

# THE Beacon

*"Fall, Mountains.  
Just don't fall on me."*

—Jimi Hendrix from  
*"If 6 was 9"*

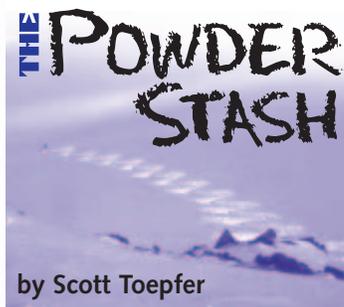
I hope everyone enjoyed our typically beautiful Colorado summer as much as I did. A couple of us fulfilled our patriotic duty by skiing in Herb's Bowl on the 4th of July. Perfect corn, just perfect. I think it would be safe to say I have a difficult time letting go of winter. This fall my answer to the approaching snow season was to buy a new pair of tele-skis and boots. If you can't get into winter mode just yet, may I suggest a new set-up for your feet. I'm getting up each morning to look for new snow on the deck, even before I fire up the teapot. I can't wait to get out on the new skis.

For the staff of the CAIC, winter started on September 10th when Backcountry Access hosted our third annual Avalanche Jam fundraiser. Two weeks later the entire CAIC staff attended the 12th International Snow Science Workshop (ISSW) in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. This five-day workshop has been held every other year since 1982. It rotates around western North America and visits some of the finer locations an outdoor fan could hope for. This year there were over 700 attendees, with speakers from Switzerland, Austria, France, Canada, New Zealand and the United States. Most avalanche workers consider this seminar to be the premier event in North America.

In mid-October we hosted two events, both at Copper Mountain. First was the US Forest Service National Avalanche Center's national forecasters meeting, followed by the CAIC's third annual

Colorado Snow and Avalanche Workshop (CSAW), attended by more than 150 avalanche pros from around Colorado. Then in early November we began our 22nd year of avalanche forecasting. Winter has gotten off to a fast start for us.

Our lead article this issue looks into some of the stranger terms relating to snow that you may have heard at an avalanche course, or may have seen in one of our morning reports. Curiosity got the better of me, and I decided to find out the root behind some of these terms. My quest began with a Google search for etymology. I hope you find this piece interesting and educational.



Many years ago while ski patrolling at a Class A avalanche area in Colorado I had the opportunity to work with a couple of pros that taught me quite a bit about snow. They always kept up on the new avalanche tools and current research going on in the United States, as well as internationally. On every route morning they would say something like, "Boy, if we only had access to that new 106 mm rifle we could give that hard slab a much bigger thump," or "Why use a one-pounder when a three-pounder will be louder?" They earned the nickname "The Fabulous Fuse Brothers." It was a wonderful surprise to run into these guys at our last Avalanche Jam in Golden. They seem to be making a comeback in the avalanche world. Halsted Morris had the good fortune to ride up a chairlift with them early this season and got the heads-up on a new snow and avalanche related book. Check out the new Fabulous Fuse Brothers Reviews debuting in this issue. Mike and Dave Fuse (their names have been changed to protect the innocent) have promised to keep us up-to-date on the new happenings in the avalanche world. These guys are really legends in the avalanche world (as well as in their own minds).

*continued on page two*

## Powder Stash

*continued from page one*

This issue also brings you a set of short stories titled *Amazing Dog Tales*. This idea was inspired by an event of last April that was sadly a fatal avalanche but ended with an amazing dog story. Thinking there were likely other wonderful and amazing dog survival stories out there, we sent an e-mail this summer to our Friends and heard from many people

relating wild dog stories from as far back as the 1960's. We have included four stories in this issue, and there will be more in upcoming issues.

Finally, Art Judson, the founder of the avalanche forecast program in Colorado in the early 1970's sent a poem he found in Steamboat Springs, where Art has retired. I have always thought of Steamboat as a fairly calm place as far as wind goes, even though a massive tree blow-down occurred very near there several years ago. Folks from Steamboat will probably identify with this poem. ❄

# Odd Names In The Snow Game

by Scott Toepfer

**F**irn spiegel, sastrugi, rime, stauchwall, hoar. These are all words we have heard during some point in our outdoor winter education. Most are of European origin because the people of Europe had some of the earliest encounters with avalanches, which led to their early study of snow. I am often asked during classes, "What the heck does that word mean?" From reading countless snow related books I have learned much of the background for these words, some fact, some fiction. Here's a chance to improve your snow vocabulary. It may even help break the ice with the locals if you are ever stranded in the Arctic.

