



OBITUARY FOR FRANK JOSEPH WAWRYCHUK

MARCH 20, 1935 – NOVEMBER 1, 2023

It is with great sadness and gratitude for his life, that Frank's family announces his passing on November 1, 2023, in Abbotsford, BC at the age of 88 years.

He is lovingly remembered by his wife of 66 years, Kate (nee Fry). Frank and Kate met at North Toronto Collegiate Institute, where they became high school sweethearts. He gave her an engagement ring as a Christmas gift in 1956, and they were married on March 30, 1957.

Frank will also live on in the hearts of his four children, Ede (Jim), Will (Shauna), Michael and Dave (Kelly); his eight grandchildren, Natasha (Dave), Mark (Jen), Eric (Brittany), Emma (Liam), Luke, Ellen, Jack and Tom; his six great grandchildren, Meghan, Emma, Madison, Braden, Mila and Hudson; and his sister, Olga Pawluk. Frank was predeceased by his daughter-in-law, Sue Deacon, and his brother-in-law, Ted Pawluk.

Frank was born to his Ukrainian immigrant parents, Michael Wawrychuk and Mary Andrusiw, on March 20, 1935 in Thorold, ON. He grew up in Thorold and Toronto, and during his school years he was active in boy scouts, army cadets, and several sports, including basketball, lacrosse, gymnastics, and softball. He maintained a keen interest in sports throughout his life, and he was a dedicated fan of the Toronto Raptors and the Toronto Blue Jays.

The direction for Frank's life was set during the summer of 1953, when he worked on the TransCanada Highway survey crew in the Rockies. By the end of the summer, he had decided to become a civil engineer, and he had developed a love of the mountains. To pursue his engineering degree, Frank enrolled in the Canadian Army in 1954, which started his 34-year career as a military engineer, with a wide range of interesting assignments. He was the first Commanding Officer of the Airborne Field Squadron when the Airborne Regiment was formed in 1968, and he became an experienced parachutist. Rising to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, Frank was appointed Commandant of the School of Military Engineering in Chilliwack during 1974 to 1976. Throughout his demanding career commitments, Frank put a

high priority on his growing family, organizing countless trips and new experiences.

Frank and Kate became members of the Alpine Club of Canada in 1970, and they made a major contribution to the club as hut custodians in the Rockies for many years. Frank developed his mountaineering skills and knowledge at annual climbing camps. He was eager to share his passion for the mountains with others, and he brought his expertise to the Chilliwack Outdoor Club starting in 1988. Together, Frank and Kate organized and led climbing and sea kayaking trips for many years, introducing numerous club members to amazing adventures.

Immediate family will gather to celebrate Frank's life. A memorial gathering for other family and friends will be held at a future date.

Memorial donations may be accessed below:

Fond memories and expressions of sympathy may be shared at www.woodlawn-mtcheam.ca for the Wawrychuk family.

"The Mountains are Calling and I Must Go"



The Broken Island Kayak Trip



Photos by John Laframboise

 Frank was one of my latter-day heroes. Frank led. Frank led tough trips. Frank led trips first to, if he could... Mt MacFarlane. Then onto Ruth Mtn and finally Baker. That was my first encounter with Frank. We hiked to the top of Tomyhoi. We hiked Jupiter near Rogers Pass. That was a very memorable time.

He was an old-time mountaineer. We met about 1992 or 93.

We took trips to several huts. I learned a lot from him.

I met Frank and Kate around 1993, when I moved back to Chilliwack. I wanted to do more outside stuff. I started climbing and mountaineering back in 1971, so I joined the COC. Frank and Kate were hosting ACC hut trips back then. I think the first one of those I was at was the W.O. Wheeler hut near Rogers Pass. With them I went to several other ACC huts. Several other COC oldies know F and K better than I do.

I just got a book from the Chilliwack library which I'm reading. I think Frank might have enjoyed reading it too. It's about the multi-year survey along the BC/Alberta boundary. It went right along the Continental Divide, roughly 120 degrees west. Deep into the Rockies.

