

The  
Canadian  
Alpine  
Journal

PUBLISHED BY  
THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

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1930

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HEADQUARTERS  
BANFF, ALBERTA

VOLUME XIX

**CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL**

**PUBLISHED BY**

**THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA**

**IN 1931**

**PRINTED BY**

**BAKER NICHOLSON CO. LTD.**

**WINNIPEG**

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(FOUNDED 1906, INCORPORATED 1909)  
AFFILIATED WITH THE ALPINE CLUB (ENGLAND)

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#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editor acknowledges with thanks illustrations provided by Mr. R. L. M. Underhill, Editor of Appalachia, Mr. J. H. Doughty, Editor of the Rucksack Club Journal, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Canadian National Railway and the National Parks of Canada.

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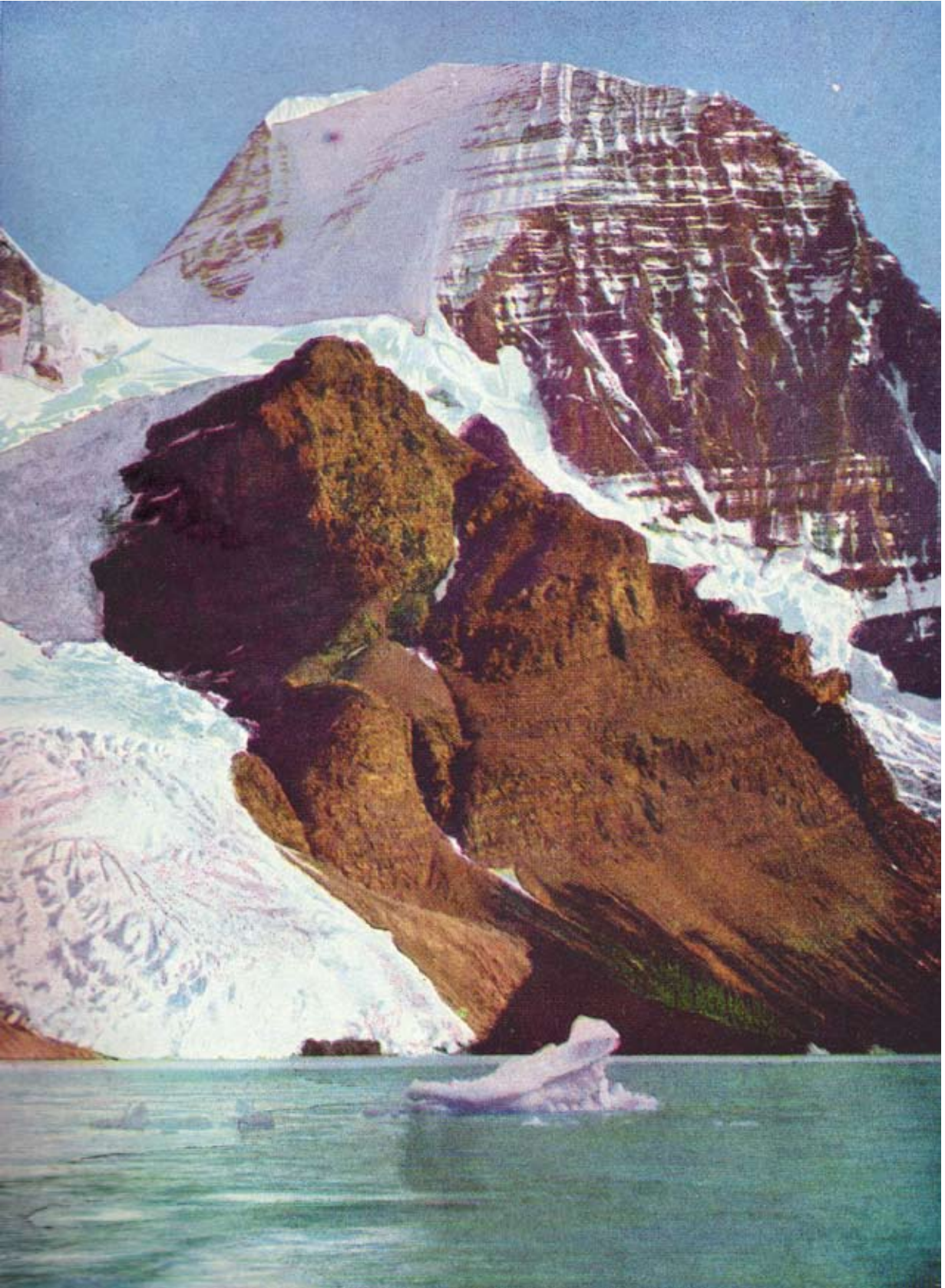
#### ARTICLES

Articles for the Journal should be sent to the editor, A. A. McCoubrey, Engineering Dept., Canadian Pacific Railway, Winnipeg, Man. Contributors are reminded that material for publication should be in the hands of the Editor at as early a date as possible and not later than December 1st, of each year.

Copies of the current and past issues, also prices of back numbers of the Journal can be obtained from the Secretary of the Club, Major W. R. Tweedy, 1641 Burnaby Street, Vancouver, B.C.

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Mount Robson. *Cut Courtesy C.N.R*

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## THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ROBSON AND OTHER CLIMBS IN 1930

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BY N. E. ODELL

Some of us can, no doubt, be accounted fortunate that our profession tends to bring us within reach of our pastime and that in the pursuit of our calling we find ourselves in the playground where we would be for reasons perhaps of recreation alone. Such has been the writer's experience on many occasions and none the less so when he found himself at the Club's Annual Camp at Maligne Lake during the last few days of its existence in August. Having since June been occupied in pursuing a geological investigation in the region lying along the western slopes of the Selkirk and the Columbia (Gold) Ranges,<sup>1</sup> and being desirous of seeing something of the adjoining country to the northward, a favorable opportunity seemed to present itself to expand one's reconnaissance eastward; and with the facilities of the Club Camp, southeastward as well, to the geologically unmapped region of the Maligne River. And it was not the mere facilities and privileges of membership alone that were vouchsafed to the writer, but also, as in 1927 at Yoho, the gracious hospitality of the Club and Camp.

There, in a region to which all comers were ready to concede a palm, if not the palm, for the beauty of its surroundings, at the southern end of Maligne Lake, one had the pleasure of meeting many old friends, as well as of making a few of the neighboring ascents. From Mounts Brazeau, Valad and Henry MacLeod, it was a long-wished-for delight to see, though afar, the great peaks of the Columbia Icefield region, and to pick out such renowned giants as Mount Kitchener, The Twins, Mt. Columbia and perhaps most conspicuous of all, Mt. Alberta.

Before arrival at Jasper, Mr. Terris Moore of Harvard, who had just returned from a successful first ascent of Mt. Bona in Alaska, had conspired with the writer to visit Mt. Robson, and if possible attempt the ascent by the western side. A surprise visitor to the Club Camp, as far as the writer was concerned, was Mr. C. G. Crawford, with whom he had not climbed for eleven years. There was no difficulty in persuading Crawford to join us in the Robson project, and he and I eventually made our way from Hargreaves' ranch up the Valley of the Grand Forks, via Kinney Lake, to Robson Chalet at Berg Lake. On the trail we met Miss H. I. Buck, Dr. A. J. Gilmour and the two Fuhrers, on their melancholy way out from an abortive search for N. D. Waffl, who had failed to return from a solitary attempt on the west side of Mt. Robson on August 4th. It was not till late that night that Terris Moore arrived from Hargreaves' ranch, having been delayed with a portion of our baggage; and no better demonstration was needed of either his horsemanship, or

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<sup>1</sup> See footnote (7)

alternatively his blind faith in local pack animals, than the fact that a considerable part of the way was covered in total darkness, solo!

Next day rain and clouds obscured everything, and it seemed that either the general "set fair" conditions were passing, or else Robson was making its own local weather in an endeavor to be consistent with its evil reputation in that respect. In hopes that the latter merely might be the case, and encouraged by sundry indications that the external fine weather would prevail, Crawford, Moore and I on August 18th were ferried across Berg Lake from the Chalet to the moraine at the foot of Little Tumbling Glacier. Thence we, plus our heavy packs, were piloted by Moore up the steep slopes on the northwest side of the mountain which he some weeks earlier had reconnoitred. Groaning under our heavy packs, and cursing the unreliable footing of the stone slides, two of us made strenuous endeavors to be charitable to the third by naming sundry features of the way, "Moore's Rake" and "Terris' Terrace," etc. Having turned the northwestern spur of the mountain that descends from the western arête of the summit crest itself, we pitched a bivouac at about 8,100 feet (aneroid) below the great upper cliffs of the western facet.

And here let it be said that much confusion has arisen through lack of precision in describing the true direction or orientation of the features of the western side of Mt. Robson. The western arête extending from the summit crest of the mountain bifurcates at about 12,000 feet to form a northwestern spur, seen in profile from Berg Lake; and a W.S.W. spur whose profile forms the lower part of the left hand skyline in the view of the mountain from the valley of the Grand Forks. These spurs embrace the western facet that rises so prominently above the Emperor Falls. The culminating crest of the mountain also sends down an arête in an approximately southwesterly direction, and this again at about 12,000 feet divides into two minor spurs to form what has been termed the "Wishbone arête": which name appears as strikingly apt, in certain lights and conditions of the snow, when seen from near Mt. Robson railway station. Unfortunately the lower part of the western arête proper, owing to its bifurcation, has also been referred to locally as the "Little Wishbone arête," thereby creating considerable confusion. The S.W. arête, however, had priority of usage of this specific term and was the feature utilized by B. S. Darling, H.H. Prouty and W. Schaufelberger in 1913 in their almost successful attempt on the mountain.

Having neglected a natural though exposed rock platform projecting through the wide spread talus fan below the western facet, and selected instead a more sheltered site below it in a gully, we toiled up the long scree slopes to the foot of the great cliffs of the western facet. On his earlier reconnaissance, Moore had already examined possible alternative routes up these cliffs, and now we saw before the light failed that the wall of a pronounced couloir somewhat to the left (N.) of the centre of the facet seemed to offer the best chances of reaching the western arête. After a somewhat less sheltered night at our gîte than we had hoped for, though enjoying to the full the comfort of our sleeping bags in closest and most intimate order to combat the effects of cold, we got off at five thirty next morning and by six twenty-seven were embarked in real earnest on the rocks of the right (S.) wall of the couloir, 9,250 feet by my aneroid. The climbing turned out to be harder than we had expected, and to add to our difficulties there was much verglas as well as snow lying on the rock holds. One tower took us nearly two hours to surmount, and I have recollections of a steep ice-choked chimney that gave me much anxiety, since in addition to the descending ice chunks a good deal of loose rock besides was apt to come away and endanger those below who could find little or no protection inside or outside the chimney. The alternative of the main couloir was not attractive owing to its icy character, and the possibility of falling material. The increasing steepness of the upper parts forced us across the facet in a southerly direction, and





Western Facet Of Robson Above Emporor Falls.  
*Photo Miss H. I. Buck*



Looking North From Our Bivouac At 8000 Ft.,  
On S.S.W. Side Of Robson. *Photo N. E. Odell*  
(Scree terrace along which we came from western face marked ←)



Mt. Robson, Lake Kinney And Valley Of Grand Fork. *Photo A.O. Wheeler*

Showing West and Southwest faces of Mt. Robson

we eventually struck the W.S.W. spur (of the western arête) at an altitude of about 10,800 feet by my aneroid. The unexpectedly difficult conditions of this ascent and the time consumed thereby, gave us small hopes of reaching the summit that day, since it was already twelve thirty. And now that we could see the character of the climbing that would be ahead on the southern flank of this W.S.W. spur, the verglas and snow sprinkled lower rocks, and ice-decked upper arête, seen in intervals of clearing through the wind-driven clouds, our hopes grew even less. Lincoln O'Brien and Robert Underhill, whose ascent thus far, earlier in the month, must have differed from our own, had experienced on the crest of the western arête a succession of great gendarmes of ice that had proved insurmountable, since they were said to have overhung on all sides. The limited view prevented our making out more than the existence of ice masses of a corniced and most unstable character overhanging the western face.

