



**CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF SNOWBOARD INSTRUCTORS**

## **HALL OF FAME AWARD**

### **ANDREW MACLEAN**

**INDUCTED DECEMBER 2020**



**AWARD PRESENTED BY ALLISON CHURCH AND STEVE FAIRBAIRN.**

**SPEECH BY ALLISON CHURCH:**

Andy and I have a long history as we met prior to CASI being the governing body for snowboarding in Canada and yes, that means longer than some of you have been alive.

I believe it was 1991 or '92 when Andy and I met at the first ever snowboard evaluator training course at Lake Louise.

At the time, our organization was called the Canadian Snowboard Federation and was run by Marc Limoge, Stan Cain and Peter Chartier from Quebec. Stan and Peter travelled across the country giving level one courses..which I have to add looked a lot different than they do today...for example, there was a 50 question written test and if you didn't get 85% on the test, you didn't pass the course. Stan and Peter chose the top candidates from each province and gave them the opportunity to attend an evaluator training course at Lake Louise in hopes of becoming level one evaluators for their province. I was very fortunate to be one of 3 to be able to attend from Ontario. I clearly remember meeting Andy MacLean and Steve Fairbairn in Lake Louise. Our first day, all candidates met at the bottom of the mountain and took the lift to the top of the Women's Downhill.

Andy was from Martock ski Resort, Steve from Wentworth, both located in Nova Scotia. John Grassl, Craig Broderick and myself were from hills in Ontario. The rest of the candidates were from real mountains!! The 5 Easterners stood at the top of The Ladies' Downhill looking at the run as if they were about to enter a dark alley filled with hooligans that were going to mug them. I will never forget the look on all of our faces.

The following are some stories I have to share about my journeys with Andy on evaluator courses:

When CASI first started, I was the only female evaluator and therefore had to room with the guys. There were times when it was myself and a few guys in a room and sometimes just Andy and I. Andy wanted me to have a chat with his wife Debra and make sure she was aware that he had a female roommate.

Deb was lovely, very friendly and I felt that I had known her for many years even though I had never met her.

One year, our pre-courses began at Lake Louise. All evaluators who were travelling from the East met at the Calgary airport and from there, took a van to a hotel in Banff. By the time everyone arrived, it was approximately 10 pm Banff time. Le Bob and Andy were loading the board bags on top of the van. I said I did not want my bag on top of the van as I had had quite a bit of bad luck during my CASI travelling days. Both Le Bob and Andy made fun of me and said I had no choice. So, there it went, on top of the van with 4 or 5 other board bags. Le Bob and Andy were loading the bags and I asked...Aren't you going to strap the bags down??? The reply...don't be such a girl. We arrived at the hotel 2 hours later. Andy and Le Bob climbed on top of the van and began passing down the bags. I waited for mine and both guy's eyes were as big as flying saucers. Where's my bag, I asked? Andy replied, ``it's not here, "it's gone" So to cut to the chase, the board flew off the van and got run over by an 18 wheeler. The Alberta police had the destroyed bag (with all my gear and riding clothes) at the Cochrane police station..about an hour away from the hotel. Andy said the good news is you may be able to salvage one binding with some duct tape, as for the rest of your stuff, better get some rental equipment. No matter how stressful the situation, Andy's sense of humour can put a smile on your face.

The next story occurred when we were traveling from Tremblant to SunPeaks. We had a layover in Calgary, so we had lunch and then had to head to the boarding zone. We took the opportunity to make our bladders gladder and were going to meet at the boarding gate. As I entered the washroom, there was an elderly lady lying on the ground with blood coming from her head. Her daughter entered the washroom and started crying. Both did not speak English so I motioned to the daughter to stay and I would go get help. By the time I got to the Boarding Zone I could see our little 25 seater plane pulling out for take off. I went to the Air Canada kiosk and was told the next flight to Kamloops would be in 5 hours. All I could think was...why didn't Andy, Trevor or Mark tell them to wait for me...for sure they would have seen I wasn't there; after all, I was supposed to sit beside Andy. I got on the next flight...5 hours later, When I met up with Andy, I asked him didn't you see I wasn't sitting beside you. He said sure did but I knew you would manage...and look, you did. What more can I say!!