We had lots of fun. Frank deserves a medal for the number of folks he safely took up to the top of Mt. Baker. He suggested to me one time that "you 'sport' climb". I think that was around the time I suggested he try Mt. Sir Donald with me the following day. It rained the next day. If it didn't have glaciers around it, then it wasn't worth ascending. I think Frank would say that real mountains are surrounded by glaciers.

He would train the Baker participants. Starting out with, coincidentally, Mt. McFarlane (see the September Tripper) via the lakes and then onto Mt. Ruth, then Baker. I think his thoughts about the progress were: Fitness and determination first on McFarlane then technical snow on Ruth. Frank's ambitions were not as high as some others, but he could easily have walked in the footsteps of someone like Fred Beckey.

One time we hiked to the top of Tomyhoi back in the early 90s. Unfortunately, on that trip we got caught with 13 people in our party. It was only at lunch we all met up. But that was where the Ranger caught us. The new kid was the Ranger, now he'll be thinking about retiring on a big US Gov pension. Frank seemed to be a bit peed-off, but being a man who could give and take orders, he did the proper thing. The fine he paid was \$65 USD. Divided by 13 it cost us each \$5. And some of us swam in the little lakes about Yellow Aster Butte. Fun times.

I hope I can have the same influence on other mountaineers as Frank did on me.

By **ANDREW DUNLOP**

 "A mighty thank-you in memory of Frank, our wonderful rope companion and mountaineer. It was his outstanding leadership skills and knowledge of the mountains and ocean that opened up a myriad of adventures for us. We always felt safe and in good hands on his outings. We appreciated his motto: 'there are old mountaineers, bold mountaineers but no old bold mountaineers'. Whether we climbed the big peaks in the Rockies or paddled the West Coast of Vancouver Island together, in summer or winter, we were guaranteed to bring home sweet memories to be treasured for life! Space is just too limited to list all the magnificent trips and the camaraderie we shared. Thank you again, Frank, for so enriching our outdoor experience!"

By **HEINZ AND EMILIE BERGER**

MT BAKER SUMMIT CLIMB - JULY 6-7, 1991



Climbers: Hugh Krusel, Lee Parsons, Sheryl Henderson (reporter), Kurt Vinge, Trevor Newberry, Mark Yaremchuk, and **Frank Wawrychuk** (trip leader)

Support Crew: Kate Wawrychuk and Lydia DeGroot (Lydia was planning to do the climb but was still recovering from a concussion she had from a recent bicycling accident.)

I remember when Frank and Kate Wawrychuck first came to a meeting of the Chilliwack Outdoor Club as I was chairing the meeting as President of the club. This was the fall of 1990, and Frank, in his introduction to the club, told us of the Alpine Club of Canada and that he and Kate spent their summers as volunteer custodians at many of the alpine club's huts in the Rockies. He invited COC members to join him and Kate when they were at the various huts, and they would show us the ropes (literally as it turned out with many of us in following years climbing The President with Frank in Yoho National Park).

Closer to home, Frank offered to take members of our club to the summit of Mt. Baker. He said he had often taken groups of army cadets on expeditions there when he was in the military. I jumped at the chance of being part of COC's first Mt. Baker expedition. The date was set for July 6-7, 1991.

The adventure, for me, started the week before our climb when Frank offered to show me how to use an ice axe. I thought practising with one before needing it was a good idea, so, of course, I agreed. To find enough snow, we hiked to Upper Pierce Lake, which was still frozen over. Frank showed me how to walk in the snow with an ice axe and how to use it for self-arrest, a mountaineering technique of stopping yourself from sliding down a snow slope by positioning your body uphill to lie on the shaft of your ice axe as you ram the pick into the snow to slow your descent. At one point on our hike, Frank nimbly jumped from one snow ledge to another without incident. When I tried the same maneuver, I slipped and started sliding down the slope. I turned onto my stomach, got my ice axe in position, fell across the shaft, and amazingly stopped my fall. Success! Lesson learned!

