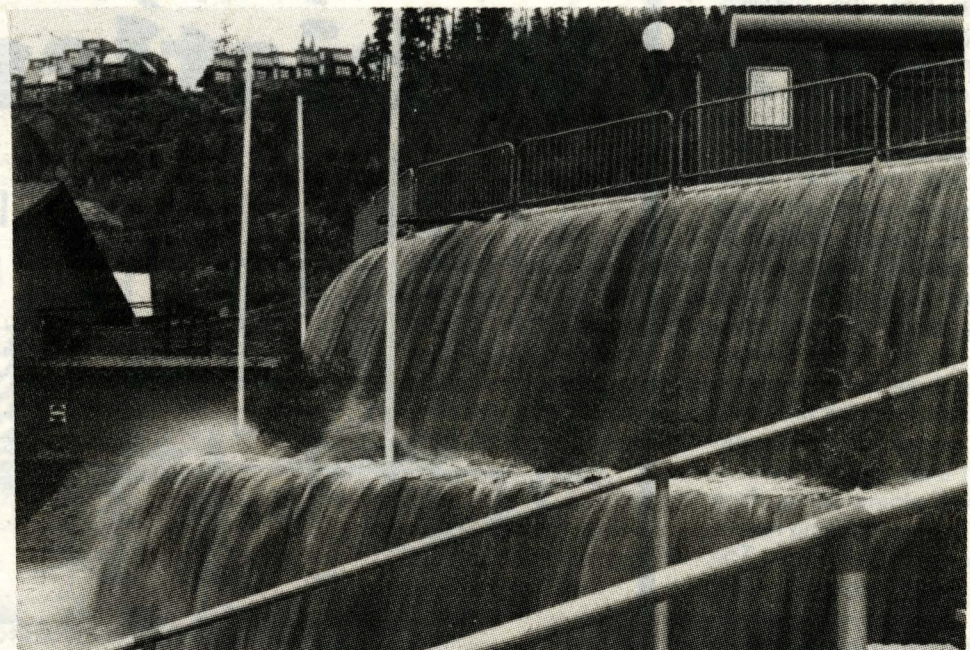
The last section smoothed out to high speed GS turns over the snowbridge and into the wide bowl below. Every moment had been recorded on film and the run was over before any of us knew it. As we were retracing our routes from the bottom there was a feeling of conquest in the air and it sure felt great.

Then it was back to Whistler to prepare for the upcoming ski season. We wish to generate more interest in the sport here at Whistler and Blackcomb. I feel that backcountry access and the abundance of terrain should make us all more aware of these possibilities.

It should be pointed out that extreme skiing is not a sport that could be called 'fun for the whole family.' However, extreme skiing is gaining popularity among upper intermediates and experts. Names such as Dilemma, Elevator, Friday the Thirteenth, and Don't Miss are named because they are hot expert runs.

Everyone wants to ski them eventually but there are methodical gradual ways to work up to it.

I wish steep and deep dreams to all.



Visitors to Whistler are much impressed with the many local waterfalls, such as Brandywine and Nairn. Pictured above is a relatively new addition, the Olive Falls. Plans are currently underway to light the falls at night.

In a move that was viewed by all parties as highly controversial, Whistler council voted to institute a bylaw prohibiting the throwing of snowballs.

The debate was sparked following a town council wet t-shirt contest that got out of hand. As council members were leaving they found themselves under attack from the members of the Whistler press core. Council members put up a valiant struggle, and although they had the numerical advantage, they were defeated because the press had had the foresight to stockpile sufficient supplies of ammo.

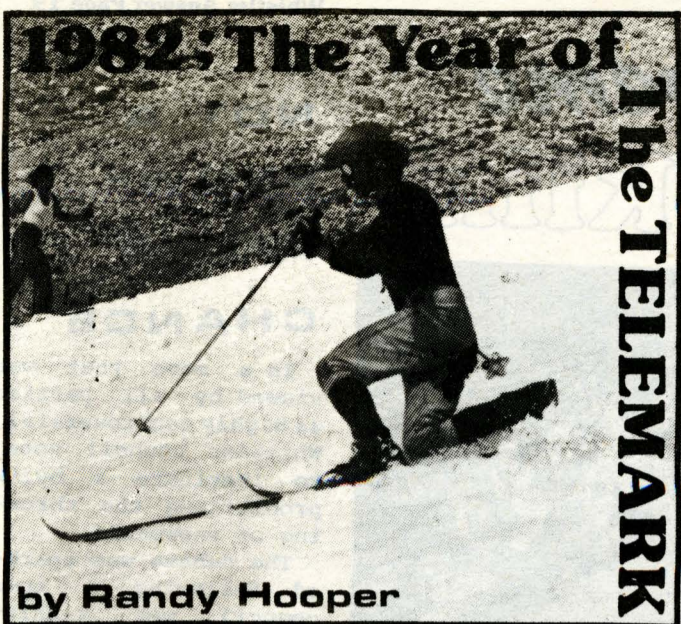
"Snowballing is not all that dangerous in itself," said alderman Blue Angus. "But it can lead to more serious crimes like face washing."

Alderman Sid Young succinctly summed up council's rationale: "Occasional weekend snowballing isn't all that bad, but then there is always the criminal element who ruin everyone's fun by putting rocks in the snowballs."

Council's decision outraged Mick Maloney, columnist for the Marxist weekly, the Whistler Question.

"This is not merely a case of petty politicking," he said over a game of darts at the Press Club, "but a concerted effort to eradicate all levels of fun from the valley."

"Besides," he added, "this is probably just the first step in the formation of the Whistler Village Snowball Company."



1982: The Year of

THE TELEMARCK

by Randy Hooper

Page 20 Whistler Answer

If you thought that encountering those characters in the alpaca togues who occasionally graced Lift 4 and Little Red last year on their skinny skis was just a chance meeting between you and a little bit of skiing history, you're right!

Last year, telemark skiing saw a re-birth across the land. That graceful turn is definitely a part of skiing history, but there won't be any chance meetings this year, because the sport has now achieved the status of a revolution. The 'Colorado' influence is here to stay. The re-birth of the turn that started downhill skiing centuries ago has become a 'trendy' new sport of its own.

Sales in cross country gear are expected to drop this year, and sales in alpine to grow ever so slightly. The sales in telemark equipment are going to triple across the mountainous parts of North America.

The telemark, in case you're still in the dark, is a very graceful, old-fashioned turn. It's done on quasi-nordic ski gear, both in the backcountry and in the lift-serviced areas. The turn involves the use of extremely long skis to carve long radius turns with the rear knee nearly on the ski tip. Telemark equipment is actually nordic ski gear, with heavy duty boots and offset steel-edged skis. It could be confused with the ski equipment used around the turn of the century for backcountry skiing (once upon a time there were no lifts), and for the freeheel telemark turn (no parallels then, Jack!)

So what's the big deal, you ask? Well, nordic skiers, often mocked by their alpine counterparts for their involvement with the rather mundane procedure of kick and glide, are usually limited to fairly tedious terrain. The telemark opens up mountainous areas with generally more snow and longer seasons. Lots of downhillers, meanwhile, are sick and tired of the pricey lift tickets and long lift lines that go hand in hand with alpine skiing. As a result, they are looking for access to the backcountry. The nordic skiers, therefore, have turned to heavier gear in order to spend more time in the steep and the deep, and are buying lift tickets, while the alpine skiers are spending less money and less time in lineups; they're out in the toolies practicing their telly's. It's rather paradoxical isn't it?

What it boils down to is that telemark skiing is new to most people. It's challenging and hard to criticize. You have equipment that gives you mobility in any condition, on any snow covered terrain, and in a nordic ski area, or a lift-serviced area. This sport can be enjoyed by anybody, but it's also harder work than downhill skiing, and a damn-sight more challenging than nordic skiing. That's the big deal!

With thousands telemarking in the U.S. Rockies, Whistler and Banff are the new Canadian hotspots, and you'll see plenty of evidence of that this year. A large, hot-to-trot telemark club in the area (Telemark Association of B.C.) a telemark school up and running at Blackcomb, and the Pacific Telemark Series (pro slalom telemark racing with a \$5,000 purse), will get you involved in 'telemarkery' quite easily. Five or six telemark events are scheduled on Blackcomb alone this year. Lessons are also available through their Ski-Ed program. For more information regarding all aspects of telemarking, please contact the Telemark Association of B.C. at 304-215 St. Andrews St. in North Vancouver. Better yet, the next time you hit the hills, catch up to anybody carving those long graceful telly's (if you can) and they'll fill you in.



by Chris Stetham

## Back Country Ski Safety

Skiing in the back country can be exciting, exhilarating and a challenge, but without observing some basic safety rules it can also be a disaster.

