



The Chinook

The Newsletter of the Calgary Section of the Alpine Club of Canada

Volume 43, Number 9

September 2008

Calgary Section meetings are held on the third Tuesday of each month (except for July, when there is no meeting) at the Bow Waters Canoe Club, 1975—26 St SE, starting at 7:30 pm. Check page two inside for details of upcoming programs.



Starting Down Pigeon
Mathieu Bourgeois

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Upcoming ACC presentations

Tuesday October 21, 7:30 pm **Brad Harrison: Avalanche Awareness**

Tuesday November 18, 7:30 pm **Sean Isaac: Winter Lovers Anonymous**

Tuesday December 16, **Christmas potluck, 6 p.m.**

Bring your favorite dish to share (appetizer, salad, entree or dessert). The section will provide juice and pop. Please bring your own dish and cutlery if you'd like to be environmentally friendly.

The regular meeting starts at 7:30 p.m. and features a presentation by **Rob Owens: Alpine Mixed in the Canadian Rockies and Alaska**

*FREE REMOTE RESPONDER WILDERNESS
FIRST AID COURSE*

The CAOC (Calgary Area Outdoor Council) is sponsoring **fully subsidized** Remote Responder Wilderness First Aid courses. The ACC has been able to secure a course date for 15 of our members. The course, taught by Rocky Mountain Adventure Medicine, is designed for the day adventurer or group member who recreates in a wilderness setting. The course is based on standard first aid principles with a focus on back-country situations, and features one day of out-side scenario simulations. You can find more info on their website www.adventuremed.ca/responder.htm

Course Dates: 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM October 18th, 19th and 26th, with the last day outdoors in Bragg Creek

Cost: The only cost to you is your transportation and food during the course!
For more info, email Ben at ben.giesbrecht@gmail.com or go to the online calendar for more info and also to put yourself on the list.

National Leadership Courses

The North Face - ACC Winter Leadership Training Course

Dates: Jan 3-10, 2009

Location: Vista Lodge in the Esplanade Range ~ Selkirk mountains

Application Deadline to the Calgary Section: October 1st, 2008

Amateur Leaders are the backbone of the Alpine Club – providing beginner, intermediate, and advanced trips to other members, allowing Sections to boast broad and varied trip schedules.

With the support of The North Face, each year we run a training course for amateur leaders from across the country in recognition of the tireless work these volunteers do and their need for high quality training. The main goal of the course is to help members who are already leading trips become better, stronger, and safer leaders for the Sections and for National Camps

The course will cover a broad range of hard and soft leadership skills with the focus on the following:

- planning and management of ski trips and traverses;
- snow safety and terrain evaluation;
- route planning, selection and finding;
- decision making in avalanche terrain;
- glacier travel and navigation;
- crevasse rescue systems;
- group dynamics, interaction and management; and
- emergency situation management.

Participant fees are subsidized by The North Face and the Alpine Club of Canada and a commitment for a return to the Club in volunteer energy will be sought from all members who attend. Participants are required to be endorsed by their ACC Section. As well, the Calgary Section has some funding available to assist selected participants. To receive endorsement and potential funding, your National application must be received by the Calgary Section training and leadership chairperson by October 1st.

For more information, see: <http://www.alpineclubofcanada.ca/activities/winter/tnf.html> or email [Stacey Karalash](mailto:staceykaralash@shaw.ca), Training and Leadership Chair, staceykaralash@shaw.ca. You may also fill in the application found on the website [TNF Application Form](#) and submit it to Stacey via the email address above.

Summer Camp 2008: The Adamants - Week One

By Joe Turnham

It was the almost "usual" group of past-camp suspects that met in Golden on July 20: Mike McDonough, Trev Penford, Terry Manning, Sue Kuznik (straight from the GMC), Sue Scott, Mark Lane, Marianne Azizi and me, Joe Turnham. New summer camp faces were Nivea deOliviera and her 'belay slave' Keith Sanford, and a guest from the Edmonton Section, John Booth.

All of us except John were familiar with each other from either climbing or Keith's boozy Himalayan slide shows. We had also re-acquainted at a pre-camp meeting at Mike's place some weeks before, where camp organizer Sanford informed us – after a beer or two – that we should know all aspects of crevasse rescue.....including a 200:1 pulley system! This was met with some skepticism at the time, but after our leader well and truly showed his mettle with e-mailed copies of many of the nicer routes in the Adamant Range (our destination), a most detailed equipment list, and concise instructions on where to meet, well we couldn't really stay mad at him for having to learn all of that new crevasse rescue stuff! In fact his infectious personality – always with a smile and a joke – set the tone for a really relaxed weeks camp.

