

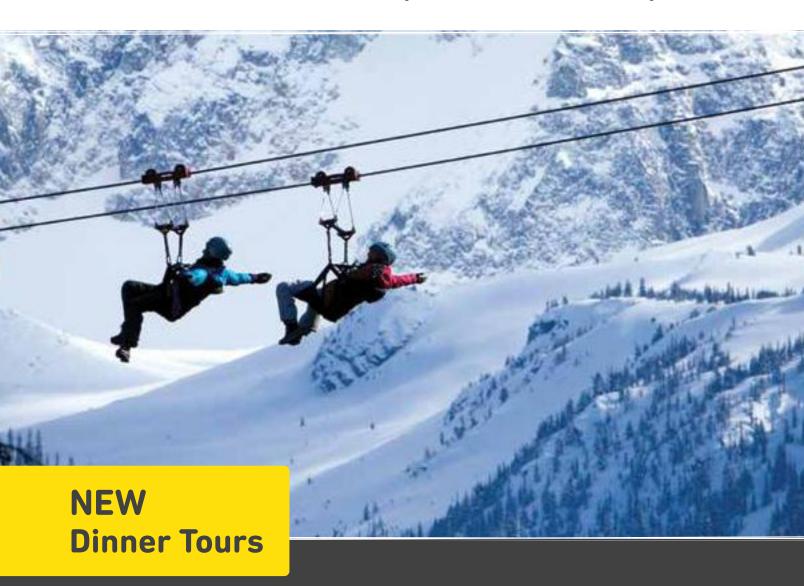


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The Plan B issue

FEATURES

34 PLAN A PERSONALITIES

Want Your Kids to Shred? Move to Kamloops.

44 ALEX CAIRNS

When Life Gives You Wheels, You Roll.

54 BEYOND BOARDING NORTHERN GREASE

An 18,000 km Surf and Shred Trip Through BC's Controversial Resource-Extraction Industry

DEPARTMENTS

- 14 Editor's Message Feet First
- 18 UpFront Slip Sliding Away, The Great Glass Elevator, Behind the Photo
- **26** Trailblazer Peter Croft
- 50 Map The Big Picture
- 64 Artist Profile Dave Rouleau resurrects Gnarcore
- **70** Mountain Home Four Tires to Freedom
- 73 Culture Long Hair Will Save Your Life
- **75** Wellness Plan Breathe
- **78** Gallery Deep Winter Plan B
- **87** Gear When All Else Fails...
- 94 Marketplace Local Joints to Hit Up
- 96 Back Page Deaner's Guide to May-Long Camping

ON THE COVER: When the perfect line has a 10 metre cliff at the bottom you need to plan accordingly. James McSkimming on Fissile Mountain. REUBEN KRABBE PHOTO. ABOVE: Jasper Snow Rosen carves his name in the Sacred Headwaters of Northern BC. KATHERINE WARREN PHOTO.



Feet First

The PLAN B Issue

When it comes to making plans, life in the Coast Mountains requires a very fine balance. Too much planning can take the fun out of any adventure, not enough can kill ya.

Some believe Plan B is a hindrance that interferes with Plan A. Others believe the more routes you have to the top the better the chance you'll get there. And of course there are the dreamers, who will insist the only way to really live is to ditch the plans altogether and let life unfold as she will— if you suddenly learned you had a year to live what would you do? Go do that anyway.

Regardless of where your proclivities lie, things can happen mighty fast up above treeline. Plans can change in mid air and even the most well thought out endeavours can quickly unravel. In its purest form, Plan B is often improvised.

So this is an issue about misadventures, unexpected pay-offs and life's roads less taken. Anything can happen in the mountains and a back up plan is the smart way to go, but for real adventure, sometimes the best plan is to have no plan at all.

Matt Elliott, head first off Domanski's Cliff, Whistler Mountain, ANDREW BRADLEY PHOTO.











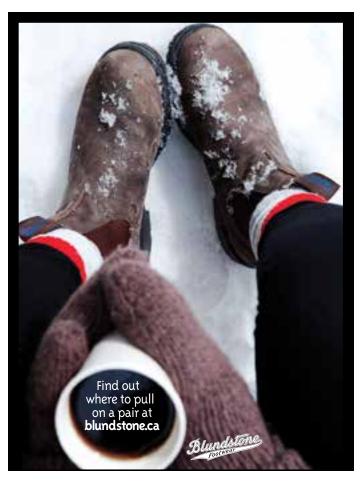


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Publications Mail Agreement Number 40026703. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: Mountain Life Magazine, PO Box 2433 Garibaldi Highlands BC, VON 1TO. Tel: 604 815 1900. To send feedback or for contributors guidelines email feet@ mountainlifemedia.ca. Mountain Life Coast Mountains is published every February, June and November by Mountain Life Media Inc. and circulated throughout Whistler and the Sea to Sky corridor from Pemberton to Vancouver. Reproduction in whole or in part is strictly prohibited. Views expressed herein are those of the author exclusively. To learn more about Mountain Life, visit Mountainlifemag.ca. To distribute Mountain Life in your store please call 604 815 1900.

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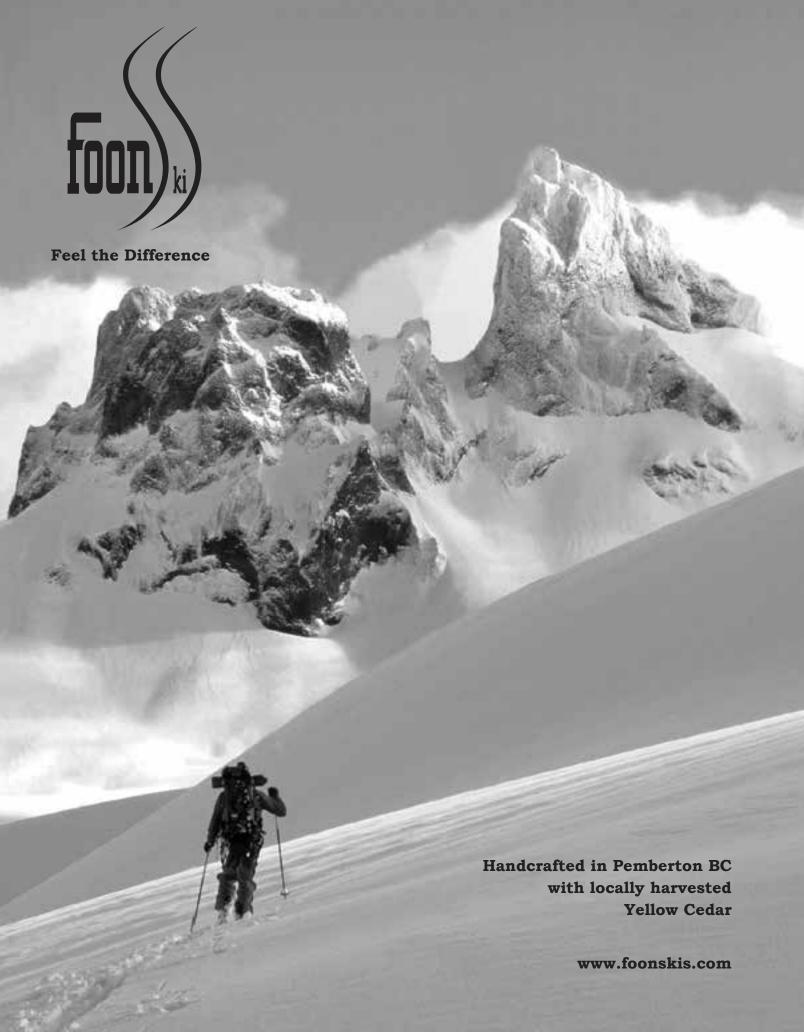
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Different crew, different day. But the red line is the slide path. CHRIS CHRISTIE PHOTO.

By Chris Christie

In an instant, success and elation change to turmoil and struggle. I fight, but my actions are useless. It feels like I'm being pulled through a vortex. Time stops, it's silent. I wonder if this is maybe what the eye of a tornado feels like, yet at the same time, I know exactly what is happening—will the impact bring darkness and peace or a life-altering injury. Hope mixes with fear and everything moves even slower. The impact never comes. I'm buried and the clock is ticking. I try to yell out but there is no sound, only snow.

• • •

April 16, 2013. Just four buddies with a plan to head into the mountains and hit a north-facing local classic. At the base, we observed some recent avalanche activity so Jimmy Martinello and I opted to ascend a long, steep couloir on a slightly different aspect where we could better manage the risk. On our climb, we dug a few quick pits to check the snowpack and found nothing alarming. We kept climbing, with growing confidence, for a couple hours until we arrived at the exit and small rollover where a possible weakness in the snow pack usually exists. We bypassed that concern and gained the ridge towards the summit with high spirits.

And perhaps our guard was down. Jimmy had reached low-angle terrain, only a few metres from where we would transition from climb to ski. He walked ahead to get a shot of me exiting the couloir and that's when our entire world shifted—just a little, but enough. Avalanche.

•••

I see Jimmy dive onto his ice tool in an attempt to self-arrest as I lunge instinctively for my

peripheral safe spot. I stumble, fall, and curse as the realization hits. The moraine is 1,800 feet below us and I'm about to go for what may be the last ride of my life.

Sliding headfirst and face down, I attempt to spin while reaching for my inflatable avalanche airbag system. I feel the trigger at my fingertips, but the accelerating chaos makes it impossible to pull. I realize I'm already suffocating, as the aerated snow in the slide's core has sealed my airway. Everything is weightless, dreamlike. How long has it been? I'm still moving, fast. Gravity pulls the slide down the path of least resistance and we – I assume Jimmy is with me somewhere – fly out of the couloir on a dogleg and are rocketed over the same cliffs we had climbed past just hours before. I'm certain it's only a matter of time before I strike something.

Then I feel a tremendous weight on my body and sense I am coming to a stop. I thrash, no concept of which way is up, and try to roll with the momentum—knowing this could be a defining moment. Darkness changes to light, and hope, as I struggle with every ounce of fading energy to maintain a reference to the light. I ignore the blackness.

As I come to a stop, I cover my mouth with one hand and punch up towards the sacred light. I am entombed in snow, but one arm is free! I'm able to dig the snow away from my face and try to take a breath. My airway is clogged with snow and ice.

Biting off my glove, I claw at the snow in my throat and try to yell out. The pressure and weight on my body prevents me from expanding my diaphragm. I claw more icy chunks from my airway and then, within a mere minute of terminating my slide, my friends are on me and

clearing the compacted snow from my body. "Where is Jimmy?" I call out, thinking about his family and kids at home. I begin to tremble when I hear his voice—he had also been swept off the mountain, but he is alive.

It takes time. Jon and Trevor assess our injuries. Jimmy has a sore neck, but we feel confident he can evacuate himself. I have a knee injury, but I can move. My eyes feel scratched from snow crystals that had packed under my eyelids in the slide. It takes time to regain our composure, and simultaneously, reality begins to sink in. I feel responsible for the decision-making and angry at my intuition. Where were the alarm bells? But mostly, I feel humbled and relieved. We are alive.

• •

What did we miss? Where did we go wrong? Jimmy and I believe a simple change in aspect and a buried surface hoar layer on the summit ridge is what unravelled our plan, but we'll never know for sure. We looked for an obvious message, some golden bit of avalanche wisdom to pass along, but there wasn't one. We all assume personal risk in the mountains and I always take into consideration healthy fear, intuition, patience and a solid knowledge of mountain travel when decision-making. The mountains are the real deal. With the steady influx of backcountry enthusiasts, there has never been a time when the pressure for fresh powder has been greater. Arm yourself with knowledge and stay practiced in all aspects of mountain travel and rescue. As humbling as this accident was, the hope is that this personal account creates further discussions in safe mountain travel.



Does the Sea to Sky Gondola offer a first glimpse into Squamish's future?

By Jessica Lefroy

Things are looking up for Squamish, now that visitors have a better vantage point to look down on it from. Founded on the development of industries intent on the extraction of natural resources, Squamish has long been fighting to evolve beyond its rich past. Though its merits in niche adventure markets are widely acknowledged, Squamish has yet to capitalize on the tourism dollars that could elevate its status from a stopover on the way to Whistler to a destination in its own right.

"Our hope is that the Sea to Sky Gondola will be a catalyst for Squamish, a benchmark for what Squamish is as opposed to what it was," explains the project's founding partner and



Woodfibre mill in 1960, the other side of Howe Sound SQUAMISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTO.

general manager, Jayson Faulkner. Having previously spent over 20 years as co-owner of Escape Route in Whistler and Vice President of Arcteryx, he is no stranger to introducing mountain culture to the masses. He believes the Sea to Sky Gondola offers access to an immense playground with the potential to forever change the economic landscape of Squamish.

With a 9,000-square foot Summit Lodge, restaurant, retail space, suspension bridge, and every possible mountain activity available in varying degrees of difficulty, the \$22 million gondola will ascend a ridge south of the Stawamus Chief and offer more than a simple sightseeing tour. "This will bring a complete change of perception about Squamish," says Faulkner. "Squamish is not strip malls, but if you only see it from the highway that onedimensional view is all you would know of it: a small town with some nice scenery up above. See the town relative to the geography that surrounds it and quite a bit changes. All of a sudden, the strip malls are a tiny part of the experience. You see the fjords, the glaciers, the rivers, the mountains—the other stuff seems inconsequential to what the true personality and identity of this town is."

Accessibility, for locals and visitors alike, may be the most important factor in the success

of the Sea to Sky Gondola. Opening extensive backcountry terrain, climbing routes and bike trails can make the mountains more than an afternoon activity for Sea to Sky tourists. Faulker believes it brings the potential for a profound effect on visitors and the environment alike. "I know that sounds grandiose and all, but the truth is, if you give someone an opportunity to experience and engage in the natural landscape, you can change people's lives," he explains. "If you help typical urban dwellers who haven't seen an alpine meadow get up there, they are forever changed by the experience. When people make connections when they have a visceral emotional experience in a place—they are forever connected to THAT place. We know this exists everywhere in the outdoor world. That experience becomes a touchstone for them and that place becomes important. People develop a connection to the land and the landscape, and they understand its value. One of the things you create by giving access is advocates."