The day of our Mt. Baker climb was the following Saturday, July 6. When our group of nine met in Chilliwack that morning, Frank and Kate told us they had done a recce the day before of the access road to the trailhead. They discovered that there had been several washouts along the road, which meant our group would have to walk an additional 5 miles to get to the trailhead that normally you could drive to. Nobody was deterred by this news, so off we drove across the border to the Heliotrope Ridge trail access road. At the first washout (about **1,800 ft.** elevation), we were forced to stop and get ready for walking. Wearing our full packs, we walked down ditches, over fallen trees, and through streams to finally reach the trailhead. Then we hiked up the trail to a camping area just below the Coleman Glacier. After setting up camp, Frank had us put on our climbing gear and assemble on the snow for some crevasse rescue practice.

Early the next morning, we started our ascent of Mount Baker with Frank and Trevor as rope leaders for Hugh, Lee, Kurt,



Mark, and me. The day was beautiful, but we had to keep a steady pace, so we would summit before the snow got too soft. My memory is that we had a 5 minute stop every hour for water, food, or to take off a layer of clothing as we heated up. At that time, Frank and Trevor were often consulting with each other over the best route to take. The climb was long but not difficult until we got to the Roman Wall, which was, according to the American Alpine Institute, "nearly 1,000 feet of 35-to-45-degree snow and ice that rolls over the ice cap of Mount Baker". Frank cut steps into the steep wall, and the rest of us slowly followed him. At about **9,400 feet**, we came to the Sherman Crater, which was spewing off gas. This was, after all, a live volcano we were on. The rotten egg smell from the gas made some of us nauseous as well as lightheaded. We were also feeling the altitude at this time.

After several hours of climbing, we reached the dome of Mt. Baker. This is a 1,300-foot-deep mound of ice, which hides a massive volcanic crater. There was still some more climbing to get to Grant Peak, the **10,781 feet** summit of Mount Baker. Once we reached the summit, we congratulated each other, admired the magnificent view, and took some photos. I had a photo taken with my rope team companions - Kurt, Frank, and Mark. It had taken 4 ½ hours of steady climbing to reach the summit.



Fortunately, we had good weather for the most part, and because of the road washout, only one other climbing team had come by the Coleman Glacier. We saw them going down while we were climbing up. The clouds were coming in, and the snow was getting soft, so we realized it was time to get back to base camp. The descent took only 2 1/2 hours.

We had not finished our expedition yet. We still had to break camp and hike to the bottom of the Heliotrope Ridge trail and the 5 additional miles back to our cars. By the time we reached our vehicles, those of us in the climbing party were exhausted after 13 1/2 hours from when we started the climb early in the morning. A stop in the village of Glacier for dinner helped to restore our energy, so we could drive home. I think all of us were proud of our accomplishment that day and thanked **Frank** for making our Mount Baker summit climb a success by sharing his knowledge of mountaineering and guiding us along the way.

Today I am still in awe when I see Mount Baker from locations in the Fraser Valley, Vancouver Island, and San Juan Islands and think of the day I stood on the summit over thirty years ago.



by **Sheryl Henderson**, Chilliwack Outdoor Club member since 1987

HUGH KRUZEL, an early member of the Chilliwack Outdoor Club who was on Frank's 1991 Mt. Baker Summit Climb, would like to include the following in the club's memorial edition for Frank Wawrychuk:

Frank was an inspiration, a kind friend and mentor; he expanded my world view and love for the great outdoors. His wealth of mountain lore in words and deeds took us all to heights previously unimagined, yes, with sturdy boots (a must) and safety in mind, he would always intone, "There are old climbers...and bold climbers. But there are no old, bold climbers!"

While I was generally content to peruse the wildflower guidebooks with Kate, Frank would – in a slightly gruff voice – encouragingly say, "Get up! We are going for a scramble" Whether it was Greendrop Lake, Manning Park as the larches goldened, or Lake O'Hara, I followed Frank's heels. Along the Wiwaxy Gap circuit, I truly understood his love for the high country.

When I look out my living room window in Victoria, there is Mt. Baker to the east, and on the fireplace mantle a group photo of Frank and his followers on the peak. It was late spring 1991. I see Sheryl, myself, and those who are now gone.