### Cornice:

Cornice derives from the French word *corniche*. For us, a cornice is a snow formation due to wind deposits along the lee side of a ridge. We have all seen them on our back-country tours, and we all know it is best to avoid them. The layers of a cornice fold over themselves leaving hollow air pockets imbedded in the structure and making them inherently unstable. To a photographer they can look like a surfer's dream, big wave curling over, frozen in time, ready to break at the unwary tourist's approach.



*East Vail Cornice*

Lastly, if you are a carpenter or an architect you will also know another meaning for cornice, an ornamental molding along a wall.

### Firn:

By definition, firn is snow that has survived a complete season of melting and re-freezing, or ablation. (Ablation is the loss of mass of snow or ice due to melt, sublimation or wind scouring). Those snow fields that we see in October, but were formed the previous winter, are composed of firn snow. Firn is also the raw material of glaciers. Firn comes from the Old High



German word *firni*. From the more current German it translates into *of last year*. Another common name for firn is the French word *névé*.

### Firn Spiegel:

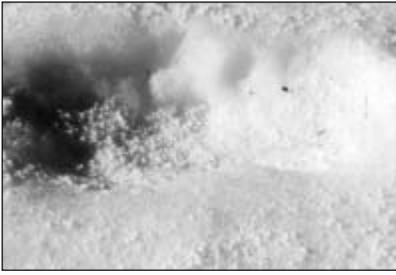
Firn Spiegel is a thin and delicate layer of smooth clear ice that forms over a melting snow surface. Sunlight can pass through it causing more melting under the ice lens, often making the ice look like it is suspended above the snow surface. Spiegel is the German word for *mirror*, and also happens to be the name of a well-known German magazine, *Der Spiegel*. When I worked at Mt. Hutt in New Zealand, firn spiegel would form constantly in the spring, and from a distance, the glare of the sun off this ice mirror would be almost blinding.



*Firn spiegel at Mt. Hutt, New Zealand*

### Graupel:

The ultimate rimed snow grain is known as graupel. It comes from the German *graupe*, which means a hulled grain, like barley. Even though it is considered a German word, it probably derived from the Slavic. Graupel is most common during spring convective snow storms. You may hear it called *soft hail*. It should not be confused with hail though, which forms in large cumulus clouds while entrained in the turbulent up-and-down drafts of the cloud. Graupel starts as a traditional ice crystal inside a cloud, but is then coated over as water droplets freeze to it upon contact, forming a graupel pellet. If you have ever been skiing fast in a graupel storm, you know how painful these pellets can be on your nose. Lastly, graupel can act as a



*Graupel that has rolled into an old bear track in my front yard.*

weak layer once more snow buries it.

### Hoar:

From a scientific perspective, hoar is an ice grain that grows in or on the snowpack when water vapor changes phase directly from vapor to solid. It does this without passing

through the liquid phase, a process known as sublimation. (The reverse change of ice phasing to water vapor without going through a liquid state is also sublimation.) Hoar is an Old English word derived from *har*, meaning gray, venerable or old. The thought behind this is that hoarfrost resembled the gray hair in an old man's beard. Hoar can grow at the snow surface (surface hoar) or deep in the snowpack (depth hoar). I once heard Bruce Tremper, the director of the Utah Avalanche Office, tell a class, "Depth hoar lives in the red light district of the snowpack." Depth hoar is most common in continental snow climates, such as Colorado, which are characterized by cold temperatures and generally shallow snow covers.



