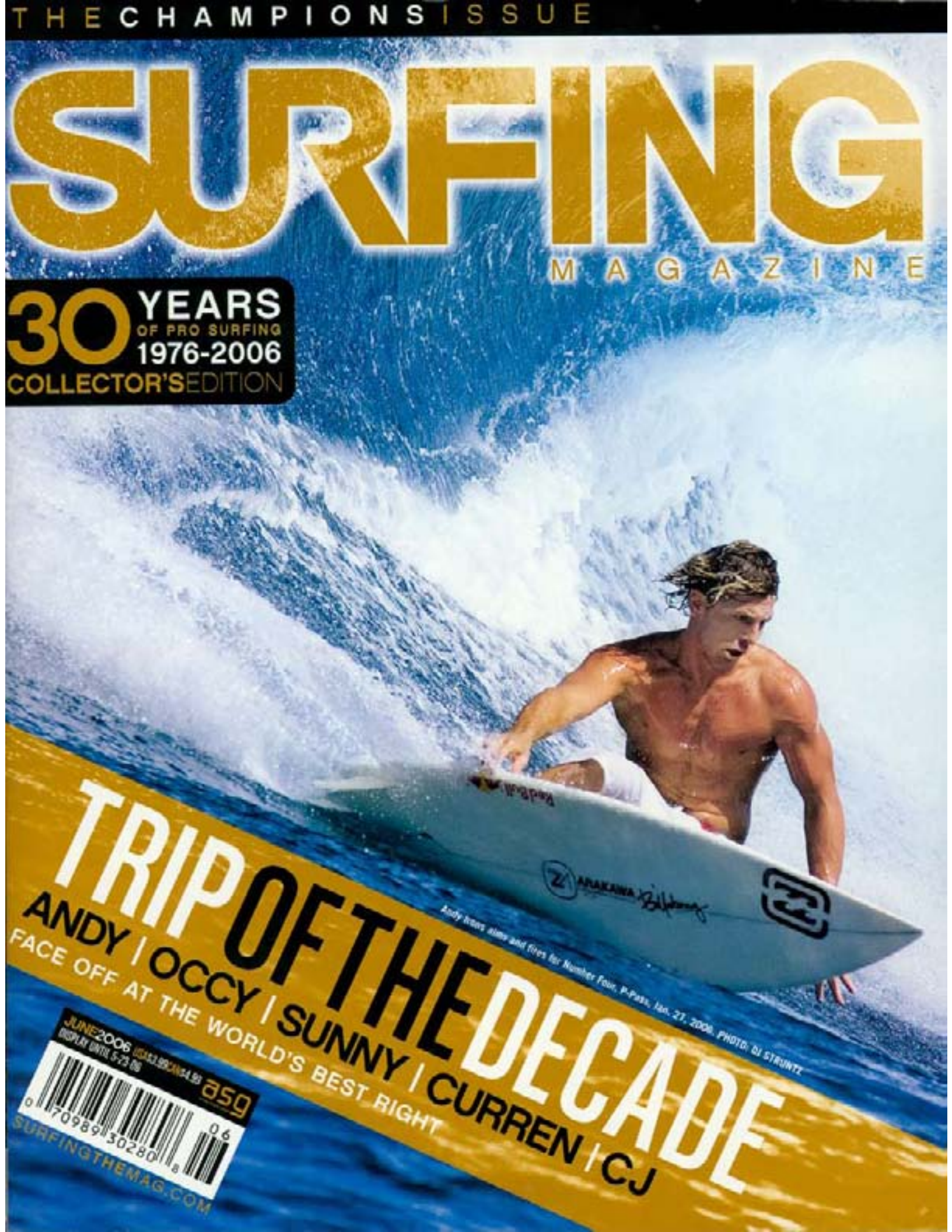


THE CHAMPIONS ISSUE

SURFING

MAGAZINE

30 YEARS
OF PRO SURFING
1976-2006
COLLECTOR'S EDITION



Andy Irons aims and fires for Number Four, P-Pass, Jan. 27, 2006. PHOTO: DJ STRUNTZ

