



IAN WOLFE

When I was asked to contribute to this Skidoodle article, with so many experiences at Alpine, I wasn't sure where to begin. As an archivist, my lens is always a historical one, so I decided the best place to start was to return to the photos that my dad had taken of Alpine documenting the Club from its very beginning.

I'VE BEEN A MEMBER OF ALPINE MY ENTIRE LIFE. MY DAD, MICHAEL WOLFE, WAS ONE OF FOUNDING MEMBERS. IN THE EARLY YEARS, HE WITH A GROUP OF FRIENDS SPENT THEIR WEEKENDS AT ALPINE CLEARING TREES, RECRUITING NEW MEMBERS, AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, SOCIALIZING. ONE OF THOSE FIRST RECRUITS WOULD SHORTLY BECOME HIS WIFE, JO.

Looking at the photos from the early 1960s through the 1980s, it is clear that the family spirit of Alpine has been constant from its inception. In spite of all the changes that I have seen at Alpine in over 40 years, in the most important ways, it is the same place where I grew up. There are several vivid memories that immediately come to mind. Sitting on the rooftop deck after a full day of skiing with my dad in the 1970s turns out to be not too different from sitting on the deck of the new clubhouse with family and friends. The feeling of freedom and independence of skiing all day with my brothers away from the watchful eyes of my parents is the same feeling hundreds of kids still feel every weekend. Hearing AM radio played by the lifties on the North (now Millennium) chair—which to this day when I hear a Billy Joel song—brings me right back to that lift line. More recently, every weekend morning when my son Bennett meets up with his race team, it is near the same spot where my wife Lisa and I were married on the deck of the old chalet.

Each time we bring new guests to Alpine, we watch their preconceived notions of an overly exclusive club melt away as they quickly discover a club atmosphere centred on families and friendliness. I feel proud and privileged to be a life-long, three-generation member of the Alpine family with a strong connection to its history and heritage. And as I did as a child, and as we still do now, the last run at the end of the day is always Arrowhead...