Seeing that we were Week One this year, we figured we'd better do a half-decent job of putting together the camp (especially after years of lewd comments about Orvel's shitter construction skills!) The camp was spacious and beautifully situated, although maybe a little low-down for climbing... but more of this later. We located both big tents centrally and spread ourselves in our own tents around them; so far so good, especially as the weather ahead was looking most promising.

We tended to sort-of-naturally divide up into appropriate groupings early on. So on Monday, Mark, Sue K. and Marianne explored the Fria Glacier/Gibraltar Col area, Mike, John and Sue S. traversed Mt. Wotan, while "The Three Amigos" – Terry, Trev and Joe – scrambled up Fria. Keith and Nivea took on the S. Buttress of Adamant; their day turned out to be very long on this stiff (5.7/5.8) route. After being slowed down by another group ahead of them and forgoing the summit, they were forced to spend the night out in the open near the toe of the Adamant Glacier.

Tuesday was a bit of a rest day, though some managed to find a nice rock face to play on between showers. On Wednesday two groups decided, for a change of approach and a shorter day to traverse around the lake by the camp and scramble up Azimuth Peak. As was recorded in the log book, "the "A" team of Terry Trev and Sue S were seen, on the way back, wading in the lake outlet in their underwear, while the "B" team of Mark, Joe, Sue K and Marianne walked sedately around the lake. (For pictures, contact Sue Scott, who actually filmed the epic crossing and reported back that "the other two" were respectably attired.) Also on Wednesday, in preparation for their attempt on Gibraltar the next day, Keith and Nivea, accompanied by Mike and John, checked out the Fria/Gibraltar col area. Another memorable piece of movie action was recorded there – Olympic downhill racing – Mike bootskiing vs Keith on his butt.

So Thursday tended to be an active day again, mainly because the weather report did-

n't look too great for Friday. Keith and Nivea left early to do the North Face of Gibraltar, where after enjoying the early going on beautiful crack systems, they found themselves apparently off-route and were forced to retreat. Of the rest, a largish group left to (in Trev's words) "pay homage to Mt. Thor". The Terry and Trev plus Mike, Sue S and John duly summited....after experiencing minor route-finding problems. John, solid climber though he is, was heard to admit at the time that he is known in Edmonton as "Off-Route John"! Mark, Sue K and Marianne scrambled quite a ways up Mt. Wotan before calling it off due to time constraints.

Friday it was supposed to rain, but as it was okay in the morning we went out but kept things simple. A large group (Mark, Marianne, Keith and Nivea) left for Pioneer PeakKeith wanted to summit something and was finally rewarded. Meanwhile the other two remnants of the "three Amigos" (Terry and a still not fully recovered Joe), a.k.a. "the two old farts" (their call-in name) traversed Mt. Wotan...steadily, but very slowly I must add.

On Saturday, well, we got up sort of intending to do something but early rain "forced" us back into our nice warm sleeping-bags. End of Week One.

Well, it's not quite the end of the story; there were a couple of 'mysteries' still unresolved, I should add. Firstly, where did all of the 25 toilet rolls go??? And secondly ... our kitchen cutting knife went AWOL on about day three, and later in the week Mike swore that he saw a chipmunk dragging it along the ground with its teeth, some 30 metres from the big tent (He did retrieve the knife though, and no body saw him smoking anything all week so there must have been some truth there somewhere..... then again...chipmunks dragging a heavy knife....!)

Lastly, a word about the camp location; beautiful though it was, I feel it was a tad too low down, there being over 3000 vertical feet to the base of the rocks of the nearest peaks. Now this, to a fit/fast mountaineer may not have been too much of a problem, but maybe the folks on our week would have got around to the North side of the range more if the camp had been located differently. What does the organizing committee think of this idea for next year's camp...the Adamants again, but camping at Fairy Meadows?