*Depth hoar*

### Rime:

Rime is a dense fine-grained deposit built up from the freezing of super-cooled cloud droplets onto exposed objects, including falling snow crystals. Rime is derived from the Old English word *hrim*. Rime tends to form on the windward side of stationary objects in winter and forms when a cloud envelopes a mountaintop. When I worked in New Zealand there were several mornings that we had to hike up the mountain and beat rime ice off lift towers, cables and T-bars with pick handles so lifts could run. The ski patrol office had photos showing towers that had collapsed under the weight of rime ice. Rime tends to develop more often in maritime climates, but Storm Peak at the top of the Steamboat Ski Area is known for its



*Rime on rocks, Mt. Hutt, New Zealand*



*Steve Huyler on North Commando skiing among rimed trees.*

frequent rime coated trees that make the landscape look like a fairy-tale land.

### Rutschblock:

A rutschblock is one of the most relevant snow instability tests we have. It tests an area of snow about six feet by four feet for easy shear planes, or weak layers. The name comes from the German word *rutschen* meaning *to slide* or *slip*. The rutschblock test should be part of your backcountry bag of tricks.



*RB score of three, Andy Gleason in the Fairview Path.*

### Sastrugi:

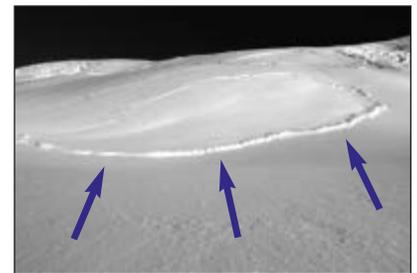
Sastrugi is a wind-hardened snow surface composed of rough, irregular points and ridges. The sharp pointed edges face toward the prevailing wind. Its root comes from the Russian *zastругa*, which is comprised of *za*, meaning beyond, and *struga*, meaning a deep place one may fall into. Sastrugi can look like frozen waves across the landscape and can create terrain almost impossible to negotiate on skis. One good feature is that a snow surface of sastrugi seldom avalanches.



*Sastrugi on the Mt. Nystrom Trail near Berthoud Pass.*

### Stauchwall:

A stauchwall is the downslope fracture, or lower boundary, of a slab. It is usually obliterated as the overriding slab runs over it. It comes from the German word *stauch*, meaning compression mound, but can also mean buffer-line. There are three stresses (induced by gravity) acting on the inclined snowpack: shear, tension, and compression. The stauchwall may be acting to hold the higher snowpack, or slab, in place. There is always the chance a backcountry user could trigger a slab avalanche from this hidden boundary.



*Stauchwall on Elk Mountain*

**Sources:** (1) *Secrets of the Snow: Visual Clues to Avalanche and Ski Conditions* by Ed LaChapelle; (2) CAIC Observers Guide 2001; (3) Multilingual Vocabulary "Snow and Avalanches" from the Vanni Eigenmann International Foundation; (4) various dictionaries and internet sites. ❄



An interview by Halsted Morris

### Book Review:

*Secrets of the Snow: Visual Clues to Avalanche and Ski Conditions* by Edward R. LaChapelle.

**To set the scene:** *It is a cold and snowy early season day at one of our local ski areas. I'm single in the lift line and am fortunate to get onto the chair with the infamous "Fuse Brothers," two of the most knowledgeable avalanche gurus in the United States.*

HM: Hey boys, what's new in the avalanche world?

FB: *Halsted my man, it's been awhile. We saw Scott at the Avalanche Jam down in Golden back in September. Sounds like you guys have been in winter mode for awhile now. We've been gradually gliding back into the avalanche world too. You know, we just read this book by Ed LaChapelle, Secrets of the Snow. We're still digesting it, but there are some really cool things in there.*

HM: Really? I've read earlier books by Ed, like *The ABC's of Avalanche Safety* and *Snow Crystals*. I still like them, even though they have been out for a long time. What's the new one about?

FB: *It covers both avalanches and snow physics, but really, it goes into much more. Ed told us that the new book is meant as a companion to his Snow Crystals book. That's why we bought it. We've had Snow Crystals for years and were ready for more. We read Secrets the first time in just a day, but we really need to read it again. There's so much to digest.*

HM: Wow, that's a good plug. Ed's been recognized as one of the fathers of avalanche studies in the United States for decades. It's good to see that he's still contributing to folks' avalanche education. When did this book come out?