Before even thinking of an expedition into wilderness areas you should avail yourself of the proper equipment. Items that are essential are a portable shovel, a probe, a first aid kit, extra clothing, map and compass, and a more than adequate stock of food. A rescue transceiver is also recommended, for even if you use it only once it more than pays for itself.

Once properly equipped there are several rules to follow when planning a trip and they can all be said to be of the common sense variety.

You should first plan your route, making sure to tell someone exactly where you're going and when you'll be back (allow extra time.) Groups of three or more are optimum.

The group should start early, travel early, camp early and leave excess time in estimates. Prior to going you should have some notion of self-rescue, as time delays for organized rescues are often in the order of hours, even days.

The most experienced member should be group leader or members should agree on route selection. (Although they are not more popular,

dictatorships are easier to run than democracies)

The difficulty of the trip should take into account the skill (or lack of) of the least experienced member of the party. The group should keep together, ski using the buddy system and assign a trail end Charlie. Frequent short stops and snacks are preferable - heavy meals and long burnouts make for a less enjoyable trip.

When travelling in the back country one should always be aware of the one greatest danger - the avalanche.

Avalanches can happen on treed slopes as well as on open slopes, but it is still advisable to travel in dense timber if conditions are unstable or if you are unsure of them.

If you must travel in avalanche terrain first consider where you will go if you get caught. If you are caught in an avalanche, call out and try to ski towards the side of the avalanche. If that is impossible, try to discard your equipment as it will drag you down. Attempt to stay on the surface by using a vigorous swimming motion.

As you feel the avalanche slowing down, attempt to gain the surface, but if that fails bring your arms up to your face in an attempt to form an air pocket. If buried, try to thrust an arm or leg towards

the surface.

Most avalanches happen during or following a storm, and steep slopes in lee of the wind are the most prone to avalanche.

Essential information on avalanche conditions can be obtained from various sources, including the Federal Park Service, the Provincial Parks, the Highways Department and from ski areas. Weather forecasts are issued at 5 a.m. every day.

When crossing avalanche terrain, undo pack waistband, safety straps and ski pole wrist straps. Space members at least 50 metres apart.

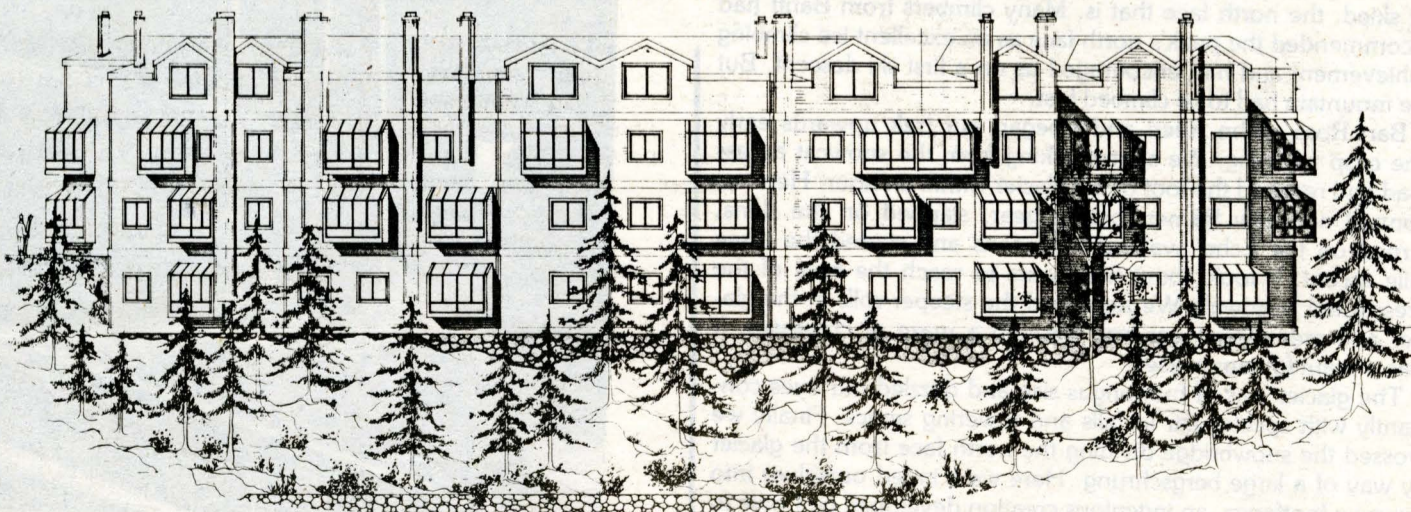
If members of your party are buried in an avalanche, you are their best chance of survival. Keep quiet and analyze the victim's line of travel from his last seen point and look for any equipment clues that might be around.

First conduct a surface search, starting with likely areas of burial, followed by a scuff search of other areas. A transceiver search should be initiated immediately if the victim has a transceiver (It takes 5 minutes to search with a transceiver what it will take 10 men two hours to probe.)

Probe likely areas of burial such as areas of deep deposit, behind rocks and trees. Victims caught in middle of

Cont Page 23

# The New Whistler Vale Hotel



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# Labatt Freestyle

Whistler Answer Page 21



The new year will start off with some heavy duty fireworks on the slopes of Blackcomb as the short ski set gets down to the second stop on the World Cup Freestyle tour.

The mogul event will take place up top on Friday, January 8, fol-

lowed by the graceful antics of the ballet skiers on January 9, with the culmination being on Sunday the 10th when the aerialists put on their always spectacular exhibition.

With Labatt's sponsoring the event and with Molson's doing the

same for the World Cup Downhill, it appears that there is nothing left over for the Carling O'Keefe crew. Perhaps they should organize a world class ice-stock sliding competition to take place in the town centre underground parking lot.

Absurdity aside, there should be an ever increasing interest in freestyle skiing in Canada. Now that freestyle is sanctioned by the FIS and Calgary has been awarded the 1988 Winter Olympics, there should be no obstacle preventing freestyle skiing from becoming an Olympic event.

"With Calgary hosting the '88 games, the host country gets to institute two sports, so it looks very good," says Labatt director of freestyle skiing, Glenn McPherson.

"There's quite a lot of lobbying going on in Calgary right now and we have the support of several Canadian Olympic Development Association members," continued McPherson. "My bet is on freestyle skiing and curling."

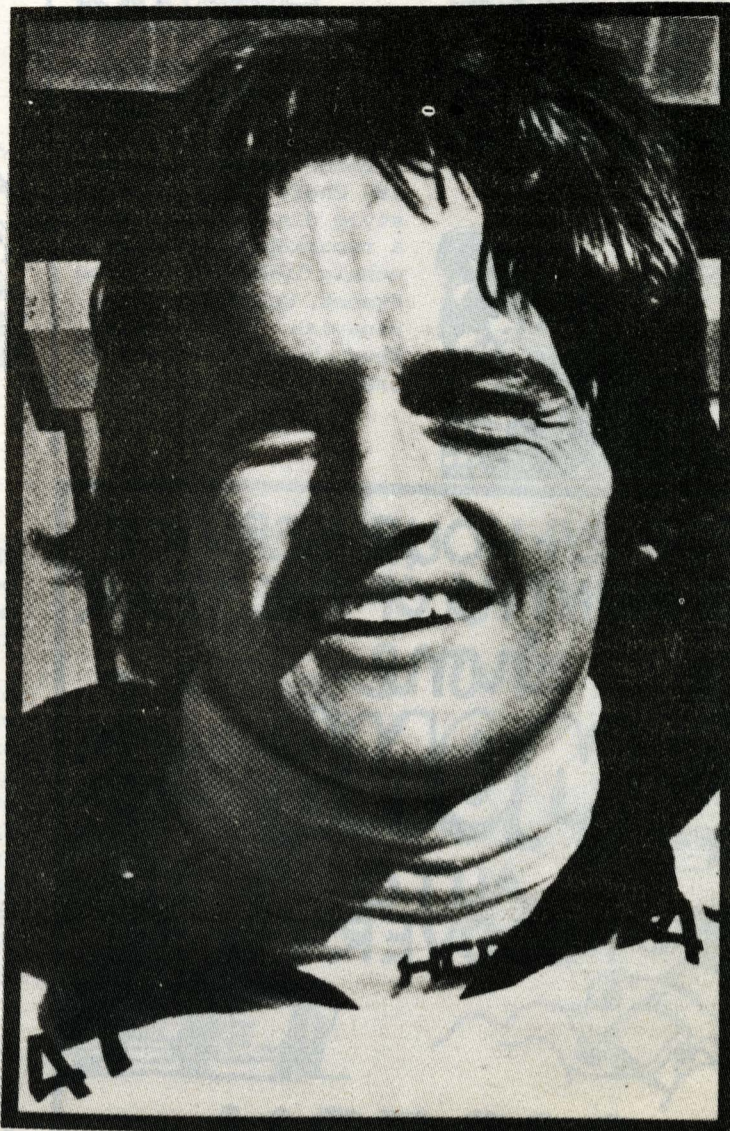
Chris Robinson of the Canadian Ski Association was equally optimistic: "It looks like nothing but red tape now, but then nothing is ever for sure."