He shared his enthusiasm for the Alpine environment by breathing in the air of the Opabin Plateau and exhaling while reciting the names of the surrounding peaks. I hear him in my head saying, "Huber, Schaeffer, Odary, Hungabee, Biddle, Yukness..." Such strong memories of the ACC Elizabeth Parker Hut, the Little Yoho's Stanley Mitchel along the Iceline Trail...in my mind's eye, Frank still hikes ahead and leads us onwards.

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Frank Wawrychuk a Mountaineer:

"In practice, the sport is defined by the safe and necessary use of technical skills in mountainous terrain: in particular, roped climbing and snow travel abilities." A good description of Frank.



Frank took myself and many COC members to mountains we would never have climbed on our own. He introduced us to glaciers. He taught us how to travel on crampons and ropes on many glaciers in our stunning Rockies. We also climbed in the US; Mt. Baker, Ruth, Adams, Shasta.

My first experience on a rope was on Mt. Baker, but before Frank would take anyone to Baker, we had to successfully climb Mt. Webb in early June, where the slope down from the col was still snow filled and we were given instructions on using our ice axes to self-arrest and then set free to figure out how to save ourselves. In mid-June we had to climb Mt. McFarlane, which indicated our stamina. Only after climbing these two mountains were we able to join a Frank led climb to Mt. Baker. On a fine Sunday at the end of June 2000 I was on top of Mt. Baker. A total thrill which was repeated some years later.

I loved glacier travel on ropes, the snow scenes were brilliant awe-inspiring vistas, travel was slow so that we could enjoy all there was to see, with many stops which were good for photographing.



Neil Colgan Hut at 9700' I'm photographing from the bathroom further along this narrow ridge out in the wind. The scariest adventure of the trip!

A highlight of my time in the mountains was in the very early 2000's, we spent the night in the Asulkan Hut and summited Mt Jupiter. Another peak experience of those early years, was the trip Frank led to the Neil Colgan Hut which is the highest hut in Canada at 9700 ft. It required an overnight at the Fay Hut. We were on ropes to reach the Neil Colgan and roped for most of the weeks climbs of the 10'000 ft peaks surrounding the NC hut. On the way down we spent another night at the Fay Hut an incredible log cabin built in 1927. Less than a week later it was burned to the ground by a forest fire.



Climbing the President in Yoho NP.

Frank introduced many of us to hiking in the US with trips to Yellow Aster Butte, Mt. Tomyhoi, not the peak pinnacle, however Helen Turner summited Tomyhoi with Frank and a few others, some years before.

Frank organized several US volcano trips. Mt. Lassen, Shasta and Adams were done in a week. Summiting the

iconic Mt. Shasta was an achievement, albeit it was done on all fours because the wind was so strong it would have hurled Heather B, Helen T and I off the mountain. We managed to hunker down among the rocks waiting for the rest of the team.



I went on many trips with Frank and Kate to the Wheeler Hut in Glacier NP, the Stanley Mitchell hut in Yoho NP, and the Bow Hut in Banff NP. He led tenting trips to Mt. Robson. In those early days Frank and Kate were hut custodians, which the ACC no longer have.



Some of our group on the summit of Mt. Olive on our trip to the Bow Hut: Shauna Wawrychuk, Jerry Unruh, Deana Unruh, Will Wawrychuk, Cheryl Henderson, Wayne Henderson, Gary Baker, Peter Murphy, Frank Wawrychuk, Ray McClean....John was just behind me.

The last trip with Frank was the trip to the Bow Hut and I can't say enough about a week in the most beautiful winter wonderland, roped up and climbing every day. The weather was stellar but did soften the snow...as Peter M. can attest too. We climbed Mt. Olive which whenever I see the pictures, I cannot believe we did that! Thank you, Frank!

I wrote this from my experience with Franks trips; but for every trip I talk about here, there was usually 10 more enjoying the same experience. And there were trips that I wasn't on and trips before I joined the club in 1996. Franks legacy is his selfless sharing of his time and expertise. Oh

not that he didn't holler at us a few times...his army training came to the fore. But he gave of himself in a big way.