FB: *Not too long ago. 2001 actually. It's been 35 years since Snow Crystals came out. So we think this one is long overdue. It's got good photos.*

HM: That's cool. I have Ed's book *Glaciers* that has some spectacular photographs of glaciers from around the world. What kind of photos does Ed have in *Secrets*?

FB: *Ed uses 77 photos to illustrate his observations of what clues folks should be looking for. We actually counted them.*

*And there's a great line he wrote: "The visual appearance alone seldom tells the whole story, but it often points in the direction to look for more clues." The photo examples are all good. But you have to do a lot of page flipping from photo to text and then back to photo to get the most out of it. That can be hard on our attention span, you know. We're the kind of guys that just "like to throw the bomb and move on." That would be the only minor complaint we have about the layout.*

HM: For a long time, avalanche education was focusing a lot on digging snowpits to determine the stability of the snowpack. Of course we know that there's a lot of other things you have to consider when looking for snowpack instability. Did Ed get some of that into this new book?

FB: *That's what we really liked about it. Old pros like us, the Fabulous Fuse Brothers, are not only looking at snowpits and terrain. We often just stop and put a critical eye on the slope in question when out doing control routes. We try to find the clues to where the snow has blown from and to, what kind of effects the sun and temperatures have had on different aspects and elevations, and where super-weak zones may exist. That helps to find the best spot to hit with explosives, or to place a ski cut. We remember your once saying that you had to look at both the microscale and the big scale to get all the clues. Like what snow deposit and erosion patterns exist from the wind along an entire valley. The pictures Ed has in his book do a great job of this. These eyeball clues are really under-used, but it's easy to see why. They can often take years to develop, so they're really hard to learn in just one class session. So we really like the idea of having these photos and pointers in a book that we can go back to and reference after a day in the field.*

HM: Right-on. That's got to be hard to do in a book though. How does he approach that?

FB: *In the book Mr. LaChapelle first introduces large-scale features of the snow-covered mountain environment, and then works his way down to smaller scale features. He even has space devoted to "snow in trees," a subject that often gets very little attention. He also devotes a great deal of space to the effects that wind has on the snowpack. Wind is really one of the biggest architects in avalanche formation; we really need to learn how to read these features. Photographs are a great way to help get the picture in the mind, no matter where you're riding. We really like this approach of working from a large scale down to the smaller, more-detailed scale too.*

HM: I suppose it's 20 some years ago now, but I took a Level 3 class that Ed helped teach at Copper Mountain. I remember that he had a really inquisitive mind. One of the things he was looking at was the sound that snow can make as you travel through it. He taped a spatula to his ski and then recorded the sounds of the spatula cutting through all different kinds of snow as he skied across a slope. The ice crust was a little hard on the ears, if I remember correctly. At the time I thought this idea was out there in left field, but now I find myself listening to the sounds my skis make as I am out on a tour; you know, the "hollow-drum" sound for one. Does he say anything about that?