With other potential economy-boosting developments in a perpetual state of uncertainty, the Sea to Sky Gondola is the first to make strides in Squamish's rejuvenation after the collapse of its primary industries. Slated to open in May 2014, Squamish's Plan B has arrived.







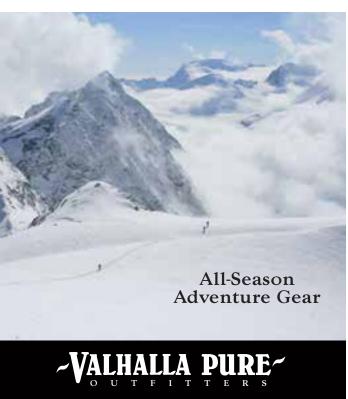
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BEHIND THE PHOTO with Mike Chapman



Mountain Life – This looks gnarly. What's happening here?

Mike Chapman - This is that cold snap we had in November 2013. This is Brandywine falls and the climber is Tim Emmett with Jaime Finlayson on belay. It was funny, Tim had been skulking around up behind the Chief in Squamish looking for ice near Mount Habrich. Then he saw a friend's Instagram picture of Brandywine all iced up and his eyes bugged out of his head, so we drove up and rappelled it to check it out. And then it was on.

ML - You have to move quick with those cold snaps, how did it all come together?

Mike - We knew we only had three to four days in the cold snap so it was a bit of a scramble. Tim and Jamie came in for coffee at the Cloudburst Café and it was one of those right place, right time moments. They told me what they were up to, so I got off work at one o'clock and drove up there without snow tires to shoot it. It was cold but not that snowy, so I made it.

ML - What are the challenges when shooting something like this?

Mike - This was pretty easy to shoot. I've definitely shot in more hostile environments. The fact that Brandywine is a tourist destination made it easier to shoot a bunch of

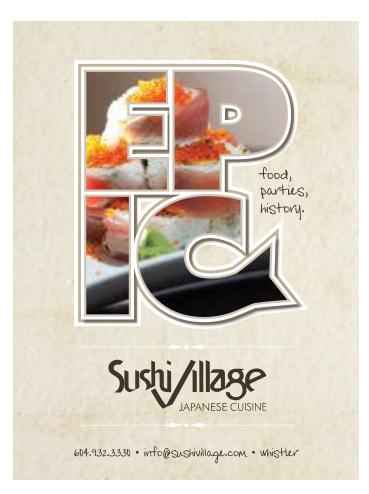
angles. There's an observation deck even. Tim had been looking for something like Helmken Falls, something that requires cold winter conditions to hold it together, funny that he found it only about half an hour from home.

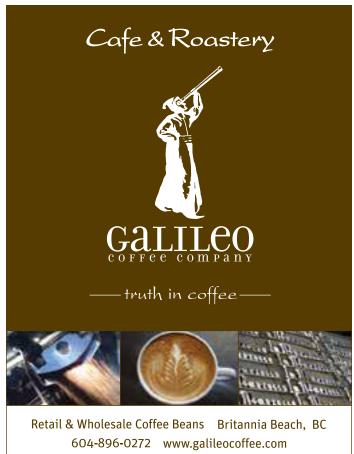
ML - How was the climbing?

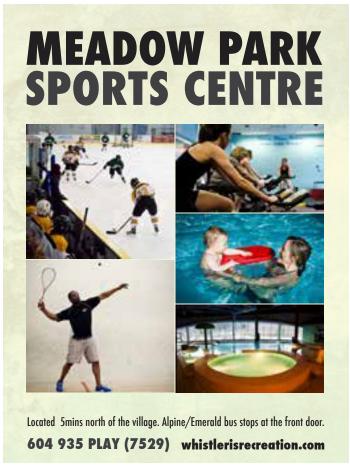
Mike - It was a bit loose. The lowest pitch was straightforward ice with mostly dry tooling here at the top. Tim was knocking off a bit of loose rock and several large ice daggers. Then Jamie did this last pitch on top rope - his first ice climbing experience. The first and second pitch still have never been climbed but the last pitch was exciting nonetheless.

ML – It's pretty awesome that this is a spot that sees probably tens of thousands of visitors from around the world and yet on the right day, under the right circumstances, you can show up and do something that has never been done before.

Mike - Yeah, Plan B is "be ready." I like shooting first ascents - I like the story behind the image. As a climber I was always interested in them too. Jamie and I even thought about coming back in the summer and checking out some other parts of the amphitheatre to see if any of it can be rock climbed.











WORST LAID PLANS

Pacifically speaking, we were idiots

By Seb Kemp

The idea to go in search of the endless summer struck us about two and a half Wildcats in – still buzzing from the day's riding, but our brains loosened by the beers.

It was the twilight of a Bike Park summer season, the last of the Phat Wednesday races for the year, and Adam and I were lubing up for another reasonable night of GLC partying. We could sense that the sunlight, dust and short-sleeves would too-soon be packed away. We weren't ready for summer to end.

New Zealand came up in conversation — inverse seasons — and plans to depart the looming wintery abyss were made before our six-pack was spent. Perhaps, we thought, once the weather turned to devil's dandruff and chattery-slush hell we could be in New Zealand getting laps in with the bros, eating chups and making a nuisance of ourselves to a whole load of chucks who weren't familiar with our pickup lines. Endless summer.

While the decision to flee came quickly, we endured several more months of shoulder season misery trying to make enough money for the trip by laying paving stones, cleaning toilets in the Carleton, slinging pies to surly snow-deprived

snowboarders and sleeping in whatever blanket fort we could muster.

Our budget tickets gave us the opportunity to make a quick layover in Fiji, which of course we took. Our daydreams full of tanned girls serving us coconuts on a beach didn't materialize when we landed however, the paradise we imagined necessitated a resort room key, and that was something we couldn't afford. Moronically deluded and incredibly naive (aka: young) Adam and I had envisioned sleeping under palms on a sandy beach and eating fresh fish from the ocean that we'd magically caught with our own bare hands.

The best thing about being guileless and dumb is that very stupid ideas don't sound so stupid, so you end up trying anything. So we unboxed our downhill bikes and began riding across the island in search of a beach to sleep on. What we didn't expect was to find every beach fenced off by the big resorts, to keep the riffraff out, or perhaps to keep the tourists and their wallets in. We pedalled just shy of 100 kilometres before we found the only beach we were allowed access to. It also bordered on a burning garbage dump.

Sunburnt and dehydrated, we had no other viable plan, but the municipal dump/public

swimming pool combo was a little more disappointing than I'm probably making it sound.

DAVE BARNES ILLUSTRATION

To pass the days we pedalled up mountains and through sugarcane fields looking for rideable terrain. We had nothing else to do and getting lost in the jungle seemed safer than everywhere else as a coup had recently started up. The Fijian military had moved into the capital city, disarmed the police and dissolved the parliament. A remote island paradise this was not.

Despite our thriftiness, Adam had no choice but to call his dad to ask for a wire transfer. He said no. Even after hearing of the "dangerous" political coup taking place (really it was about as hazardous as a fart in a jar), Adam's father denied us, adding that it was an opportunity to grow up and learn some vital life lessons. In his defense, we did end up memorizing the phrase for, "Where are the crackers and mustard?"

We survived a few more days, rode back across the island and eventually boarded our flight for New Zealand where there were no government takeovers, the beaches were free and pristine, the sun shone on dry trails, and the girls still thought we were cretins.

All was as it should be again.



Still climbing hard, 2010. Sierra Nevada Mountains. JIMMY CHIN PHOTO.

PETER CROFT

By Alex Gabriel

It was spring 1985 in the Waddington Range and Peter Croft was psyched. Just 26 at the time, Croft had long heard stories of isolated peaks rising 3,000 and 4,000 metres above gnarly glaciers, difficult terrain and the threat of bad weather.

And now here he was on a five-day, nine-summit traverse with friends Greg Foweraker and Don Serl. "Don was kind of like the King of the Coast Mountains," Croft explains from his home in Bishop, California.

Facing a traverse that had never been completed, the trio travelled light with no radios, which

meant, "If something bad happens you're really kind of screwed," Croft says. Everything went smoothly until the third bivouac, "Then we all got worked over."

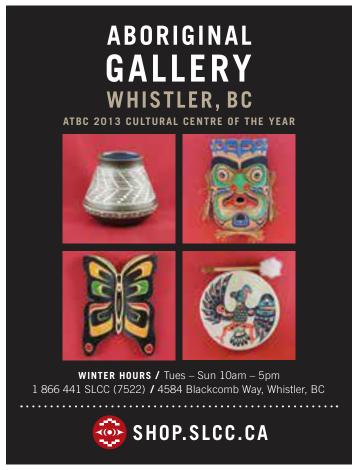
Foweraker got puking ill, but recovered, and Serl was nearly knocked off the east face of Asperity Mountain when falling ice chunks whacked his arm. "I'd never seen Don shaken," Peter recalls, "but he was definitely shaken."

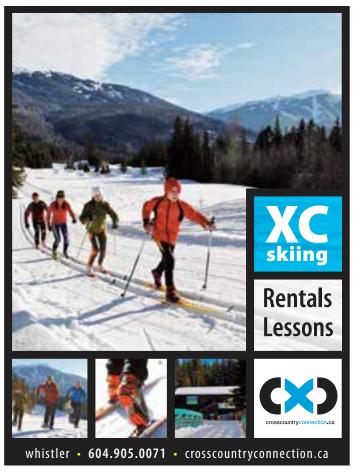
Climbing on Serra V, the most difficult peak, went well despite a foreboding and gloomy sky. "It was pretty casual," Croft says, "and then we started the most epic descent I've ever made."

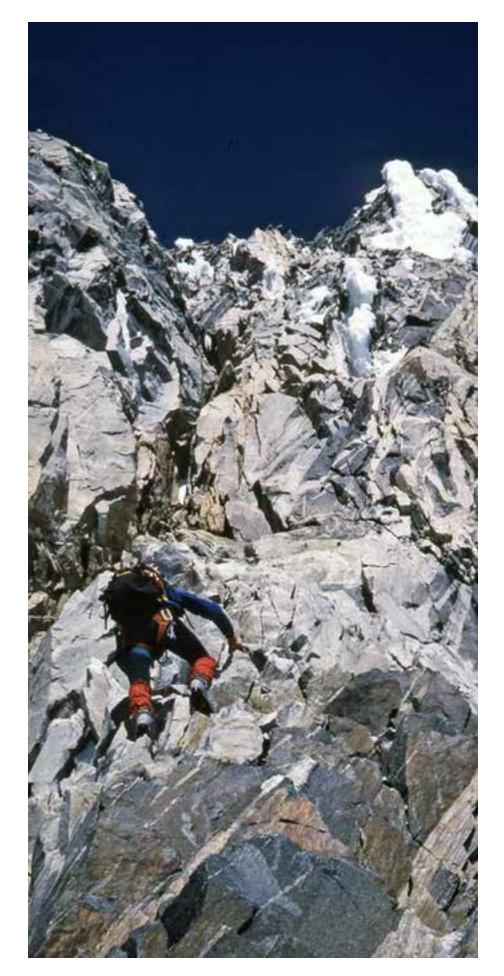
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TOP: Young and pensive. 1981. TAMI KNIGHT PHOTO. LEFT: Peter starting towards the summit of Mount Waddington via the chimney directly above him. 1985. DON SERL PHOTO.

On the first rappel, Croft lost control of his rope, regaining a grip just in time to prevent himself from whizzing off the end. Then the whole cliff threatened to let go. As Foweraker and Serl yelled that huge boulders were coming down, Croft swung hard into a corner and shouted, "Are you kidding? I'm right underneath you!" He tucked in as blocks twice the size of toasters rained down all around. Amazed he had survived the whooshing onslaught, Croft hollered, "When are the big ones coming?"

"NOW!" TV-sized boulders sailed over his head, rattling Croft to the core.

He recalls feeling jittery, as if he had drank ten espressos. "I had no more funny jokes left in me."

Croft explains that his most memorable adventures seem to occur when "weird stuff comes up that you could never have foreseen, when there's a level of intensity." He says that that particular traverse remains a standout.

A master at moving over stone and gliding up and down mountains, Croft was born to climb. His record-setting achievements could fill volumes, and are peppered with examples of how his soft-spoken, unassuming nature, gracious personality, sense of humour and sheer unadulterated enthusiasm for climbing sets him apart.

From the mid-1980s onward, Croft set the climbing world on fire with a string of high profile, free solos and linkups in Yosemite. The one-day El Cap and Half Dome climb with John Bachar was "at least as good as anything I'd done in my life, and I was looking off in the distance like, 'what's next?'"

How about a gazillion sport climbs, boulder problems, big walls, and long traverses, such as his one-day Evolution Traverse in the High Sierras where he linked nine 13,000-foot peaks ("One of the very best," in Croft's words.)

Continued



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TOP: First ascent Black Bug's Blood, Squamish apron. Late 70s. RICHARD SUDDABY PHOTO. MIDDLE: Peter (top) and (Greg) downclimbing the E Face of Asperity. Waddington Range, 1985

BOTTOM: Greg and Peter at the bivy in the notch between Serra IV-V. Waddington Range, 1985. DON SERL PHOTO.



ABOVE: Fueling up for "Incredible Hulk" (climbed with Conrad Anker), 2007. JIMMY CHIN PHOTO.

Peter was wild about the outdoors as a boy, fishing, hiking and exploring around his home in Nanaimo, BC, but the first time he went rock climbing, he intrinsically knew: "This is it. This is who I am."

The next step followed in 1975 at the Stawamus Chief in Squamish when a teenaged Croft, in full shank mountain boots, fell off the crux, lassoed a tree and shed blood to scrabble up "Sickle," a 5.8 slab route. He was ecstatic. He'd tapped into his true euphoric self and began a tireless climbing quest. But it wasn't all smooth on the path to achieving his god-like abilities and superb style.

In 1978, the self-described "total gumbie" was smitten with alpine climbing on the formidable northeast buttress of Mount Slesse. Michael Down recalls Croft being so overwhelmed by a superexposed 5.7 crack that he led a 5.10 pitch instead. That night, Croft says he could have died happily of awesomeness. "It was so overpowering - just the feeling of being up there."

Back on the rocks in Squamish, Croft and Hamish Fraser redefined hard rock climbing with the first free ascent of University Wall in 1982. Then, in 1983, non-stop ascents of South Howser, Bugaboo Spire, Crescent Spire and Snowpatch Spire further confirmed Croft's leading-edge style.