*Adamants Summer Camp Week 3: Aug 3 – Aug 10
by Jonathan Stanley*

Participants:

Darren Foltinek, David Mulligan, Diane Colwell, Gary Fauland, Jared Bancroft, Jonathan Stanley, Ken Lee, Marc Langlois, Reinhard von Berg, Shaun Fluker, Sim Galloway, Josef

Aug. 3: Our group of twelve flew by helicopter in good weather to the base camp in Adamant Meadow at an elevation of roughly 1900 m.

Aug. 4: Three trips went out today in very good weather:

"Flakes and Flowers": Josef, Mark, Darren, Jared. This is the name given in David Jones' Selkirks North for a route on the SW face of Mt Wotan, 2974m. The descent was via the south slopes.

"Lokey": Ken and David

From camp David and Ken climbed to the low point on the ridge west of Toadstool. From here they climbed west up granite slabs to a previously unnamed high point "Lokey" (to go with Thor, Fria, and Wotan), conspicuous from the south by its broad snow capped summit. Descending north to the Gothics Glacier they skirted Thor on the north and descended Thor Pass.

"Tour of Gothics Glacier": Shaun, Diane, Sim, and Jonathan

From the camp we climbed to the base of the snow leading to the south side of the Toadstool/Gibraltar col. The snow ended and the last twenty meters or so involved a fairly still roped up rock climb (5.6?), ably lead by Shaun. Once on the col, we could walk off onto the Gothics Glacier on the north side. Jonathan lead the rope of four across the glacier to the crest of the north-east ridge of Pioneer Pk. Here again Shaun lead a pitch (5.4?, though listed as PD 5.2 in Selkirks North, p.341) up the rock from which it was a short scramble to the summit. The descent via the southeast ridge and down through Thor Pass was relatively straightforward.

Aug. 5: Two trips:

West Ridge of Thor: Shaun, Ken, Diane, and Jonathan

This trip, in spite of perfect weather and good leads by first Shaun and then Ken, failed to reach even the shoulder on the west ridge of Thor Pk. The slowness of four people climbing one rope meant progress up this precipitous ridge was very slow. When we ran out of time we rappelled back down the ridge, also a slow process.

Azimuth: Everybody else. This was an enjoyable climb up the smaller but attractive peak directly across the outlet of the pond near the camp.

Aug. 6 Three trips:

West Ridge of Gibraltar, 2895m.: Shaun & Reinhart. This was the culmination of a 40-year quest for Reinhart and was the most technically difficult climb done during this session.

West Ridge of Wotan Pk, 2974m.: Ken, Sim, David, Jonathan. The climb along the shelf south of the ridge crest involved some rather exposed 4th class climbing. The summit block, about 30 meters high, involved some roped up climbing lead separately by Jonathan and Ken. The descent followed the route of Aug 4 climb.

Azimuth: A group including Diane

Aug. 7: Two trips:

Mt. Thor, 2980 m., via south ridge: Sim, David, Josef, Gary, Diane, and Jonathan

Very pleasant and undemanding, with much leisure time spent sunning on the rocks.

"Granite Outing": Shaun, Jared, Diane, Ken. Climbing on nearby rocks.

Aug. 8: Two Trips:

Mt Fria, 2915 m. : Sim, David, and Jonathan. This was a straight forward ascent of Mt Fria from the south. We traversed the entire summit ridge to ensure we reached the true summit. On the descent, well down on the snow we endured a 20 minute thundershower, after which the sun returned.

West Ridge of Mt Thor (2nd attempt): Shaun and Reinhart made more progress than the earlier attempt, but were weathered off by the thunderstorm.

Aug. 9: Two Trips:

"Old Wotan", 2990 m.: Sim, David, and Jonathan. This peak is the unnamed 2990 m peak south of Mt Yggdrasil. It is so named by us because according to D. Jones' book (p.355), it was originally named Wotan, and that name was later moved to the present (lower) Wotan, leaving the original peak unnamed. In fact, this is the highest peak on the entire ridge from Yggdrasil all the way around to Thor. We climbed through the low point west of Toadstool, the route taken by Ken and David on the first day, and then in about an hour hiked east across the Gothics glacier and the south to the base of the South Ridge of Old Wotan. This ridge was class 3 scrambling up to the final summit crags, which offered more exposed (4th class) scrambling, made more dubious by the clouds, mist and the rain that was beginning to fall. After a short time on the summit we returned by the same route, in rain.