With all this excitement concerning freestyle skiing it is a good move for Blackcomb to be in there like the dirty shirt of the proverb.

"With Blackcomb putting in a permanent jump site there is every possible chance that they could host an annual event," said McPherson. "They have cooperated to the utmost."

The event at Blackcomb is expected to draw from 80-100 top ranked competitors and an anticipated crowd of 5,000+ is expected for the aerials, which will be located a brief 3 minute walk from Blackcomb day lodge.

The Canadians to watch will be Greg Athans, 1980 World Cup combined champ from Apex Alpine; Rick Bowie, from Vancouver, who was 5th overall last year; Peter Judge, from Canmore, who was second last year in men's Grand Prix and combined standings; Marie-Claude Asselin, of Ste. Agathe des Monts, Quebec, who finished first in women's grand prix and combined standings last year; and Renee-Lee Smith, of West Vancouver, who finished second in women's grand prix standings and second in women's moguls.



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Telemark skis must be strong... to survive any condition or stress, yet light enough to travel freely in the backcountry. They must have offset steel edges to allow frequent sharpening and total control... and be stiff enough torsionally to maintain dominance in compromising conditions. They must be equally at home in deep powder or on a steep telemark slalom course... and be evenly flexed to resist hooking or 'washing out' on hardpack.

The KAZAMA MOUNTAIN HIGH has met these demands, and its reputation proves it. We call it the telemark ski... you will likely call it magic...

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**Black Forest  
Steak and Schnitzel - Haus  
Hofbräuhaus Pub**

# SIX of the BEST



## Highland Lodge

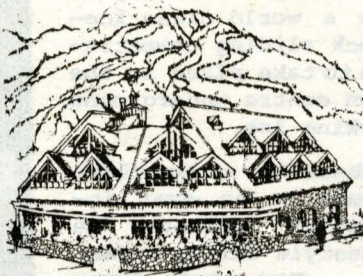
Peter Matsan, a Swedish chef, boasts a home style dining room with a remarkable variety of ethnic dishes, including French, Hungarian, Scandinavian and Indian. They also serve the more traditional steak and



seafood dishes. Prices are inexpensive, ranging from \$6 to \$11.

For a pleasurable, homelike atmosphere, the Highland is the place to be.

Open 7 days a week, serving breakfast, lunch and dinner.



## STONEY'S

Stoney's is one of Whistler Village's most popular places to go, to meet friends and to dine.

The menu is moderately priced for all meals with a broad selection. Breakfast features such highlights as an omelette of the day and freshly squeezed orange juice. Hearty lunches, an apres ski appetizer and wine bar, and a full dinner menu round out the day.

Stoney's will accept reservations for large parties or special occasions in the "Hunting Room."

Breakfast	7-10:30
Lunch	11-3
Apres Ski	3-5:30
Dinner	6-11

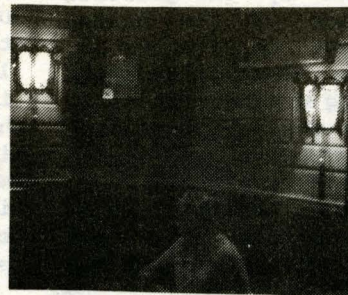
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## ALTA LAKE INN

### 龍珠島酒店



This authentic Chinese restaurant on Alta Lake serves superb Cantonese style food. The chef specializes in sea food and hot pots, both of which are second to none.

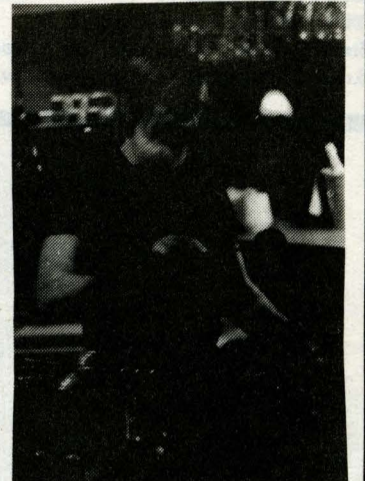
The Alta Lake Inn is open for dinner seven days a week, until midnight. They also feature a take out service.

This 22-unit hotel offers movies, a cabaret and a lounge.

appeal to everyone looking for a fast bite.

The fare includes burgers, sandwiches made to order, homemade soup and chili, to daily specials, not to mention hearty breakfasts.

The Rendezvous is open 7 days a week for breakfast and lunch and is fully licensed.



## Salt & Pepper

Salt and Pepper is one of Whistler's finest dining out experiences, located right in the middle of the village square.

Their menu has many cuts of steak and four varieties of fish, including trout, salmon, red snapper and dover sole, but the specialties of the house are the shish kebabs and the shrimp dishes.

One deluxe feature of Salt and Pepper is their extensive coffee selection. They serve ten different types of coffee, from Sanka to Moka. For coffee with liquors you can choose from no less than twenty-six varieties.



## RENDEZVOUS

The Rendezvous cafeteria is located at the Blackcomb Mountain day lodge and serves food that is definitely above your average cafeteria fare.

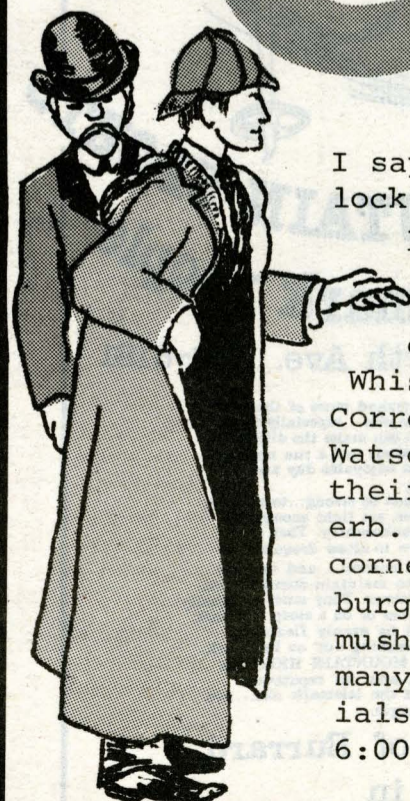
Although the primary aim of the Rendezvous is to serve the skiers skiing Blackcomb Mtn., the atmosphere and price

MOLSON CANADA

An honest brew makes its own friends... John Molson 1765

**The Canadian connection.**

## PETERS UNDERGROUND



I say there Sherlock! There appears to be a new restaurant hidden away in Whistler Village. Correct my dear Watson, and I hear their food is superb. (pastrami, corned beef, hamburgers with mushrooms etc. & many, may specials.)

6:00 a.m. - 3:00 a.m.

**ESSENTIAL PHONE NUMBERS**

**Trivia**

Whistler Mountain was once named London Mountain, because of the fog.

Town Centre is built on the site of a former garbage dump. The bears are quite miffed.

Highway 99 has been chosen as an alternate site for the Baja 500, against the wishes of the drivers, who claim their machines are too expensive to risk on such an open wound of a road.

Whistler was once criticized for its lack of night life. This is no longer a valid accusation. It is the gospel truth.

Readers will notice immediately that Blackcomb Mountain is not among our supporters. After three weeks of trying to get a hold of them, while they were in "meetings" and "out" and "in town" they finally got around to telling us that they "didn't have any money." In light of this fact we are instituting a "Save Blackcomb Mountain Fund." Send all your empty beer bottles to Blackcomb Mountain, Whistler, B.C.

The Whistler Answer would like to extend a warm hello to all you hospital patients and shut-ins, those that can't make it out to the games.

**Cont from Page 20**

avalanche are often found in the toe of the deposit.

If there are few rescuers and outside help is more than a short distance, keep searching, for a victim's chance of survival is less than 50% after one-half hour. In large groups send two people out for help.

Once you discover a victim, clear head and chest areas first. Clear airways and administer artificial respiration if necessary, then check for other injuries. Persons buried in an avalanche will also suffer from the effects of the cold - be prepared to warm them up.