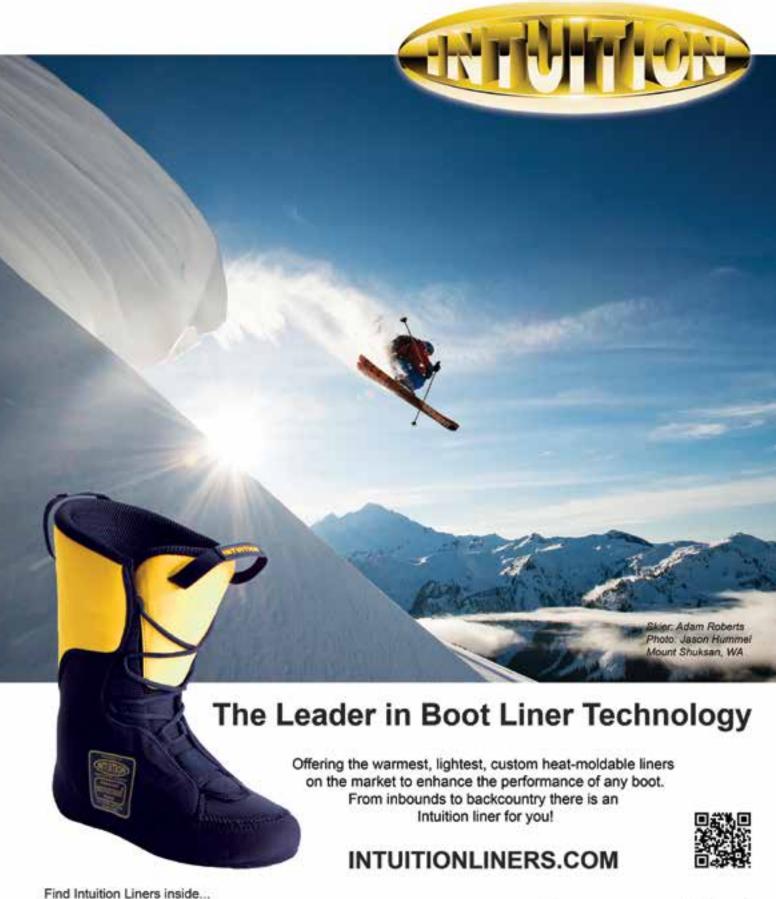
His vivid descriptions reveal his "can't hold back" exuberance. "Plunging along in the snow on the way to Snowpatch I tried to retain my composure, to pace myself, but finally gave in and ran down the hill, arms and legs whirring windmill style with the same sparkle and eagerness as a five-year-old on an adventure," he wrote in the 1984 Canadian Alpine Journal.

Croft, now 55, muses that he is best at chickening out or "picking my battles." He has honed a safety buffer by backing off when something doesn't feel right and is never afraid to go with Plan B.

"The climbing and the continuing adventure are the important parts," Croft says. "Get out there. Get after it." 🚾







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Tippie plans on sending it. Pemberton. BRAD HOLMES PHOTO.



Helen Schettini executes another plan of attack. MARK GRIBBON PHOTO.

"PLAN A" **PERSONALITIES**

A skier, a snowboarder and a mountain bike legend talk about big plans, crazy trips and why Kamloops, BC is the best place to start.

BY FEET BANKS



Of course, there's always the chance that Plan B is total baloney. That ditching the safety net is actually the key to everything and nothing truly great has ever been accomplished without 100 per cent commitment to success.

"As far as your life goes, I've always believed that having a back-up plan is a distraction," says big mountain skier Dana Flahr. "Don't look at the obstacles; look at the path you want to go down. Put in the work and don't look back."

Super-duper backcountry snowboarder Helen Schettini agrees. "I've always been so devoted to my goals, obsessive really, that I never really worry about a Plan B. I have enough to handle with constantly over-thinking Plan A."

Helen and Dana live, work, and rip in the Coast Mountains, but they both hail from the flat, dusty, interior city of Kamloops, BC. According to Brett Tippie, another Kamloops local, it's a place that nurtures the kind of competitive edge it takes to make it in life.

"Kamloops is blue-collar and the people are tough," explains Tippie, an ex-national team snowboarder and one of the legendary Kamloops 'Froriders' who revolutionized freeride mountain biking. "It's also the 'Tournament Capital of Canada' and big enough to foster good competition between kids, but not so big that there are

a lot of options to distract them. If you want to be rad in Kamloops - to get the girls or make the team or whatever — then you really have to work for it."

Kamloops also boasts good winter riding at nearby Todd Mountain/Sun Peaks and some of the best biking terrain in the province. Originally a historic trade, timber and transportation centre, lately Kamloops has produced a slew of mountain sports icons (see pg. 40). Apparently kids from 'the Loops' plan big and they follow through.

But if Plan B is just an improvisation necessitated by the failure of Plan A, why bother planning at all? "I never planned too much," Tippie says. "I've always just kind of kept going - one more year, one more season. But I've been doing that for over two decades. Things unravel, but you have to have faith and get away with what you can. I might be over the hill, but I am just picking up

Speed, momentum and a solid base to start from — *Mountain* Life got Tippie, Helen and Dana to reflect on the plans that got them where they are and what it looks like on those trips when everything falls apart.

Continued

Kamloops Roots CTHE MASTER PLAN



DANA FLAHR

"My mom was a single mom. When she introduced me to skiing, it meant she had to stop doing it herself if she wanted to make ends meet. We had to lie about my age to get a cheaper season pass and she gave me her old Ski-Doo suit to wear. I've never raced or had ski coaches, but I studied VHS ski movies frame-by-frame and practiced on the trampoline my mom saved up to buy. I made to-scale cardboard skis and I would bounce on that thing all day. As a kid I had a dream, but never a real plan - just a mom who made it happen."



LEFT: 2001. Another fresh-faced ripper arrives in Whistler. BRUCE ROWLES PHOTO. ABOVE: Dana Flahr living his dream. BLAKE JORGENSON PHOTO.

BRETT TIPPIE

"I came to Whistler in the summer of '89 and I was nomadic at the time, hitching rides and learning the art of conversation on long drives with strangers. It seemed like I would do a couple years in Whis, then back to Kamloops for a couple years, then one year somewhere totally random. That was my pattern. I would always come home to see my parents and brother. Plus I knew Kamloops would be prime for shooting — the light, the dust, and all the cool formations and locations I'd known my whole life. I always ended up at home."







LEFT: 2000, Tippie, a Rocky Mountain classic, BRETT TIPPIE ARCHIVES. TOP RIGHT: 1993. Two-trick pony. Tippie also raced for the Snowboard National Team... ERIC BERGER PHOTO. BOTTOM RIGHT:..and this is how he trained during the Kamloops summers. Gravel boarding. BRETT TIPPIE ARCHIVES.



HELEN SCHETTINI

"The reason I moved to Whistler at age 17 was my parents told me if I wanted to stay at home I had to start paying rent. My dad was a professor at the university in Kamloops, so you'd think he'd be adamant about me going to a post-secondary institution. But he saw so many kids floating through school just because that was supposed to be "the plan" in life. So he told me to travel and see the world, that then I'd have a greater mindset to know where and how I wanted to spend my life."



LEFT: Helen, in her "quiet place." ASHLEY BARKER PHOTO. ABOVE: Hel YES. ERIN HOGUE PHOTO.

Tips & Tricks

For those times when things don't go quite as planned

BRETT TIPPIE

"When I was snowboard racing, I was living as cheap as possible. Instead of getting a hotel, I'd *hide my board bag in the ceiling tiles of the bus station* then I'd go party and come back and sleep up above the false ceiling where the air pipes and stuff were."

HELEN SCHETTINI

"I would sleep in the airport and try to avoid airport food. I would just buy one big bag of peanuts —peanuts for breakfast, lunch and dinner — you can live off that. And on road trips I would eat trail mix and broccoli instead of going to restaurants. You can wash the broccoli in the gas station washroom sink and just tear a sprig off when you want it. Organic carrots too, you don't need to peel them. Or I would boil a carton of eggs, and lunch on the mountain would be eggs and hot sauce. It's kind of hippie, but the hippies were right about some things."

DANA FLAHR

"I lived in a SUV with a buddy in parking lot 4 when I first moved to Whistler. One good thing was, we had another buddy who worked at a hotel. If you have a hotel key card, you can roll into the pool zone and get a shower. People are always dropping those room cards – keep your eyes on the ground."





Not every plan is fool proof. Helen Schettini, Whistler Bakccountry.

MARK GRIBBON PHOTO.

MARCUS RIGA PHOTO





ADAM CLARK PHOTO

Unplanned & Underplanned

THE WORST TRIPS EVER

BRETT TIPPIE

"Southern France with Richie (Schley), probably 1999 or so. We were doing these 22-foot drops that Fabrice Taillefer showed us and Scott Markewitz was shooting. We celebrated after these big fat airs and went for dinner. We thought we were so badass and cool, but when we got back to the van all our bags were gone—passports, plane tickets, clothes, everything. I had my wallet, my bike and a wife-beater shirt.

We couldn't make our flight the next day and we had nothing, so we fell asleep on the beach — Richie on his side and me with my hands folded on my chest. Richie woke up totally red on one side and I had a bikini tanned into my chest from my hands—the thumbs were up so it looked like bikini straps. People were staring at us.

We tried to go to the Monte-Carlo Casino, but they wouldn't let us in, so we got a beer in the café across the parking lot. Richie was 50-50 and I was bright red. All of a sudden this gorgeous, older lady walked by and was checking me out. Turns out she was a million dollar sculptor whose work was on display at the casino. And she was Canadian! She marched us past the casino bouncers and got us dinner and a room. We partied all night though and didn't use the room.

Back at the airport, we learned that they'd found all our stuff in the woods near where we got ripped off. Someone had called our families and said they'd found our belongings in the woods in France. My parents thought we'd died in a plane crash but we hadn't, so we rented another car, got our stuff (they stole Richie's electric toothbrush but missed the \$400 in his jeans pocket) and decided to sneak into the Marquis de Sade's castle, it was next to Markewitz's wife's place. I tried to climb the fence, but my shorts got snagged and basically ripped right off. It was so hot though, so I went skinny dipping anyhow. The rich people were angry, but I dipped and we made it to the plane. I discovered some sleeping pods in first class that we snuck into and got a few hours before the stewardess discovered us and called me a "cheeky bugger." When we landed in Canada, Richie and I literally kissed the ground with our ugly, orange sunburnt faces."

HELEN SCHETTINI

"You have to be open to the fact that things will go wrong. I wrote off two sleds in one day when I was still learning. I busted the front arms off one machine then hit the same rock with another sled coming back down. We needed a heli to get them out, my first time in a heli! All in, it was \$8,000 in one day, worst day ever except no one got hurt, thankfully. I had to borrow money from my brother to pay for it all and didn't tell my parents for like six months.

Another time I got buried to my waist in a slide, then the photographer fell into a crevasse. He was okay, but we had to go borrow a rope and try to pull him out with a sled. The rope kept breaking, but eventually we got him. You can't control everything, so you learn to take everything with a grain of salt and about 60 feet of rope. Stuff happens out there while you are doing the best job ever. I wouldn't change it for the world."

DANA FLAHR

"Petersburg, Alaska, April 2010. Two weeks of rain just sitting in the hotel watching TV in this tiny little town. After that many down days, it's hard to stay mentally positive. You wake up and almost hope it is not sunny because you know that means you have to go up cold and ski hard to salvage the trip.

Then the sun broke and I had to sack up, put my shirt on, and do it — time to go hit the biggest stuff I've ever seen on a mountain right near Devil's Thumb. There are lots of ghost stories around there and in the two weeks of rain we heard them all—a landslide hit an entire Native Village nearby, 800 people died. Lots of climbers have died on that peak. There were weird vibes.

Seth Morrison, who was an idol of mine, dropped in and fell. I got to watch my childhood ski hero tomahawk like 500 yertical metres... then it was my turn. I blew my knee halfway down. Then I fell into the bergschrund walking down to the landing zone. It just all gave away and I was swallowed.

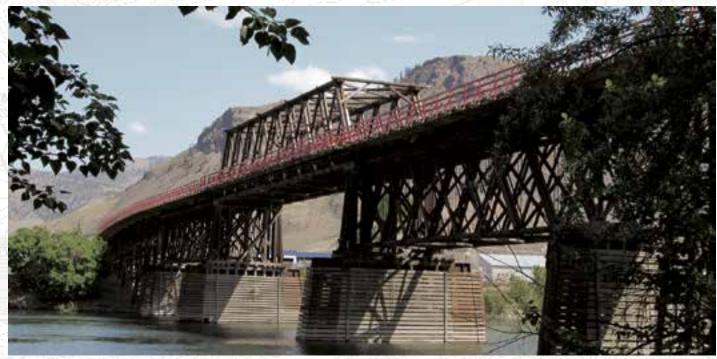
But I landed on a snow bridge only about ten feet down and I still had my skis so I was able to chop and climb my way back out. When I got back to the hotel I ate a bad slice of pizza or an old banana or something and got sick. I just lay there puking for two days with my blown knee watching a marathon of World's Deadliest Catch. I stayed in the hotel for a full week before I could come home. Worst \$15,000 I ever spent, but I'd had a great winter before that so it was okay. I ended up getting the opening segment in the movie and won a Powder Full Throttle award."

Continued



IN GUIDE WE TRUST







THE RED BRIDGE

Just east of Downtown Kamloops is an old wooden trestle bridge spanning the Thompson River. Red, weather-beaten timbers support a two-lane deck so narrow that it's not uncommon to see cowboys reach out their truck windows to fold in the driver's side mirror before crossing. Once a vital river crossing, the "Red Bridge" is now more of a local landmark. It was constructed in 1936, and local youth have probably been jumping off it, for kicks, ever since.

"From where the cars are it's about 60 feet to the water," says Tippie. "It's 80-plus from the top of the "cage" above the deck. I remember sending it and it seemed like a really long time before I hit the water. I'd always wear shoes for sure and keep the ankles close together for obvious reasons. You wanted to do it in the middle of the river and never in the spring or early summer because the river would be dirty and full of debris."