East Gothics 3231m., via NW ridge: Shaun, Ken, Diane, Gary

This fine peak, the second highest climbed this week, after Pioneer, was ascended by these four on two ropes lead by Shaun and Ken, despite the inclement weather mentioned above. Rain fell in the evening.

Aug 10: We flew out at midday after a morning of partly cloudy, but showery weather.

"Scrambling to Lead"
by Alexandra (Ola) Cupial
5 & 6 July 2008

Perhaps to start, "I've learned that everyone wants to live on top of the mountain, but all the happiness and growth occurs while you're climbing it." - Anonymous

As this anonymous writer's quote I once found suggests; the goal and perhaps entire experience of the ACC Scrambling Leadership course for six enthusiastic men and women was just that: growth and with that leadership occurs only while climbing the mountain. A wonderfully inspiring and educational two days were spent under the wing of ACMG guide Cyril Shokoples within the Nordegg to Jasper National Park regions. After a reassuringly 'bite and noseum' free night spent at the Shunda Creek Hostel; we embarked to scramble Mt. Earnest Ross Peak overlooking the grandiose Abraham Lake. Our sleepy minds were activated by Cyril's questions regarding self and route worthy preparation (protective gear, must-haves, map and area reconnaissance, trip length based on elevation gain). Throughout the course, Cyril engaged our interest in various "walk and talk" sessions; promoting us to discuss the important knowledge any leader should know when leading a troupe of alpine enthusiasts, and simultaneously displaying a wonderful technique to monitor breathing. Proper hiking/foot placement "staying off your toes" to reduce muscle fatigue, situational awareness (constantly assessing one's terrain at different junctions both for planning a descent and ascent efficiently and safely), gusto in route finding "saving the technical terrain for the climb rather than the descent", the ethics of traveling in steep terrain, dealing with emergencies over 2000 feet in elevation, and how to calmly reassure the panicked-

alpinophobia of the steeps using a human sandwich.....

And just in time for lunch! 'Sandwiching' allows the fearful ones cover from the sometimes daunting, *Hitchcockingly*-terrifying terrain below and the reassurance of following in someone's footsteps above. The descent from Mt Ross proved to be the most validating and helpful exercise in terrain reading and subsequent route finding, as we slid down scree slopes, moved through forget-me-not meadows, gullies, creek beds to our final destination.

All participants were given the reins throughout the climb in order to hone their leading skills, and to receive nurturing advice/tips from Cyril along the way. As every one taking part was different, the rotation of leads was beneficial in raising yet another series of excellent points. A leader must almost always be selfless, paying close attention to his/her group, and remaining at a high alertness level throughout the expedition, while managing a flurry of other tasks simultaneously.

Day two found our somewhat exhausted feet in Jasper, at the foot of Mt Tangle. The summit's snowy but distinctive gecko form began to take shape as we navigated the seemingly thick brush to a creek crossing where teamwork reared its beautiful head, in the form of a helping hand. Elevation of 1000 feet was gained very quickly as we ascended the switchback free and well broken trail to a lookout point. Enter scene one: a thick snowy couloir where 'snow travel 101' was to take place. Ice axes in hand, Cyril demonstrated effective methods of moving a group through snowy terrain. Crossover and side-by-side steps, posthole avoidance through proper weight shift, and step cutting was covered with much excitement from the group. We also witnessed a heroic camera-save act by ACC's own Enrique Canto, much to Elisabeth's glee.

All through the course, Cyril tattooed the notion of possessing a "swivel head" mentality, always looking, staying alert to one's surroundings as conditions shift rapidly up high. Not forgetting of course, that 'smart people in the mountains go the same way', following your animalistic instincts to pick a route that most makes sense, and won't cost your group extra energy.

Although the entirety of the scrambling leadership course was knowledge transfer at its best (both locationally and personally speaking); it was not without its spectacle of human interaction in jokes, stories, and philosophical exchange..... I'll bet the mountain goats don't do that. Till we meet again.

*Mount King George
By Vic Bell*

Doug Miller and I headed in to Mount King George on Aug. 22 following Bill Corbett's guide to the parking spot above the log crossing on the Palliser River. Given the likelihood it would be wet, we hiked down to take a look. The log was still there with improvements. Some handy people had nailed cross planks supported on each underside edge with 2x4 bracing. A

hand line of quarter inch yellow poly was tightly supported on either end and braced with a couple of 2x4 uprights.

