

north shore news

OTHER VOICES: 2015 shaping up to be the summer of noise

Trevor Gibbs, contributing writer

July 19, 2015 12:00 AM

It was one of those beautiful summer days in Vancouver in July.

Since there was construction of various kinds going on in all the apartment buildings around me, including my own building, the sound of hammering, drilling and the rasping sound of metal on metal was getting me down. Then of course there were the **three different garbage trucks in the little alley in front of my apartment, the green organic one, the blue one and one other. All dumping various containers into their innards with the maximum required noise.**

So I packed it in and headed down to John Lawson Park, only to be stopped by a very large **freight train**, which probably stretched from Whistler to West Vancouver, and carried with it that delightful sound of the usual **screeching of metal wheels on metal.**

When it finally passed, I headed for the Ferry building. Unfortunately that day was when the **noisy mobile grass cutter** was at work. So I walked quickly towards Ambleside Beach, my safe haven. However, before I could get there I had to put up with a **pile driver** at the Grosvenor site, and assorted other construction machinery.

Finally I got to Ambleside, and noted that today it was actually a dog-free beach, what a luxury I thought, and only two seagulls to boot. No goose droppings to climb over.

My peace of mind was soon shattered by a **steady flow of float planes** coming out of Vancouver heading up the Sunshine Coast, flying right over me. I looked at the seagulls, they looked at me and flew out to sea. I was thinking of diving in and following them but then there appeared **six Jet Skis** doing their noisy pirouette, and the mandatory freighter blowing its loud horn to scare off the salmon fishing boats from the ship channel.

So I gave up and headed home followed by a constant stream of float planes and now helicopters flying low over West Van. When I reached the Ferry building, not only was the power mower still at work, but it was now accompanied by a **weed wacker and trimmer**, which was **followed up by a leaf blower.** I guess the whole West Van maintenance staff was at work.

I finally made it to the little park near the Music Box figuring here at last I would find peace. No such luck, all of a sudden about 100 plus crows arrived, probably for their annual Summer Crowvention where as luck would have it, they have a contest to see which crow can make the most noise. So I got up and moved on, at least walking back I would only have to put up with the usual police sirens, ambulances, cyclists and truck traffic.

What a relief, I opened up my daily gratitude journal and was trying to decide what to write in it for today when I turned on the radio and discovered the Canadian **dollar had now fallen close to 77 cents U.S.** — just before my big trip to the United States.

The conclusion of all this is that in 2015, **West Vancouver is now a very noisy place. Are we getting a better quality of life as compared to 2005 and 1995 for the high cost of housing here and the material wealth? I think not.**

Trevor Gibbs is a semi-retired business executive and longtime West Vancouver resident who has observed the changes in West Vancouver from a small seaside village to a home for the rich and famous with some concerns for the quality of daily life now in his neighbourhood.

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