The present conditions of the mountain seemed all against success on this side, and reluctantly we deemed it wisest to retreat. We were now on the particular flank of the mountain below which, in an avalanche fan at its foot, the various effects connected with Waffl's decease had been found. We traversed across somewhat in a southerly direction and scanned with field glasses the slopes above and below. It seemed that here on this face, exposed as it must constantly be to avalanches and rock-falls, if not the periodic discharge of ice from the overhanging masses on the arête above, might have occurred the initial phase of the calamity, and that some specific remains or cogent clue might yet be found. We were unsuccessful in this, and as we made our way downwards we became increasingly pessimistic about our chances of getting off the mountain on this side. The whole face terminates at about 9,500 feet altitude in a long line of cliffs which themselves vary from 300 to 500 feet in height, and in most parts are singularly uncompromising. When thinking that all the chances seemed against our getting off and down before night-fall, we fortunately found a possibility alongside a waterfall, but only at the expense of sacrificing my much valued and only duralumin piton for a rope off at one overhanging pitch. At this point we were close to the northern border of the avalanche-fan mentioned above, but the lateness of the hour prevented our making further search that day. In rain we arrived back at our bivouac at 6.45. Hurriedly munching some food and striking camp meanwhile, we set off at 7.10 for Berg Lake. But the complexities of such features as "Moore's Lake" and "Terris' Terrace" in the dark completely defeated us, and we surrendered to a damp night on the slopes beneath the N.W. spur of the mountain, our only unusual comfort and reason for congratulation despite the rain being the fact that we were benighted with our sleeping bags and not without them. Next morning the staunch Mr. Kelly of Robson Chalet, who had expected and awaited us the previous evening, ferried us across Berg Lake.

Next day we were off again, and accompanied by Miss Buck and Dr. Gilmour, we once more made for the great avalanche fan below the western face, in hopes of finding further evidence of Waffl's decease sufficient to meet the requirements of the insurance company concerned. This avalanche fan is in truth a steep recemented glacier, or glacier remanié, that occupies about 1,000 feet of vertical height, and is a permanent feature of the western face. It receives all the debris and avalanche material falling from the wide concavity of that face, and its upper part in particular is traversed by many moderately large crevasses, while longitudinally deep channels seam its face, gouged out by falling matter. A number of the most likely crevasses were examined, and the writer descended on a 100 foot rope into the great randkluft between the rock wall and the fan, and finally a search was made in the great pot hole, or rnoulin-like feature, where the drainage water fell from the cliffs above beneath the ice. No further objects that could be attributed to Waffl were found except a shaped wooden piton that was later identified by Hargreaves as one that had been carried by the former.

Bidding au revoir to Miss Buck and Dr. Gilmour, who returned to Berg Lake, Crawford, Moore, and I then set out for our destination, which was the south side of Mt. Robson. We hoped that the ascent by the southern route might be feasible, and that it might prove possible in addition to ascertain the nature of the so-called tracks and other traces claimed by Joe Saladana, the guide, to have been visible, and possibly attributable to Waffl, high up on the S.S.W. side of the mountain. Owing to the horizontality of the bedding and the continuity of the talus shelf at about the 8,000 foot contour, it is possible to make a continuous circuit round the western face. The pronounced expression, however, of certain of the larger ridges and spurs reduce this shelf at places almost to nil, and with our heavily laden packs and the thoughts of a long day to follow, we had no need of greater difficulty or interest than the frequent sensational views down profound precipices to the dark waters of Kinney Lake far below. At dusk we arrived at a pronounced broadening of the shelf, whereon was spread such a carpet of moss and lowly vegetation that nothing could have induced us to pass it by. Before we realized it, Moore, than whom one could scarcely wish for a better camp cook and more enthusiastic and unselfish provider of one's bodily needs, had served up a hot meal, and the reconnaissance for the morrow and the arranging of the bivouac had to be hurriedly accomplished. As we turned in beneath our rig of ground sheets and ice axes, the weather as seen from our high perch did not seem over propitious for the morrow.

Following an almost too comfortable night and a none too early departure from our bivouac at five thirty, consequent in some degree upon our disinclination to pursue a somewhat complicated route on to the lower glacier in the dark, we made our upward way past the remains of an old gîte situated below the lowest séracs of the glacier of the southern face. This gîte, it seems, must have been that used in 1928 by the Sierra Club party, and probably by the Canadian Alpine Club parties of 1924. Having passed beneath an impending wall of ice, that appeared none too stable, we gained the surface of the glacier above the lower crevasses and séracs by an easy route up the rocks on the west side. Donning crampons we made rapid progress to the upper ice fall wall (10,900 feet aneroid) at the foot of which we arrived at eight thirty. Two alternatives now presented themselves; either to attack a rather fearsome looking line of weakness in the almost unbroken ice wall above us, or to make an obviously hazardous traverse beneath overhanging ice masses upwards and to the left over steepish rocks. The top of the first alternative was obscured by great impending séracs and one could see in addition that a great deal of valuable time would be lost in cutting up the steep ice wall. The rocks in consequence were chosen and found to be easy, and while we were quickly scrambling up it was decidedly our good fortune that no ice-blocks fell. But the place is only too obviously an unhealthy one, since ice-masses carve off not infrequently, and until the upper névé has in process of time very considerably diminished thickness the passage must ever prove obtrusively risky.<sup>2</sup>

There then followed several hundred feet of steep slopes, the surface of which was often of such rotten ice that one's crampons scarcely gave sufficient security and many steps had to be cut.

At about 11,900 feet the angle eased, and we were presented with the alternative of the direct ascent, by its S.S.W. corner, of which is perhaps best called the upper ice wall of the mountain, or of traversing eastward at the foot of this ice wall to gain its southeast edge, by which the first and later parties reached the summit. On the principle that the devil we could not see might be better than the one immediately confronting us, we turned eastward and were soon wading in deep snow drifts on this upper névé shelf, ere we struck the lower ice facets of the southeast edge. The feature

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<sup>2</sup> See Alpine Journal 36, p. 420; the route could not, however, be considered easy this year. Also, A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada, p. 213.



that we now embarked upon, this S.E. edge of the upper ice wall, can in no sense be referred to as an arête, as it has by some. It is merely the extreme border, falling off in the direction of the Dome and the Robson Glacier, of the great wall of bulging ice that descends from the summit ridge, and its character varies from straight forward snowy ice-slope to steep scarps and excrescences of hard ice. Under present conditions a veneer of rotten crust on ice core gave much trouble in cutting and Crawford and I were only too glad to alternate in leading at shorter intervals than had been our wont on the earlier part of the climb. A few rocks only were visible about 200 feet below the summit, and there we halted a moment for food. Owing to mist we were uncertain at the time how much higher we had to go, but in a few minutes (2.30) I poked my axe through the summit cornice and found myself on a frail winding structure running off westward at the level of my head. Banks of mist obscured a complete panorama, but at intervals we could obtain glimpses of the peaks at the head of the Robson Glacier, the valley of Grand Forks and but vaguely of Berg Lake, so remotely far below. The weather now looked anything but reassuring, a condition in which my aneroid indicating 13,250 feet,<sup>3</sup> rather agreed, and with the long descent before us and the possibility of much re-cutting of steps, we dared not linger long.

And so it turned out. Our upward staircase, cut in the rotten veneer of ice, had almost entirely disappeared, either from burial by the falling ice chips from above, or collapse in usage of its delicate structure. It was not till 4.45, therefore, after some exciting incidents and somewhat tiring downward cutting, that we reached the foot of the great upper ice wall. Six twenty found us at the top of the upper ice-fall, and once again the gods were kind to us as we passed in suspense down the rocks and beneath the threatening ice fall. Good progress was made down the trough of the glacier in the gathering gloom, but the deceptive light, or its absence, made us descend too far, and instead of finding the best passage off on to the rocks we found ourselves at ten o'clock beset by the great séracs and crevasses of the lower ice fall. Prospecting on the end of a hundred foot rope with a lantern may be exhilarating to some, but it is hardly a cheering pastime when thoughts of a cold and hungry night on the ice may be the sequel to its being pushed so far as to land one in the depths of a watery crevasse. However, on this occasion it led in the end to an unexpected way between two yawning abysses on to the rocks at the side of the ice fall. The descent of the rocks in the dark proved to be harder than our remembered passage of the morning, and when we arrived on a platform of considerable extent and peered downward in the gloom at a mingled and confused medley of rocks and ice below the ice fall, where we knew our way must lie, our hearts failed us: or more heroically expressed, discretion seemed to be the better part of faltering valor.

And so at eleven o'clock we unanimously agreed we were benighted, a bare 700 feet above our bivouac of the previous night, and we at once set to work to make our selves as comfortable as the exposed position would allow, our chief consolation residing in the realization that we found ourselves on rock and not on ice. Huddling together on a recessed ledge, with unbooted feet in a common rucksack to induce warmth and stimulated by an amazingly varied repertoire from Crawford, we sang the more heartily as the night wore on. Only Moore seemed impervious both to the sounds of the discords of the other two and of the periodical thunderous booms nearby of the carving ice cliff, as to be able to have considerable snatches of sleep. When at three thirty we felt coldest, and when life and cheer generally perhaps seem to ebb their lowest, it commenced to hail slightly, and to give us disagreeable qualms of the continued descent. Fortunately, however, the hail was brief, but it was not light enough till nearly four o'clock to make a start. Our stiffness and cold were soon forgotten in an exciting and speedy downward scramble over the debris beneath

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<sup>3</sup> The actual height is given as 12,972 feet.



the beetling ice cliff, and we were truly thankful at last to be clear of these dominating hazards of the southern side of Robson and to find ourselves on the easy slopes above our former bivouac. Arrived at the latter at 4.45, a hearty breakfast and the emerging sun induced such a unanimous tendency to sleep that it was not till ten a.m. that we raised enough energy to strike camp.

The descent from this high terrace at approximately 8,000 feet at first seemed entirely cut off by the extreme steepness of its supporting cliff, but a little prospecting further to the S.S.E. revealed a contraction of the feature that permitted a just possible downward movement to screes on which appeared traces of a faint trail. Being ignorant of the route adopted by former parties on this side of the mountain, we had considerable difficulty in descending and finding a possible way, and it was only by chance that we stumbled upon the site near timber line of the old A.C.C. Camp. Even below the latter we missed any signs of a former trail and were obliged to make a steep scramble into the main ravine beneath, and descend on the snow therein until forced out by a final pitch into the bush on the right. The trail by Kinney Lake was reached at four o'clock, and shortly after we were joined by Miss Buck and Dr. Gilmour, on their way from Berg Lake, who had anticipated our descent hereabouts. In their kindness of heart they not only gave us amply of their provisions but insisted that two of us use their horses back to Hargreaves' ranch, while they and the third walked. The expedition terminated that evening with one of the pack horses in the charge of the writer stampeding in the dark near the ranch and scattering its somewhat rent and mangled load in a swampy tract, from which, however, it was later recovered with the aid of lanterns by the combined efforts of the Hargreaves' establishment; a final incident in a varied and stimulating succession during the last two days!

I was now more than due back in the Selkirks, and on August 25th Crawford and I found ourselves at Glacier at the camp of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. Here for the previous two weeks a party of nine under Lincoln O'Brien had been operating upon the surrounding summits, using the Hermit and Glacier Circle Cabins as jumping off points for the more distant climbs. The day following our arrival Crawford and I led two ropes of three each across the Illecillewaet névé to Glacier Circle. We felt distinctly comforted that one of the party had already visited the locality, since on his previous visit he and his companions had taken two or more hours to find the cabin and had almost been forced to sleep in the open, so well concealed in the thick timber is this wonderfully situated refuge.

August 27th saw the two ropes tackling what is perhaps the most prominent feature sweeping up out of the depths of the Circle, namely the east ridge of Mount Fox. This afforded a nine hours' delightful climb with plenty of variety and a few moderately hard passages. The descent by the S.W. face to the head of the Dawson Glacier and return thence down the Fox Glacier nearly cost the party a night out, owing to the complexities of the lower part of the latter being tackled in the gathering darkness. Next morning the writer's party setting out scandalously late (11.20) for Mt. Topham, made good time to the summit, via the sporting rock wall bounding the Deville Glacier icefall on its eastward. We returned to the Circle at 8.20 to a truly princely dinner, and concluded that it is well worth while climbing in two parties provided one of them can be persuaded to remain behind and indulge in a little pleasurable cooking on behalf of their belated companions! The following day we had regretfully to leave the delights of Glacier Circle and its many surrounding attractions, nowadays so little sampled, and return to Glacier.

On the 31st, in bitterly cold conditions with much wind and some snow, the writer led J. H. Kennard and J. C. Gray up the N.W. ridge of Mt. Sir Donald, Crawford following with A. Carscallen and A. B. Emmons. We admittedly climbed fast with few halts, principally because

of the biting wind, and reached the summit in three hours and fifty-five minutes from the Sir Donald-Uto col; and we were not unamused, on our return (via the ordinary southern route and the Vaux Glacier) to the base camp at Glacier by 3.55 that afternoon, to have our accomplishment received with incredulity, if not disgust, by another Club party who had made the climb a few days previously in what they considered must be record time for a long while to come, but who were perhaps unaware of Fynn and Bartleet's fast time in 1909.