"You'd always hear about kids who would jump off and hit a submerged tree or a dead cow floating by," says Kamloops-born snowboarder Helen Schettini.

Tippie: "That's called 'Kamloops Roulette!"

KAMLOOPS HALL OF FAME

The following mountain athletes also come from Kamloops.

Ace MacKay-Smith — Ski Legend

Victoria lealouse — Snowboard Legend

Richie Schley, Wade Simmons — Mountain Bikers

Chris Dufficy - Snowboard Legend

Aleisha Cline — 4-time X Games Gold, Ski Cross

Guy Perret — 6-time Canadian Champ, Dirt Biker

Brett Turcotte — X Games Silver, Snocross

Graham Agassiz, Matt Hunter — Mountain Bike Stars

Catherine Pendrel — World Champion XC Racer, Mountain Biker

Chris Sheppard — Trans Rockies and Trans Alps Champion, XC Mountain Biker

Kenny Dale — 6-time National Champion Speed Skier, 2-time Canadian Champ Skateboarder.

Plus too many hockey, football, racing and rodeo stars to list.



Light, dust and the city of Kamloops. Brett Tippie back at home in 2013. MARGUS RIGA PHOTO

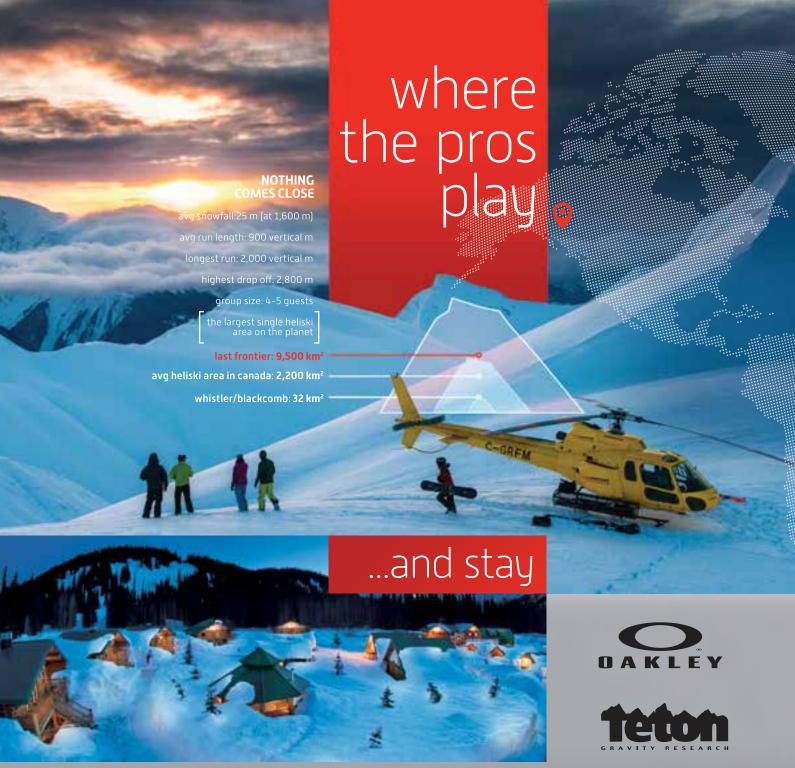




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WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU WHEELS, YOU ROLL.

Text by Feet Banks and Jim Martinello Photography by Jim Martinello

"I still remember the first time I met Alex," says Squamish photographer Jim Martinello. "I was at the skate park with my son when Alex rolled up in his chair, wheelied up on two wheels, dropped in and disappeared.

'Wow!' My son said. We both rushed over to the edge and saw Alex ripping with the light of excitement in his eyes and a smile that could break concrete."

From wheelchair skating, to kayaking the Mamquam River, to ripping laps of the Whistler

Mountain Bike Park, 22-year-old Alex Cairns certainly rolls against the grain. He was born with spina bifida, which left him paralyzed below the knees.

"No calf muscles or toes," Alex explains, "but I have full strength in my quads and a bit of hamstring, which leaves me in a pretty good position to do anything."

A climber and photographer who's travelled the globe, Martinello quickly bonded with Cairns over a mutual love of adventure, particularly skiing. Alex races for the BC Para Alpine Ski Team and the Canadian National prospect list, but his heart is in the powder. In 2013, he

became the first sit-skier to ski DOA, a classic backcountry test piece off Blackcomb Mountain, and he can often be found billy goating around some of the most serious lift-accessed lines Whistler Blackcomb has to offer.

"It's been an ultimate privilege to get out adventuring with him and see his will and love for life," Martinello says. "Alex doesn't make excuses, he just gets out there and does it – he rolls proud and positive, and that's a real and true inspiration for all of us."

"I'm used to it," Alex says. "It's the life I've always lived."

Continued





Jim – I know your parents have given you some great support. How important was that to you having such a positive attitude now?

Alex – My parents never said "no" right away. We did a trip to the Rockies when I was younger, pulling over at the Columbia Icefield. That's obviously a tough walk, but my parents took my bike off the car and I got to ride it off the toe of the glacier. I think it may have actually been illegal to bike there. My parents aren't afraid of trying things outside the box. When I was nine, my dad took me to the top of The Chief – took us six hours to get up.

Jim – How was it seeing your home town from that new, high perspective?

Alex – That definitely started something for me. My dad was a mountain guide so I already knew, "okay, mountains are sweet," and when we got to the top of The Chief I got a new perspective, seeing my home way down there. That got me.

Jim - When and how did you get into skiing?

Alex - This is my seventh year on the sit ski. After I wrecked my knee, my parents and grandparents signed me up with the Whistler Adaptive Sports Program. I spent hours on the magic carpet, eating it all day long, but for some reason I kept going. I didn't like the cold and that was the biggest hurdle - going out in the freezing cold and throwing myself on the ground. But it worked out. Skiing kept me looking for more. I did two days the first season, 15 the next, and then I got a full pass and did 85 days.

Jim – And last winter we did DOA together and it was very inspiring to see your determination to get up there, and how well you rode it. How did that feel for you?

Alex - Thanks. It was a long time coming for me. A few years goal, and after the first time didn't work out, I was actually more nervous about a section of the hike than actually skiing the run. I borrowed proper boots this time, and had my dad's old crampons. I knew they would work; I just needed to find someone who would slog my rig [sit-ski] to the top. More than anything it felt like a check mark to me, a gateway to big mountain skiing. Not the intensity – I have skied harder runs – but the planning, timing and execution.

Jim - Why do you ski?

Alex – For the adrenaline rush with a view, and for good friends, exploring the sport and what can be done.

▶ Continued

TOP: Squamish whitewater. "I am a beginner. Kayaking has the excitement but it's still a problem-solving sport that keeps me interested."

BOTTOM: Alex was working on landing a backflip but says it's no longer a focus. "But if the conditions and opportunity come up, yeah I'm into it."



Jim – What do you enjoy most about a big line, the top just before you drop in, the skiing, or riding out at the bottom?

Alex – I definitely enjoy the bottom the most. I try not to put myself in situations where I am really unsure, but it's definitely business time until I am at the bottom.

Jim - One thing you do is inspire and stoke people up on the hill.

Alex – It's pretty funny, the amount of people who stop when I am hiking and are mind blown. It doesn't feel normal to me, but it's cool to know people are stoked. The ski school kids are so interested in how I get on the chairlift. "Same as you, I just line up and get on the chair, in my chair," I say. It's fun to see people stoked and curious.

Jim – Do you ever feel like having spina bifida has given you more drive and dedication to life's challenges? Do you feel like you have to prove something?

Alex – No, I've got nothing to prove, but it does make things a lot more fun. I don't know too many people who have the opportunities I have. Like hiking out to Russet Lake or Black Tusk and then hopping in a chair and hitting the skate park. This area is really amazing and my disability is interesting. I am mostly in a chair, but I can walk and do other things as well.

Jim - What are some of your dreams and goals for the future?

Alex – I would really like to compete in the 2018 Para Games in South Korea. Other than that, I think I would like to heli-ski somewhere crazy like the Alps or Himalayas. I'm into downhill

mountain biking these days, it doesn't bother my knee. I'd also like to explore more kayaking and the competition side of whitewater. Catskiing too... this list could just go on and on.

Jim - What are you afraid of?

Alex - Not being able to succeed at something for silly reasons, like when I didn't sharpen my edges before dropping into Hawaii 5-0 for the first time, after we didn't have snow for a few days. I rolled to the bottom. Also, getting most of the way to DOA the first time and having to call it because I was wearing skate shoes that weren't suitable for the traverse. That kind of stuff

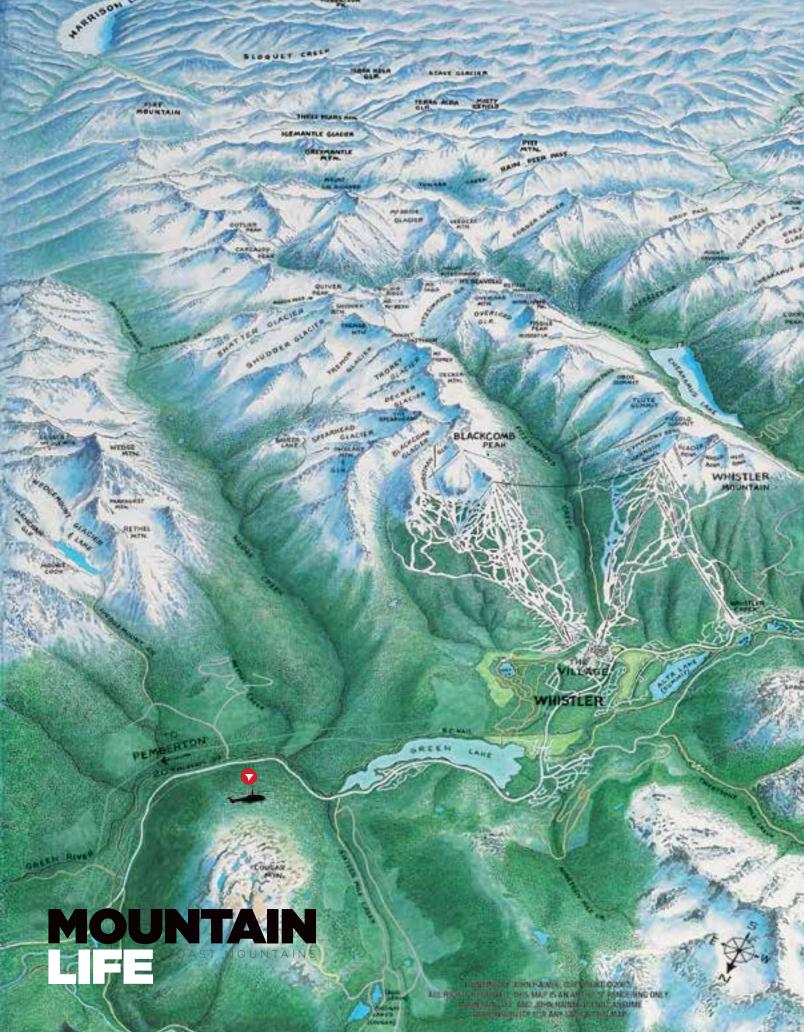
Jim - If a genie pops out of a bottle, what do you wish

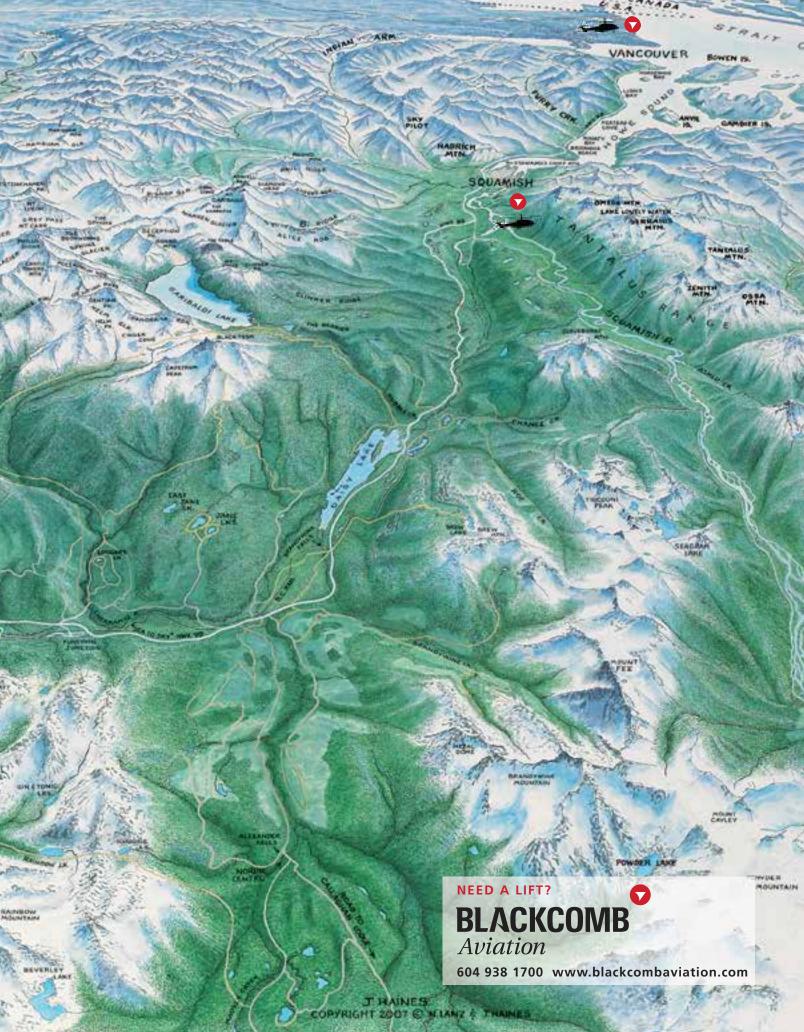
Alex – Aside from the obvious, like good health for my family and friends... I wish that people wouldn't see my disability in the same light as someone who has injured themselves. I get asked every day, "what happened?" and the truth is nothing. I was born with this gig. It has never changed and it never will, unlike someone who has had their life altered by an injury. I also wish for the ability to keep skiing and doing sports like those old guys you see on the hill crushing it in their seventies.

