



Bogus Basin Ski Club

A Recreational & Social Organization Since 1938

the Mogul *a publication of the Bogus Basin Ski Club Inc.*

March 2024

Night Race League Report—The Race for the Gold

Did you hear that Bogus Basin hosted a friendly little race league recently? Oh, you say you did not hear that? Well, Right! We almost didn't, either! However, a few of our die-hard recreational league participants from years gone by held the high watch—and when Bogus Basin announced that there'd be a race league this year, we jumped on it...the Night League Giant Slalom Race Series.



Elizabeth, John Foley--Bogus event organizer, Tony-- Race Night Volunteer, Kim, Zac, Dave and Brooks

What **IS** it about going through the gates that is so fun? Some of you have that feather in your hat. You probably know exactly what you love about it. Yet, I'd bet that if we ask five other ski friends, why they race or raced...we would get five different answers. (I mean, go ahead! Try it! And report back to us, we are curious!)

Anyway, there we were, after some back and forth, we fielded our team for 23'24 season. Team Captain Zac Medek, Dave Henry, Kim DeWit, Bob Amereux, Steve Strickland and Tom and Chris Halvorson returning after the hiatus since Covid. New to our team: Steve Carlson, Brooks Roberts and Elizabeth Graham, Our MVP. (Do we say that in skiing?). Why, you might wonder? Here's the answer:

For recreational league racing, one female score is needed, per race, for a team's score to count. I (Kim) went in knowing I'd miss two of four races. Elizabeth went in, not having done this before. She went from never having this experience, to placing in bronze! Way to go, Elizabeth!



Tom and Chris dueling it out through the gates.



Elizabeth, Chris, Zac, Tom, Kim and Dave. Race #3

All our team members did a great job. The final night was “Vintage” Night (decide what that means at your own risk). Colorful, corny, and classic is what apparently made the cut that night!



Dave, Chris, Bob, Tom, Elizabeth, Zac, Steve Strickland and Steve Carlson on Vintage Night.

And wouldn't y'know it...

our team scored **1st place!** Kudos to the BBSC Recreational League team for **bringing home the GOLD!**



BBSC team with their 1st Place Medals! Way to go, team!



Story by Kim DeWit, pictured here with her 1st Place Medal.

Destination Whistler, Blackcomb and Vancouver

Whistler is a bucket list type of destination, is it not? Has it been on your bucket list, like it was for one of our esteemed members, Craig? A good percentage of our group had not yet been to Whistler, BC. But, can't say that anymore!

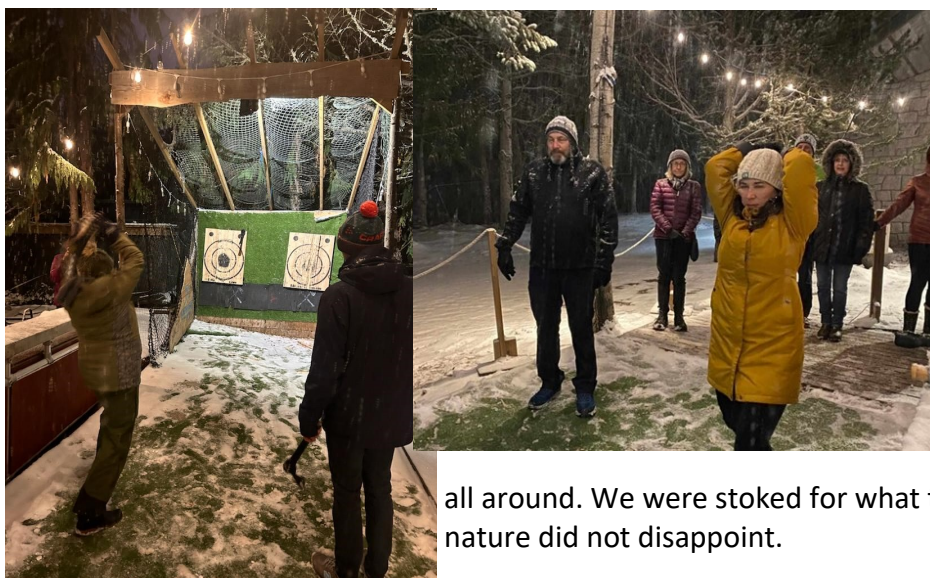
On Saturday, February 24, a group gathered with our oodles of luggage at BOI, taking off into the unknown. Two nights in Vancouver afforded the group one full day; in which collectively we enjoyed Stanley Park--the city's popular and verdant waterfront natural space, FlyOver Canada Amusement Park--an awesome "3D" experience that exhilarates and impresses, and Granville Island--a self-proclaimed 'magical escape within the city', reminiscent of Pier 39 in San Francisco and Pike Place Market in Seattle. Regardless, it is a beautiful city with more high-rises than some of us anticipated, good food everywhere, and plenty to do for a day.

After that, we boarded our bus to head north to our destination for the week. Along the way, Shannon Falls proved to be a special place, a provincial park where the group enjoyed a walk to see the falls and take in the fresh air on a crisp late morning. The scent of pine surrounded us.