Don't travel on glaciers unless you are prepared to carry out crevasse rescue. Avoid ice falls, they are unpredictable. Take extra time to go around hazardous terrain. Plan alternative routes should your initial choice prove to be too difficult or hazardous.

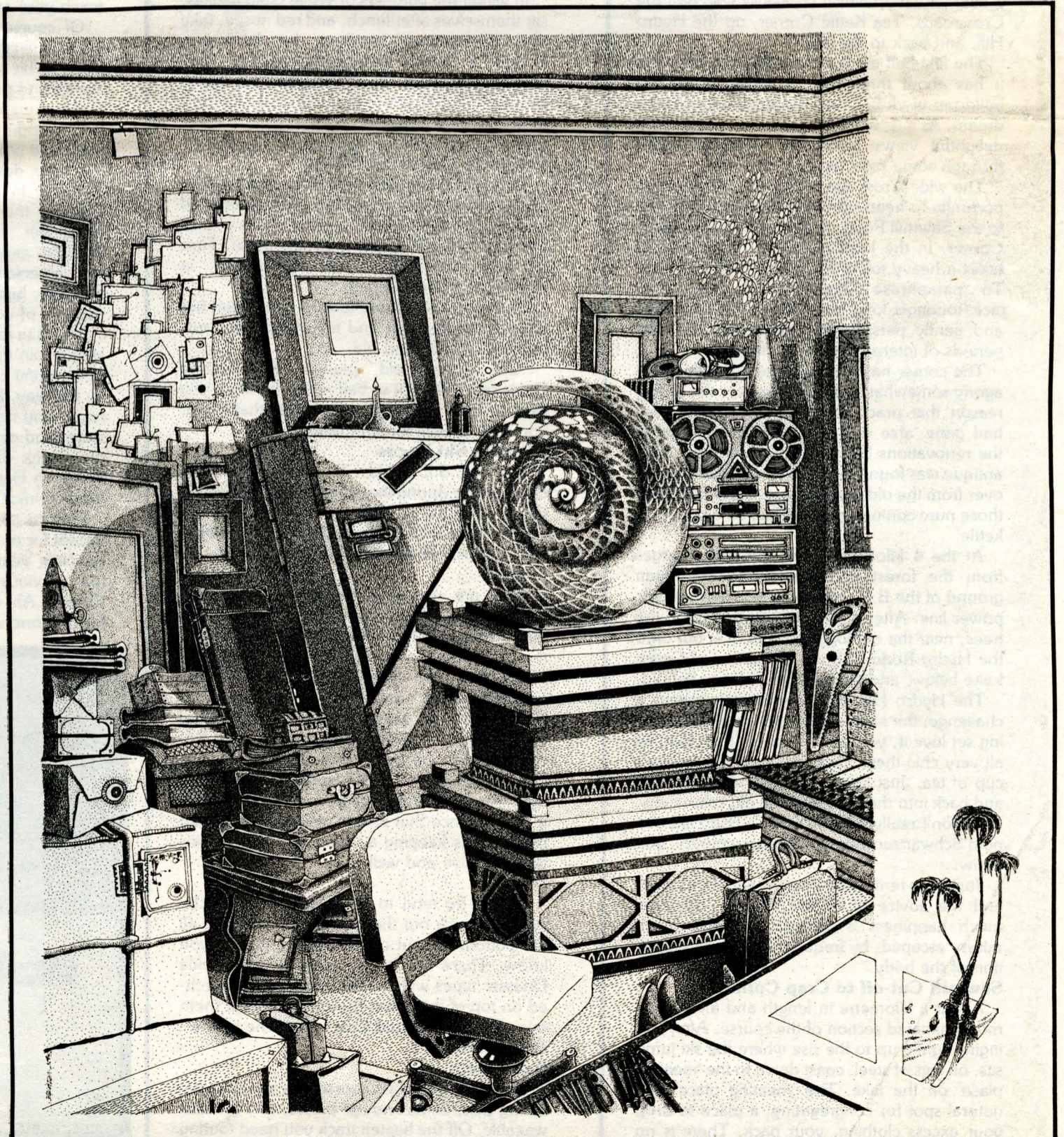
Turning back can be a wise choice, you can always come back another day.

Royal Canadian Mounted Police . . . . .	932-3044	Slopeside Management	932-3913
Whistler Volunteer Fire Department . . . . .	932-5111	Tamarisk Condominiums	932-5385
Whistler Ambulance . . . . .	932-4233	Tantalus Lodge	932-4146
Emergency . . . . .	898-3311	Twin Peaks Property Management	932-4184
Search and Rescue . . . . .	932-5111	Valley Inns	932-3200
Towing: Ike's Towing . . . . .	932-3222	Wedge Condominium Management	932-3642
Mons Auto Towing . . . . .	932-5311	Whiscomb Tours & Accommodations	932-3269
Doctors: R. Burgess . . . . .	932-5311 or 932-3033	Whiski Jack	932-4242
C. Rodgers . . . . .	932-5338	Whistler Creek Lodge	932-4111
Whistler Dental Clinic . . . . .	932-3677	Whistler Inn Resort & Club	932-5156 - 4143
Blackcomb Mountain:		Whistler Rental and Accommodations	932-4242
Snowphone and		Whistler Youth Hostel	932-5492
Special Events . . . . .	932-7507 or 932-4211	Whistler Village Reservations	932-4222
Program Information and			
Administration . . . . .	932-1032 or 932-4222		
Whistler Mountain:			
General Office . . . . .	932-3434 or 932-5515		
Snow Report . . . . .	932-4191		
Whistler Area Info Centre . . . . .	932-5528		
VD Information Line			
(Vancouver) . . . . .	No Charge Zenith 2419		

**ACCOMMODATIONS**

All Seasons Resort Management	932-4288	Alta Lake Inn	932-5558
Alta Lake Inn	932-5558	Beau's	932-5565
Alpinforst Condominiums	932-5385	Black Forest	(new listing)
Bavarian Inn	(new listing)	Creekhouse	932-3000
Blackcomb Lodge	932-4155	Creperie	(new listing)
Brandywine Inn	932-5506	Gourmet Bakery & Fine Food (Deli)	932-3949
Garo Condominium Rentals	932-5385	Hildas Deli	932-3652
Highland Lodge	932-5525	Highland Lodge	932-5525
Oakridge Resort Services	932-4161	Husky Deli	932-5715
Pemberton Hotel	894-6313	Il Caminetto di Umberto Ristorante	932-4442
		JB's	932-5144
		L'Apres Dining Room	932-5543
		Madames	932-5513
		Peters Underground	(new listing)
		Rendezvous	932-3141
		Salt & Pepper	932-4540
		Stoney's	932-2112
		Village Deli & Tea Room	Squamish 892-3720

**PLACES TO EAT**



### Student's Slot

An exciting, somewhat pretentious little challenge, robust yes, with a certain cathedral air to it. Blazed, engineered and hacked out of the bush by a group of students on a work grant, it replaces the suicidal switch-backs of previous years. This slot, with a gentle run out to the left, joins the main trail which circumnavigates the lake.

### Sawmill Cut-off and Lost Lake

After executing a delightful Pasa-doble at the bottom of the slot to your left (no choice really!), the riddle of Lost Lake is no more. In fact, if you missed that turn, depending on the temperature, you're either on it or in it. This side of the lake is fairly new ski country; the club found a 50 year old logging road hidden away under alder trees here and cleaned it out last year.

At the old Sawmill Cut-off, you can turn right and down the hill again for a shortcut round the lake or carry on to the next intersection, the Cross-roads.

For some reason this section of the trail always abounds with dogs, no matter the time or season, there they are, up to what they do best. Always big ones, never less than a red setter or great dane. With apologies to Wordsworth and the solitary reaper, a stanza to man's best friend

*Behold it single in the snow*

*You solitary canine,*

*It proudly lays its half-baked dough*

*With neither bark or whine.*

*It smears the track with little care*

*For Klister, Roter Red or Swix*

*And softly scents the morning air*

*With Warmth and Shitty Methane Mix.*

### Sawmill Cut-off to Sawmill Cut-off

Sounds like a team of Marathon Realty lawyers from the town centre, but is in fact the 3 kilometre loop which snakes its way past the Crossroads, Tea Kettle Corner, up the Hydro Hill, and back to the lake.

The first half tends to be a little rough unless it has about three feet of snow. When the bulldozer work has been completed it will be a dream. As it is, with adequate snow it provides delightful views across the valley glimpsed through some high stands of timber.