The Harvard Camp being over, Crawford and I resorted to excellent quarters at the house of Mr. Hartley, the Forest Warden at Glacier, where we were joined by Lady Rosemary Baring. We had heard that the south and east faces of Mt. Tupper had never been climbed and resolved to have a look at them. Starting on September 3rd from the Hermit Hut<sup>4</sup> the three of us attained Tupper Crest, and then traversed below the south face of Mt. Tupper's highest summit to the arête running steeply down from the latter in a S.S.E. direction. The face and the arête appearing extremely steep and uninviting, we reconnoitred round into the gap separating the Camels Ridge from the eastern ridge of Mt. Tupper. The prospects of reaching the summit of Tupper from this direction were somewhat doubtful, and opinions differed amongst the male element in the party as to whether we should proceed or retreat, until the casting-vote of the lady member committed us to the attack. Crawford led off from the gap and making light of the steep lower rocks put us well on our upward way before he decided he had been greedy and handed over the lead to me. The remainder proved surprisingly straightforward, and not without the possibility of variation, and at three o'clock—one and a half hours only from the gap—we found ourselves on the summit rocks and feasting upon the beauties of the Hermit and Sir Donald Ranges as well as the remnants of our provisions. A quick descent by the ordinary route brought us back to Hermit Hut so pleased with things, that it was not till another night had been spent in its pleasant precincts, though not too clean interior, that we made our return to Glacier.

The writer was anxious to see something of the east side of the Sir Donald Range and its structure, and moreover it appeared that no route had as yet been made up Mt. Sir Donald from that direction. Accordingly the same party of three crossed the Sir Donald-Uto col at 6.30 a.m. on September 5th and made their way unhindered down the Uto Glacier for perhaps a mile and a quarter. The cliffs descending from Mt. Sir Donald drop so sheerly to the glacier on the north and northeast that for a long time we despaired of effecting a lodgement on them. However, this was eventually successfully accomplished when we had descended to an altitude of about 7,230 feet (aneroid) and the ascent of a steep 300 foot wall brought us on to the great glacierized shelf of the east side of Sir Donald that provides the southern affluent of the lower Uto ice stream.<sup>5</sup> Neglecting the more difficult looking ascent to the upper N.E. arête of the mountain rising abruptly above us, we decided to make for what appeared from this aspect to be the main eastern ridge of the mountain. Two hours of step cutting, varied with rock work, brought us at 8,700 feet to what turned out to be not so much an eastern ridge, as the broken edge of a great structural slab of the mountain. Thence followed about 1,200 feet of crags, buttresses and slopes, of a monotonous and very unstable character until we found ourselves at an altitude of 9,900 feet on the E.S.E. ridge of the mountain. Unexpected difficulties on the latter, necessitating at one place a complicated roping off operation from a pinnacle into a gap, delayed our arrival at the summit until five o'clock. And can there be another summit in all the Selkirks where the enthralling panorama will more likely

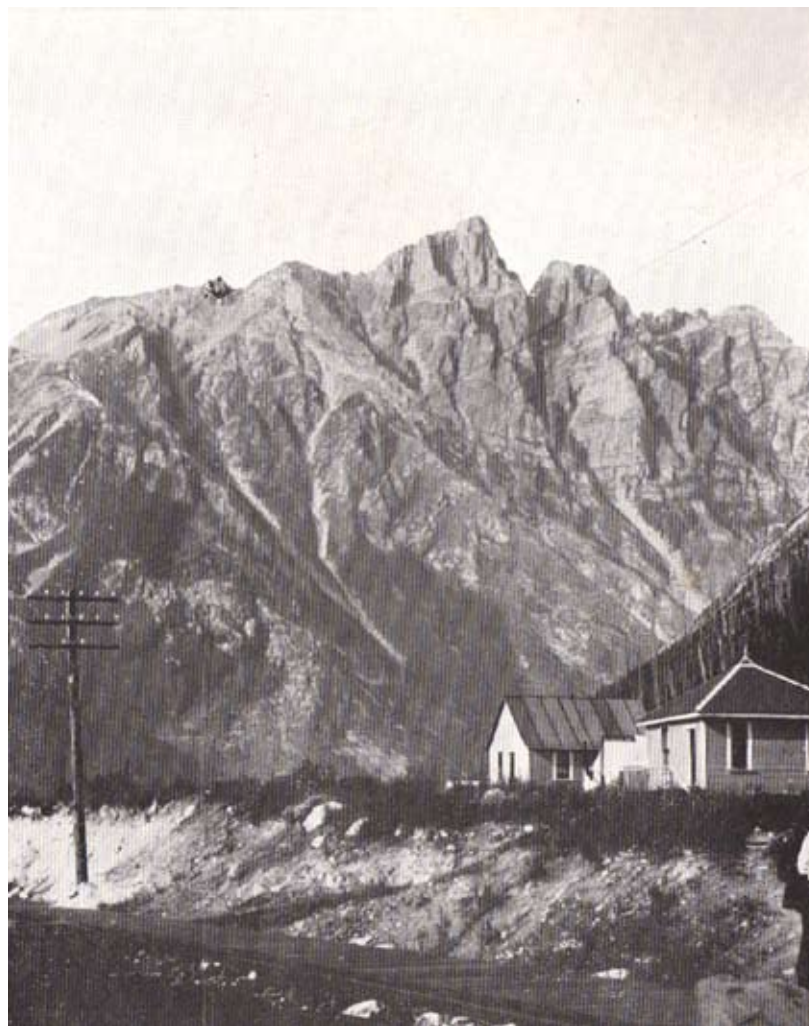
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4 The hut is placed at the 6,750 foot contour on Wheeler's 1-60,000 (1906) map: this seems to be 600 to 700 feet too high.

5 The features of this face can be well seen in the photograph opposite page 411 of Howard Palmer's "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks."



Mt. Sir Donald From The East (Beaver River).  
*Photo A. A. McCoubrey*



Mt. Tupper.  
*Photo A. A. McCoubrey*

entail further protracted delay? At such a late hour we had to forego our intention to descend by the N.W. ridge, and even so we found ourselves at dusk at the bergschrund . of the Vaux Glacier and resorting once more to an “abseil,” this time from an ice pinnacle, to negotiate the abrupt declivity of the waved and expanded feature. And this was not the last of our troubles, for since our descent of the Vaux Glacier, but six days previously, many snow bridges had disappeared, and the passage across several large crevasses in the gathering darkness proved a matter of no little difficulty. The bogie of benightment again seemed to hover very closely over us, and it was a fortunate and not unthankful party that eventually reached the comfort of the Forest Warden’s chalet at eleven twenty-five that night.

September 8th saw the same party enveloped in thick mist on the Edith Pass above Banff and endeavoring between six and nine a.m. to find the base of Mount Louis. Not till 9.35, by this time in glorious sunlight, did we start up the rocks of the S.E. corner of the peak, believing that somewhere there, rather than on the eastern slopes, the normal route lay. The climbing turned out to be distinctly difficult in more than one pitch on this variation of the usual way, and it was not till we struck the traverse on to the south face about 900 to 1,000 feet up that we felt reasonably certain we were then on the normal route. Again we must have strayed from the latter, for we found ourselves surmounting a succession of extremely steep buttresses, fortunately of the toughest rock experienced on the mountain, that form the left hand side (looking up) of the precipitous gully descending from the platform beneath the summit chimney. With the terrors of the latter final feature we were fully acquainted from the account by the pioneer party, and here we literally “girt up our loins.” Crawford, as the specialist in fancy rock problems, took the lead<sup>6</sup> and proceeded to make such light work of it that we concluded that the present conditions, as regards lack of ice, etc., must be radically different from those experienced by the pioneers. Owing to our late start, as well as our unintentional variation of the usual route, we did not reach the summit until the untoward hour of four forty-five, and a brief twenty-five minutes had to suffice to drink in the glories of our surroundings, with Mount Assiniboine the dominating feature to the southward. It was unanimously felt to be a foregone conclusion that we should be overtaken by darkness, ere we could complete the descent of 1,800 feet of the pinnacle, unless a much easier line could be found than that of ascent, particularly lower down. However, at eight fifteen, when nearly half way down, darkness and the rottenness of the rock called a halt, and on a reasonably commodious platform we once more indulged in the immoral practice of benightment—not the first in the season for any of us!

A reasonably warm night, and pleasant descent next morning by the easier slabs of the east side of the peak, made the walk back in sunshine over Edith Pass only the delightful finale of a delectable expedition. We were somewhat disconcerted, therefore, when above the Bow Valley road appeared a horseman announcing that a search party was then being organized at Banff! The rider obligingly consented to return and postpone the latter, and at the same time order a car to be sent for us from Banff; by which we were eventually able the more speedily to allay the anxiety we had regretfully occasioned, perhaps somewhat prematurely, at the Club House.

The last projected expeditions were those of the traverse of Mount Victoria (north and south peaks) and of Hungabee. A break in the weather, however, prevented more than an ascent of Mt. Victoria from Abbot Pass, that promised at the outset and during the climb to be entirely devoid of view. But while actually crouching behind the summit cairn from the biting west wind, a sudden dramatic clearing of the atmosphere and an unveiling of the surrounding peaks, gave that

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6 On all climbs described, Crawford and the writer shared the lead.



Mt. Begbie Showing N.W. Ridge On Right. *Photo N.E. Odell*



In The Clachnacudainn Group, Mt. Revelstoke Park. *Photo N.E. Odell*

reward which is the mountaineer's and which alone may make a technically easy, or even laborious ascent, in bad weather, worth while.

The descent to Lake O'Hara was to the writer the fulfillment of a passionate craving of many years' standing. Glowing though many a picture by pen and brush may have been of this lake and its surroundings, I had always felt it possible that the half had not been told. And indeed my most vivid anticipation was superlatively exceeded. The beauty of setting, the wildness, the exquisite coloring of the tarns combine to make this region, perhaps above all others in the ranges of the West, one of outstanding scenic charm. Moreover the walk over Opabin and Wenkchemna Passes to the Valley of the Ten Peaks, which was our grand finale, seemed to the writer to comprise a concentrated essence of much that is finest in Highland, in Norwegian and in Swiss scenery.

In conclusion the writer ventures to record some visits to unfrequented mountains of the Gold<sup>7</sup> (Columbia) Range made in early July during the course of his geological work in that region.

From Revelstoke and then from a high camp established at about 2,400 feet up Begbie Creek, R. M. B. Roome and I made the ascent of Mt. Begbie (8,962 feet); which, from information in the summit cairn, seemed to have been climbed but three times previously, the first party being of the Topographical Survey in 1911<sup>8</sup>, and making the ascent from the southward. On this occasion after an intense struggle through the forests and thick undergrowth of the northern side we emerged on the extensive glacier at about 6,800 feet. The most profitable, in a geological sense, as well as the most sporting route to the central summit seemed to lie by way of the northwestern arête, which plunges down steeply to the glacier. The arête was gained by traversing along a ledge low down on its eastern side that gave out on the crest of this feature above the initial rock tower. The ensuing climbing on the arête proved interesting though easy, and a final snow wall and cornice below the summit was surmounted without difficulty. The descent was made by the east ridge over rocks and steep snow, on the northern flank to the col between the Central and East peaks, and thence down the steep couloir (northward) to the glacier, camp being regained at dusk. The route of ascent and descent, involving nine and a half hours and four hours, respectively, from and to camp, can be plainly seen from Revelstoke.

Other interesting ascents included those of Peak 7,983 feet or Clachnacudainn, West (Wheeler), in Revelstoke National Park; of Joss Mountain 7,500 feet, south of Eagle River; and of Eagle Mountain, 7,700 feet, north of Eagle River. On the latter a fine rock climb of some 1,000 feet was obtained up the northeast face and finishing over the towers of the east ridge. Both Joss Mt. and Eagle Mt. are rendered accessible, on one side or another, by the presence of forest trails to serve the fire lookout stations on their summits.

The Gold (Columbia) Range possesses many fine looking peaks, which in spite of the difficulties of approach and their relatively inferior general altitude to that of the Selkirks, would seem to suggest that more attention by climbers should be paid them. The coming completion of the road round the Big Bend of the Columbia River should at least assist in affording greater access to the wild country in the northeastern parts of the Range, provided of course that means of negotiating the Columbia itself are available.

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7 By the ruling of the Geographic Board of Canada, April 2nd, 1918 (Sess. Paper No. 25b, p. 33 Appendix A, "Nomenclature of the Mountains of Western Canada") the name "Gold Range" was dropped, the mountains in that area being termed the Monashee Mountains of the Columbia System. (Editor.)

8 The main peak was first climbed in June, 1907, by the Rev. J. C. Herdman, the Rev. J. R. Robertson, Rupert Hagen with Edward Feuz, Jr. (Editor.)



## EUROPEAN ROCK CLIMBING

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BY MIRIAM E. O'BRIEN

Rock climbing in Europe is really a large subject to be treated in one article—or to be treated by one person. Look wherever you like on the map of Europe and you find invitations to the adventurous rock climber: Dolomites, Skye, Bregaglia, Kaisergebirge, Engelhorner, Lake District, Courmayeur, Wales, Chamonix, as well as places like our old friends, Zermatt and the Oberland, that extend their more cordial invitations to the snow and ice climber. I might as well admit at once, since it is likely to be only too obvious later, that I have not visited all the rock climbing districts, not even all that I have mentioned.