The gang at Shannon Falls Provincial Park, BC. Just south of Squamish.



Whistler Village is as big as you may imagine it to be. "Village" is not really accurate, if we're thinking of old-school villages that are small and quaint. Whistler Village is a veritable outdoor shopping mall, complete with all of the Pacific Northwest charm of moose (meese?), brew pubs, art galleries, lumberjack flannels, stuffed animals of the area including owls, bears, and meese; and probably others that needn't be mentioned. But seriously, doesn't your grandkid need at least one stuffed animal from Canada? I think so.



Our welcome party included some friendly (?) (yes, friendly) competition in the outdoor-in-the-snowstorm axe throwing. Men against women, and let me tell you folks, the competition was close! You'll have to ask your friends who went on the trip who won! Many smiles, stories, laughs and kudos were shared that evening at the axe throwing event. A fire crackled in the background as snow came down

all around. We were stoked for what the next day might look like! Mother nature did not disappoint.

Watching Mary STICK IT!



Photo credit: Gary n Jackie

It was the eve of the four-foot dump. We arrived in perfect timing for their second big snow storm of the season. And wow, the lift lines were proof of that fact. I mean, Whistler is busy, most of the year. But after this huge storm rolled through. Let's just say that big storms bring big smiles and many many of them.

Throughout the week in Whistler, we enjoyed a myriad of activities, fantastic fresh powder, mountain vistas, fantastic views, a fair amount of low visibility, hot tub time with friends, and memories that will last a lifetime.

Thank you Doug Baker, for heading up this wonderful journey!

And now, some words from our fellow club members:



Although the whole gang is not in this picture, I think the words say it all. We made great memories in Whistler. Lots of fun, great skiing, good stories and laughs. Thanks to everyone for making this a great trip.

~Margie

Is that Craig on the right fulfilling his bucket list?

Snow! Snow! Powder! Craig and I skied a bowl and a narrow shoot in the trees! It was amazing in 3 ft of powder. Back at the hotel there were lots of laughs with the three wonderful roomies, Kim, Margie, and Christine. Great time socializing with everyone in the hospitality room! Great trip Doug!!

~ Lynda

The whole trip was great and loved seeing all the fun pictures posted on Facebook. For me, one of the heart-warming moments was when everyone stopped in the hospitality room right after skiing, before or after going out to eat, and especially before pool in their white robes. I wished I had taken a picture when everyone in the room except for me was in their robes! Looked like folks waiting for "spa treatment"! ~ Mary



The White Robe crew needs to wait 30 minutes before swimming.

And, I love this selfie with Kim, instead of waiting in a stalled lift line, we had a run to ourselves!

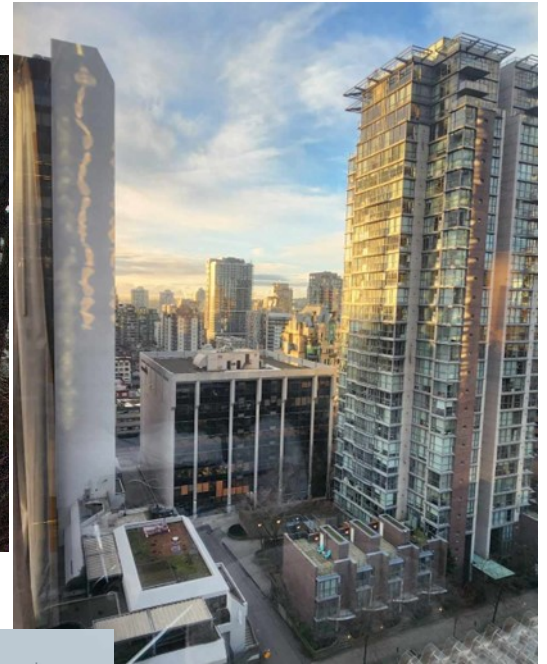
~Mary



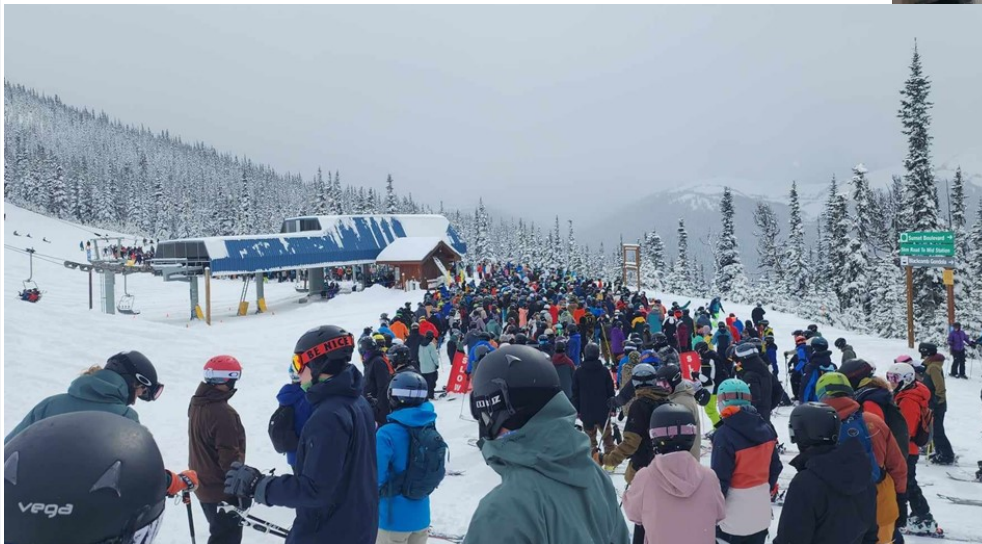
On to the photolog portion of our story...