Andy has proven his friendship to me time and again. The story that sticks out the most is when I had to have emergency surgery after a severe leg break at Sunshine. We were volunteering for our TEC committee and my accident came about half way through our trip. Once released from the hospital, I decided to stay for the duration of the TEC meetings. When it came time to fly home, my leg was in excruciating pain. Andy volunteered to leave the hotel hours before he had to, to ensure my bags and myself got on my flight home safely. He made sure I got a seat that would allow me as much room as possible for my leg. Andy, I'll never forget your kindness.

Andy has been very involved and passionate in the ski/snowboard industry. He started his career in the industry in the rental shop at Martock in 1984. He was an avid skier and I believe began to snowboard in 1987.

Andy continues to work at Martock and has worked his way up to General Manager. He is very involved on snow even with a boatload of indoor responsibilities. In speaking with his staff, I understand that he tries to get on snow daily and is usually the first one on the chair to get a few runs in. Heather, owner of Martock shared and I quote: "Andy has held many positions throughout the years and is currently the go-to guy for everything Martock. Andy is a very passionate person especially when it comes to his family, work life and favorite pass times such as snowboarding and biking." She continued with a few stories and mentioned

“Whenever Andy is on the hill you can always pick him out because he’s the best dressed snowboarder and when he’s in the lodge you hear him before you see him. Andy is always having fun with Martock customers and fellow employees. He especially likes to order from the food service and put an “Andy” twist on it. When a veggie sandwich with bacon goes to the back kitchen for preparation the cooks always say “there’s Andy”. Heather closed by saying “Andy is a very valued member of the Martock family. Congratulations on his induction to the CASI hall of fame, well deserved! “

I received this note from Amanda at Martock regarding Nick Pratt, a CSIA level 4. “Andy has represented Canada three times on the world stage at Interski, to leading CASI and influencing snowboard design through his relationship with Burton, he has been what is snowboarding in Canada from the beginning.

As you can see, Andy strives for excellence and it doesn’t stop at his paid job. Here are some of his accomplishments with CASI, and all volunteer positions:

- Evaluator from the inception of CASI
- Member of the TEC (TEchnical and Education Committee)
- TEC Chair person
- Member of the Interski Team and I believe 3 times
- President of CASI

I’m pretty sure that if Marvel Comic Books heard of all these CASI accomplishments, they would retire Captain America and create a new superhero after Andy and call it Captain CASI.

For me personally, the quality that Andy possess that sticks out in my mind is his love for his family. No matter where we were, what we were doing he ensured he spoke with his family as much as possible while on course. If that meant being late for a dinner or missing out on an après, family always came first. Andy shines when he speaks about Deb, Lydia and Ewan, without a doubt in my mind, Andy’s biggest accomplishment is his family.

In closing, I want to finish with some words from his daughter Lydia. This was part of an email Lydia sent to me. “I’m sure you have gotten plenty of info from Andy’s personal entourage lol, but I will add the role he and his snowboarding has played in all of our lives is huge . He first introduced Ewan and I to snowboarding at very young ages (when we were both around 3 or 4). Some of my fondest childhood memories are sitting in an elementary classroom on a snowy day and seeing my dad show up at the door to take me out of class because the hill was just “too good” not to. I think it’s pretty easy to say my entire family owes our love of snowboarding to witnessing his unconditional love and passion for the sport. Even to this day- Watching him rip down the hill is a confirmation of his passion. My mom and dad were definitely the snowboarding dream team. My mom played a huge role in snowboard Nova Scotia-as an amazing volunteer, fundraiser, and eventually president of the association. Because of this role, and my brother and my own role in the association as athletes, my family got to spend a majority of our weekends together, sharing our common passion of snowboarding in different ways.”

Pretty powerful words from your KID, Andy!!!

Andy, you are an inspiration to everyone in our industry. Your induction into CASI’s Hall of Fame was a unanimous decision and so well deserved. Congrats my friend!!!

## **SPEECH BY STEVE FAIRBAIRN:**

I washed up on the East Coast thirty years ago, Andy was pretty much the first friend I made through snowboarding, but at that time I'm not sure either of us would have believed what a crazy decades-long roller-coaster of a journey we were about to share. Those were truly pioneering days, driven by a mutual love of our sport. We went through the crazy politics of snowboarding in the early 90s together, witnessing the passion that was Remi Laliberte at Annual General Meetings, and food fights and lock-downs at National Championships. It was an era where you had to do...well...everything. We organized competitions, ran them, competed in them, delivered instructor courses to the Atlantic Canada region, liaised with ski areas...and the list goes on. Andy was a founding member of the Snowboard Association in Nova Scotia, his relationship with Burton-and his personal drive to continuously question, adapt and evaluate, put Martock on the map as a development centre. It also served CASI with his contributions to the Tech Committee – and I THINK Andy held the record as that Committee's longest standing member. And yes, three Olympians and twenty-one years later, we worked together to bring the Canada Winter Games snowboarding events to the hill, boosting legacy benefits for snowboarding in our province. Andy didn't sit on his laurels though. He actually slapped them hard a number of times back when full gates were a thing in slalom. No, instead he stepped up as Chair of this venerable organization, and served as such through changing times. It's not possible to over-state Andy's contribution to our sport over the last three decades.