TRIP OF THE DECADE

ANDY | OCCY | SUNNY | CURREN | CJ
FACE OFF AT THE WORLD'S BEST RIGHT

JUNE 2006 (ISSN 1549-3542) \$4.99
DISPLAY UNTIL 5-23-06



SURFINGTHEMAG.COM

BLAZING TRAILS

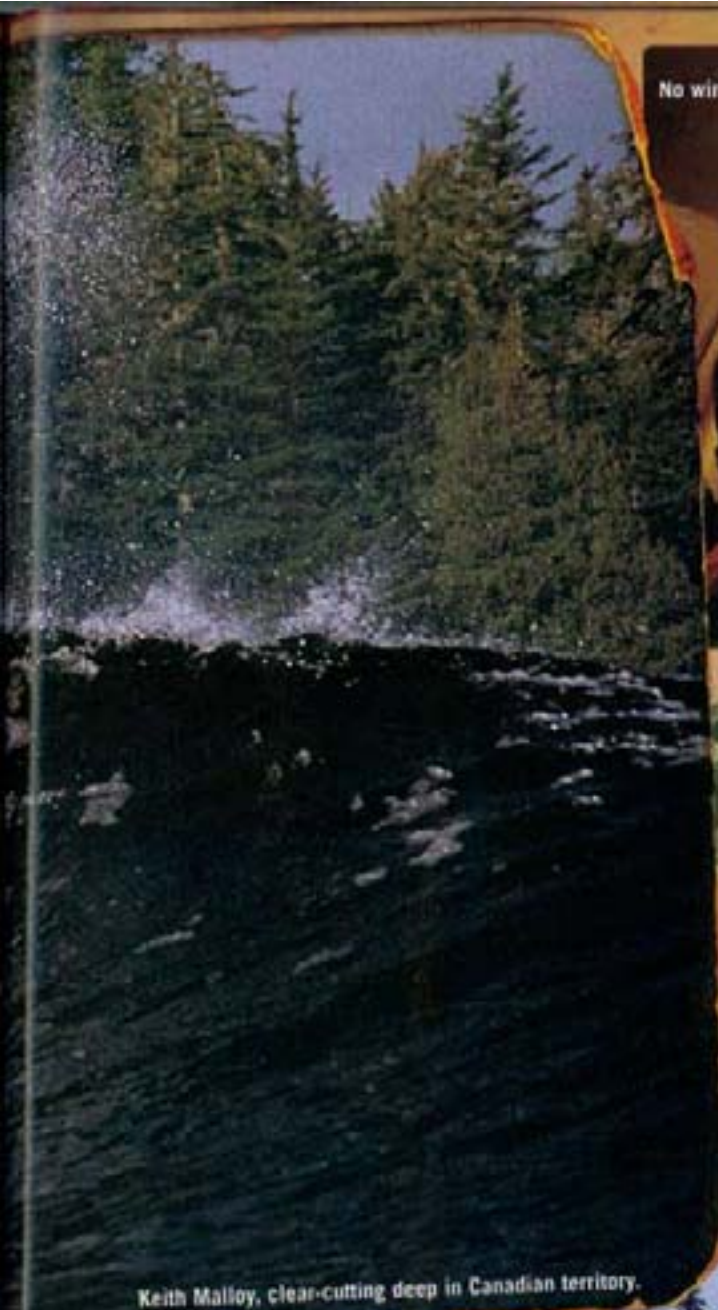
IN BRITISH COLUMBIA



**KEITH MALLOY, RAPH BRUHWILER,
AND CREW BRAVE THE RUGGED
NORTHLANDS TO PIONEER AN
UNCHARTED RIVERMOUTH**

BY WILL HENRY
PHOTOS BY JEREMY KORESKE

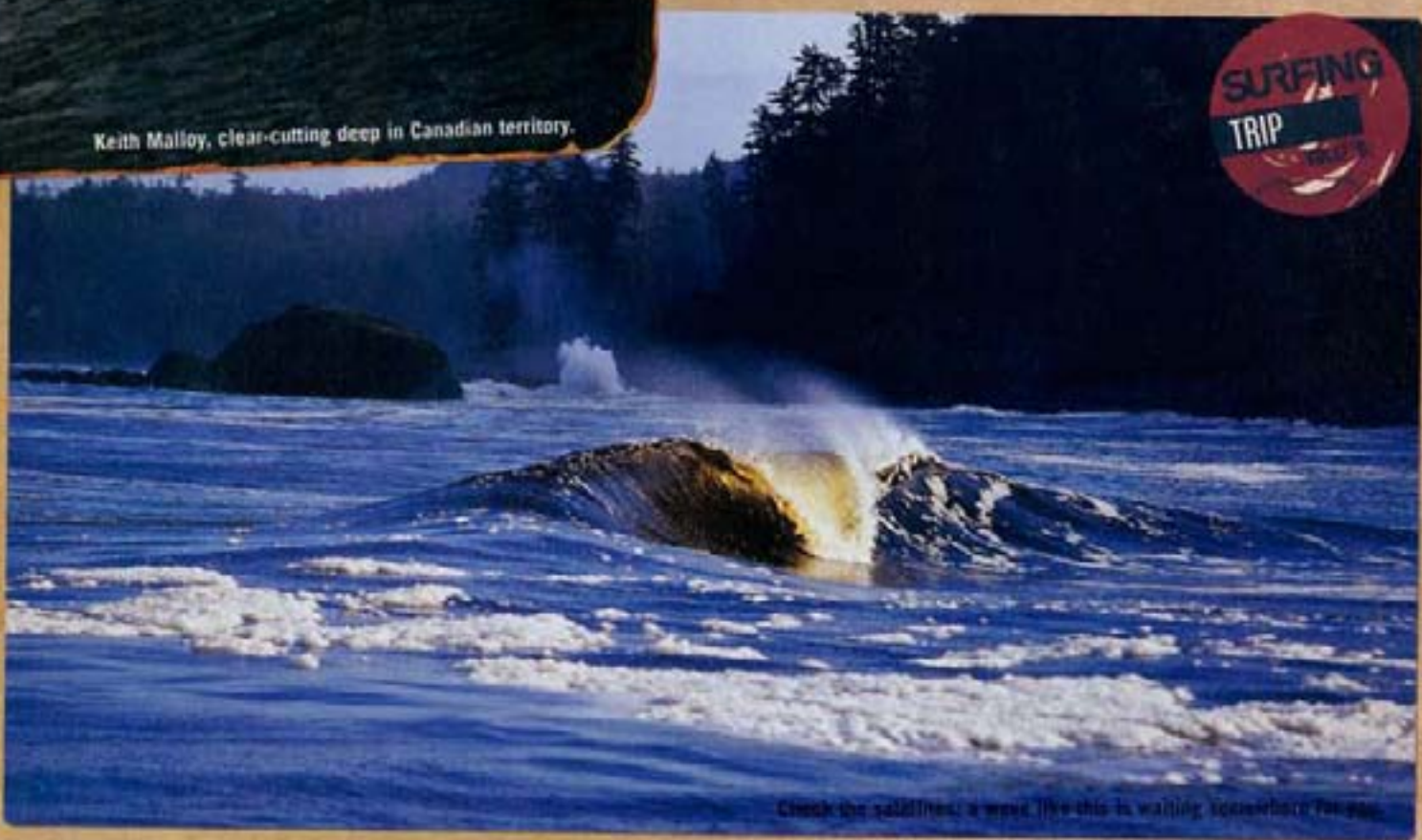
The Native man sat across the small cabin room from me as the wind groaned through the forest outside. Cedar plank walls barely held the cold at bay as we warmed ourselves by the woodstove, which crackled and smoked with a fragrant flame. The man was comfortable with silence. He did not speak to me for many minutes, listening to the storm outside, taking in the sound of the rain and the surf on the beach, his milky blind eyes revealing nothing of his thoughts. His dark face was wrinkled from many years in the wilderness, his demeanor befitting an elder in the tribe.