Kate in her kayak.



Frank keeping the beach fire burning...

Somewhere in there was a kayak weekend on Galiano. These sea trips are only possible with people experienced with ocean travel and a willingness to take even beginners on these trips. Thank you Frank I think as we remember Frank, we need to think about how dedicated to mountaineering he was. He went to Mountaineering Camp for many summers to become more proficient at what he did. Over the years there were many of us on those ropes but not one who has felt able to lead the Club on these kinds of adventures. We lost that when Frank retired from hiking.



Helen and Frank checking routes.

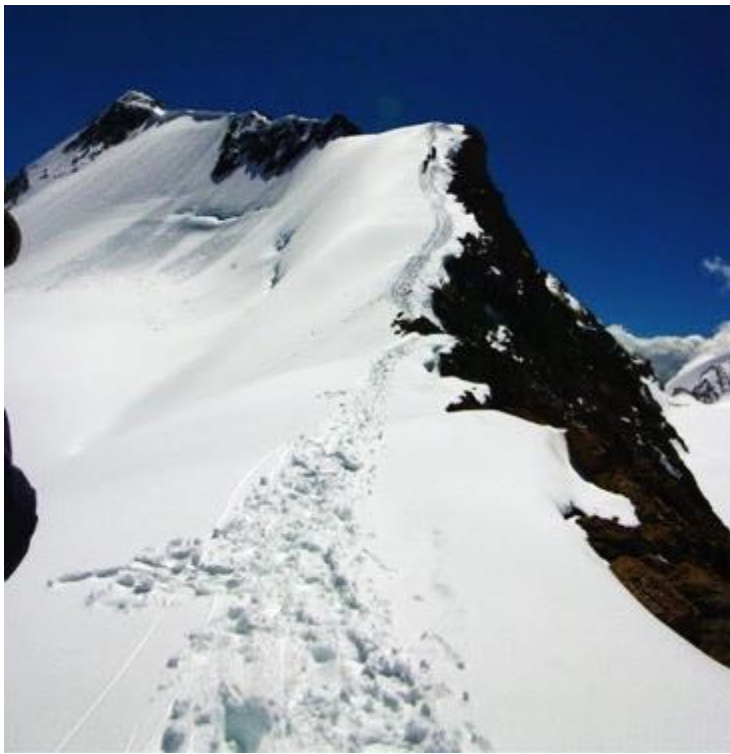


The happiness he brought to us as he led us to another peak in Yoho. John Mclellan, myself, Helen Turner, Ron Dart.