Stanley Park waterfront



View from the 15th floor of our Vancouver hotel



Lift line at 7th Heaven Express on Blackcomb took 35 minutes... in the singles line!



A magical night walk in the forest of Vallea Lumina



Is that a ladder on top of the van?



Outside Dusty's Bar & BBQ at Creekside. Just another snowy day!

Oh, Canada! Outside the Roundhouse Whistler Mountain



Nancy showing her Olympic Spirit!



Ready to Shred the Snow



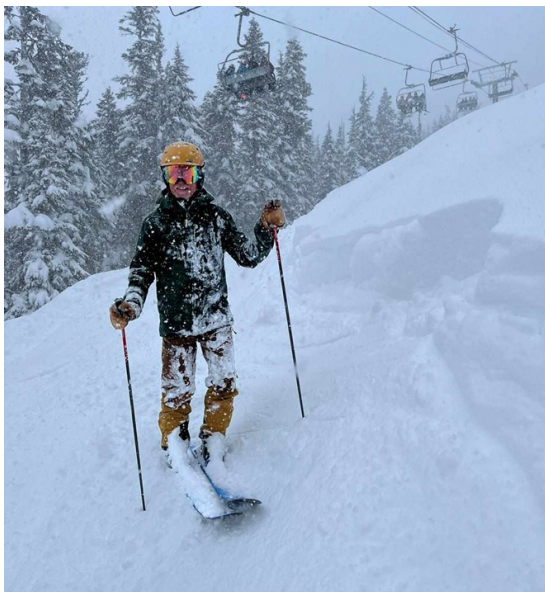
Donna in Snowshoe Bliss



Where am I? Reminiscent of a 10th mountain division training exercise.



Donna & Nancy snowshoeing through the forest



Snow covered Ken demonstrating his powder prowess. At least we think that Ken.



The quintessential "Inukshuk"



Bustling Whistler Village. The new Fitzsimmons Express in the foreground, a recent addition in 2023. Bringing skier transport from a 4-pack to an 8-pack!



Our carriage awaits! Last day pick up from the Delta Hotel in Whistler Village. Followed by our flight home after a great 5-hour layover in Seattle.

Kim, Be careful in the gift shops! Never know who's lurking.

Story by Kimberly DeWit. Photolog contributions by many.



Notes from Your Ski Patrol March 9, 2024



Final Sweep Memorial 2024

The National Ski Patrol was founded many years ago by members of the US Army's 10th Mountain Division, an organization filled with history and tradition. The 10th's legacy includes a deep appreciation for the need to honor those who have

fallen, those who are no longer with us. The Final Sweep Memorial is one of those long-standing traditions that Ski Patrol organizations endeavor to share with each other, families and with our alpine sports community.

As part of our regular duties at the end of the day, the Ski Patrol will ski across all of the slopes of their venue looking for any lost or injured or struggling patrons that might remain on the hill. As we conduct our sweep, we announce the mountain's closing for the day calling out to those who might need help.

The Ski Patrollers present, among the friends and families of those who have passed, are honored to conduct this most fitting tribute to our missing Patrol Brothers and Sisters. We ski down together, proud to be in the company of men and women who sacrifice their time and often risk their personal safety protecting the welfare of the alpine sports community. For many years, these ski patrollers were each one of us and we were one of them. Now that they are gone, we come together to remember their lives, dedication and contribution to our shared passion and commitment.

This year we honored four patrollers: Tom Muncy, our first snowboard patroller, Ted Deitz, Bob Entwistle and Les Downer. And for the first-time ever in my knowledge, we honored someone who was not an NSP member. Mike Shirley, a long-time Bogus Basin manager, was never a patroller, but he was constantly embedded with the patrol, supporting our ever needs.

This gathering of Patrollers for a Final Sweep is led by the Color Bearer carrying the patrol flag followed by a Senior Patroller calling out the Patroller names and titles held in the National Ski Patrol. Following the lead Patrollers, toboggans carrying a personal item...a patrol coat, vest, hat or pin...come next followed by a procession of Patrollers including representatives from our Division, Region, and Mountain Hosts. As we crisscross the mountain, we remember these fine individuals who were fully committed to their loved ones, their patrol, to the skiing public, and to all those who shared their gusto for life. As always, a somber, touching tribute.



Story by Carol Peterson. Photos by Dave Lindsay.

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