Keith Malloy, clear-cutting deep in Canadian territory.



No wireless connection in this miner's tent.



Check the conditions; a wave like this is waiting somewhere for you.

WE FORGOT ABOUT OUR STOMACHS AND GEAR AND SURFED THE CHANGELING ONE LAST TIME.

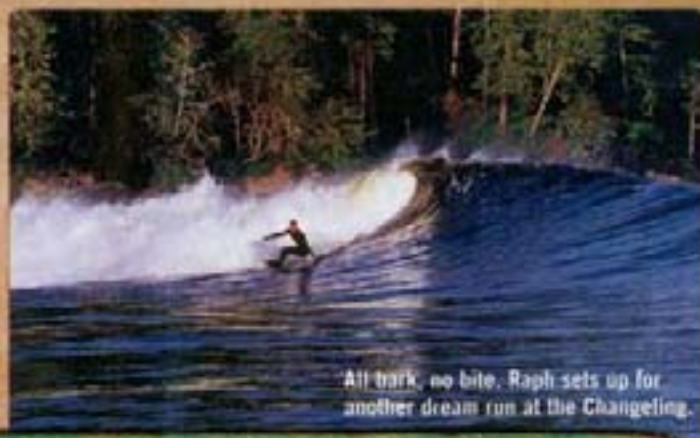


For more than 10 years, Ragh Brubweiler and his brother Sepp were stuck out after New Year in their own backyard. The Changeling is just another day on their way.

On the ninth day we ran out of food. We fished all day, but caught nothing. The cold required an enormous caloric intake every day just to maintain normal body temperatures. We hadn't planned to eat so much, but such was our predicament.

For the final supper, we put everything left in the camp's food box into a pot and boiled it. Pasta, rice, tomato sauce, cans of tuna, ginger, sweet potatoes and a few strips of bacon were all that was left. We scraped mussels and gooseneck barnacles off the rocks and boiled them, too.