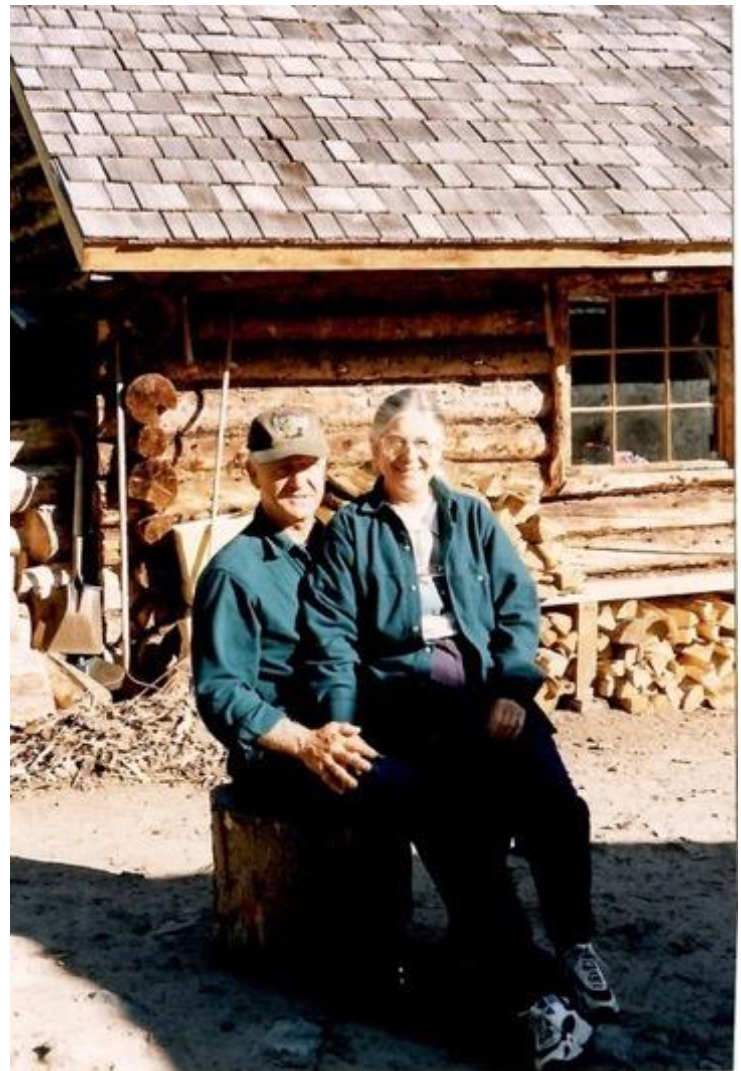


I also had the privilege of many ocean kayaking adventures with Frank and Kate. My first kayaking trip was to Desolation Sound, a week of calm seas and stellar weather, followed by two trips to the Broken Islands and a trip to the Nuchalitz.





Last team coming down off of Mt. Olive, peak on the far left. What a feat. Thanks Frank!



Frank and Kate at the Fay Hut on our overnighter on the way to the Neil Colgan Hut.



Stanley Mitchell hut Yoho, Helen Turner, Wayne Henderson, Ron Dart, Fran Wawrychuk, Judy Pasemko, Ray McClean, John Mclellan, back: Gary Baker, Peter Murphy and Don Hay.



Goodbye Frank, you were a champion, a one of a kind. Thank you for all the amazing memories so many of us have thanks to you.

by **JUDY PASEMKO**



Zoa Peak: Maurice, Marcie, Frank, John, Michael, Ron & Jerry

We were all saddened by the news of Frank's passing, even though I haven't hiked or paddled with him for 10 years now I always had the feeling that he would live forever, he always left that impression on me. I first met Frank & Kate in 2002 when I joined the COC after thinking about it for 20 years (think of all the extra adventures I would have had). I had no mountaineering experience, but Frank took me under his wing and for a number of years I was the anchor on his lead rope.



Relaxing on Heliotrop Ridge the night before summiting Mt. Baker – June 24/25, 2006

My 1st hike with Frank & Kate was July 2002 to Hannagan Peak with Team Kate as Frank lead a team up Ruth Mtn. I remember the day like it was yesterday, one of those perfect days in the mountains that we all have experienced and as we sat on top of Hannagan eating our lunch across the valley we watched the 3 roped up teams climbing the Ruth Glacier to the peak. At that moment I promised myself that the next year I would be on one of those ropes.



The COC before climbing 8860' Leda Peak, part of the 3 peaks of Jupiter, Rogers Pass.



The following year and for many years after we did so many trips to the Rockies, California and in the local area, so many great trips to so many peaks or paddling trips.



When you first met Frank, you could be intimidated with his military style, and I think that a lot of people missed out on a lot of wonderful trips but once you got to know him, he was a great trip leader with only your best interests at heart. He always got his point across; I always knew where I stood with



The Volcanic tour at Crater Lake in Oregon, June 17/23, 2007

Frank and what was expected of me, and he always treated me with respect, and I never forgot that. The only rule we had was not to ask him a stupid question or show up with the wrong gear. I saw him turn down many people in the parking lot because they didn't have the right gear, but it was all done for their safety.



Astrid, Kate & Frank along the Ptarmigan Ridge, Mt. Shuksan behind, Sept. 23, 2006



Frank, Helen, Char & John on top of 12276' Mt. Adams, St. Helens behind, June 24, 2005

Frank & Kate were a big part of my life for all those years, and Betty & I will cherish all those memories as will many other people that were touched by Frank & Kate, the organizing, the caring, the leadership and most of all the friendship over the years, goodbye my friend; Gone But Not Forgotten.