FB: *He does mention snow sounds in a chapter titled Other*

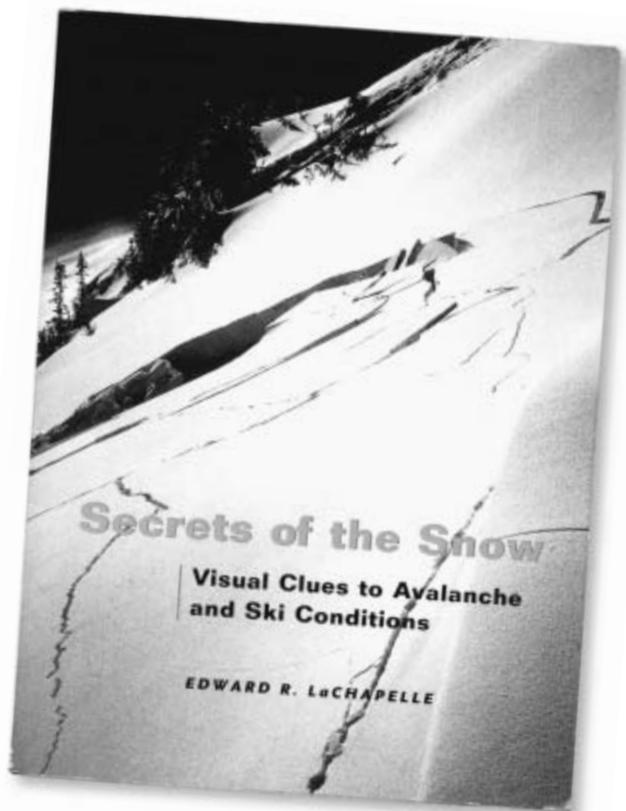
*Snow Features.* A part of it is devoted to the sounds produced when skiing various snow types. My brother and I both think this goes a lot towards how the snow feels under our skis, and he admits more research is needed on this. But these are skills that are really quite difficult to develop. Even the best ski guides, including us, have difficulty putting these inputs into words. But here Mr. LaChapelle makes a very good attempt at conveying to the reader that they should see, feel and even hear what the snowpack is telling us.

HM: I guess it would be safe to say that you liked the book.  
FB: You betcha. We found *Secrets of the Snow* a very valuable book. We'll go back again and again to reread it. I think Ed's last sentence sums it all up: "The review of snow features found here will serve its purpose if readers enlarge their knowing, the mind's eye at work recording and interpreting the many details of the snow surface." My brother and I remember that line because we really live that thought. Basically, all the clues that avalanche and ski conditions tell us are all around us. We only need to know what to look for and how to interpret it.

HM: Thanks guys. Great lift ride. Have a good run.

**Editors note:** *Secrets of the Snow* was published through the University of Washington Press, in cooperation with the International Glaciological Society and Greystone books of Vancouver. ISBN number 0-295-98151-2. The book sells for \$13.

We originally found it through Chessler Books in Evergreen (800-654-8502 or 303-670-0093), but check your local outdoor or mountaineering store. Plus, Barnes and Noble or The Tattered Cover can order it if it is not in stock. ❄



Art Judson, our avalanche eyes in Steamboat, sent us the following poem. The anonymous poet obviously likes the weather of Colorado's western slope valleys, especially the Yampa Valley.

## Steamboat

Anonymous

*The winds on a binge  
And the eastern slopes cringe  
As anemometers read 80 plus.  
And the citizens cry  
And wail, "Why oh why,  
Must hurricanes always choose us?"*

*For there is in this state  
A place, famous of late,  
Where of wind there is nary a sign.  
Where a housewife doth sin  
If she uses a pin  
To hang her wash out on the line.*

*Where windmills won't run,  
And a kite is no fun,  
And ladies' coiffures stay intact.  
Where foehns and chinooks  
Exist only in books,  
And gales are fiction, not fact.*

*For that is the spot  
Much like Camelot,  
Where winds are forbidden to blow.  
Where a faint random breeze  
May ruffle the trees  
But never, no never, drift snow.*

*There preserved for the ages,  
Are the thoughts of the sages,  
Whose words you are welcome to quote...  
In their snow-covered grotto  
Is engraved their great motto:  
"THE WIND DOES NOT BLOW  
IN STEAMBOAT."*



# Amazing Dog Tales

Introduction by Scott Toepfer

I am a big fan of dogs. One of my favorite bumper stickers is "Dog is My Co-pilot." I think there may be something to the fact that dog spelled backwards is god. Over the years I have heard a number of stories that involved dogs and avalanches. Most, but not all, had happy endings. Four of these short stories follow, and over time I hope to find more. Educators generally accept that one of the best tools we have for teaching is real life experience. If only dogs could talk.

I would like to thank Don Bachman, Cathy Cripps and Ron Johnson from Montana, and Brad Sawtell from CAIC for these vignettes.