Alex is supported by Westcomb Outerwear, Funk Skis, Urban Alpine, BC Adaptive Snowsports, Mantech Enterprises and "anyone who has ever been a part of my shenanigans on the hill." Check out videos of him ripping steep lines on Blackcomb as well as the infamous DOA run by heading to the "In This Issue" tab at cm.mountainlifemag.ca.

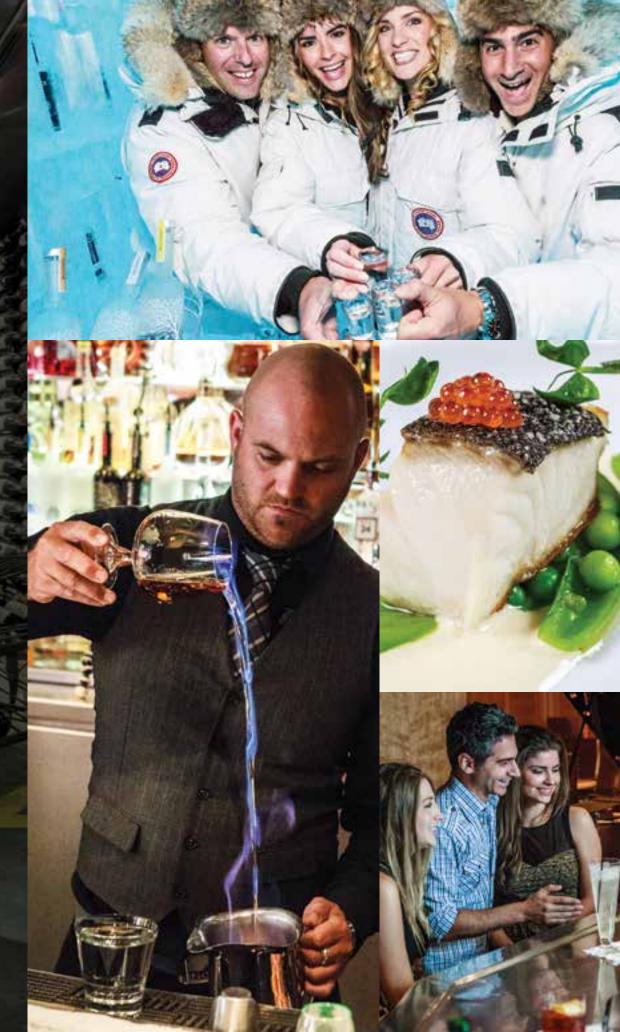








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LEFT TO RIGHT: Jasper Snow Rosen, John Muirhead, Tamo Campos. LEFT PAGE: Tamo Campos staying stoked during heavy times. CRISTIAN CRETU PHOTO.

Three friends pile into a veggie-oil-powered school bus and embark on an 18,000-kilometre journey to learn about the landscapes, people, problems and solutions surrounding BC's resource extraction projects.

BY TAMO CAMPOS. JOHN MUIRHEAD, JASPER SNOW ROSEN

What does snowboarding have to do with environmental activism? Can the unrelenting call of adventure and fresh bluebird pow days coincide with a quest for renewable energy? Can shutting down a mining drill pad someday become just another standard part of a surf trip?

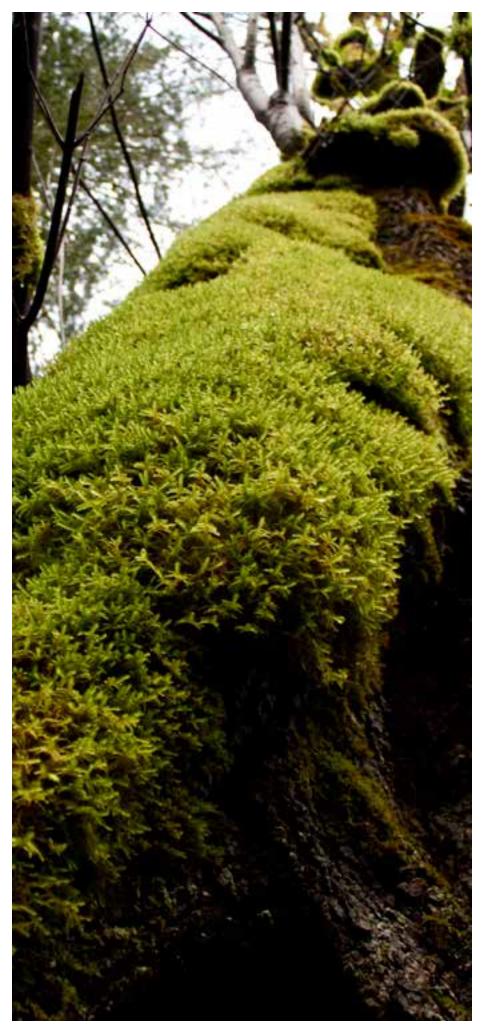
At the start of this journey, we weren't sure ourselves. We were three friends living in a derelict school bus with a map of British Columbia and a couple of ideas. Beyond Boarding began in 2010 as an attempt to live out lifestyles that work towards creating environmental and social change without giving up our fair share of turns on the hill or surf breaks. Our first project took us to the Peruvian Amazon working with an impoverished community forced to deal with yearly floods that filled their homes with water and sewage due to melting glaciers in the Andes. It was an eye opener to see what the real victims of climate change looked like and after returning home and learning of Canada's expanding tar sands and energy sector, we decided to focus our next project closer to home.

We set out in February 2013 to produce a carbon-neutral shred documentary on how local communities across British Columbia are being affected by oil and gas pipelines. The front lines of this battle run right through the Coast Mountains, our home.

So we lived in a camperized short-bus for six months and travelled from the coastal rainforests of Northern Vancouver Island, to the toxic tailings ponds of the Alberta tar sands, to the snows and rivers of the Sacred Headwaters and beyond. We spoke with farmers, oil workers, First Nations elders, high school kids and everyone in between. We met new friends, planted trees, made homemade ice cream, cleaned beaches and were featured in oil and gas newspapers and TV newscasts. We also ripped lines and caught waves, and filmed anything that moved.

And in the end, after all the riding and filming and driving and vehicle break-downs we discovered that environmental activism is something everyone can take part in. As snowboarders, a healthy climate each season is not only a benefit, it's also a responsibility. Our boards have always shown us new and amazing parts of the world, on this trip we learned that they could also help change it.

Continued



The Island, The Trees, The Past

One of our goals for this trip was to have a carbon neutral approach to all transportation. That meant using waste cooking oil from local restaurants as fuel and hiking up all our mountains, even at a lift-serviced ski hill.

We started our voyage on Vancouver Island's Mount Cain, a two T-bar, community-owned ski hill established in 1981 and notorious for huge storms and deep snow – they can get a metre overnight. Dreaming of Coast Mountain powder, we woke up with the sun to find the West Bowl at Mount Cain shining with ice.

We splitboarded up Mount Cain anyhow and found some fun chutes to play in as Tamo hiked into and bagged a line he'd been scoping for a while. The icy conditions continued the next morning, prompting daydreams of scoring empty waves surrounded by temperate old growth rainforest. It was time to get salty.

The route to the coast wasn't as wild or magnificent as we'd hoped. The road bounced us through seemingly endless swaths of barren clear-cut forests with massive stumps lingering amongst recently planted saplings – a stark reminder of both the collapse of the Island's forestry industry and the result of not taking care of your resources.

At the trailhead we followed a muddy path for about an hour before the rainforest finally spat us out onto the misty West Coast. This was more like it – a totally remote and empty beach. The Pacific Ocean was alive with fun, punchy nuggets and we scored perfect little lefts off a river mouth. However, the next morning we noticed the beach was awash in Styrofoam, pop bottles and garbage brought in by the sea. It was easy to imagine just how much an oil tanker spill would spread across this coast. Those thoughts hung thick and heavy as we left the near-perfect ocean landscape to hit the mainland. We were trading our surf barrels in for pipelines.

Breakdowns and Boris

Boris' Junkyard is the end of the road in every sense – it's the only auto wrecker in Port Hardy, the northernmost town on Vancouver Island, and it's been our home for the past two rain-soaked days as we attempt to swap out the transmission on our freshly purchased 1993 Ford mini bus. We're less than a week into the trip and the first lesson has already been learned – if it looks too good to be true on Craigslist, it probably is.

"One of you must have a brain!" Boris bellows in a heavy Yugoslavian accent as we try, again, to release a scrap transmission from beneath one of his junkers. None of us has ever attempted a job anything like this before and our inexperience must be frustrating to watch. Boris leaves, shaking his head as the sound of diesel engines and the crunching of scrap metal fill his graveyard of rotting boats, decrepit cars and sagging motorhomes. Two knucklebleeding, tranny-removing days later and the hopeful replacement is just simply "different." It's going to take a lot more work, time and money before this bus goes anywhere.

With patience and positivity (and funds) in serious decline we upload a video plea for help to a crowd-source fundraising site. Now officially cyber-beggars, we all agree a break from junkyard life would be nice. Loading up the "approach vehicle," a waste-veggie-oil-powered Toyota Land Cruiser, we head back to the ocean to wash away our worries in the surf.

Two days later, the fundraising has garnered enough support/sympathy to pay Boris to rebuild our transmission. After many days of wet work, random mishaps and bad dreams, we finally drive out of that scrap metal graveyard with high spirits, a renewed sense of adventure and a name for our vehicle. For the remainder of our 18,000 kilometres the short bus, our home, is always affectionately referred to as "Boris."



Longhair and Oil and Gas, Oh My.

Three longhaired snowboarders certainly stick out in Northeastern BC and Northern Alberta – so much so that we made the evening news in Fort St. John – a busload of outsiders arriving in town to see how natural gas and oil extraction affects the communities and people at the source.

We spent much of the spring and early summer filming interviews. In Fort Nelson, BC, we spoke with the mayor and lead inspectors from the Oil and Gas Commission. They all explained just how safe, clean and amazing Big Oil and Gas were but conversations with many of the locals, even those employed in the industry, painted a much different picture. We heard of sour gas leaks leaving residents permanently ill and of contaminated water, birth-defected livestock and alarmingly high rates of rare diseases like Angelman's Syndrome. Even more shocking was the number of people telling these stories who refused to be named or speak on-camera because they had signed legally binding non-disclosure agreements.

"If you make it hard on them, they'll make it hard on you," explained one farmer living across the road from an active drill. Her home would often shake violently due to fracking occurring right below her land, but she was unwilling to say anything once our cameras started rolling. Big Industry's desire and ability to censor these stories and silence regular Canadian citizens was unnerving and we spent hours in the bus at night figuring out how to film and capture the true story with so many citizens legally bound to silence.

▶ Continued



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ABOVE:Rhoda, Kaden and Bertha. Beauty Camp, Sacred Headwaters. RIGHT: Mt Klappan, site of proposed open-pit coal mine. TAMO CAMPOS PHOTOS.

The Kids, The Elders, The Future

"Why would I bother graduating high school when I can drop out in grade ten and make more money than my teachers?"

It was a valid question. Tamo had been visiting high schools in the main areas of oil and gas production — using our snowboarding footage to get the kids' attention before explaining the connections between fossil fuels, fracking and climate change. Some students saw only the money, others told grim tales of drugs and violence. Prostitution and problems associated with camp life are on the rise. We heard of foreign workers with no ties or respect for the communities and parents enduring long shift work that takes a heavy toll on family life. In 2012, the tiny BC energy town of Fort St. John had the highest per capita rate of domestic violence in all of British Columbia. That's not to say there aren't great people working in the energy industry, we met many of them, but we left the area questioning if it created healthy communities.

As summer progressed we headed North West up the Alaska Highway and entered a 400,000 hectare chunk of pristine wilderness known as the Sacred Headwaters. A vast alpine basin that feeds three of BC's last unspoiled wild salmon rivers (the Skeena, the Stikine, and the Nass), the headwaters lie in Tahltan First Nations territory and the future of the entire area and the communities it supports is under near-constant threat. We'd split boarded in the Headwaters a few months prior and within days of returning, several Tahltan elders invited us to set up a protest at a base camp of Fortune Minerals, a company with plans to build a 40,000 hectare open-pit coal mine on the top of Mt.Klappan, a sacred mountain that many Tahltan depend on for hunting. It isn't every day you get to meet a group of individuals sacrificing their jobs and personal time to save a mountain.

Our camp was made up of eight Tahltan and the three of us, with other community members joining in as they could. The protests included daily drumming sessions, serving the mining company an eviction notice and physically taking over two Fortune Minerals environmental assessment drills built on a traditional trap line and hunting area. The drills were also polluting nearby fish-bearing streams with drill cuttings, sediment, and poor management of fuel and chemicals. We also occupied the main camp to prevent their employees from working.

For us boarders, taking over the drills was a rush that rivalled any winter cliff jump or untracked pow run. Yet the rush was a small part of the experience – the Tahltan hospitality was unlike anything we'd experienced. They taught us to hunt wild game and treated us like guests of honour. In the wilderness, amidst the chaos of a protest that saw major news coverage and a Klappan RCMP detachment created, we took part in a very different way of life from anything we'd ever experienced and witnessed the foundation of a cultural solution to many of BC's upcoming problems – non-violence, kindness and solidarity.

As Fortune Minerals eventually pulled out of Klappan Mountain, the main victory for us was getting a sense of what can happen when a small-but-dedicated group decides to take action and make change. Who knew the raddest thing we'd ever do as snowboarders would happen on a grassy slope in the summertime?







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The North, The Pipelines, The Present

Driving north on the Stewart-Cassiar Highway took us though big mountains and small towns. The road was full of semi-trailers hauling such massive loads of industrial equipment we'd have to pull fully off the narrow two-lane highway to allow the sheer girth of these trailers to squeeze by. The road to progress.

For us it was the road to powder and a pristine river valley called Ningunsaw. Leaving Boris in a rare highway pullout we toured up through old growth Pine and Fir and into untracked slopes and meadows as far as the eye could see. Deep, light powder welcomed us and for four days we ripped lines and hit booters in our own personal snowboard haven until our legs turned to noodles and trench foot threatened our unchanged socks. Atop the last ridge on the final day we noticed smoke filling the valley below. Massive burning slash piles of old growth had been cut to make way for the construction of the North West Transmission Line, a 344-kilometre BC Hydro project costing upwards of \$800 million to subsidize mining development in the North (\$130 million of which came from a Federal "Green Infrastructure Fund." Go figure.)