In the first place, I have never climbed in the British Isles. This is inexcusable. It isn't for lack of invitations, either, for one of my British friends wrote me once that if I would come over, he would gather together a "strong party" and see if they could not get me up some of the routes. Strong party? This may be a compliment, or it may not. I must qualify my title, therefore, and specify that "Europe" means "Continental Europe."

On the Continent there is a bewildering profusion of choices. First of all, there are those small massifs that serve as the Sunday or week-end training ground for rock climbers that live in big cities. The Saleve just outside Geneva trains many a Genevois for bigger things; the country around Dijon—the "Dijonnais"—boasts of cliffs that afford a splendid Sunday's entertainment; the rocks in the Forest of Fontainebleau harden muscles and develop technique for first ascents at Chamonix. In fact, they develop much more technique than is required as a general rule on the higher mountains, thus affording a very pleasant "margin of safety." I spent the winter of 1928-29 in Paris, and on almost every Sunday, except those I passed on ski in the High Alps, I climbed with a group of G.H.M. members on the Fontainebleau rocks. The most astonishing feats are performed on the twenty or thirty centers in the Forest. It is interesting to note that the correlation between success on the rock problems at "Bleau" and success on the big peaks of the Alps is relatively low: acrobatic agility and muscular strength, although desirable and necessary to a great extent, are not the most important factors in big climbs.

But all this is mere preparation for the serious business of climbing real mountains. Little boulders, and cliffs hidden in the trees, are at best a poor substitute for the long Alpine climb. To turn, then, to more important things, there are, in the first place, those groups of mountains, usually comparatively low, that are primarily rock climbing mountains—such as the Dolomites, the Kaisergebirge, the Engelhorner, the Bregaglia. The Dolomites, to my mind, stand out as the most interesting and important group of these. Formerly mostly Austrian, they are situated in what is now northern Italy, about half-way between Venice and Innsbruck. The main chain, some forty miles wide, runs east and west for about seventy-five miles, roughly from Bolzano (Bozen) on the west, to a few miles east of Cortina d'Ampezzo. Still farther west, directly north of Lake Garda, lies another group, usually not included in the Dolomites proper, running about twenty-five miles north and south with a width of eight miles. This, the Brenta Group, perhaps not so well known as the eastern Dolomites and not quite so accessible, is none the less a charming region with many excellent climbs.

There are many climbing centers in the Dolomites, the most convenient and the best known being Cortina d'Ampezzo. Not only are many of the best climbs near by, but, if one has a car available—or a guide with a motorcycle—one can reach in one day from Cortina almost all the

other Dolomite climbs. The Vajolet Towers, or the Campanile di Val Montanaia, if one is used to the long days of the Alps, can be done by leaving Cortina in the early morning and returning for dinner; the Adang Chimney on the Tschierspitze, by leaving Cortina after lunch. It is fair to say, however, that a fairly rapid pace is required for this sort of thing—a rapid pace both for wheels and legs.

Other centers are San Martino di Castrozza, in the south, for the Pala Group, the Campanile and Cima di Val di Roda, and so on; and Canazei on the Dolomite Road for the Marmolada, the Vajolet Towers, the Rosengarten, and the Sella Group (the Fünffingerspitze, Grohmannspitze and Sasso Lungo.) There are also numerous charming little places in more remote valleys, such as the Val Fiscalina, reached from Sesto, in the northwest corner of the Dolomite region, each with its interesting climbs. In the Brenta Group, probably the best centre is Madonna di Campiglio, although the group can be reached from other sides as well.

The Alpine Club huts in the Dolomite region bear no resemblance to the Italian huts in general, but are usually very good, clean small hotels, supplied with keepers. They were originally mostly Austrian—built by the D.C.E.A.V. —and were taken over by the Italians at the same time the mountains were. Although there are many of them they are often crowded by people on walking trips.

The Dolomites are comparatively low—the highest, the Marmolada, being only a little over 11,000 feet—and are entirely rock climbing peaks with the exception of the Marmolada, which has one small glacier. Snow and ice climbing, as it is practised in the High Alps, is unknown, but for difficult rock climbing the region is unsurpassed. The general formation of the mountains is bold and striking, with many slender spires and pinnacles and sheer, abrupt walls rising hundreds or even thousands of feet. Some of the most magnificent of these walls are those on the Tofana di Roces, the Rosengarten, the Civetta, the Marmolada. The rock, a magnesian limestone, is unusually firm and solid, and the peaks rise at angles that are sometimes astonishingly close to the perpendicular. The Campanile Basso di Brenta (Guglia di Brenta), for instance, rises “300 meters (1000 feet) with absolute verticality”<sup>1</sup> “In the first 80 meters of ascent of the south wall of the Torre Grande, (See illustration, p. 20), there is a deviation of but one meter from the vertical.”<sup>2</sup> The general impression obtained from climbing these walls is one of surmounting an interminable series of overhangs. When the climbing, in addition to being steep and exposed, is also delicate and the pitches long, the leader discards the regular climbing rope which might, with its weight, upset his balance, and wears a small fish-line strong enough only to pull up the regular rope when he reaches a secure stopping place.

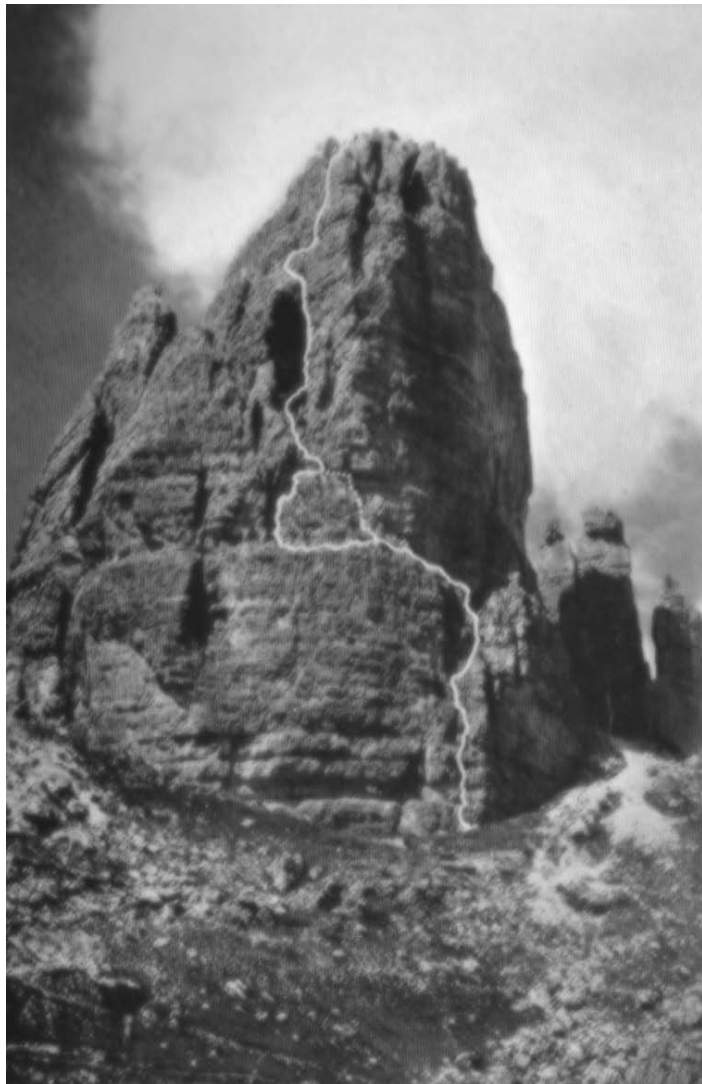
Although the general impression from a distance is of sheer and impossible steepness, closer examination of the rock shows a “solidified sponge” texture, rough, broken up, and sprinkled with little holes, much as the ordinary bath sponge would look if made in hard stone. Holds are omnipresent, although sometimes extraordinarily small. The tips of the fingers are very important in Dolomite climbing—strong finger-tips, delicacy, and balance. The feel of the rock is firm and pleasant—not like the Chamonix granite which is filled with little crystals and sharp-edged particles. Nailed boots are dangerous on this rock; since they cannot make any impression on a surface so hard, as they do on granite, they slip. The special Dolomite shoes—the *scarpe da gatto*, or “cat shoes”—have soles made of many layers of coarse woollen cloth (never rope or felt)

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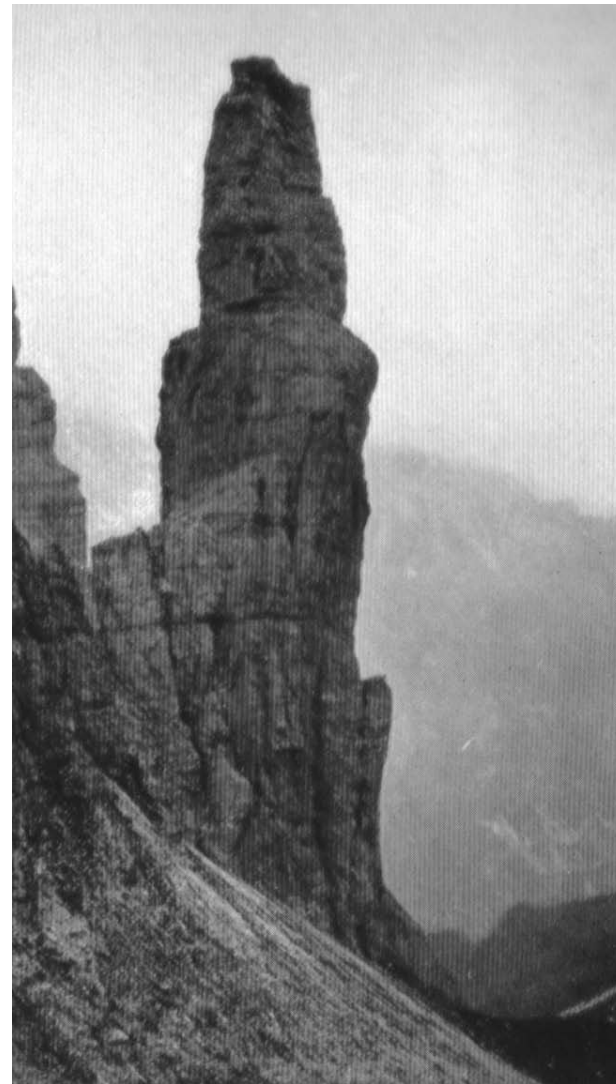
1 Pino Prati, *Dolomiti di Brenta*, p. 149.

2 *Appalachia*, Dec. 1928, p. 165.





South Wall Of The Torre Grande.  
*Cut. Courtesy Of Appalachia*



Campanile Di Val Montanaia.  
*Photo Miriam E. O'Brien*

closely stitched together. The sole, in the beginning, is almost half an inch thick, and is so sewn that the edges always remain rigid and unyielding, thus affording a secure hold on the sometimes very minute footholds. The cloth tears and frays out after a few minutes, and this roughened, ragged surface clings beautifully to the little asperities of the rocks. The length of life of these cloth soles depends on the length and difficulty of the climbs, and whether or not the rocks have been wet, but, although I once wore soles completely through on just three climbs, usually a dozen climbs is a fair average to expect from one set of soles.

Most of the climbs in the Dolomites are faces. Sharp ridges are so rare, due to the formation of the mountains, that the only such climb at Cortina, that on the Punta Fiammes, is called simply the "Spigolo" or the ridge. Upward progress is obtained sometimes by delicate and exposed climbing up the walls, but usually by means of chimneys and cracks, and traverses to get from one chimney to the next. Consequently, "chimney technique" is developed to a very high degree. Some of the younger Dolomite guides walk up the chimney, standing up straight in the middle, with one foot on each wall. They turn their ankles so that the soles of the shoes are flat against the rock wall, which is sufficiently rough to support them for the very short time before they take the next step. (See illustration, p. 29). It is beautiful to watch, but the method more usually employed by the timid tourist, however, is the "back and foot"—back or shoulders against one rock wall, and feet, one on each side of the chimney, alternately stepping back and forth, with each step a little higher.

Route finding in the Dolomites is hard, because there are no well-marked ridges, glaciers or other landmarks so helpful in other regions. Nor are there any nail scratches on the rocks. Most walls, chimneys, traverses, and platforms have a way of looking very much alike. In many ways it is a confusing region for guideless climbers, who, none the less, swarm over the mountains in large numbers, in July and August. A common device for finding the way down again is the leaving of small pieces of red paper at strategic points on the ascent.