## A Boy and His Dog

by Ron Johnson

(Reprinted from Volume 1, Issue 1 of *The Beacon* in 1997)

On Friday November 11, 1996, Chris Stone, 38, and a friend hiked up Bridger Bowl ski area and crossed the ridge onto the west side of the Bridger Range. They wore beacons, and Chris brought along his dog. Chris was in the lead and skied into a snow-filled gully. After he made two turns, the snow fractured. He was instantly knocked down and began swimming. His poles and skis came off, which was good, but he was swept 700 vertical feet through some trees and over a small rock band, which was bad. He slammed into a tree, causing a deep contusion to his thigh, before coming to a stop with only his face out of the snow. His partner and dog came to his aid, but self evacuation was impossible because of the injury and lost gear.

Chris got as comfortable as possible and nestled with his dog while his partner skied out for help. A rescue team of two Bridger Bowl patrollers and two S&R team members rode the lift, climbed out of bounds over the ridgecrest and skied to the scene. They stabilized the victim and lowered him to a landing zone where a helicopter airlifted him out. Chris was hospitalized and treated for his injuries. Chris's dog, however, refused to follow the rescuers out as they skied away from the scene. Instead, the dog, obviously scared and confused, went looking for his owner and climbed back over the ridge. The next morning he was found, cold and hungry, dutifully waiting next to his owner's car in the Bridger Bowl parking lot. Chris and his dog were reunited later that day.

## Tiga the Mountain Dog

by Brad Sawtell

On April 9, 2004, in Chaffee County, a tragic avalanche on Brown's Peak killed one snowshoer, a 25-year-old newlywed, and swept away his dog.

Almost a week later, the two survivors, two other friends,

my dog Quinzhee and I, went back to the accident site to search for the missing body of Tiga, a Burnese Mountain Dog. We met at the trailhead in Winfield at 6:30 am. Our goal was to travel back up to the accident site and hopefully, with the help of my dog, find Tiga.

When we got to the base of the slide, I remember thinking to myself that this could take weeks. The debris pile was large, covering what seemed to be many football fields, and was deeper than a probe pole in many places. We chose to boot up the path to the bench where the victim had been found, about 800 vertical feet above us.

Arriving at the bench, I gave Quinzhee his command to search. I had worked with him some in the past, but I would not call him a search dog. He stuck his nose to the snow and started to run around looking like a bonafied professional. After about five minutes, he alerted and started to dig. We probed, thought we had hit something, and started to dig. Nothing.



*Tiga found by search party. (Photo: Brad Sawtell)*

With no further alerts, we had all kind of lost faith in Quinzhee finding Tiga, and started to probe in likely burial locations. Yet he kept sniffing and moved up slope to a small stand of trees where he alerted again. Probing and digging, we found one survivor's backpack nearly three feet below the surface.

After finding the backpack, Quinzhee was completely uninterested. He barked a lot, which is something he does not normally do. We continued to probe the area for a little over four hours. Still, no sign of Tiga.

We then decided to call it quits and refocused on placing some prayer flags at the burial site. The victim was a Hindi from India. After a moment of silence, we packed up and headed back towards the trailhead. It was a quiet ski out. We had not accomplished our goal, and we had spent the day at the site where someone had died six days earlier. Also, a beloved dog was still missing.

Eight hours after our departure, we returned to the trailhead. Feeling like I must be a little dehydrated, I saw the eerie apparition of a dog off in the distance, fitting the description of Tiga. We called to the dog, but it ran in the other direction. We spread out and slowly moved towards it. The dog proceeded to run through some willows, crossed the creek and through some trees. Finally we coaxed the dog towards us. Checking the tags, they read "Tiga!" For the most part, she seemed fine. She was a bit skittish and quite hungry. She happily ate Quinzhee's dinner and started smiling.

How did she survive? Did she ride out the avalanche? Was she buried for a while? We will never know. If dogs could talk, I think we'd have an incredible story of survival.

Today, Tiga is back at home in California with her mom and her siblings.

## Gothic Mountain, Elk Mountains, Colorado, 1973

by Don Bachman and Cathy Cripps

In the early spring of 1973, a party of four, with a Siberian

Husky named Boder, skied to the bottom of a ridge on Gothic Mountain from their cabin on the Washington Gulch (west) side of the peak. From the base of the ridge they shouldered their skis and continued on foot to the summit ridge. As the party neared the top they ventured out on a cornice, which collapsed, in turn triggering a large avalanche. At least one person was caught and performed a self-arrest on the bed surface. Boder, however, was carried down slope and was seen swimming for his life. When the dust settled there was only a field of white and a small dark motionless speck in the debris field, about 3,000 vertical feet below.