We travelled South West, into the port town of Kitimat, and learned that the transmission line wasn't the only project burning trees to make room for energy projects. The LNG (Liquefied Natural Gas) industry has over ten pipelines they are pushing through into the BC Coast, sneaking in behind the public spectacle of Enbridge's Northern Gateway Pipeline. In Kitimat, the proposed terminus of the Northern Gateway Pipeline, mentioning Enbridge was near blasphemous as local after local insisted they would chain themselves to trees before allowing "Gateway" to be pushed through. But there was little attention given to the LNG projects, which studies have shown to have the same emissions as oil when measured from extraction to burn and use a tremendous amounts of energy to convert the raw gas vapours into liquid bound for overseas markets.

Amidst cheery ads supporting LNG as the salvation of job creation and economic prosperity, few in Kitimat (or anywhere else) were talking about fracking, the method of extracting the natural gas for LNG using compressed water. Fracking is banned in Quebec, Labrador, Newfoundland and around the globe, but North Eastern BC is a current hotspot and the expansion of fracking threatens many of the area's freshwater sources, while proposed dams to power the energy-heavy process will wipe out valuable farmland. Combined with the threat of hundreds of bitumenloaded supertankers travelling the North Coast, it felt like all of Northern BC was under attack by "progress."

For us, the situation brought up memories of the vast stump forests we'd seen on Vancouver Island where we expected old growth, or the tales of BC's historic fur trade where greed and money nearly wiped out otters, a keystone species. With our coastline and so many BC rivers under threat from tankers, fracking and pipelines, it seems the lessons that come with the rapid exploitation of a finite resource have still not hit home.

▶ Continued

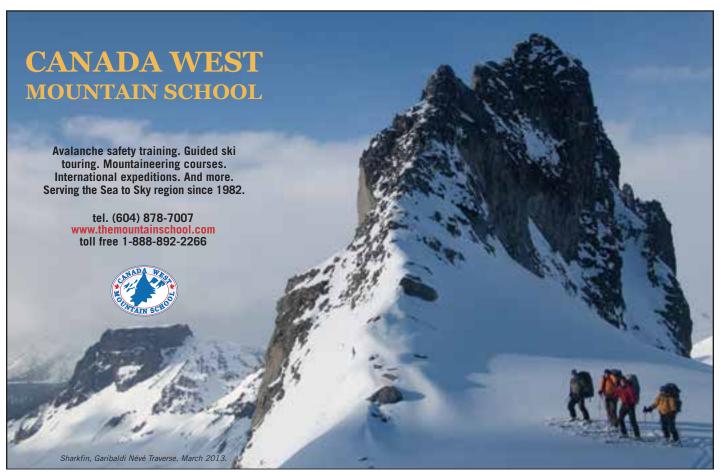














Secret Spot...Tailing pond beach. Tar Sands, Northern Alberta. TIMER FUNCTION PHOTO.

The End, The Beginning

As Boris the Bus carried us home down seemingly endless stretches of BC highway, we had ample time to reflect on our journey.

Oil and gas are here, and everyone uses them, but they are also finite commodities and therefore cannot be the only way forward. The problems of future resource extraction in BC may be muddled by politics and economics (and what looks like industry-fueled government propaganda) but it's not hard to see common trends in the solutions we came across.

Over our six months on the road we visited off-the-grid farms running on biomass gasses or solar panels. In Hazelton we met a brilliant German guy powering his entire home by composting wood chips. In Smithers we stopped in at a solar-powered snowboard shop. We joined classes of schoolchildren cleaning their beaches in Kitimat. And in the headwaters, we stood on the front lines with people who've been living there since time immemorial.

All of these solutions have one thing in common. They are born of people who have broken away from the mainstream cultural habits that glorify greed, and have instead become driven by a willingness to protect their water, air and land.

As boarders, we occupy a pretty fringe group; we are alternative by the very nature of what we do. Our sport and our boards have shown us some of the most beautiful parts of this planet and made us appreciate the natural world almost by default. It's easy for us to understand why people would sacrifice so much to stand up for clean water and air - every trip we take teaches us the value of a cool climate and clean coastline. But on this trip, we learned more than just the value of the world beneath our surf and snowboards, we also learned how influential every one of us on top of them can be.

Tamo, Jasper and John would like to acknowledge the support and companionship of Hannah Campbell, Landon Yerex, Marshal Chupa and Lewis Muirhead who joined sections of the trip. In addition to thanking the Tahltan First Nations for reminding them what matters most.

Learn more about Beyond Boarding and the recently released Northern Grease film at beyondboarding.org.

Northern Grease film will screen February 21 at Whistler's Millennium Place.







TOP: Rouleau at Powder Mountain Catskiing circa 2009. MARK GRIBBON PHOTO. LEFT: Vancouver Characters from the upcoming Gnarcore documentary. ROULEAU PHOTO. RIGHT: Dave and Monika. FORTUNE SOUND CLUB PHOTO.

DAVE **ROULEAU**

Gnarcore Redux

By Feet Banks

They say the best artists are the ones who know exactly when to stop. When Dave Rouleau walked away from gnarcore.com in 2010, it was the most viewed snowboard website in Canada.

"We were getting ten to 15 thousand hits a day," Rouleau says. "What started as a grassroots thing to give underexposed riders and artists a platform had grown and changed so much that it came to a grinding halt. I had to put it down."

Conceived as a shred video production company in 2003 by Rouleau and writer/snowboarder Gerhard Gross, Gnarcore launched its web presence in 2006, just a year after YouTube hit the Internet and changed the way information flowed. By uploading Whistler riding and lifestyle videos to their blog, the Gnarcore crew became one of the industry's early producers of the now-obligatory "web edit."

"I remember using snowboard.com to meet other shredders in 2001," Rouleau says. "That was social media long before anyone even knew what that meant. With Gnarcore, we shifted our videos towards online releases and saw that we could create a network of devoted viewers and fans by engaging them with our content while encouraging them to post their own. Less than ten years later, that model has become the mainstay for marketing campaigns around the world."

Yet Gnarcore, or at least the founding fathers, walked away just as the rest of the world was catching on. "It was painful," Rouleau says, "but we had always been doing it for fun and self promotion. We couldn't find a way to turn it into a viable business. And there were creative differences and people going their separate ways - off to school or to find a career that paid. I had no interest in running another party/ youth website. I wanted more cultural and art stuff."

Rouleau dropped off "the scene" for three years, wandering BC and Alberta, and working everything from nightclub promotion gigs to a few months on the oil rigs. "It was a very spiritual time," he says. "It gave me perspective on what I had created in the past and what I

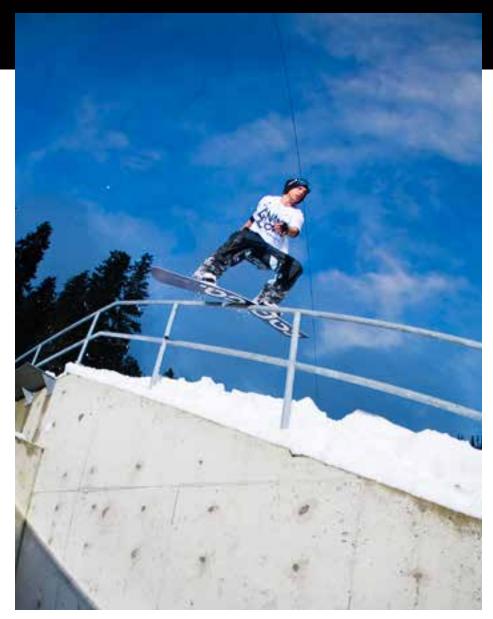
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ABOVE: Carefree days, 2009, MARK GRIBBON PHOTO LEFT: Innovation and progression are crossover skills. Rouleau. boardslide, DANO PENDYGRASSE PHOTO.



wanted to create in the future. I was exploring how to get back into my passion for media, art and mountain culture and how to build another media-based community network."

And then he met Monika Benkovich. "It was about a year ago," Rouleau says, "when Monika shared her idea with me for a similar site that would connect creative people nationwide through art, music and social issues. We spent the entire day together in Whistler just walking through the trees talking about life, writing, filmmaking... it was love at first website meeting."

Rouleau and Benkovich moved to Vancouver and kept the creative fires burning. While hosting a small art event in a Gastown alleyway, the duo were presented with a job offer to manage the York Rooms, a single-resident occupancy building in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. "It was a 36-room crack house and they wanted us to gentrify it," Rouleau explains. "I've always been on the left, but I'd learned that there are

two sides to every story and 'making money' does not necessarily make you evil. We took the job out of necessity, but also for a chance to see the other side of a socially sensitive topic. We thought it would be a good balance."

The job involved evicting drug dealers, exterminating cockroaches and literally mopping up the kinds of messes most people see in news headlines. "People were stabbing each other with screwdrivers in the hallway," Rouleau says, "but it was still a challenge to evict them because of political red tape."

While making friends and navigating the tricky nuances of life in a community wrought with mental illness, drugs and poverty, Rouleau and Benkovich decided to turn on their cameras and make a documentary.

"Gnarcore always stood as a platform for getting the unknown out there," Rouleau says, "but there is a lot more out in the world than the shred scene. There are problems and there are solutions, and I think we can fill a niche -mountain culture and music, and art and socially conscious issues all blending together."

The film from Rouleau and Benkovich's months in Vancouver's Downtown Eastside will be the calling card of their vision for the newly ressurected gnarcore.com. "I look at what's out there in Canada and I want to get back to connecting people like we did with snowboarding, but this time do it in a more adult style, by keeping it positive."

"We want to connect with people from Coast to Coast," Rouleau says. "I've been holding this in for four years and it's ripe, it is time to go." ...

The reincarnation of gnarcore.com is set to launch on Valentine's Day, 2014. For links, or to read a story about Dave's days cleaning up the York Rooms, go to "In this Issue" at cm.mountainlifemag.ca.

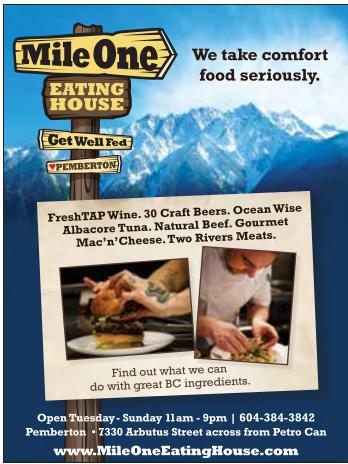


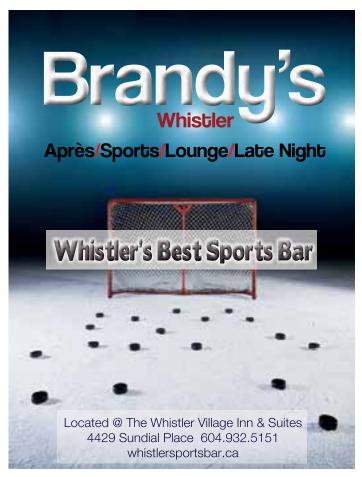


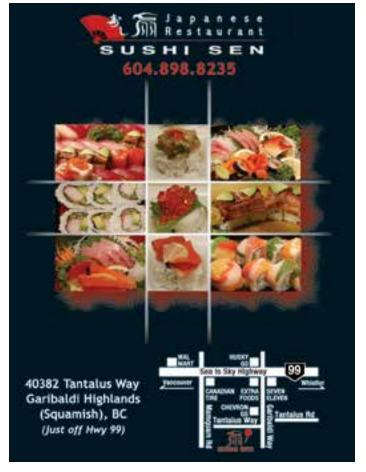
Whistler Olympic Park













HIGH CUISINE

Why pack a lunch when you can make one?

Text and Photo by Vince Shuley

"Yeah, you skied a pretty sick line up there, but what sandwich did you eat?"

With the absence of high altitude restaurants like those that pepper the European Alps, too long have North American ski tourers suffered in silence as their sandwiches are compressed into barely edible balls of backpack-coagulated glue. Lunch in the backcountry usually goes hand in hand with a magnificent view, so shouldn't the quality of your sandwich match the setting?

Daniel Kliger is a mountain man that takes his sandwiches as seriously as his powder. A couple of years ago he began to photograph his lunches in alpine landscapes and soon had an image library so large his friends convinced him to display them on a website. This was the birth of alpinesandwiches.com, a website hosting hundreds of contributions from sandwichappreciators all over the world, although most entries still come from the Coast Mountains.

Alpinesandwiches.com gives backcountry travellers the opportunity to show off

their sandwich skills in remote mountain locations. Sandwich photos, typically taken from a summit, col or glacier, are accompanied by a recipe/description and an oft-humourous title. Videos are becoming more popular as well, spurred on by Kliger's own demonstration of "Reuben does the Spearhead."

"I wanted to make a classic sandwich on a classic Canadian ski traverse," he says. "We were looking at the entire traverse from that col on Mount Pattison. I had prepared quite well, with the sauerkraut in a Ziploc bag and the dressing in a pill container with duct tape around it."

Along with the typical Canadian substitution of Montreal smoked meat for corned beef Kliger's now-infamous Reuben also consisted of individually packaged ingredients of fresh bread, Swiss cheese, sauerkraut and Thousand Island dressing. He raised the bar that day for the subculture of people who enjoy making, eating and bragging about their backcountry lunches.

Alpinesandwiches.com is full of mouth-watering inspiration or check out "Reuben does the Spearhead" and other highlights under "In this Issue" at cm.mountainlifemag.ca.

KLIGER'S GUIDE TO THE ULTIMATE ALPINE SANDWICH

Do you dream of constructing a tower of delicious ingredients between two pieces of fresh, un-squished bread and becoming the envy of all your backcountry buddies? Alpine gastronomic enlightenment starts here:

KEEP IT SIMPLE. Do not over complicate your sandwich with excessive ingredients. Four or five fresh items are plenty, and that includes bread and condiments. Overloaded sandwiches have a tendency to shift and collapse, especially in your pack. "Too much malleability will just make everything slide," says Kliger. "You'll open up your tinfoil to all this chaos."