It may be pertinent to point out here that of recent years there has been a tremendous advance in the technique of rock climbing—in technique, skill and daring—everywhere, and consequently, a tremendous change in standards of difficulty as applied to individual climbs. Nowhere is this more marked than in the Dolomites. The big classic climbs, the south wall of the Marmolada, the south wall of the Tofana di Roces, the traverse of the Vajolet Towers, the Schmitt Chimney on the Fiinffingerspitze, which, some years ago, were considered the high-water mark of rock climbing possibility, are now easy and are getting easier every year. And much harder climbs than those have gone the same way. The newer climbs, like the Via Direttissima on the Tofana, and the Via Solleder on the Civetta, cannot be mentioned in the same breath with those others, they are so incomparably more difficult. And standards are changing so rapidly that—who knows?—maybe these, too, will be superseded by others, although that now seems really "beyond the limits of possibility," as advances always seem a year or so before they occur. On one occasion last summer my guide pointed out to me in all seriousness that I could of course put no faith in the guidebook's evaluation of a certain climb, the Via Fehrmann on the Campanile Basso, as very difficult—because the book had been written in 1926! Four years were enough to make a very difficult climb relatively easy.

Besides the Dolomites, another region that specializes in increasingly difficult rock climbs is the Kaisergebirge, between Munich and Salzburg, in northeast Tirol and southeast Bavaria, on the Austro-German frontier. Although I have not climbed there yet, the information about the region which I have been gathering for some time, and which I pass on second-hand in condensed form, leads me to think that it is a region that every rock climber should know, and I should not be at all surprised if next summer saw me there for a few climbs. The massif is about twelve miles



Gertruderspitz In The Engelhørner.  
*Photo Miriam E. O'Brien*



Kaisergebirge. *Photo E. Solleder*  
The route lies horizontally across the wall, and the rope should be threaded through the three pitons.

long and nine miles wide, and is composed of two parallel east-west ridges, of which the northern is called the Zahmer Kaiser and the southern the Wilder Kaiser. Of the two chains, the Wilder Kaiser is by far the more important, especially its northern walls, which rise in general about 600 to 900 meters (2,000 to 3,000 feet) at an average inclination of 60 to 70 degrees.

The Kaisergebirge are part of the northern limestone Alps, resembling the Dolomites in their sharp peaks and bold rock formations. The rock is firm and good, and the routes are so often climbed by large numbers of people that no loose debris has a chance to collect. The region is extraordinarily popular and on Sundays and holidays is overrun by climbers—mostly from Munich. Members of the Academic Alpine Club of Munich, without guides, are responsible for most of the new and difficult routes, some of which are said to be astounding. Probably the standard of difficulty of the “tours de force” that are done here is at least as high as in the Dolomites, if not higher.

It is to the Kaisergebirge, also, that we look for the newest developments of those artificial aids in climbing—pitons, piton hammers, carabiner<sup>3</sup>, that make the extraordinarily difficult and exposed climbs justifiable or possible. One of my friends, a keen Kaisergebirge climber, has told me of a climb that requires on one pitch the threading of the rope through seven separate pitons, and he has evolved the ingenious idea of wearing two ropes, and threading them alternately, so that one rope goes through only three pitons and the other through only four! This decreases the pull on each rope, and makes it much easier to proceed.

Another group of limestone mountains, a little nearer home, in that more familiar region of the Alps farther west, are the Engelhorn of the Bernese Oberland. This massif is composed of a ridge, not more than two or three miles long, of which the highest summit is 9,000 feet. The little group lies above Meiringen, to the south, and can be approached either from there or over the Grosse Scheidegg from Grindelwald. The usual base of operations is Rosenlauri, or the Engelhorn Hut which lies an hour or so above Rosenlauri in a little valley on the west side of the ridge, from which the best climbs are readily accessible. The region has always seemed to me to provide rock climbing that is amusing without being startling, and my opinion is shared by a young Grindelwald guide whom I met recently in the Engelhorn Hut. He had just returned from his first trip to the Dolomites, and he told me that since that trip, the Engelhorn were “not nearly so steep as they used to be.”

The Macdonald Chimney on the Simelistock is usually considered the hardest bit of climbing. The one step required to get out of that chimney at the top is really difficult, but it cannot be said that the ensemble of difficulties compares with those on one of the average Dolomite climbs. The main, classic climb is the traverse, along the ridge, of the six summits of the Mittelgruppe (or Middle Group) from the Gemsensattel to the Simelisattel. Sometimes the traverse is continued over two more peaks, the Gross and the Klein Simelistock. I have led this traverse, a fact which I report, not so much in a spirit of boastfulness, as to indicate that there is nowhere any great difficulty in it. There is one little overhang on the Gertrudspitz that affords a good excuse for letting the second man carry the leader's rucksack, and the start up the Gross Simelistock by the “Egg (corner),” from the Simelisattei, is not any too reassuring for one who is doing it for the first time. One can also traverse the entire group by starting from the Dossen Hut and going over the Gstellihorn, but here, also, I believe that no unusual difficulties are encountered. There are said to be harder climbs up the side walls of the different Engelhorn peaks, with which I am not acquainted, and which may be

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3 Carabiner—a metal ring that snaps open on one side so that it can be inserted in the eye of the piton, and the rope in turn inserted in it. This obviates the need of unroping in order to pass the rope through the piton.

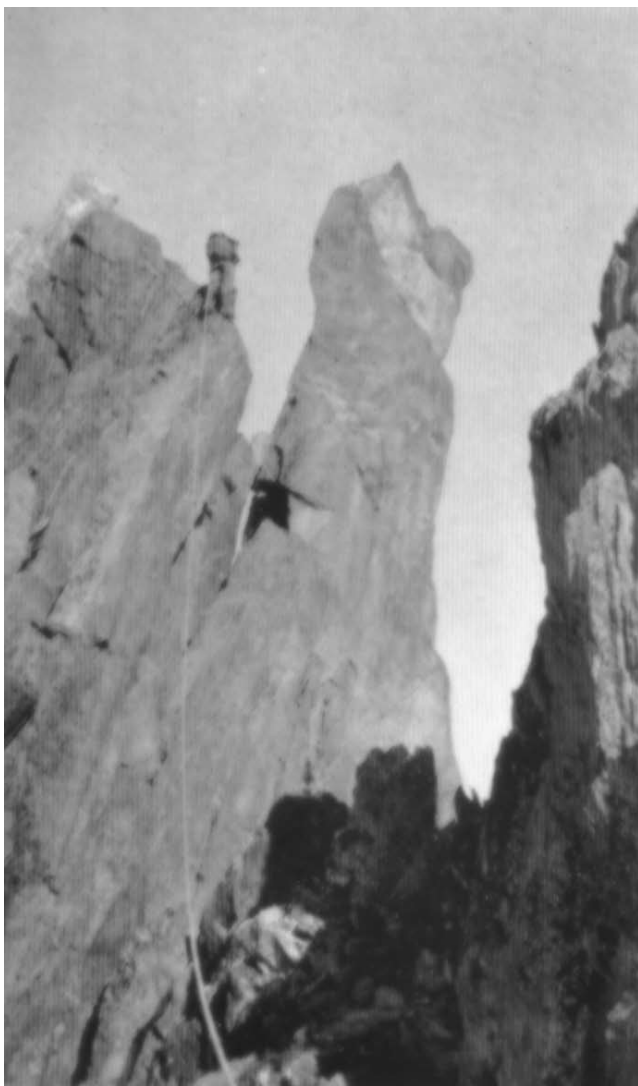
of real difficulty, but in any case they must, of necessity, be short. But the Engelhorner climbing is good fun, and not by any means so easy as to be boring. And—the best part of all—it is a very comforting thing to know, when the snow lies deep on the Finsteraarhorn and the Wetterhorn, that next door is a nice little massif that will provide good amusement until the big peaks clear off.

One more good uncertain-weather or early-season massif is the Bregaglia in eastern Switzerland. The road from the Engadine south to Chiavenna and the Italian Lakes, on the southern side of the Maloja Pass, winds through the beautiful Val Bregaglia, or Bergell. East of the road rises the group of peaks of the same name. It is a group considerably larger than the Engelhorner and made accessible by two or three good huts. The summits run about 10,000 or 11,000 feet in height. Although they are rock climbing peaks, there are, at least, plenty of glaciers in sight and also the giants of the Bernina Group. This region, I feel, deserves more extended notice but, to my great regret, the only time I was there, it was too early in the season, and the peaks were still snow covered. They are said, however, to offer very fine climbing—the Ago di Sciora being one especially recommended.

All these regions thus far described have been regions exclusively for rock climbing, and affording the best possible opportunities for this sport. But even the most ardent rock climber sometimes feels that in them there is something lacking—some feel of the “Haute Montagne.” This sort of peak is too near, too low. Some of us feel cheated out of the essence of a big Alpine climb unless we have to start soon after midnight and trudge long weary hours with a candle lantern up over scree slopes and interminable moraines, glacier and snow, and easy rock, before we get to our rock climbing. We like the feeling of its being a big expedition. And there are even some who like to have their rock climbing itself varied and relieved with jumping a few bergschrunds, cutting a few steps, or simply wandering over the high snowfields. For those, then, who prefer the varied and long climb, the feeling of remoteness and inaccessibility, there is nothing but the High Alps themselves, the Mont Blanc massif or the big peaks of the Valais or the Oberland.

On these big peaks it is usually necessary to sacrifice some of the technical difficulties of the rock climbing—except in the Mont Blanc massif—and to take into consideration a new set of difficulties and dangers. In the first place, there is much greater danger of stone-falls on those peaks where there is melting snow and ice above. Long-distance changes in the weather take on a new importance on the longer climbs. The possible forced bivouac is a more serious matter at 14,000 feet than at 9,000. These are objective dangers—those that are out of the control of the individual—and it seems to me that in the higher mountains, the objective dangers increase and the subjective ones show some diminution.

Subjective dangers are those derived from faults of the individual himself, imperfections in his skill, poise, nerve and judgment. These are obviously much graver, for instance, for a solitary climber on an exposed and vertical rock wall, than for one who climbs the Matterhorn or the Wetterhorn by the regular route. In former days, climbers accepted objective dangers as an integral part of mountaineering, and were not concerned with subjective dangers because they did not in general do the sort of climbing where subjective dangers were predominant. But styles are changing. Some climbers have found that there is considerable satisfaction to be derived from overcoming these subjective dangers, and a uselessness in exposing oneself to too much of the other kind. The modern tendency seems to be to prefer the subjective danger to the objective. And I should like here to enter a protest against the type of mind, usually encountered in rather elderly climbers, that deplors the “risks” that the modern rock climber runs, while at the same time characterizing climbs like the northeast face of the Finsteraarhorn, where there is for long periods of time great danger from falling stones, as “magnificent.”



Adolf Rubi On The Ridge Of The Dreieckshorn.  
*Photo Miriam E. O'Brien*



Herman Pollinger On The Teufelsgrat, Zermatt.  
*Photo Miriam E. O'Brien*

I shall treat the following regions more briefly, in the belief that they are already better known to most climbers.

The Mont Blanc massif is the region par excellence for rock climbing that is at the same time high Alpine mountaineering. Chamonix granite is famous among rock climbers of every nationality, and justly so, for nowhere else in the High Alps will you find such firm and solid rock. Granite climbing is quite different from limestone climbing. In the first place, granite comes in larger, smoother blocks; the handholds are not so numerous, but when they do occur, they are likely to be good, big ones for the whole hand or arm. There are some delicate slabs at Chamonix, but in general it can be said that the climbing is rather of the “strong-arm” type and strenuous. Traversing the Grépon and digging a ditch in the street with a pick-axe are both hard, muscular work, and neither one of them requires any particular delicacy. Almost all climbing here is done in nailed boots, which hold very well on the granite. There is also the practical consideration that the boots must be carried along anyway, since they are necessary for the snow and ice parts of the climbs, and boots are notoriously lighter on the feet than in the rucksack.

The Canadian Alpine Journal is not large enough to hold descriptions of all the Chamonix climbs. I can simply say that there are many magnificent ones, pure rock climbs or combinations of rock and ice in any desired proportions. The biggest that I have done there is the traverse of the Aiguilles du Diable, which, with the Mont Blanc du Tacul, makes six summits of over 4,000 meters to be climbed in one day. The most difficult pitch—an overhang that must be surmounted by jamming the ice-axe or the fist in a small, obtuse-angled vertical crack above—occurs on the Isolee (See illustration opposite).