After wrapping the car in chicken wire we started our hike. I took my pack off to make a test crossing, checking to see if any of the planks were loose. Only the first 2x6 plank was slippery. The line was old and prickly and I wouldn't want to rely on it if I slipped, but it was psychologically comforting.

On the other side we got temporarily fooled by a game trail cutting upwards at the top of a long descent on the Palliser River trail. After backtracking, and well before reaching Fynn Creek, we found the real trail up the valley, marked by survey ribbons. The route starts by going over a ridge, then it descends back into the valley nearer to the creek itself. With the exception of a few hundred yards, the trail travels higher above Fynn Creek so you should grab water when you can. There is one nice tributary creek along the way.

I had beaten back into the King George bivy on a solo trip 15 years ago and remember bushwhacking and hopping from animal trail to animal trail the whole way. Corbett talks about "the lack of an established approach trail". Now, tape markers and blazed trees, and significant clearing of dozens of snags and blowdown logs in a pick-up sticks jungle, have made the trail obvious, and we cruised along at a good pace.

Towards the end of the valley we entered a wide avalanche slope that offered a way through the cliff bands above. I went up that way on my previous trip. It worked, but it was tedious. Approaching the intermittent creek drainage marked on the map, the log clearing faded out somewhat and the brush obscured the trail a little more. There is quite a bit of recent blowdown in this area and detours meant having to pick up the trail again. After climbing through this section the quality of the trail improved and we had no difficulty in following it up the drainage. There were a couple of places we could get a bit of water but I recommend filling up at the bottom as this is an unrelentingly steep slope.

Part way up, but well before getting to the top of the steep climbing, the trail cut sharply to the west above the drainage. After first climbing steeply the trail started to descend and did so for a considerable distance. This was disheartening when it looked like we could head up, but it turns out there is a big hidden cliffband above. Eventually the trail cut back up again and made its way out on to the wide forested bluff above. I think this was somewhere near 155023. The top of the trail was marked by a prominent blazed tree and a long pink ribbon. Anyone following this path needs to memorize this spot in relation to landmarks. We didn't. It could be that ribbons and blazes continue further on but we never found them. From this point, route-finding kicks in by following game trails up the bluff. Climbing up, we had the valley of the intermittent creek on our right and the valley of the east fork of Fynn Creek that drains the east side of Princess Mary on our left.

With lots of fresh snow on the peaks we had decided to go for the SW face route on King George which meant we were heading for the bivi to the west of Princess Mary. Steep cliffs coming off the south end of Princess Mary force an approach to this valley up through a steep treed hillside to the right of the main waterfall on the west fork of Fynn Creek. Cliffbands and lots

of bush between the forested bluff and this waterfall make a straight approach dubious. There is another prominent waterfall from the east fork of Fynn Creek and despite gaining elevation we would eventually lose, we contoured around the valley to pass above this waterfall. On our approach we went way too high and ended up on rocks and moraine above the creek. I suspect that Corbett's recommended bivy for the southeast ridge route is in the highest larches above this spot.

After crossing the creek we descended beneath the cliffs at the south end of Princess Mary. We found a rough, steep trail up through the woods that got us into the valley to the west, about seven hours from the road. The bivy spot here is in a small meadow beside the creek with nice views of the peaks above and back towards Joffre. King George is out of sight around the corner. A cold wind was blowing down the valley but that kept the bugs away. After scotch and dinner we packed it in.

Next morning there was not a cloud in the sky. After coffee and breakfast we got away a little before eight. No predawn mountaineering starts for us. We bashed up the valley moraines and the edge of the remnant valley glacier. This is mostly rock covered and is easy traveling. The south face of King George has a large serac bulge in the middle. The glacier levels out a bit on top then climbs in steep snow slopes to the ridges above. There was lots of new snow on the right-side ledges we intended to cross but it looked doable. We kicked steps up styrofoam snow and went through some rock bands that led to the King George-Princess Mary col. We'd made the mistake of not loading up on water lower down and faced that annoying situation where we could hear water under the rocks but couldn't reach it.