The wide Cross-roads provides another opportunity to head off to the lake trail and back to the Sawmill Pond, or stride on to Tea Kettle Corner. In the local races this corner always takes a heavy toll of the rubber legged racers. To paraphrase Clausewitz on war, "Ski race/touring is long periods of utter tranquility and gently perspiration, punctuated by brief periods of intense action and fear."

The corner has been widened to reduce the agony somewhat, it got its name for the simple reason that practically everyone at one time had gone 'arse over tea kettle' there. During the renovations last year an enamel pre-1974 antique was found there on an old stump. A left over from the old logging days, it was by one of those pure coincidences of life, an enamel tea kettle.

At the 4 kilometre mark the trail emerges from the forest and breaks into the open ground of the B.C. Hydro *art nouveau* electric power line. After a pleasant climb through the trees, near the old loggers cabin, it is out onto the Hydro Road with the placidness of Green Lake below, and always a pleasure to behold.

The Hydro Hill at 4 kilometres is always a challenge, the sado-masochists among the racing set love it, you don't have to. Pain may be all very chic these days, but it isn't everyone's cup of tea. Just pace yourself and float on up and back into the trees past the old cabin ruins. You don't really have to have a body like Arnold Schwarzenegger to ski cross-country, you know.

Just keep reminding yourself why you came, and the advice of Robbie Burns: "och how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body."

### Sawmill Cut-off to Crap Corner

About a kilometre in length and always the most animated section of the course. After springing lightly up to the rise where the ski jump sits, on legs of steel, coast down to the 'meeting place' on the lake. The 'meeting place' is a natural spot for congregating, a place to drop your excess clothing, your pack. There is no

finer place for lunch or to sit in the sun, a flagon of wine at hand. You don't have to be in 'Who's who' or know 'What's what' at this beauty spot.

If the lake is frozen and the snow is right, the club will have set a couple of tracks. Now is your chance to get serious and do laps, under the scrutiny of 20 coaches, with as many opinions. On the other hand you could conjure up the skaters waltz and slide around and around like Toller Cranston or Karen Magnesson, depending on your persuasion.

### Crap Corner

Well Franz Wilhelmsen over on Whistler Mountain may have expunged the 'Toilet Bowl' and the 'Sewer' from the place names of that squeaky clean spot, but what can you possibly call a major intersection on the trail which has, for your convenience, not one, but two delightful Canadian Cans. Arthur Erickson might object to whether they blend in with the surrounding scenery, but what the hell?

One of the council members from Whistler dropped a quarter from out of his pocket whilst engaged in his ablutions there last year. He was observed through the open door taking a twenty dollar bill from his wallet and dropping it, fluttering into the pit below. Why this extravagance, he was asked. "Well, if you think I'm going down there for a quarter, your nuts."

### Crap Corner to Peasant's Corner via the Beach

A nice little diversion this, down to the beach, where, on summer days, nekkid ladies and nekkid men can be seen frolicking. In winter, not so often.

New planked bridges across the marshes and over the old beaver dam leads to a sharp climb up out of the lake, a quick scramble to the left, and you're floating down to Fitzpatrick's

Bridge, left over it and back to Crap Corner. From there another classic kilometre of sublime ski terrain to the Peasant's Corner.

In winter the burghers of White Gold Estates, stir themselves after lunch, and red nosed, take their constitutional, walking the doberman, covered in furs of endangered species. They look all the work like peasants (rich ones) straight out of Tolstoy. After trampling the track to death, they mosey on back to their cabbage rolls, sour cream and Smirnoff.

### Peasant's Corner to School

Turn right 50 yards from the corner into Joe's Cut-off and miss the aforementioned throngs, an exhilarating descent awaits you all the way to the Blackcomb Bridge again. Turn left onto the Rotary Trail and repeat, in reverse, that familiar path.

So there - the outside loop of Lost Lake, not difficult to memorize and full of delightful surprises for young and old.

"Old - growing old," pioneer valley skier Al Davis says, "It's not so bad really, its when you start to lose your damn memory, that's bad, you may as well forget it then."

### Citizens Ski Races

The A.L.S.C. holds 3 races on the Lost Lake course during the season. Don't be put off by the term 'race.' They are mass participation events or ski tours, with categories for different age groups, where half the fun is simply to finish.

They are also great fantasy land. In most sports a person's dreams of victory soon dwindle to ashes as the hair and teeth fall out and the stomach grows slacker. The realization comes that you won't mount the Olympic podium, jump the net at centre court Wimbledon, or skate around the Montreal Forum with the Stanley Cup in your arms. But citizen races, the magnetism is still there. It is one of the chasms of the sport, that with the right wax, even the average douche can pull off a performance that would make an Olympian proud, thus keeping a vision of his or her infallibility alive and well.

### Dress

People do tend to be trendy, and stretchy suits that wick out the sweat are neat, after all the bottom fell out of the knicker market you know. There aren't too many of the Jackie Onassis types with Vuarnet sun glasses perched on top of their hair, they tend to wear them over the eyes around Lost Lake. The rule is - suit yourself.

### Equipment

To ski on a tracked course you should have racing skis, boots and toe pieces, and the skis waxable. Off the beaten track you need touring

boots, skis and bindings. Mohair or step skis are better for touring because of the variation in height, and the impossibility of waxing for such variations. One doesn't travel very fast in the mountains, so the drag of the base doesn't matter a lot.

Alternately, on the groomed trail, the touring boot and binding is forever hitting the walls of the track and impeding the forward motion. If you ever saw Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers doing a foxtrot you'll know what it's like, quick - slow, quick - slow.

With a racing ski, a good track, the right wax, the sensation of the glide is almost sensuous and difficult to fully describe. It is best described by Louis Armstrong when someone asked him what jazz was, "Man, if you have to ask, you'll never understand."

So if you don't have a pair of skis, rent some for a try. Don't listen too hard to the self-proclaimed mullahs in the ski shops on what you need. They'd sell a hold in the ground to a blind man on stilts.

### Technique

Twenty years ago alpine skiers frequently came to blows over the vexing question of French versus Austrian technique. This esoteric gobbledygook that passed for serious debate would have made a Jesuit priest dizzy.

Oddly enough, none of them could really ski. Today a lot of people, especially in this valley, can really carve a turn, but they never talk about the pole plant or the hip swing, they just do it! yet alpine skiing is about 90% technique - cross-country is about 10% technique, the rest is basic fitness. If you can walk you can cross-country ski. But to hear some of them talk! Wow - they ferret out the heretics with the blinkered zeal of a Savonarola.

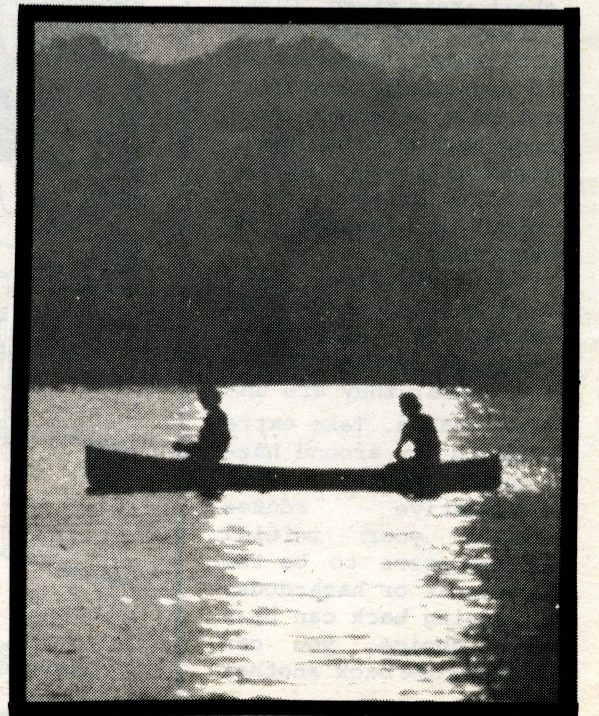
Don't listen to them, all you need is the kick and glide, it's as easy as getting thrown out of Tapley's Bar. Six easy lessons from someone who can do it (and God will they be keen to teach you) and you're off into Nirvana.