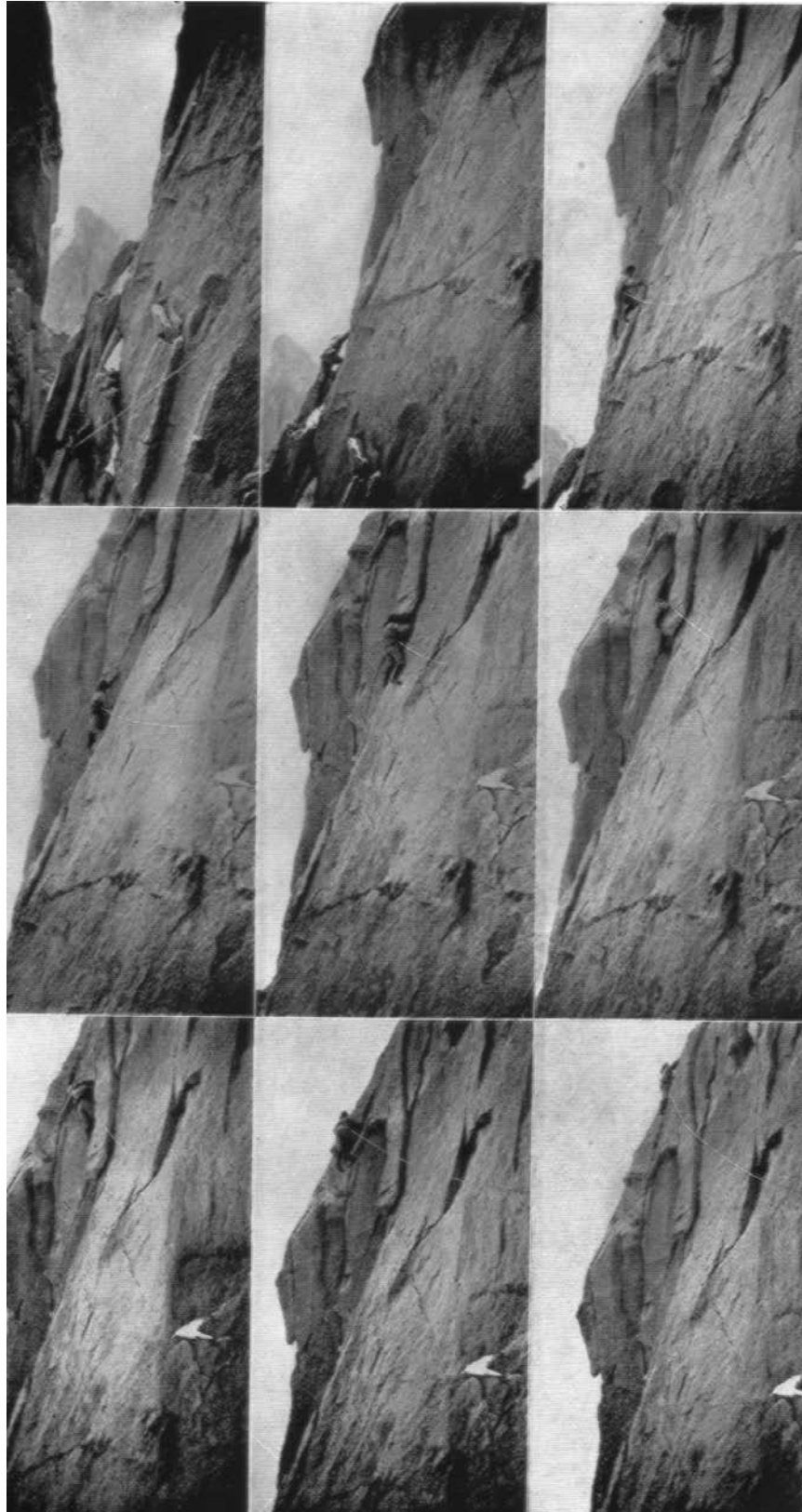
The Aiguilles de Chamonix, that group of needles starting with the Aiguille du Midi and running northeast, bounded on one side by the Glacier du Géant and the Mer de Glace, and on the other side by the Chamonix valley, probably has the largest number of important climbs. This includes the classic Grépon—which, by the way, has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, having been traversed by two women<sup>4</sup> alone! The Peigne has suffered a similar fate.

A close second to the Aiguilles de Chamonix is the group of the Aiguille Verte, to the east of the Mer de Glace, containing the Drus. That section which includes the Moine, the Nonne, the Eveque, etc., is one of the best regions in the Alps in which to begin guideless climbing—the climbs, although varied and interesting, are not too long or too hard, and the routes are comparatively easy to find. The Grandes Jorasses group, also, contains many splendid climbs, but not for the beginner in guideless climbing. For rainy weather, the small massif of the Aiguilles Rouges, on the northwest side of the Chamonix valley, affords a good training ground. The region is plentifully supplied with huts, which are terribly overcrowded, badly equipped, and dirty. New ones are being built, however.

Although Chamonix, in France, is the more usual point of departure for the Mont Blanc massif, Courmayeur, on the Italian side of the range, deserves more attention than it usually gets from non-Italian climbers. Because Courmayeur is the starting point for the great southern ridges of Mont Blanc, among the most magnificent snow and ice climbs in the Alps, some people overlook the fact that there are many excellent rock climbs there as well. In general, the rock at Courmayeur is looser than on the other side of the chain, but of the same general character. There are several splendid routes on the Aiguille Noire de Peteret—whose south ridge was climbed for the first time last summer,—the Dames Anglaises, and the Italian ridges of the Grandes Jorasses, to mention only

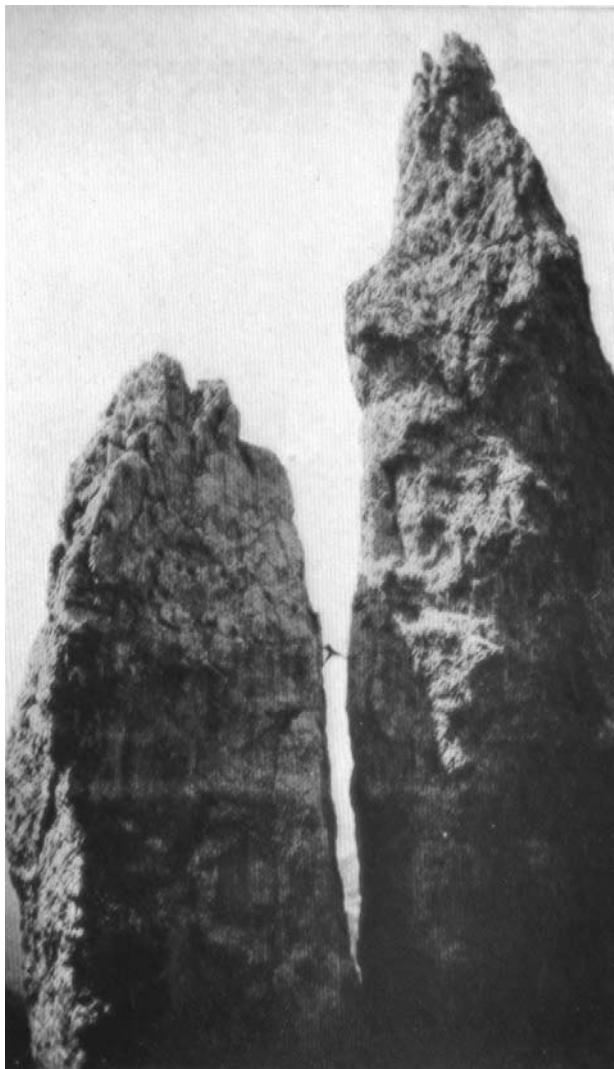
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4 Miss M. E. O'Brien and Madame Alice Damesme. (Ed.)

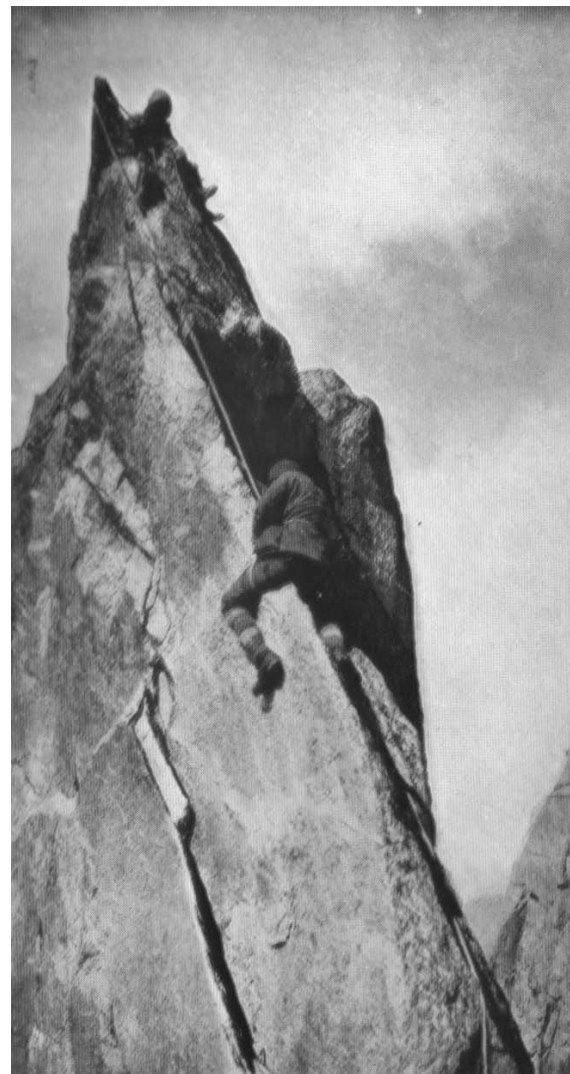


Armand Charlet Climbing L'Isolée In The Aiguilles Du Diable, Chamonix.  
*Cut Courtesy Of Appalachia, Miriam O'Brien*





Angelo Dimai Demonstrating "Chimney Technique"  
In The Dolomites. *Photo By Ghedina*  
Torre Leo on the left, Torre Del Diavalo on right.



Point Carmen. Aiguilles Du Diable, Chamonix.  
*Photo Miriam E. O'Brien*  
Robert Underhill climbing the summit ridge "A Cheval".

a few. Since Courmayeur is low (4,000 feet), and mountain railways, like the ones at Chamonix, non-existent, the climbs are long. But there is an adequate hut system and the Italian Alpine Club, in addition to the regular huts, is putting up at little-visited points fixed bivouacs—semicircular shelters that hold three or four people.

At the present time there are some political complications to climbing in Italy, especially where crossing the frontier is involved. Only the Col du Géant, in this region, was «open» last summer. Theoretically, one is not allowed to have in one's possession either topographical maps or an unsealed camera. But in all this my experience has been that the "bark is worse than the bite." One can even get permission to take photographs by asking the proper authorities.<sup>5</sup>

Outside of the Mont Blanc group—in fact, except for Chamonix—there is practically no really solid rock in the High Alps, which has a great effect on the type of rock climbing that can be done. Exposed and difficult climbing is not possible on loose rock; on the other hand, loose rock presents problems of its own, that require sometimes great delicacy and judgment. And when the situation is complicated by snow and ice on the rocks, there are new difficulties, which are, however, not strictly difficulties of rock-climbing.

A very typical loose-rock region is the Dauphine, some hundred miles south of Chamonix, near Grenoble. The best centre is La Berarde. Although there is a good deal of rock climbing there, very little of the rock is really firm. The approaches to the peaks are long and often over scree. The Meije, the best known of the Dauphine climbs, is an amusing traverse of moderate difficulty. An interesting variant is the Arête de la Breche, a ridge climb on comparatively good rock. Big climbs have been done on some of the faces in the Dauphine, notably on the Meije and the Ailefroide, which climbs were, however, reported to be complicated by loose rock and considerable danger of falling stones. The best thing about the Dauphine is that, lying so far south as it does, its peaks are often free from snow earlier than those of the same size farther north. A good thing to remember in bad seasons.

Zermatt is another region of comparatively loose rock, although the average climb is on a bigger scale than those in the Dauphine. At Zermatt there are no small rock climbs, with the exception of the Schuhhorn in the valley, the Riffelhorn with its Matterhorn Couloir, and the little Leiterspitz—a ridge climb on outrageously loose rock. The characteristic rock climbs at Zermatt are the tremendous ridges, like the Teufelsgrat, the Rothhorngrat, the Schalligrat, the Viereselgrat, which are big climbs. I did the Teufelsgrat one year for the first climb of the season, and found it distinctly too long. They depend, however, to a large degree on pure magnitude—length and altitude—for their reputations. The rock is generally unreliable, is often mixed with snow and ice, or covered with verglas, but, except for occasional pitches, is rarely of great technical difficulty. There are almost no rock climbs on faces at Zermatt, perhaps because there is so much more danger from falling stones than on the ridges.

Arolla and Saas-Fee, on either side of the Zermatt valley, are favorite training grounds and centers for guideless climbing, particularly with British climbers. The Jagigrat at Saas-Fee, and, at Arolla, the Aiguille de la Za by the face and the traverse of the Aiguilles Rouges are decidedly amusing. This, of course, does not take account of some fine mixed climbs at both places.

The rock climbs in the Bernese Oberland are few in comparison to the snow and ice climbs, and no one looking primarily for technically difficult rock climbing would go to the Oberland for it. With the exception of the splendid route of Dr. Finzi on the Scheidegg face of the Wetterhorn

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<sup>5</sup> Write to: Commando Divisione Militare, Novara, about a week in advance.