By **JOHN MCLELLAN**

FRANK WAWRYCHUK: PIZ GLORIA



The last mountain trek I did with Frank was with the COC in the Lake O'Hara area, Club bunked in at Parker Huts at night, various trips done during the day. But the trip done with Frank-Kate on the O'Hara Alpine Circuit (a sheer feast for the eyes on the upper ridges), near the end of the loop, turned to, almost, whiteout snow conditions. Karin and I lingered with Frank-Kate as the rest the Club hurried ahead and warmed up Parker Huts and put on inviting drinks to cheer body and soul.

Many were the trips I did with Frank, though, when he and Kate were custodians at O'Hara, at times sleeping at the base of Takakkaw Falls, earliest bus up to O'Hara, climbs to Little Odaray, fine photos taken, rambles up and down to Abbot Pass Hut (now gone) and other photos taken from Witch's Finger. The many COC trips Frank led to Mt. Shasta (14, 179), tiring treks up glacier think Mt. Athabasca (11, 453) and Mt. Hector (11, 134) are worthy of many a pleasant communal memory, Athabasca and Hector aptly described and discussed in Bill Corbett's *The 11,000ers of the Canadian Rockies*.



A memorable trip that will not be soon forgotten was our week-long stay at Stanley Mitchell Hut and a peak a day bagged-- Vice President, Isolated Peak, Whaleback

Mountain, Mt. Pollinger and, I think, if memory does not fail me, Kiwetinok Peak, all part of the trekking agenda. The days off doing peaks, trips with Kate to take lessons in alpine flowers and visit Twin Falls Chalet (custodian had grumpy tendencies on off days), Laughing Falls always a full day delight to do.

The fires creeping up to Mitchell Hut meant we, almost, all of us, needed to be helicoptered out. But a short break in the young morning and we hastened out and did a fine lunch at Field.

I appreciated doing the Stanley Mitchell trips for the simple reason I had done the Wapta Traverse and such a Traverse (peaks such as Niles, Balfour, Gordon etc.) were across from the Mitchell rambles—a hut now exists to do a traverse (either by ski or roped up and with crampons)—a splendid area, indeed, to traverse rocks and glaciers, peaks and round lowland lakes, greenery always welcome after more than a week on sun bright white glaciers.

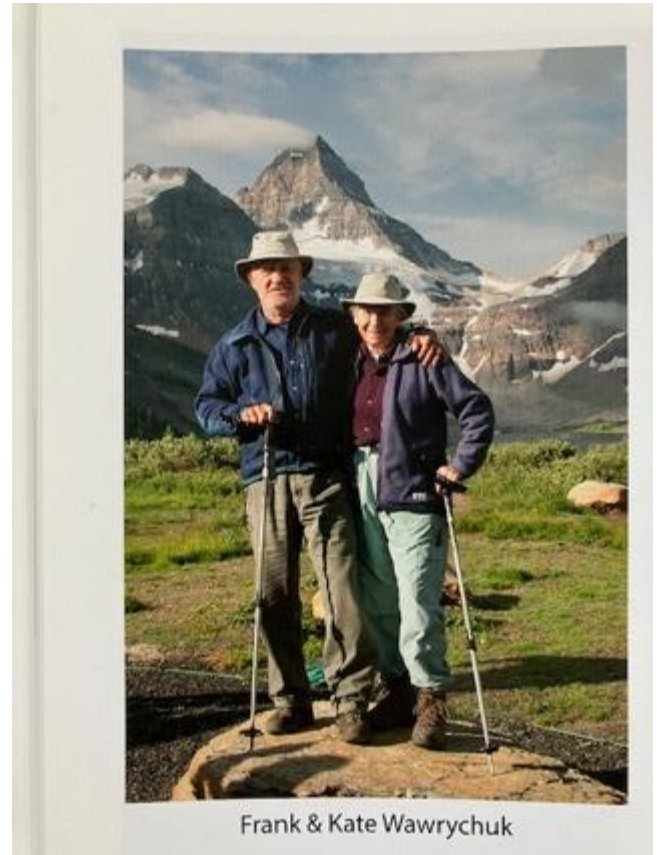
Frank-Kate were on the trip I led to Mt. Assiniboine in August 2013 (30 were on the trek, all cabins used, others tented, some helicoptered in some biked-trekking). Each day 4 trips were planned based on interest, energy, elevation and length. I have some fine photos of Frank-Kate in the album done on the trip (both in the larger group and the two of them together). Marilyn Cram and Ruthie Oltmann (now in mountaineering heaven) were with us, also. The photos of Frank-Kate in front of the cabin they bunked in at and a finer photo with Assiniboine in the background are keepers. It was 10 years this past August that Frank-Kate did the Mt. Assiniboine trip—one of the largest organized trips of COC—quite a juggling task but one and all seem to have enjoyed the sheer beauty and spaciousness, diverse trail treks and climbing possibilities of the area.