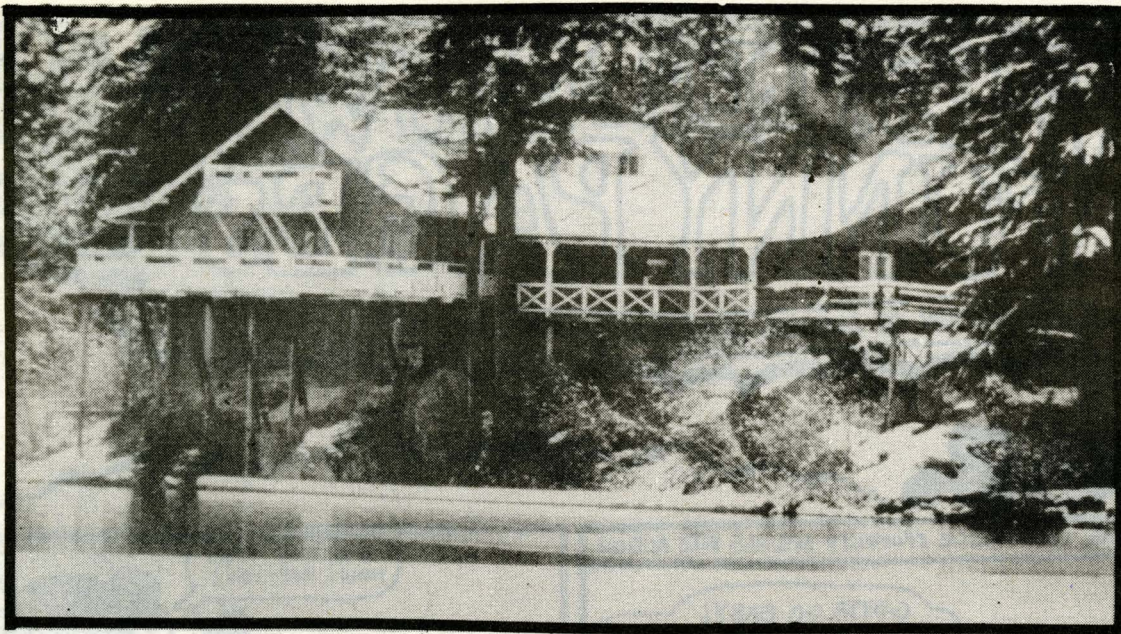
Of course there are some who just never seem to get it. I personally met a woman in Sun Valley who said "cross-country, ugh, that was the second most horrible experience of my life, I did it up at Whistler, when I was on my honeymoon there." Well there's no pleasing everyone is there?

If you downhill ski and still have a little romance in your soul, try a flit around Lost Lake by moonlight. It is an experience you'll remember forever. Full moon is almost daylight, except that the shadows of the track are reversed, that plus the stillness, the magnetic lunar pull brings out the werewolf in the best of you.

The Alta Lake Sports Club would prefer you simply join them for their races. The organizer of the great cross-country New Year's ski race, by the way, is the old coach of the U.B.C. ski team, and new president of the club. And, if I were fond of a wager and dealing with Jimmy the Greek on this race, I'd put a couple of bucks on David Turner, the champ is the first Whistler race 15 years ago.

Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose, except for one thing, half the people starting in the New Year's wouldn't have been allowed in the previous race in '66, you see they're women. Ah, but then that's another story - and for that one we have to begin at.





## Lunch Pails that Never Fail

Except for travesties such as the town centre, most of Whistler has been built and maintained by resident local business people, many of whom you will find listed here on this page.

The need for reliable and quality help in Whistler is essential, particularly considering the drawbacks of geography and weather. The Whistler contractors featured on this page have developed a reputation for quality work at competitive rates. Being local they know the ropes and are flexible enough to wage war against "Murphy's Law."

Ski Lee offers one of the most varied services anywhere. He will landscape for you, then take your skis in for a tune up before taking you up the mountain for a few lessons.

In the general contracting field, we have some of the more respected names in the field.

Rozell Construction, Crichton Construction, Crossroads Construction, and Clearwater Projects Limited will erect anything to order.

And if you want to survey the situation first, Robert B. Brown and Associates will bring out the plumb bob to make sure everything is plumb on the level.

If conserving energy is a priority, perhaps you should get a liberal

amount of insulation work from Pierre Trudeau.

If you just received a hate letter from Santa Claus or you live in a fire trap, the only solution would be to call up Clean Sweep and get your chimney swept by a professional.

And if you have any unsightly snow build up a quick call to Coastal Mountain Excavations will rectify the situation before you can say Robert, I mean Jack, Frost.

If you want to start up your own fan club, an energy saving ceiling fan

straight out of Casablanca from Mallett Enterprises will turn your room into a Bell 206.

And if things break down, as they are wont to do, a call to D.L., alias Dave Lalik, will solve everything. Anybody who built the Lost Lake Air Ramp is sure to be able to fix those frozen pipes and clogged drains in no time flat.

These are some of our more reputable contractors, so you need not look further. All the yellow pages have to offer are fly-by-night outfits and scam artist.

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The Local Chimney Service

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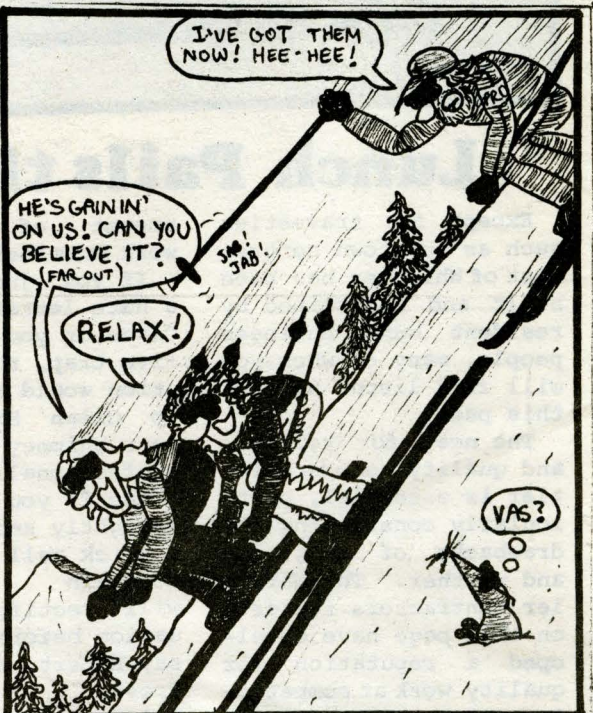
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# WHISTLER ANSWER FUNNY PAGES

A COLLECTION OF CHUCKLES, LAFFS, YUKS, TICKLERS AND OTHER FUNNY... STUFF.

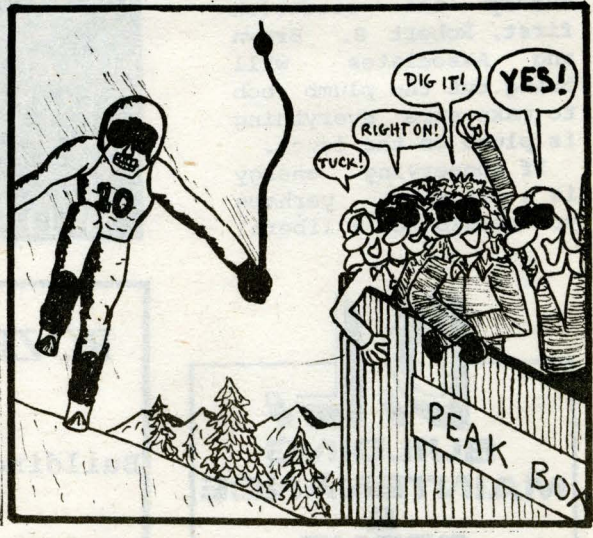
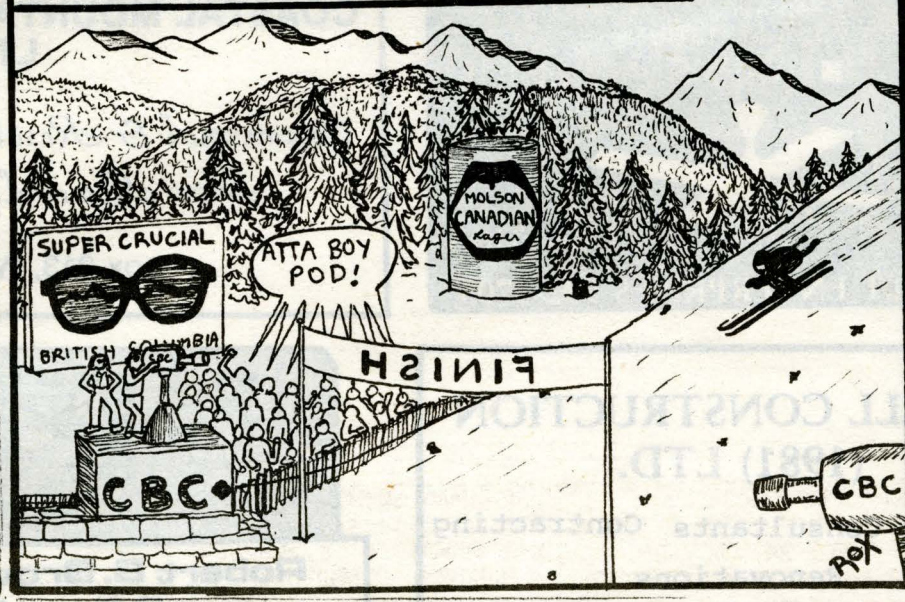
## PEAK BOOS.