—the best rock climb that has been done in the Oberland recently,—most rock climbs there present difficulties due to loose rock, snow and ice, verglas, or other extraneous factors. The difficulty of the east ridge of the Jungfrau, for instance, comes from a combination of loose rock and verglas; that of the west ridge of the Wetterhorn, from loose rock (and fresh snow, when we did it); that of the northeast face of the Finsteraarhorn, from loose rock and, near the top, an ice coating over the loose rock. These are all, however, first class climbs. The traverse of the Schreckhorn by the southwest ridge, the Lauteraargrat, and descent by the southwest ridge of the Lauteraarhorn, is a splendid climb, long, amusing, and of moderate difficulty. The Mittellegi ridge on the Eiger is amusing and of very moderate difficulty. Perhaps the Welligrat—a sort of connecting link between the Engelhorner and the big Oberland peaks—might be mentioned; it should be classified as agreeable and easy. The best rock climb that I have so far found in the Oberland is the traverse of the Dreieckhorner ridge, from north of the Olmenhorn to the Klein Dreieckhorn. There are parts of it where the rock is relatively solid, resembling Chamonix granite, and the gendarmes are legion.

I must emphasize once more, that this is a summary of rock climbing possibilities at various centers and that the Oberland and Valais, which here seem relatively unimportant, would necessarily occupy a far more prominent place in an article on mountaineering in general.

#### GUIDEBOOKS TO THE REGIONS DESCRIBED

##### DOLOMITES:

*Le Dolomiti Orientali*, by Antonio Berti, Milan, 1928.

*Dolomiti di Brenta*, by Pino Prati, Trento, 1926.

##### KAISERGEBIRGE:

*Führer druch das Kaisergebirge*, by Heinrich Schwaigei' and Georg Leuchs, Munich.

Frequent editions.

##### ENGELHOERNER:

*Clubführer durch die Engelhörner*, by the Akademischer Alpenclub Bern, Berne, 1914, and supplements.

##### BREGAGLIA:

*S.A.C. Clubführer durch die Graubündner Alpen*, Vol. IV., *Südliches Bergell*.

##### CHAMONIX AND COURMAYEUR:

*Guide Vallot*, Haute Montagne, Vol. I. *Les Aiguilles de Chamonix*. Second edition, Paris, 1926.

Same. Vol. II. *L'Aiguille Verte*, Paris, 1926.

Same. Vol. IV. *Mont Blanc et la Tour Ronde*, Paris, 1930.

Same. Vol. V. *Les Aiguilles Rouges*, Paris, 1928. (Same. Vol. III., on the Grandes Jorasses, will appear shortly.) *Guide de la Chaîne du Mont Blanc*, by Louis Kurz, third edition, Payot, Lausanne, etc., 1927 (for the Jorasses).

##### DAUPHINE:

*Dauphiné-Führer*, by W. A. B. Coolidge, translated into French and brought up to date by Jeanne and Tom de Lépiney (G.H.M. edition), 1924.

##### VALAIS:

*S.A.C. Guide des Alpes Valaisannes*, Vol. I., *Ferret-Collon*. Can be obtained in French and German. Same. Vol. II, *Collon-Théodule*.

Same. Vol. III, *Théodule-Simplon*, 1930 edition.

##### OBERLAND:

The S.A.C. is preparing a guidebook to this region, which will be published shortly.

## NEW CLIMBS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES IN 1930

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BY J. W. A. HICKSON

When the writer was looking through the proof sheets of the second edition of Palmer and Thorington's *Climber's Guide to the Canadian Rockies*, in the winter of 1930, he was surprised to notice that Edward Feuz and himself were credited with the first ascent of Cataract Peak 10,935 ft. in Pipestone Valley, about 16 miles in a direct line north of Lake Louise. Turning up some old notes and examining the maps, the names on which have been frequently changed, he came to the conclusion that this peak had been mistaken for one on the west side of Drummond Glacier, of which he and Feuz had made the first ascent 20 years previously. He discovered further that Cataract Peak had not been climbed, and he kept it in mind as a possible objective in the event of a change of plan which then centered around another trip to the Assiniboine and British Military Groups. But for this he counted on the company of several friends all of whom failing to appear on the scene determined him to attempt something lying less far afield.

Lake Louise was reached on July 14th. On the following day I asked Feuz and another Swiss Guide to point out Cataract Peak, and on their doing so, I surprised them by the information that it was a virgin summit. That any peak approaching 11,000 ft., and on so well known a trail as the Pipestone, had not been climbed, appeared indeed astonishing. Later, Ernest Feuz informed me that Mr. Howard Palmer had explored the approaches to it when they had been on a visit to the Clearwater Peaks, in 1927; but unfavorable weather, combined with limited time, excluded any attempt being made on it. Next day, from the Devil's Thumb, we had a better view of the peak, saw other peaks beyond it to the north, which were also virgin summits, as well as the dark unclimbed column of Mount Molar, which many times before had excited our interest, and now challenged us again. Here seemed quite enough material to engage us for a couple of weeks, or longer, if we desired.

We started rather late on the 19th up the Pipestone, owing to delay at Brewster's Camp, caused by the illness of Percy Bennett, who was to be the cook and head guide of the pack train, and whose place was taken most capably by an old acquaintance, Pete Lagace. Jack Rea, from Banff, was his competent assistant. That night, we made camp about 200 yards south of the junction of the Pipestone and Little Pipestone, almost opposite the influx of Molar Creek, at an altitude of 6,000 ft., whence a most striking view of the Molar massif is obtainable.

There was considerable delay again next morning in moving camp owing to the difficulty of finding the horses which had strayed away and got mixed up with a large herd that was grazing a mile further down the trail. Being impatient, Feuz and I rode ahead. The trail leads under an attractive looking peak on the right, on the northwest side of the Drummond Glacier, which we afterwards climbed from that Icefield. Good views were obtained of the southwest side of Cataract Peak, and when the pack train came up with us, we decided to detour into a valley on that side, the valley of Fossil Creek, and reconnoitre the mountain from there. These had been two short days on the trail; the weather was fine and the only drawback was the mosquitoes which were terribly active.

The 21st was a brilliant and cloudless day. Feuz and I started at 8 o'clock to explore a route up the peak. Immediately above the camp, 6,250 ft., the grassy slopes are open and very steep. In two hours we were well above timber line and directed our steps to a col between the main peak and a considerably lower southwestern spur which is marked on the Park Map of 1923 as 9,454 ft., and which for some years figured exclusively as Cataract Peak. On the col and the snow immediately

above it were some 20 sheep which appeared in no wise alarmed until we were comparatively close. We gained the col approximately 9,000 ft., at 11.30 o'clock, and were delighted by the fine views of the Lake Louise Peaks, Mount Hector, Pipestone Pass, the Clearwater Peaks and of nearer ones to the north and northeast, some of them about 10,000 ft., and most of which are not only not climbed, but unnamed. After lunching on a gravel slope, a little above the col, Feuz went up a couple of hundred feet further, to scan the ridge and judge of the feasibility of the ascent from this side, which in any event we did not intend to attempt that day. He reported unfavourably, saying that it would require quite a detour with a descent on the snow to gain the upper part of the northwestern ridge, which could be better approached from the northern side. In itself, this was no great disappointment, because there was a respectable looking unclimbed summit immediately to the north of our peak, which could probably be attempted from the same valley. We were, however, somewhat disappointed on observing, by means of the glass, that a peak on the north end of the Drummond Glacier, the precipitous tongue of which was in clear view, and above the end of Fossil Creek Valley, and marked on the R.M.P. Map as being 10,395 ft., was evidently crowned with a cairn, for we had intended to try it from our present camp.<sup>1</sup> After enjoying the vitalizing sunshine for an hour, we turned back and decided to make a shift on the morrow.

From Fossil Creek Camp, an old trail, probably Indian, was followed along the right bank of the Pipestone, the main trail being on the left, to Cataract Fall, a ribbon-like water shoot, which descends over smooth slabs, for several hundred ft. Here are several well-marked and obviously frequently used camping sites. Rea and the writer remained in the main valley with the horses, while Feuz and Lagace rode up the lateral one to find a camping ground, nearer Cataract Peak. A storm which approached from the south and threatened to overtake us was brushed away by a sudden change of wind. In an hour the reconnoitering party returned with the welcome news that we could stay comfortably about 1,000 ft. higher up. Four pack horses brought up the necessary baggage, and after a camp was established at 7,300 ft. on the edge of the creek from which the Fall issues, Rea returned to the main valley to look after the horses and the supplies.

In perfect weather Feuz and the writer set out next morning at 5.10 o'clock. It was easy crossing the Creek at that hour. A moraine led up to some snow that lay between the tongues of the glacier, which descends on the north side of Cataract Peak. On the east there is also a glacier which forms a fair sized tarn on that side, with a smaller one below, above a very barren looking valley. These are the sources of Roaring Creek.<sup>2</sup> This glacier swings around and connects with the one on the northern side. At 8,500 ft. the rope was put on, and height was gained over the snow, which was in excellent condition, and required only an occasional chipping to make one's steps secure. Here and there patches of scree and islands of rock lay between the snow and added a little variety to the ascent. By 8 o'clock we were on the upper snow on the northwest side and a little higher, about 9,400 ft., than the col which we had reached two days before. It was a lovely windless day. The rope was put aside, and we ascended by the ridge over easy rock, for some 700 ft. Then the ridge became steeper, much steeper than we expected, and than the pictures show, and we roped again. Smooth slabs and steep short rock towers had to be surmounted which were quite precipitous on the further or eastern face, down which we had to climb; for after turning one of them, and finding this manoeuvre more risky than climbing over them, we traversed the ridge to the summit, which was gained at 10.20 o'clock. Our barometer showed 10,900 ft. After enjoying

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1 This peak is not catalogued in Palmer and Thorington's *Climber's Guide*, 2nd edition. It is less attractive when viewed from the Drummond Icefield.

2 A fact to which M. P. Bridgland first called attention in an attractive article in the *C. A. J.* volume XVIII, page 53.



The "Three Brothers" From Little Cataract. *Photo Edward Feuz*



North-West Side Of Cataract Peak From Little Cataract. *Photo Edward Feuz*

some food and building a cairn we crossed the Summit Ridge to the southeast end, which looked almost as high as the point first reached, and on it also we placed a mark of our visit.

Owing to its comparative isolation from loftier points, Cataract Peak is an unusually favorable viewpoint. One can hardly refrain from commenting on the splendour and extensiveness of the scenery, even though one feels unable to give any adequate description of its range, variety, and magnificence. The atmosphere was marvelously clear, and there were just sufficient masses of white cloud moving around, tinged underneath with brown tones reflected from the peaks, to produce the most entrancing contrast of light and shadow. It was perhaps the finest panoramic view of the Rockies which had been afforded us in twenty years. Immediately below us on the west side of Pipestone Valley lay the beautiful plateau of the Fish lakes, of which four could be plainly seen. From Mount Joffre to Mount Columbia the main range of the Rockies was distinctly visible. Sir Douglas Haig, Assiniboine, the Lake Louise Group, Hector, Dolomite Peak, the Mummies, Freshfield, Chephren, the Lyells, Forbes, Saskatchewan, Amery, with glacier gleaming white on its southern side, to mention only a few of the most prominent peaks, showed up strikingly. Further to the west were conspicuous the Purcells, Sir Donald, Iconoclast, and Sir Sandford. Much nearer on the northwest, the Clearwater Peaks, among which Mounts Willingdon and Harris and Mr. Palmer's Recondite Peak were easily distinguished. We could see down Roaring Creek to Martin Lake. Immediately to the North between our Peak and Clearwater River, there stood out on both sides of this creek, half a dozen unclimbed summits over 10,000 ft., and of varying attractiveness. On the southeast our old acquaintances, St. Bride and Douglas, held our gaze. Only on the east was there little to excite admiration. Between the peaks in this direction, which are mainly scree and shale piles, we could see to the prairies: a magnificent and exhilarating scene with the aesthetic enjoyment of which the analytical eye of the mountaineer, accustomed to fix itself on routes up new peaks, did not on this occasion interfere. The peaks were too far off to be closely inspected and the magical influence of the hills, once again reviving the unsophisticated feelings of youth, allowed us to bathe ourselves in a sea of delightful and peaceful meditation.

After an hour and a half on top in brilliant sunshine, which can never be too strong on such places, we descended over rock ledges and scree slopes, skirting on our left the ridge up which we had climbed. Loose stones on the rocks on which hand-holds were scarce, made one feel more comfortable with the rope. Patches of snow between the rock bands aided considerably, and in an hour we got down to the head of the glacier, at which the steeper climbing had commenced. Here on the snow plateau we rested, finished some excellent coffee and photographed, unfortunately omitting to take a picture of the next peak we were to attack. Proceeding down the snow, which was in perfect condition for the purpose, we soon joined up with the morning route. At 8,000 ft. the rope was finally dispensed with. Camp was reached at 2.40 o'clock. Heavy rain fell for a short time around five. Mosquitoes continued to be savagely active. A dozen sheep were counted on a bluff of Cataract Peak opposite the camp, and a couple of them approached within a hundred yards.