PREPARE AND PACKAGE. You can sauté ingredients the night before, but don't build your sandwich until the morning of your trip or better yet, until you are in the field. If space is not a pressing issue, use hard plastic containers to keep fragile ingredients (bread, tomato and avocado) from fusing with whatever is stuffed beside them in your backpack. Those who opt to pre-build should take extra steps to isolate pockets of moisture - layering tomato in between turkey and cheese for example. "Dedicate yourself to the sandwich," advises Kliger. "Always use fresh bread and watch out for sogginess. The small things can make your sandwich so much better when you're out there."

LOCATION AND PRESENTATION. Ensure your handcrafted lunch looks as good as it tastes with a careful diagonal cut and be sure to enjoy it while soaking up a photo-worthy alpine view. "Take a photo - not only to remember the landscape, but to remember how awesome your sandwich was."



Road Warriors. JESS LEFROY PHOTO.

FOUR TIRES TO FREEDOM

Around the world in a Volkswagen van, why not?

By Jessica Lefroy

Not everyone will appreciate the value of living in a van.

Few are keen on foregoing regular showers, embracing small spaces and living with minimal possessions. For my husband and I however, being at home on the road is the ultimate a life-altering paradigm shift. People call us dreamers, but the real truth is that any plan teetering outside the norm is commonly regarded with a large dose of scepticism. Our Plan B is both daunting and grandiose - drive around the world in our 1987 VW Syncro Westfalia, starting with a year in Europe.

Day-to-day tasks become fresh in the microcosm of the van. A rhythm develops — with the road, with each day, with life. Every movement in the confined quarters of our "living room" becomes a choreographed dance involving the body's reflexive memory and the van's ingenious German engineering. Van life gives purpose and enjoyment to the most mundane of tasks - coffee tastes better and with every morning comes the triumphant realization that we've managed to sleep another (really comfortable)

night in the wilds without paying for a hotel.

With precious cargo on board in the form of our two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, we invested upfront in the vehicle that will carry us through our travels in the slow lane. Our '87 Syncro Westfalia is the white unicorn of Volkswagen vans-the limited-run camperized 4WD Syncro Westfalia is exceedingly rare and we received more than a few roadside nods of approval during our inaugural voyage down the Oregon coast. That surf trip was our first taste of the open road, and the first step of many in ironing out the kinks before we bid our mountain town adieu

To be sure, life on the road does not come without some trial and error but it doesn't take long to forget what day of the week it is as life becomes a seemingly endless stream of new towns, new people, new radio stations, and new unknowns. In the van, laundromats and dishwashing are about as stressful as it gets.

A simple life with no fixed address, we hope, will return our family to values that have somehow been lost in the bustle of commerce and ego. The realization that our worldly possessions will be pared down from our three-bedroom townhouse to fit a 75-square-foot living space gives new clarity regarding the true wants and needs of daily life. Missing a year of pre-school or ski-school will not have devastating consequences on the outcome of our daughter's life. Life in the van will expose her to different cultures and reveal that the world is not a scary place. For her, the ultimate early education will be to value curiosity and imagination for what they are worth-let's teach our daughter not to be content with a cursory browse through a professionally compiled Internet list of the world's most beautiful destinations.

For us, the van is an investment in memory making and the best conduit for adventures before our daughter reaches an age where she'll need to be cajoled into spending time with us. We don't want to read about families who have chosen an alternative to the grind, we want to be one of those families. There is no reason to envy or dream about the lifestyles we wish we could have, because with some balls and little sacrifice, they are all ours for the taking.

Plus, when the zombies come we can just bust out and live by the river.

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Plan B: never cut it again.

By Feet Banks

I read it on the Internet so you know it must be true.

And even if it isn't, here's something to think about. During the Vietnam War, the US Army drafted "American Indian Scouts" because they seemed to consistently possess "almost supernatural tracking abilities." Once recruited and given military-issue haircuts, however, the scouts, to a man, reportedly lost their "intuition" or "sixth sense" and began failing standardized tests in which "enemies" would sneak up on them as they slept.

Eventually, it was officially recommended that all Native Americans and all trackers in general, be required to keep their hair long. The idea is that our hair may very well be some kind of extension of our nervous systems, soft antennae to wave out into the world and pick up on the flow and balance of life.



LEFT: A young Johnny Jones. RIGHT: Treadway, the long-haired redneck. BERGER PHOTO.

It sounds a bit Hippie (long-haired freaks!) but there is scientific precedent... kinda. A cat's whiskers do actually function as sensors to let the cat know how much room is around its head, and from Samson in the Bible to that undeniable "women's intuition," lore and legend seem to favour the longhairs.

It made me think of Dan Treadway, a big mountain skier/sledder with infamous long flowing locks. Or Kye Peterson and Matty Richard, or

Andrew Sheppard, Trevor Peterson and Eric Pehota circa 1989. So many high-consequence rippers have, or have had, long hair.

So is hair length the key? With a bit of help from the Squamish Lil'wat Cultural Centre, I got Johnny Jones of the Lil'wat Nation on the phone for the local perspective.

"I wear my hair long because I am awesome," Johnny explained. "And because I am proud of who I am. There are lots of reasons — strength, power, spirituality — long hair is part of my tradition and identity. My grandmother's hair hung to the ground."

When pressed about the possible link between hair and intuition, Johnny explained that, "long hair is a connection to the ancestors, spirits, trees and animals. It is like having a sixth sense. Lil'wat warriors had one or two braids, or tied knots on top of their heads. A warrior is more alert and aware, if you cut your hair you don't have these same powers."

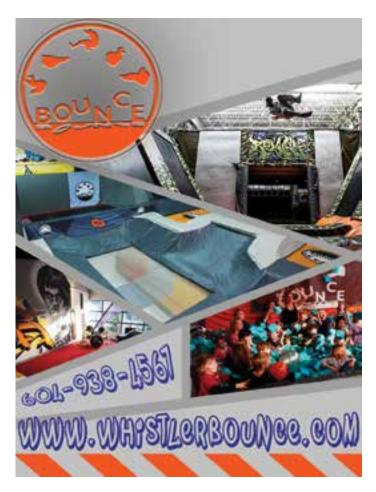
Johnny said that many natives (including his own parents) had their hair chopped off at residential schools to "try and take the Indian out of you," but added that these days a lot of people do cut their hair short.

Dan Treadway is not one of them. "I've been skiing at a pro level for 15 years and instinct plays a huge role," he said. "In one run there are millions of different decisions to make and usually you've only calculated the major ones. The rest are instinct."

Treadway, who is "part Cree Indian," added that over his years of skiing, his instincts have always felt the same. "Knowledge and instinct go hand in hand, one can't replace the other, but most of the time, if I haven't listened to my instincts, I've regretted it."

Does this prove anything? Not really, but Dan doesn't care. "Before I started reading more about instincts, I've always just had long hair and never thought about it," he said. "Now it's never going to get cut."

For a link to the original article about instinct and long hair, hit up "In this Issue" at **cm.mountainlifemedia.com.**







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Breathe deep, ride hard. MARK GRIBBON PHOTO.

PLAN BREATHE

By Dr. Carla Cupido, Hon.B.Kin, D.C.

Inhale . . . exhale. The transport of oxygen from our environment into our bodies is what keeps every one of us alive for every moment of our entire lives—breathing is everything. Funny then that so many of us are doing it incorrectly.

Most people view breathing as an instinctual act—we don't think much about it, we just do it. But our breathing patterns are as intimately tied to our nervous systems as our heat-moulded ski boots are to our feet. So, for mountain athletes and adventurers, breathing is huge, not just to survive but also to thrive. And the jumping-in point for any discussion on breathing is the centre of it all—the mind.

With our minds we can guide our breath, which subsequently controls our nervous system, which ultimately governs our entire body. For an athlete, especially one involved in high-risk activities, the ability to calm the mind in order to relax the body can mean the difference

between success and injury. Whether standing atop a big, first descent, counting down the minutes to a major race, or eyeing up the largest hit in the black park, your breathing will affect your performance.

Panicked thoughts + superficial chest breathing = tense physical body

Calm thoughts + deep diaphragmatic breathing = relaxed physical body

Nerves and the "fight-or-flight" reflex are natural, healthy even, when the going gets gnarly, but running our bodies in overdrive with racing thoughts and fast, unhealthy breathing patterns does not help anyone. Shallow, fast breathing creates a ramped up physiological state that results in increased heart rate, tunnel vision, loss of hearing, relaxation of bladder, and a general effect on the body's sphincters. Have you ever seen an athlete puke before a big event? This is why.

panicked thoughts + superficial chest breathing

tense physical body

Conversely, deep diaphragmatic breathing, a calm mind and relaxed nervous system will translate to improved performance, sharper focus, increased situational awareness and a sense of the natural "flow" of things. And for skiers, boarders, surfers, bikers, climbers and anyone else out there on the edge, catching "the flow" is always better than the opposite. To enhance performance and safety, start with your mind, follow with your breath and let yourself go with the flow.

Continued









HOW NOT TO BREATHE

Breathing assessments can be very detailed and complex and it's important to find a good manual practitioner who will be able to help you fine-tune your breathing patterns. However, the following are common dysfunctional tendencies you can assess on your own:

- Rising and falling shoulders with breathing
- Noticeable muscular activity around the neck with breathing
- Short, shallow breaths
- Inward belly movement with inhalation
- Breath holding
- Regular sighing
- Rapid breathing

Often, subtle restrictions in joint mobility or muscle tissue can kindle the abnormal breathing patterns described above. For example, hard bails can injure a muscle or joint around the ribcage, which can make deep breathing painful as those damaged structures move with each breath. This typically leads people into shallow breathing patterns high up in the chest which often results in long-term, negative breathing changes. Treating these issues can bring you back to better breathing biomechanics.

To find out a whole lot more you don't know about breathing, download a free e-book at baselinehealth.ca/free-e-book-subscription.

BREATHE FOR HEALTH

It's not just extreme adventure types who can benefit from proper breathing. Here are five key points on how proper deep breathing can improve overall health.

BREATHING CONTROLS YOUR PH

Acid-base balance, or pH, is a hot topic lately, most often discussed with respect to food and stress; we are all aiming to be more alkaline. The way we breathe can actually influence our body's pH over the short term, while our kidneys manage the long term. If our body becomes too acidic, we hyperventilate to expel more CO₂ and shift our pH back to normal. This pattern of hyperventilation can unfortunately become our normal pattern of breathing.

BREATHING CAN INDUCE A RELAXATION RESPONSE

Deep, calm breathing stimulates our Parasympathetic Nervous System (PNS), which helps us "rest and digest." When we hyperventilate, we stimulate our Sympathetic Nervous System (SNS), which forces us

towards what we know as the "fight, flight or freeze response." An SNS in overdrive will make it hard for you to keep a cool head and will drain you of your super physical powers as well.

THE PERKINESS OF YOUR CHEST **MATTERS**

When your ribcage and pelvis are relatively parallel to one another, your diaphragm descends fully in your abdomen during inhalation. This increases the stiffness in your abdominal cavity, similar to how the pressure increases in a bike shock during a big hit. This optimal position essentially improves core strength while maximizing the capacity of your breaths.

CARDIO-RESPIRATORY FITNESS IMPROVES CORE STABILITY

Your diaphragm is your most important breathing muscle, and as mentioned above, it's also a key core stabilizer. However, it can't do both jobs perfectly at the same time, so your body will always choose to keep you breathing over keeping your core stable (thankfully)... So, the fitter you are, the less frequently your body will have to make this decision.

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GALLERY

EACH JANUARY, the Arc'teryx Deep Winter Photo Challenge unleashes six top photographers on Whistler Blackcomb with just 72 hours to shoot and create a slideshow that captures the essence of storm season. Except this year it was sunny and warm and didn't snow a single flake. No problem for these photographers however, this is Deep Winter—Plan B.



Colin D Watt, Lakeside Bowl, Blackcomb. ERIN HOGUE PHOTO.



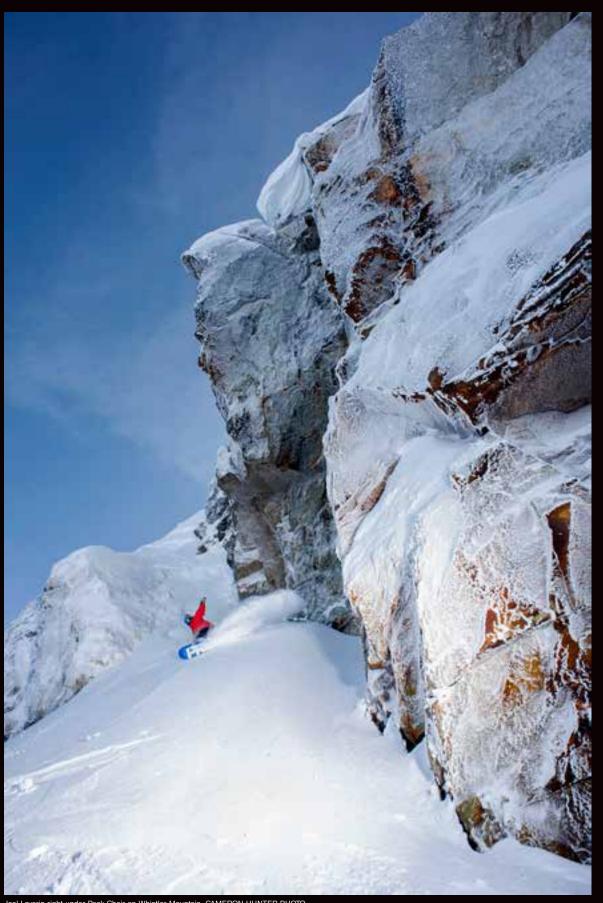




Kale Stephens. CHRIS BROWN PHOTO.



Casey Lucas, VD Trees, Whistler Mountain. JASON HUMMEL PHOTO.





Joel Loverin right under Peak Chair on Whistler Mountain. CAMERON HUNTER PHOTO.



Matty RIchard. Spanky's Ridge, Blackcomb. NICOLAS TEICHROB PHOTO.