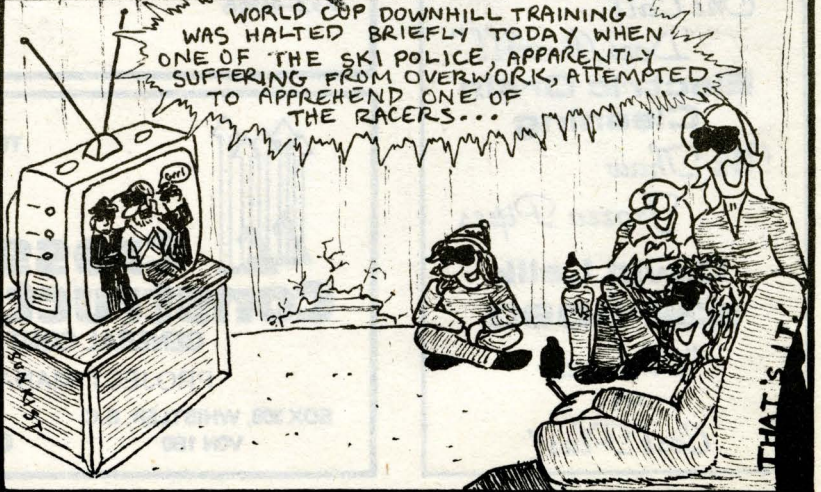
AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO PUT A STOP TO FAST SKIING (AND EARN A FREE DINNER), THE STRAIN BEGINS TO SHOW...



WORLD CUP DOWNHILL, WHISTLER '82 NON-STOP PRACTISE RUNS...



LATER, BACK AT PEAK MANSION...



THE BATTLE IS ON,  
AND WHISTLER IS THE  
PRIZE WHEN IT'S...

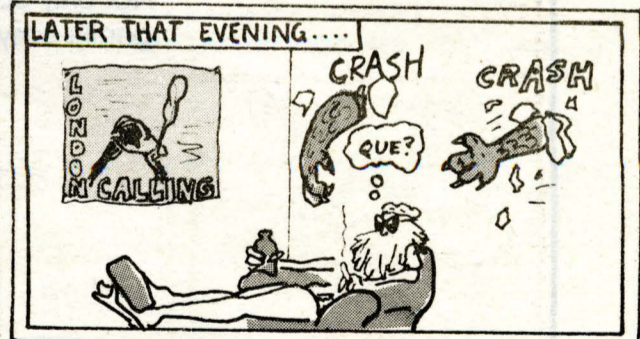
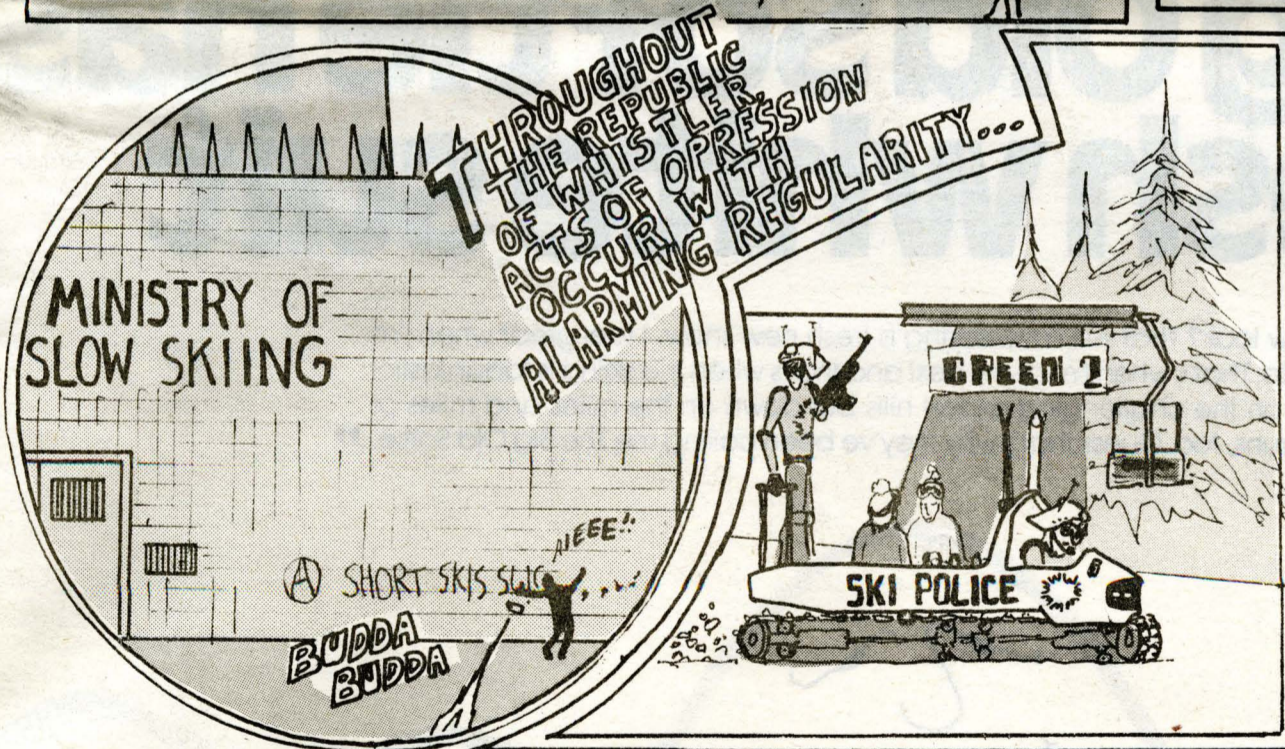
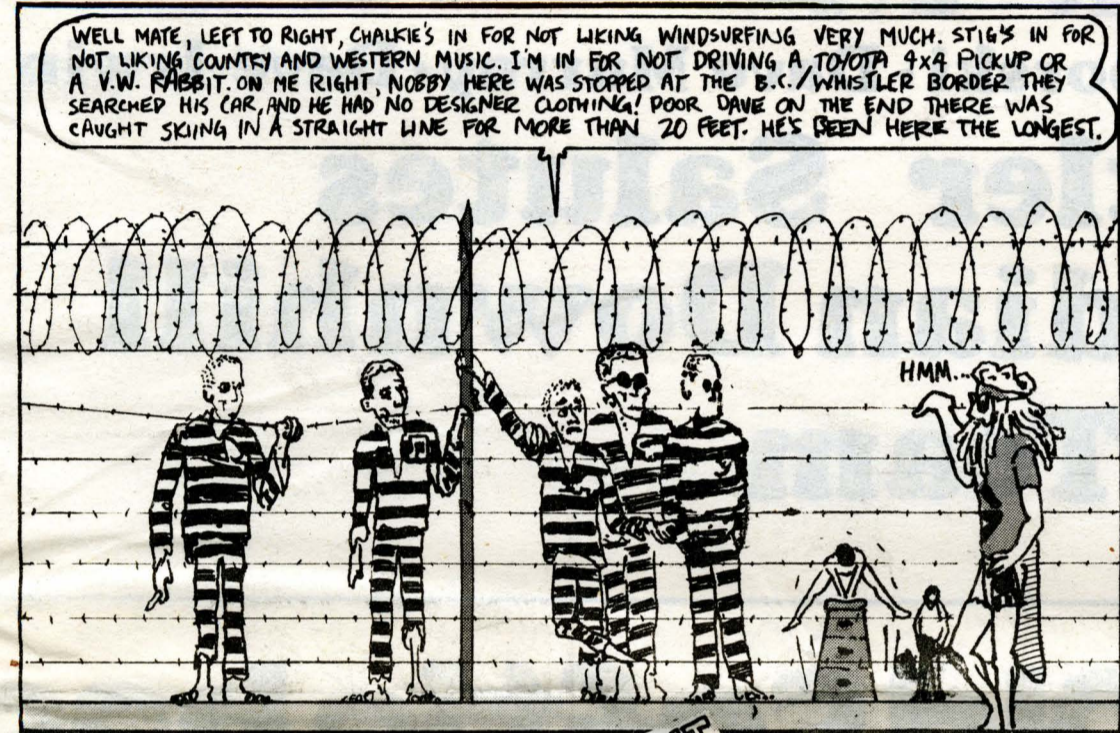
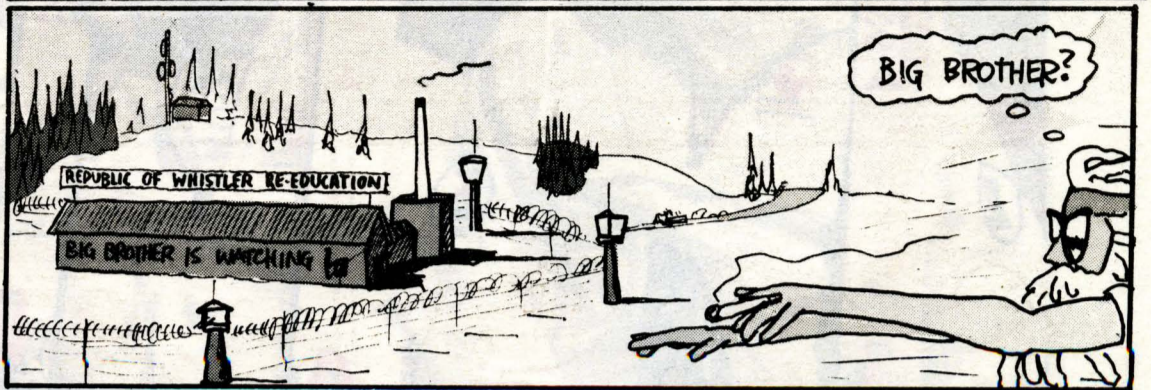
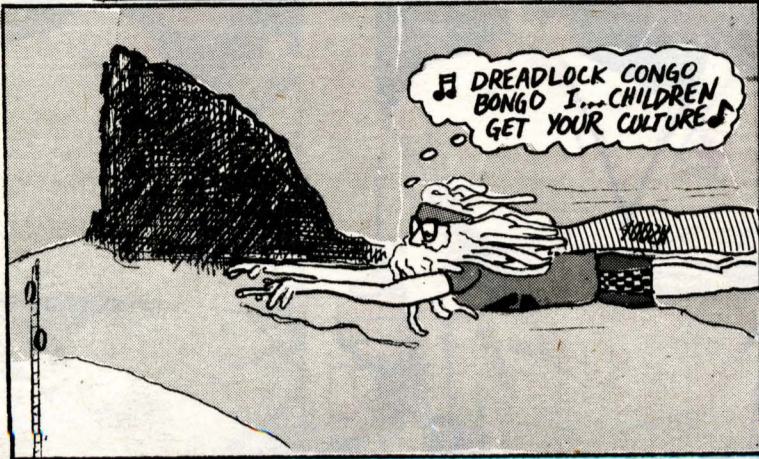
# 'SURVIVAL OF THE TRENDIEST'