Above the col we tackled some short, exposed scrambling and a lot of tedious snow-covered scree beneath a high sharp peak. We traversed up and left towards the highest ledges around the west side of the ridge. There are small cairns here and there indicating the route but it's obvious. At this point we were kicking our way through an ever-softening, six inches of new snow and we were finally able to fill up our water bottles at some trickles. On the ledges we were near the level of the large serac bulge. As the ledges ended we could access the glacier above the seracs and then snow slopes that would take us to the flat part of the southeast ridge. We could see one crevasse in our way. The steep snow slopes to the left of the serac bulge had been in the sun since we had first seen the peak but there was no evidence of anything substantial sliding. The slopes we were on now had been shaded until we had reached the col. Snow ball sluffs had been coming down but they didn't amount to much.

We roped up and made a rising traverse, kicking steps all the way. The crevasse was bridged and we were soon over. We stayed close to rock ribs coming down, and after expending much sweat, we reached the corniced ridge. A short walk took us over to the base of the summit block. This was plastered with verglass and hanging icicles, many of which were breaking off in the heat of the day. On the way up the steep snow to the rocks we watched as an ice-triggered snowball turned into a foot-wide wheel which then flopped over, started sliding, and built into a ten-foot wide sluff of wet snow. Hmmm.

Doug started to lead us up the gully but this had some ice underlying the wet snow. We

passed on donning crampons and moved into the left-side snow-covered rocks and ledges. We stayed roped up but apart from taking in the rope from time to time, never used any belays or protection. The final snow slopes were easy and I was surprised to see a last, exposed, knife-edge of rock leading to the summit. After a tightrope walk we were on top. If there was a cairn and record it was buried in snow and we didn't look for it. It took us seven hours up.

On the way down, the snow was softer and we could see that more sluffs had happened. Once we started down the steep snow from the ridge we faced reality. Sometime over the previous two hours some avalanche sluffs had wiped out our approach tracks in slides fifty feet wide, leaving heaps of heavy, wet snow at the bottom. The good news was that we could still kick shallow steps in the harder underlying snow. There also seemed little chance that the snowball covered slopes would let go as the sluffs needed the momentum of a surface snowball sliding in smooth snow to get them going. There were still some smooth slopes though, and those had us concerned. Coming down above the crevasse our tracks had been mostly wiped out. I could see approximately where we had crossed. With Doug ready, I made my move. One foot went through and I made a forward roll the rest of the way over. Doug crossed with no problem.

Close to the rock ledges we got an unpleasant surprise. From a hidden snow gully above, an avalanche came blasting down, 200 feet in front of us, sailed off a ledge, crossed our trail at what would have been chest height, and continued down steep slopes to the cliffs beneath. Two minutes earlier and we would have been there. We got across this latest path fast and were soon in the shelter of rocks under some protecting outcrops, thanking our lucky stars.

We stayed roped through the remainder of the ledges. Much of the snow had melted and we were soon on the scree. I began to notice right knee pain from an injury falling off a log in early July. A small-stone scree slope to our right allowed for some sliding action which helped. I popped an ibuprofen but limped and groaned all the way back to camp. There I found the shorts I had hung up to dry on the ground, mostly eaten. Obviously the local rodents enjoy spicy, exotic fare when they can get it. It was a good thing we had hung our packs in the trees instead of stashing them under nearby overhangs in the rocks.

Next morning my knee was still troubling me and I knew I'd have difficulty on the steep portions of the trail. Using both my ski pole and ice ax, I hobbled my way down. We crossed the east branch of Fynn Creek at the same spot above the waterfall, then came much weaving back and forth as we worked our way down the forested bluff. Not having noted any landmarks on the way up we were hoping to find the trail through the cliffs, fearful we were descending too far. As it turned out, we found the flagging and tree blaze at the top of the trail and our route worries were over. I popped an ibuprofen, the first of several, and limped on. My rule became "step down with the right foot first, step up with the left foot first". We made it eventually.

On the drive back, a huge, reddish cougar jumped across the logging road just in front of us. This was a very healthy looking cat, the first I had ever seen in the wild, and seemed like a good omen to end an eventful, but not too eventful, trip. Soon after, we got a flat tire.

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NO CALLS AFTER 10 PM IS THE POLICY OF THE SECTION, THANK YOU

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Chinook Submissions: Any article relating to the Club or the mountains is welcome. Please send submissions as an email attachment to **callanan@telusplanet.net**. Microsoft Word documents (Arial font) work the best. Submissions become the property of the Alpine Club of Canada and are subject to editing.

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