There were many a pleasurable local trips, mostly with Frank, up to the knife edge Needle in the Coquihalla area and day long trips to Mount MacFarlane in the late spring-early

summer (fine glissading from peak to upper and usually still frozen lake).

There were, of course, the annual trips to the summit of Baker (10,781), up before sun rose, headlamps and crampons on, roped well, ice axes ready to do their deeds, fine photos taken from the flat summit, as day star emerged from the eastern landscape, down the Roman Wall by midmorning, off Baker by the afternoon, celebration of the trip always most welcome at small hamlet Glacier.

Frank ran his trips military style, plans well organized, group working like a battalion but mission, predictably so, accomplished via such ordered discipline and teamwork. Frank will be sorely missed but his memory will ever live within those who joined in on many COC trips.



Frank & Kate Wawrychuk

RON DART
montani semper liberi

CLUB INFORMATION

Notice to Trip Participants

It is understood that risk is inherent to some degree in all outdoor activities. Please ensure that you understand the risks involved and are prepared to accept them. As a participant, you are responsible for your own safety and equipment at all times. Trip organizers are not professional guides—they are simply club members who have volunteered their time for your enjoyment.

Inform the trip organizer of any medical conditions that he or she should be aware of in an emergency, for example: diabetes, asthma, and bee sting reactions. Ensure that your previous experience, ability and fitness level are adequate for the trip. Be sure that your equipment and clothing are adequate for the trip. Stay with the group. Wait for other group members frequently and at all route junctions. Tell the trip organizer if you must turn back. **Be safe and enjoy!**

Required Equipment

Trip organizers will be pleased to answer any questions regarding the required equipment for any outing. For more information, it is recommended that you visit one of the many websites that provide such information. Some recommended sites are: www.valhallapure.com (club sponsor), www.backpacker.com and www.mec.ca.

Safety first, last, and always! It is the responsibility of trip participants to be equipped appropriately. Plan for the **worst!**

The Ten Essentials

Before you hit any trail, no matter how easy, no matter how short, no matter how close to home, make sure your backpack is loaded with the ten essentials. When in the backcountry you are responsible for your own safety, and any one of these ten items may help to save your life. Carry them all and know how to use them.

1. Map
2. Compass
3. Extra clothing
4. Sunglasses and sunscreen
5. Headlamp/flashlight
6. First-aid supplies
7. Fire starter
8. Matches
9. Knife
10. Extra food and water

Equipment for Club Members' Use

2 Shovels	2 ice axes
2 pairs of crampons	2 avalanche probes
2 avalanche transceivers	
2 pairs of snowshoes	
contact Cal Francis to use: calfrancis@gmail.com	

Note: All equipment must be returned in the same condition as borrowed or repaired appropriately. The equipment is being examined to determine its state of repair and will be reviewed by the Board of Directors as to what should be retained, scrapped or sold.

Hike Grading System

Duration (hrs.)		Elevation Gain (m)		Difficulty	
A	0-4	1	10-500	a	Easy
B	4-7	2	500-1000	b	Moderate
C	7-10	3	1000-1500	c	Difficult
D	10+	4	1500+	d	Advanced

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