THE YEAR IS 1984...  
SKIING IN A STRAIGHT LINE  
IS A CRIME AGAINST THE STATE.

LOCALMAN RETURNS TO WHISTLER AFTER  
AN EXTENDED VACATION IN JAMAICA....

Whistler Answer Page 27

AND DISCOVERS THAT THINGS HAVE CHANGED DRASTICALLY IN HIS ABSENCE...



ALBUM REVIEW

A VARNET'S ONLY \*\*\*\*\* 'CHANGES ARE' - BOB MARLEY - FOR THOSE NOT FAMILIAR WITH BOB'S WORK, THIS ALBUM IS A GOOD START! RE-MIXED SONGS FROM '68 TO '72, THE LYRICS ARE AS ACCESSIBLE AS ANY MARLEY SONG, AND THE ARRANGEMENTS A TOUCH AMERICAN, BEST SONG - "SOUL REBEL". WE REGRET THAT JESCO'S WEST INDIAN MUSIC IS CLOSED, AS THIS WAS THE ONLY COMPREHENSIVE REGGAE STORE IN TOWN. KELLY'S IN PARK ROYAL AND SPECIALTY RECORD SHOPS LIKE QUINTESSANCE ARE YOUR BEST BETS FOR JAH MUSIC!

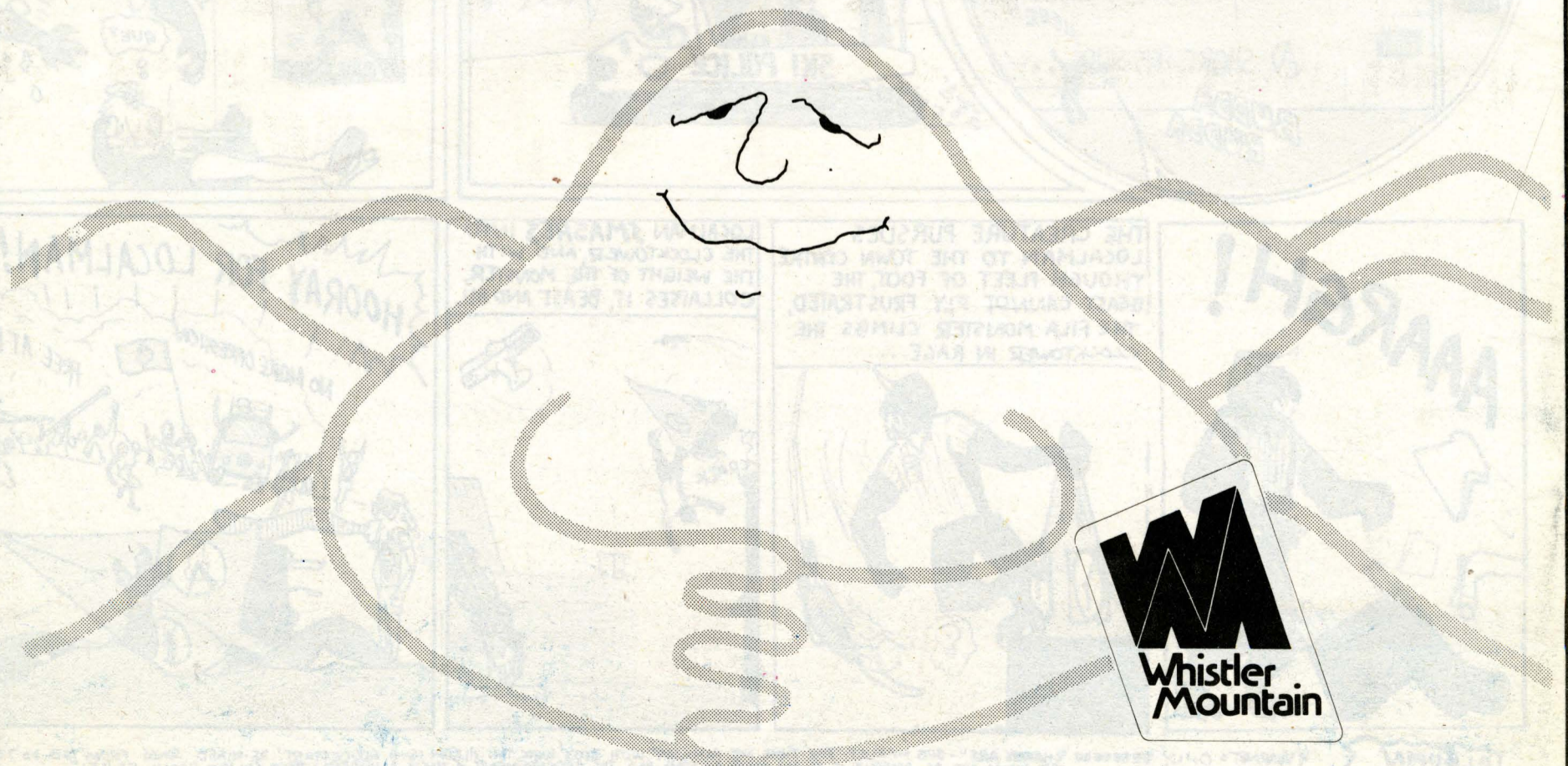


**Ken Read • Steve Podborski • Dave Murray • Dave Irwin**

# **Whistler Salutes The Canadian Downhill Team**

## **The Big Old Softie has a fresh white suit**

“Y’like my new look? That suit I’m wearing is fresh new snow. I feel great when I’m wearing white. That’s when I’m at my best and that’s when the skiing is faacantastic! Not only up on the challenging expert hills but down on the miles and miles of gentle easy runs, too. Guess that’s why they’ve been calling me The Big Old Softie.”



**W**  
Whistler  
Mountain



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