But enough of Andy MacLean, Superman. I know you'd all rather get to know Andy THE MAN.

I always knew when Andy was working in the rental department, because students would show up for my snowboarding lessons asking me what part of Australia I was from. He's known for his 'Shining Wit.' And if you're as much a fan of Spoonerisms as I am, you'll appreciate the double entendre there. So it might come as a surprise to those of you who have been singed by his quick-thinking comebacks that deep down, Andy's a nervous guy who lives in fear of putting his foot in his mouth. Not that either of us is flexible enough to attempt that anymore.

Suffice it to say that because of snowboarding, we travelled together a lot.

I've never been a huge fan of flying. In the first decade with CASI and Canada Snowboard for that matter, snowboarding racked up my Reluctant Flyer Points to rival those of a pilot, but I can't really say I wore it like a badge of pride.

It turns out, though, that my personal qualms about sitting in a tin pencil full of rocket fuel paled by comparison with Andy MacLean's extreme nervousness when he and I booked the first flight together to Calgary for the CSF Evaluator's Course in Lake Louise back in early 1992. Apparently, he'd shared his fear with his family doctor prior to the flight and he was clutching a bottle of tiny pills as we boarded the plane. "My doctor said put one under my tongue and it will mellow things out until we get there," he said. "They're tiny," I observed. "You're right, there's no way that's going to do any good....I'll take two."

I was thinking about this story some years later when we were on a flight to Wabush/Labrador City together. By then, MacLean had learned to overcome his fear of flying by talking incessantly to anyone who would listen. Which on that particular occasion was bad news for me and the only other passenger on the plane, a frail old lady on her way home from the Rock. By the time we disembarked in Wabush, she knew who we were, where we lived, and probably our PIN numbers. It was evening, we made our way to the infamous Carroll Inn and started going over course outlines for the following day. After about an hour, there was a sudden unexpected hammering on our door. We opened it and I immediately suspected we were being attacked by Labrador Separatists: a huge guy sporting overalls and a ski mask said gruffly, "Are you the guys from Nova Scotia?" I think we were both tempted to deny it but said yes anyway. "Here," he said, thrusting a large, bloodied supermarket bag at us. "You were on the plane with my mom and told her

you'd never eaten Caribou meat." Strange gifts 101. I never did get to taste it though. We accidentally left it in the freezer at Marble Mountain on our way home, and when someone brought it over weeks later, Andy ate it. He said it was delicious.

Meanwhile, the flight to Calgary was in the air. I was minding my own business and my travel companion was sleeping like a baby. By that, I mean he was so unconscious that he was draped half into the aisle, drooling. The flight attendants retrieved his glasses from the floor several times and passed them to me for safe keeping. I, of course, tried to put them back on him each time just to see how long it would take for them to fall off again. He was buffeted more than once by the sharp corners of the coffee cart, all to no effect.

The plane was at 32,000 ft, but Andy was a few thousand feet higher than that. Midway through the flight, consciousness returned, but sobriety did not. Those little pills evidently packed quite a punch. We were seated next to a nun (you can't make this stuff up) and I'm not sure how happy she was with his antics or with his apparent leering due to new pill-enhanced levels of confidence.

Finally, we get to Calgary, the door has opened, and a nun has broken the world 100m record for getting off a plane. Upon arrival, we had to meet with Andy's aunt and uncle who were living in Calgary at that time. They said we could use their Suburban to drive up to Lake Louise, but as they greeted us at the airport and listened to their nephew's badly slurred conversation, I could tell by the looks on their faces that this was a decision they were already regretting. The following morning, we set off for the Lake and his relatives shook his hand. But they hugged me and gave me the keys to the car.

Ladies and Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to virtually present this award to my colleague and my dear friend Mr. Andrew MacLean, as he so richly deserves.