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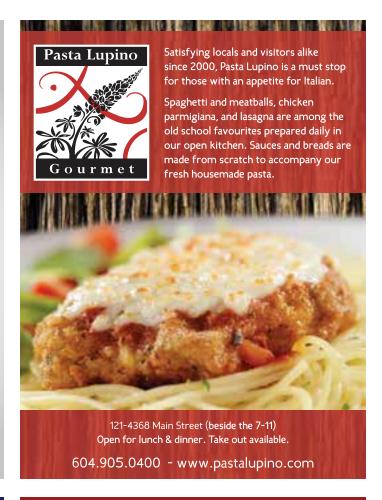
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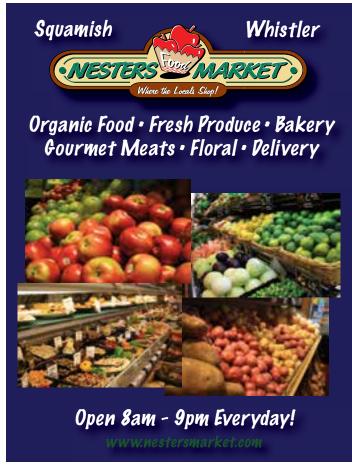
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WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS...

Weighing in on two useful (but very different) emergency beacon options



INREACH SE \$300 at Escape Route

By Dave Treadway

I have my InReach with me every single day I'm in the backcountry. I use it like it's an antenna on my cell phone and it allows me to send and receive texts anywhere in the world. The connectivity is essential because I can tailor the assistance to suit my situation — no need to send a paramedic helivac if all I need is someone to boot up with a jerry can of gas. Or I can text with my wife while out on multi-day missions.

Satellite phones are a great (but pretty pricey) option, but I'm not a huge fan of SPOT devices, although they are better than nothing. With the SPOT, I have no way of confirming if my distress signal was ever received. I just picture myself in the middle of nowhere with an emergency, pressing the SOS button and sitting there waiting for hours. Without a response, I would worry that no one received my message and that no one is coming to get us. With the InReach, I have two-way texting with the dispatch centre, as well as anyone else with a cell phone, email, or another InReach.

And I've had to use it. Last summer while dirt biking, my buddy crashed and whacked his head pretty hard. He was in and out of consciousness and we were an hour from cell service with an unrideable bike. Without an InReach, I would have had to leave my semi-conscious buddy alone for over two hours while I rode into cell range, called for help, then rode back. That would have been hard to do and possibly fatal for him.

With my InReach, I simply texted another friend, explained the situation and asked for a pick up. He automatically had our exact co-ordinates and responded with a, "Yes, I'll be there in 2 hours". I built a fire, kept my wrecked bud as comfortable as possible, and waited for help to arrive.

Everyone has their own personal style and requirements, but I would feel foolish to be in the backcountry without an InReach, especially with such an affordable price tag.

inreachcanada.com

FAST FIND RANGER PLB \$265 at MEC

By Shawn Sadler

The Fast Find Ranger PLB is an emergency distress beacon any backcountry, international, air or marine traveller should have in their kit. It is identical to the emergency locator transmitters installed in aircraft and marine vessels, which means this is the beacon for anyone serious about going deep into the bush anywhere on the planet and still getting out fast during an emergency.

The Ranger uses GPS combined with the 406 MHz Cospas-Sarsat satellite network, which provides complete coverage of earth including the arctic regions. The Cospas-Sarsat network was developed in 1982 by the USSR, USA, Canada and France, and has been instrumental in the rescue of over 33,000 lives worldwide.

Regardless of where on earth they are activated, Ranger Beacons registered to Canadian citizens send their ID and precise GPS location directly to the Canadian Mission Control Centre (CMCC) at CFB Trenton in Ottawa. The Canadian military then relays your location and user information to local Search and Rescue teams. A built-in homing beacon operating at 121.5 MHz assists the local teams once they know your general proximity. Having the Canadian military manage your distress alert is a comforting aspect, especially if you're in trouble in some ultra-remote or foreign location.

What beacon you use depends on what your individual needs are. I am a huge fan of the InReach devices, especially in non-emergency or closeto-home situations, but if you really need a "get me out of here right now" device that works anywhere on the planet on a Search and Rescue designated network, the Fast Find 406 MHz might be the beacon you're looking for. Plus, once you register it there's no annual fee!

fastfindplb.com

LOCAL PICKS







PATAGONIA MEN'S UNTRACKED JACKET

"Progressively designed, highly articulated in fit, and amazingly warm without bulk, the new Untracked Jacket brings freeride performance and ease of movement to your hiking or pow-blasting moments. Built with 3-layer GORE-TEX® fabric for durability, the Untracked offers waterproof/ breathable and windproof protection, all with a soft-brushed tricot backer for extra warmth." Jeff, Patagonia Store, Whistler Marketplace 604.932.2526 patagonia.com

DIAMIR VIPEC 12 BINDING

"New for 2014, the Diamir Vipec 12 is revolutionizing the tech binding market. This is the first tech binding to offer an adjustable-DIN releasable toe. Another thing that makes this binding different than other tech bindings is it has elasticity in the toe and heel allowing the binding to absorb impacts and offer a smoother ride. Coming in at 600 grams with brakes and screws, it is lighter than other DIN 12 tech bindings on the market." Corey, Escape Route Whistler 604.938.3228 and Squamish 604.892.3228 escaperoute.ca



PEAK PERFORMANCE HELI ALPINE PANTS

"Twenty-seven years of experience and technical innovation lie behind these pants. Developed together with the Peak Performance ski team, the Heli Alpine are some of our most hard-working, protective ski pants ever. A 3-layer GORE-TEX® Pro shell maintains a comfy microclimate inside and keeps all other weather on the outside. These pants are warm and durable and feature Recco® reflectors, long side zippers for ventilation, large pockets, snow gaiters and reinforced inner cuffs. These are serious pants you'll be wearing for seasons to come." Elise, Peak Performance, Whistler Village 604.905.1183 peak-whistler.com

SUREFOOT CONTURA CUSTOM BOOTS/LINER

"For the men and women behind Surefoot, "good enough" never is. The Surefoot orthotic measures your foot in 538 places and the Surefoot custom boot is available in 19 different models, with new head-turning colours and ability-specific shells for men and women. The Surefoot Contura® liner comes in three unique models designed for the nuances of all foot shapes and ability levels. Surefoot liners also work with all other brands and models of ski boots and are available at 24 locations worldwide."

Kendall, Surefoot, Whistler Village 604.938.1663 surefoot.com

Congratulations Miranda Miller on another successful season!





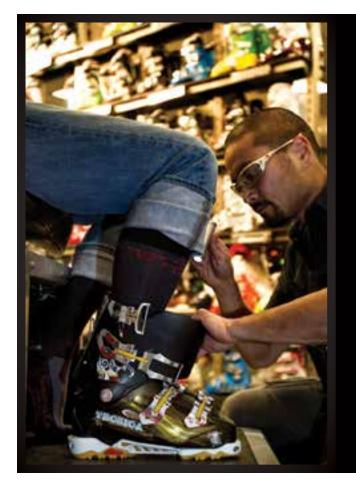
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Emilie, Prior Skis and Snowboards, Whistler 604.935.1923 priorsnow.com

HELLY HANSEN DRY REVOLUTION BASE LAYER

"A base layer has never been this comfortable and functional. The top and bottom are great pieces for every active outdoor person, perfect for any high intensity activity from ski touring to kayaking to mountain biking. Amazing fit, feel and performance all in one."

Jeff, Helly Hansen, Westin Hotel 604.932.0142 and Whistler Village 604.932.0143 hellyhansen.com



ASTIS ERLING MITTENS

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Fielding, astis.com



THE NORTH FACE MEN'S SICKLINE JACKET

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Road, Whistler, BC, Canada, VON 1B1



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Website outwestsports.com Phone Number 604 892 9259 Location 38167 2nd ave, Squamish BC, V8B 0B6



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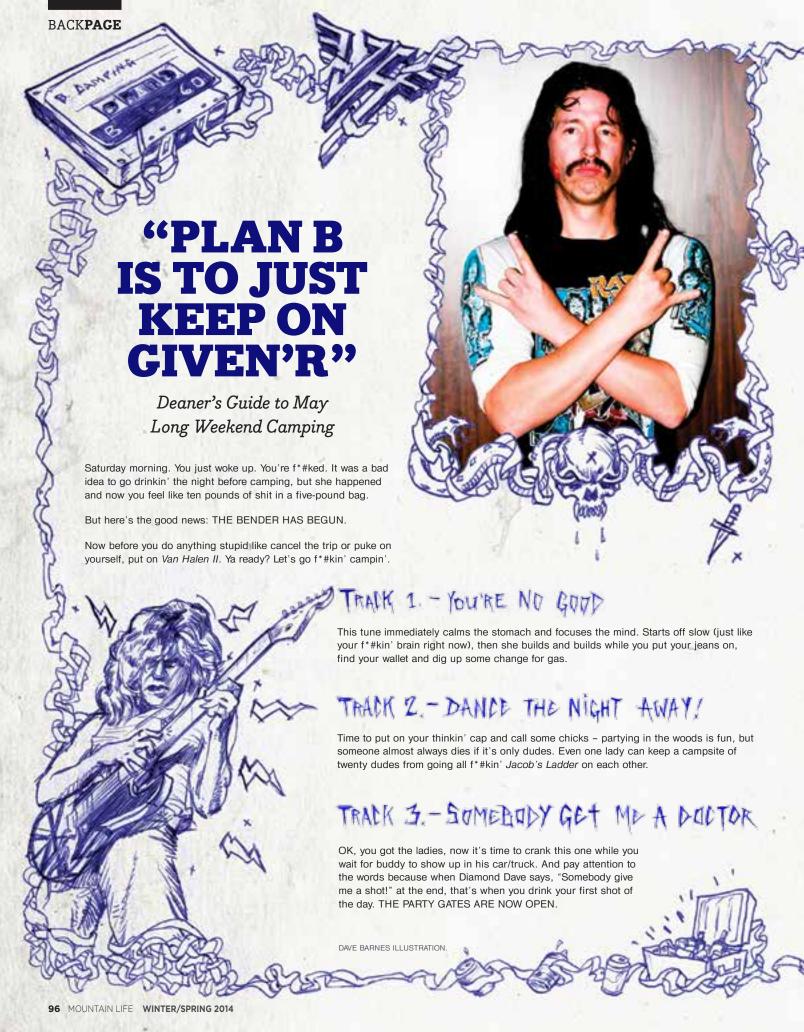
Calypso Design draws inspiration from nature. We combine strategy, design and digital expertise to create communications that connect your audiences. Our work crosses disciplines, drawing on the diverse skills of our team and a network of talent. Our work is original, engaging and highly effective.

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Website canadianwilderness.com
Phone Number 604.938.1616
Location 4282 Mountain Square
(Carleton Lodge, below the Longhorn),
Whistler



TRACK 4. - BOTTOMS UP!

Buddy with the car/truck should roll up right when Edward is playing the intro. Toss your shit in the back seat, crank it up and offer to be the Designated Drinker - that's the guy who takes all the shots for the driver. BOTTOMS UP! When the solo comes on at the end, roll down the windows and everybody screams into the wind. Otherwise just turn the car around and go f*#kin' home.



TRACK 7. - SPANISH FLY

Eddie's pretty little ditty on the acoustic. Take a look around and see where the females are. Try and gauge how wasted they are - somewhere between drunk and passed out is ideal.

TRACK S. - D.D.A.

Time to grab a couple soldiers and head out into the woods - your mission is to get some of the shit you forgot to bring. A good mission should bring back at least a half-bag of chips. "DEAD OR ALIIIIIIVE!" Stomp down a few dead trees to drag home.

TRACK 9. -WOMEN IN LOVE

In a perfect world, this is playing when you get back to the campsite and you can lure a female back to your tent for a quickie. It's OK to give a little cuddle, but don't fall asleep ya f*#kin' party poseur.

THACK S .- DUTTA LOVE AGAIN

Uh oh, the spaceship has left the atmosphere and things are gettin' a little sloppy inside the vehicle. This is a perfect tune for the driver to bear down and get the speed up. Make sure his knuckles are white on the wheel or he ain't drivin' fast enough. Gotta get to the campsite ASA-f*#kin'-P.

TRACK 6. - LIGHT UP THE SKY

BAM! Just like that you're at the campsite. Explode out of the car like a fireball out of a f*#kin' fireball canon. Get out the gas, dump her on the wood, and light up that sky. Take a step back though, cuz you just put a full Gremlin's tank worth of fuel on there, buddy. SHOTGUN ALERT when the song breaks down, take a quick look and locate cans of beer. After the drum solo kicks in you got about 30 seconds to prepare the shotguns, and when the guitars kick back in, SHOTGUN it all down the f*#kin' gullet. If you ain't done by the time the song finishes, you're a disgrace to Pilsner.

10. - BEAUTIFUL GIRLS

Lotta people say, "Hey Deaner, the last song on the album is a kinda pussy song," but I f*#kin' like it, and I'll tell you why. No matter what time it actually is, when you get to this tune it's now THE BEGINNING OF THE NIGHT. This is when you start walking around like you own the place, cuz you f*#kin' do. Night one is when the MOST beer is available. Take advantage of all the poseurs who are safely in bed. Strut around that campsite. Check for beer crimes, locate the Canadian Club, and put them two trees you drug back onto the fire. Kick back and breathe in the MOTHER F*#KIN' NATURE, the most beautiful girl of them all.

OK, now you can put on the Maiden.

-Paul Spence





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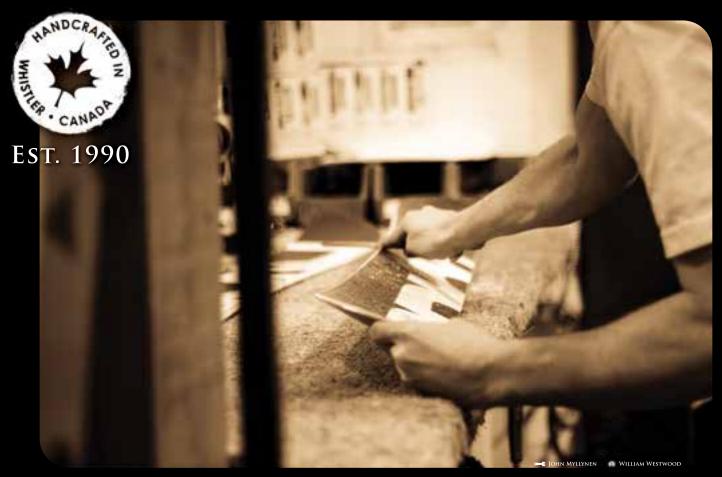
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