The party retreated back to the cabin, and rigged a sled for the body recovery the next morning. They skied back to the base of the slide early the next day, and were reunited with Boder who had crawled a few hundred feet down to the ski track leading to the Gothic townsite. However, Boder could not walk, but he still managed to resist being tied into the sled, so a rescuer skied back three miles to the Crested Butte Ski Area and alerted the ski patrol. The Mountain Manager and a couple of patrollers took a Thiokol snowcat out to the area and brought Boder in.

Boder was taken to the vet in Gunnison for examination. There were no broken bones, but he was described as a limp mass of jelly, had lost some claws and suffered from broken and missing teeth in the turbulent descent.

He was brought back to Crested Butte and stayed in town for convalescence. The next day the local paper ran the headline, "Boder Sets the Record—3,000+ Vertical." Boder was a smiling husky that was known for a friendly show of teeth at just the right moment. His masters up Washington Gulch did a little placer mining, and were good friends with the local dentist. It followed that for cosmetic purpose, a partial plate of gold teeth would be in order. Thereafter, on select occasions, someone would slip in those teeth, and Boder could once again dazzle his admirers with a golden smile, as his story was told and retold.

## Engineer Mountain, San Juan Mountains, Colorado, 1995

by Don Bachman

On April 2, 1995, a party of three and a small dog climbed

the north ridge of Engineer Mountain adjacent to US Highway 550 near Coal Bank Pass in the San Juan Mountains. The approach from the 10,640-foot pass to the 13,216-foot summit was first by snowshoe, then crampons on the ridge to the summit. Upon reaching the summit two of the three climbers and the dog moved to a cornice. The cornice collapsed under their weight, sending them off the northeast face. The third climber raced back down the ridge and moved to the base of the cornice blocks and avalanche debris. One person was partially buried, but had died from massive head injuries. The second victim also suffered head injuries, and was stabilized and made more comfortable by the third member of the party. The dog was limping and stayed next to the body of his deceased master.

The third party member ran back to the highway and down to a phone at Cascade Village at the base of the pass, to scramble a rescue effort. A medical helicopter team was diverted from a training mission and picked up the reporting climber, who along with an experienced mountaineering flight nurse was taken to a landing zone at the edge of the north face basin. They proceeded to the accident site, and packaged the injured victim on a SKED for transport back to the LZ. Two other rescuers were brought to the site to help with the drag out, and the injured victim was air lifted by a second smaller helicopter back to the highway and on to the hospital in Durango.

More rescuers were brought in to evacuate the deceased who was continually guarded by the small dog. The dog followed the evacuation party over to the LZ, and stayed off to the side while the body and rescuers were ferried from the scene in the gathering darkness. Finally as the last of the recovery team were sitting in the Jet Ranger, the dog came over to the open door of the ship, and with some urging, hopped up onto a lap at the last moment, and was flown off the mountain.

The cornice triggered a surface avalanche that ran over 1,000 vertical feet. The human injuries probably occurred on the cliffs just under the cornice, with the entrained snow possibly cushioning the victims off the nearly vertical face onto the 45-degree slope below, which accounted for the shallow burial. The dog's survival may have been aided by his lightweight as he flew off into space from the summit. ❄️

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## Renewal Notice (or recruit a Friend)

Yes, I will join the Friends of the Avalanche Center. Enclosed is my donation of:

- \$30\*, which gives me a CAIC window decal (if I am a new Friend), *The Beacon* newsletter, the *Avalanche Wise* booklet, and a morning forecast by e-mail.
- \$45\*, which gives me all the stuff above, plus an afternoon forecast sent by e-mail.
- Please accept my additional donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_\*
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- I'm a new member. Please send a CAIC decal.

\* Your donation may be tax deductible and your canceled check is your receipt.

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