That night a fierce storm hit, pelting our tents and tarps with hail. The noise of the storm was enough to wake us up every time a gust hit. Winds were topping 70 miles an hour. We'd hear them ripping through the trees 20 seconds before detonating on us, pinning our tents to the ground and holding them inches above our faces only to recoil a half minute later. The tarps finally failed and blew down and the rain that followed penetrated our shelters. The stove pipe blew off the



All talk, no bite: Ragh sets up for another dream run at the Changeling.



INTO THE WILD

WHAT KIND OF CHECKLIST DO YOU NEED BEFORE HEADING OFF ON A SURF/CAMPING TRIP IN CANADA IN THE DEAD OF WINTER? AS AUTHOR WILL HENRY SHOWS US, A DAMN LONG ONE.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 JET SKIS | 9 SLEEPING BAGS AND PADS | 3 PAIRS OF SWIM FINS |
| 5 TENTS | 5 TRAPS | 14 POUNDS OF GROUND BEEF |
| 1 MINOR'S TENT | 8 LIFE VESTS | 8 POUNDS OF BACON |
| 1 WINDMOTOR WITH 8 FEET OF STAIN PIPE | 12 SURF BOARDS | 50 POUNDS OF ASSORTED FOOD ITEMS |
| 2 KAYAKS WITH PADDLES | 15 WETSUITS WITH GLOVES AND | 1 LANTERN |
| 10 1/2-PYR CANS OF BASTARDY | BOOTS | 10 HEADLAMPS |
| 2 AXES | 20 DRY BAGS | TOOL KIT |
| 7 SAWS | 8 CAMERAS | FIRST AID KIT |
| 100 FEET OF ROPE | 3 WATER HOODINGS | 1 SATELLITE PHONE |
| CAMP STOVE, POT, PAN AND CUTLERY | 114 ROLLS OF FILM | 12 DUFFEL BAGS FULL OF SURVIVAL GEAR |

**SURFING
TRIP**



Keith leaves his tracks uncovered.



Hôtel Changeling – they'll leave the stove on for you.

miner's tent and filled it with smoke, forcing Raph out into the rain. Keith's tent failed in the downpour and a bead of water streamed onto his head like some crude form of torture.

The next morning our camp looked like it had been hit by a hurricane. Board bags were found hundreds of meters down the beach, tents and tarps lay scattered along the ground, beer cans were found in nearby trees. The surf was up again, though, and a new sand bar had formed over the reef, pushed out by a rising river overnight. For the time being, we forgot about our stomachs and our gear and surfed the Changeling one last time, with a solid new swell throwing big barrels over the newly-formed sand-bar. Adaptation and change to the rhythms of weather, water and waves, that was the key.

A few years back there stood an ancient tree in the islands that was the only one of its kind, the Golden Spruce. A genetic anomaly, it was admired the world over – and would attract many visitors each year to this remote outpost. The native people revered this tree. Some of the white settlers, however, resented the attention that the tree brought to a part of the world they would prefer stayed off the map.

Then one morning the tree was gone. Someone had attacked it in the dark of night with a chainsaw and ended the life of perhaps the most unique organism on the planet. Only a dead stump remained. A local white man claimed responsibility in a note left behind shortly before he disappeared into the wilderness on his sea kayak.

**NOWHERE HAVE
I FELT SO MUCH
LIKE PREY.**



**SURFING
TRIP**

The man was never heard from again. His kayak was found weeks later, nearly destroyed, and the authorities figured that he had either lost his battle with the BC wild or had escaped to warmer climes and a new identity. The mystery was never solved. At least, not officially.

As I sat with the elder in the old cedar cabin, the storm continued to buffet the forest outside with fierce gusts that shook the trees and cracked the branches. The elder leaned forward to stoke the fire, his hands finding the poker and then the embers even though his milky eyes could not see. Our guide Clay now sat beside me on the wooden slits.

Clay knew the man from years previous. They had developed a sort of friendship through many conversations about fishing, weather and tribal gossip. The elder respected Clay's knowledge of the wilderness and his enthusiasm for entering the bitterly cold water for the sheer pleasure of riding waves. From Clay's expression, I knew something humorous would be forthcoming.

"So, Ben," Clay said to the elder, "tell me, did you ever hear anything about the guy who cut down the Golden Spruce?"

A smile formed in the corners of the elder's mouth and he leaned towards us.

"Ah yes, Clay, we know what happened to 'dat guy,'" said the elder, a wide grin spreading across his face. "I heard from the elders up 'dere that they caught 'dat bugger a couple of days later." He leaned forward, still smiling.

"So, what happened to him?"

"Well, Clay, we took him halibut fishing," said the elder, and then he broke into a deep laugh. "In December."

Clay broke into laughter along with him, but I remained silent, not quite grasping the joke.

"Halibut fishing ends in September," explained Clay. "What do you think they used as bait?"