Next morning the barometer was lower, but the sunshine was still brilliant. The flies were incessantly busy through the day. Around 5 p.m. there was heavy rain, the temperature fell, and during the night there was frost. The morning of the 25th looked promising, and we left camp at 5.15 to try the virgin peak immediately to the north.

At the outset it was easy going over grass and scree slopes. We worked up the western side, and after traversing a series of gradually mounting ledges, came down into a gully which runs between a remarkable rock tower, in which the western ridge culminates, and the upper slab-like cliffs that form a plaque some 800 ft. in height. We ascended the gully under a rock wall and over

hard snow, and came out on the col immediately below the plaque at 8.45 o'clock. Here, after a nibble of chocolate, we put on our Kletterschuhe, left our ruck sacks and roped. With the aid of an ice-axe, it was not difficult walking up the slabs, which were inclined at about 30°, were covered with small nodules and seamed with tiny horizontal cracks. Hand holds were altogether lacking and were unnecessary. This sort of walking brought into play muscles that had not been used for some time. The ascent was helped by an unpleasantly cool wind, which before long drove us from the top, reached at 10 o'clock, estimated to be 10,200 ft., but not before we had looked carefully at three unclimbed peaks, north of our peak, which we designated "The Three Brothers." It is doubtful, if they will afford very interesting climbing. Below them lies a rockbound glacier-fed lake. For our new conquest we suggest the name of Little Cataract. After putting up two cairns we came down in half an hour to the col, where we spent almost an hour, pleasantly protected from the wind. An easy traverse to the left circumvented the gully, and varying our route also lower down, we reached camp at 1.30. No time was lost in partaking of refreshments and packing up our scanty baggage, and at 3.25 we were all re-assembled at Cataract Fall Camp where heavy rain, now a daily performance of half an hour, fell around six o'clock. Percy Bennett unexpectedly joined us while we were having supper.

A night of rain, thunder and lightning ensued, followed by a stormy day during which snow fell around the camp. On the 27th we were able to move down the Pipestone and up Molar Creek, where we pitched camp on its western side opposite Molar Mountain, at 6,300 ft. On the way there were fine views of St. Bride, Douglas and Hector, the fresh snow greatly heightening the attractiveness of the peaks.

From our camp on its southwest side Molar Tower presented a very forbidding aspect. Its south face, which is seen from Lake Louise, is composed of smooth cliffs below, broken higher up into unclimbable gendarmes, which do not appear capable of being turned. The east side, which we had scanned with the glass on our way up and down the Pipestone, looked impossible. We decided, therefore, to attempt the climb on the northwest or north side.

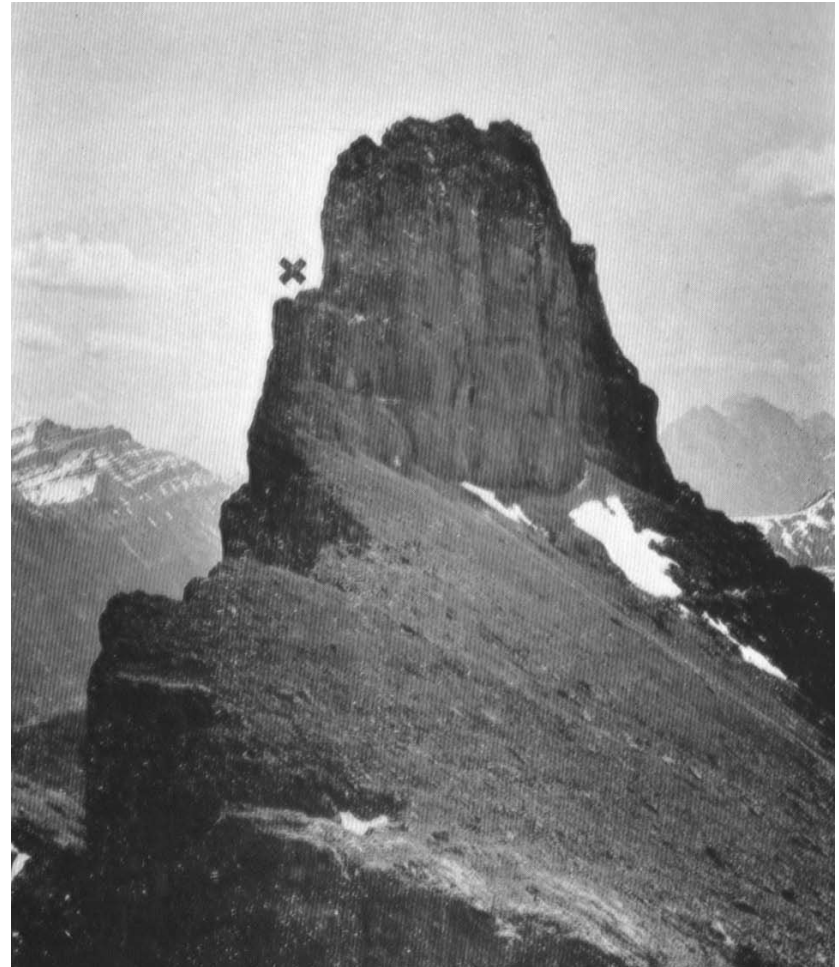
Starting at six o'clock we had an uninteresting ascent over grass, fallen timber and boulders, for some 1,400 ft. Then followed morainal debris and large boulders, and a scramble up the middle of the huge lower rock band connecting the two summits. The higher and very easy northern one, 9,924 ft., had been long ago climbed; our objective the southern peak, we estimated to be 300 ft. lower. Above the rock band, which is steeper near the top, one comes out on a wide gravel slope, by which we reached the saddle, 9,100 ft., at ten o'clock. After a short rest we went up the easy ridge leading to the tower, for some 100 ft., and were then brought to a halt by a precipitous buttress.

We put on our Kletterschuhe, and Feuz climbed up the rock face. I was about to follow when he called down to wait. During the next twenty minutes I heard stones falling a little way off, and then he re-appeared from around the cliffs on the western side. After discussing what he reported, we both proceeded in that direction and worked up a short couloir in the northwest wall to a platform directly under a chimney, perpendicular and narrow, with insecure rock on its right side. I waited here while Feuz went up this 25 ft. split with rope securely belayed. At the top of the chimney one turns to the left and uses a small crack that leads to the very short arête, which runs into the wall of yellowish rock forming the main buttress of the summit ridge. Feuz soon returned to the top of the chimney to say that it was useless to come up, because it was impossible to attempt the final buttress, inasmuch as it overhung slightly, and there was no split in it for some 20 ft. Without spikes and a drill, "there was nothing doing." As it was equally impossible to traverse around it, either on the left or the right, we came down and returned to the col where we spent almost an





Cataract Peak From Molar Col.  
*Photo Edward Feuz*



Molar Tower. *Photo Edward Feuz*  
The cross marks the point reached

hour. Descending slowly we reached camp around 4.30 p.m., on the way obtaining an excellent view of the glacier on Mount Hector, which from Molar Creek would provide a new route, and probably an interesting climb.

On the 29th we moved down to the Pipestone and proceeded up the Little Pipestone to the Red Deer. The trail was in good condition and very pleasant in its wooded part, and afforded a splendid retrospective view of the Molar summits. At the Pipestone Cabin 7,000 ft., we met Mr. Alfred Castle, with his son and daughter, and a large pack train bound in the direction whence we had come. Proceeding further up the trail, and passing the summit of the Red Deer, we explored in vain the ground suitable for a camp near the tongue of the Drummond Glacier, before eventually settling down at 6,850 ft. on an evidently much used camping site, about a mile beyond the cabin. It was a snug place directly opposite to the unclimbed Oyster Peak, with interesting views of the Douglas-St. Bride Massif on which we could easily pick out our route of 1910; but alas, very attractive to mosquitoes and bulldog flies which were viciously active and greatly marred the enjoyment of life outside the tents. Not since the trip to Mount Fryatt had the writer experienced such fierce attacks. In the evening some deer came into camp and even sniffed under the packs looking for food. A young police dog belonging to Bennett kept them at a distance.

The next day was warm and bright; we loafed, examined maps, tried by the help of smudges to read, notwithstanding the pestiferous attacks of flies, and decided to explore the Drummond Glacier next day. The mosquitoes in the morning swarmed around and pursued us to about 8,400 ft.; so that Feuz would not stop for a minute until we were well up on the ice. His back and neck, and probably my own, were covered with insects, which he kept sweeping away with a huge handkerchief while muttering imprecations on them and the district. We had thought of attempting Mount Drummond, still unclimbed, on the east side of the ice-field, but the appearance of its huge shale slopes proving too unattractive, we altered our plan and made instead for the peak further away on the northwest side of the glacier, of which mention has already been made. The ascent which was mostly on snow provided no difficulties. The lower part of the glacier was very wet on account of melting snow, but higher up it was in fine condition. We roped at 8,600 ft., and skirted the base of Cyclone Peak which we had climbed on our first visit to the vicinity. Above 9,000 ft. we struck a well marked game trail in the snow and reached the foot of the final rock ridges at 11.10. Easy rock ledges led to the summit at noon. There are three summits on two of which cairns were placed. The height of this unnamed peak is approximately 10,150 ft.; it is a little lower than Mount Drummond, 10,300 ft., and higher than Cyclone, 10,006 ft. We were down on the snow again near the game trail, at one o'clock, and while lunching here, and resting on the side of an incipient pond, were inspected by several goats, while we watched another descend a snow slope several hundred feet high and inclined at least 60°. All the goats ran up this slope afterwards without apparent difficulty. We varied the return route by keeping higher up and tramping over unbroken snow until we reached the top of a hill 9,000 ft. overlooking the camp. Down this pile of loose scree and gravel we came easily, and got in around 5 p.m.

On account of the flies we were not sorry to leave the Red Deer next morning, August 1st. Following the trail on the east side of Mt. Skoki and then turning sharply to the right, we rode along the west side of Baker Lake which provided entrancing scenery with its shores and upper hills dotted with patches of snow. On the way, several attractive looking peaks loomed up on the south, one of them being Pulsatilla, which we climbed a fortnight later. The trail leading up to Ptarmigan Lake, 500 ft. above Baker Lake, was very soggy; but the views all along are very lovely. Ptarmigan Peak presents an interesting rock wall from this side, and I venture to express

the view that it and the two Pika Peaks, so called, form just one massif. Too many names appear to have been bestowed on this cluster. Ptarmigan Peak and Mount Richardson would be sufficient designations to cover the group. We camped some 400 ft. below the Pass on the edge of a charming meadow, which runs up between these peaks. Here we had an unexpected visitor in the shape of a former trail guide, Scotty Wright. Next morning, before we had finished breakfast, the weather broke and we had to ride back to the Brewster Camp in rain. The skies cleared however again before we reached Lake Louise Hotel.

When Feuz and the writer started some ten days later on another trail trip, it was to make our 50th and 30th first ascents respectively in the Canadian Rockies. This calculation did not include anything below 9,000 ft. except Mount Fin, and nothing below 10,000 ft., except it and the Devil's Head. Before setting out on this excursion, I enjoyed both the privilege and pleasure of escorting Professor Fay—alas! now departed from us—on a very warm day up Tokumm Creek to the Fay Hut, whence Feuz and I made an ascent of No. 4, and descended by a steep couloir between numbers 3 and 4 to Wenkchemna Glacier and thence to Moraine Lake.<sup>3</sup>

Following much discussion concerning the route to Bonnet Glacier and vicinity, whether we should proceed up Johnston Creek or by way of Baker Creek, we unhappily decided on the latter, and leaving Lake Louise by motor, on the morning of August 11th, picked up the pack train on the main road to Banff. The fact soon disclosed itself that neither of the trail men knew the route. Almost immediately we got into a tangle of trees and shrubs, and instead of doing the wise thing, by returning to the road, we pushed on, and crossing the stream forced our way up its right bank, on which according to the last Park Map of 1923, the trail lay. It was wretched enough at the beginning and soon became much worse; obviously it had not been used for a long time; extraordinarily hard on horses and packs while riders had to look out sharply to escape injury from obtruding branches. It provided the worst trail travelling for many years. It was a hot day and the exertion involved was certainly irritating. From what we learned afterwards there is a new trail which follows the other side of the Creek, and it was probably this which we struck when we crossed the stream coming down from Johnston Pass. At the same time we missed the trail leading up to the Pass. Our trail men seemed to know nothing of the locality although they were not far from either Lake Louise or Banff, where both had been for some years, and wrongly held that we must follow the left side of the tributary from the Pass, until Feuz rode off and returned with the news that the trail was on the right bank. It was then 4 p.m. and we soon stopped after a fatiguing and annoying day and camped in a small meadow at 6,400 ft.

Our rest was disturbed by the ding-dong and jangle of horse bells throughout the night. Proceeding southward next morning, we passed in twenty minutes a good camping ground and ascended quickly to the Pass. After skirting a fine mountain tarn near timber-line, we mounted a few hundred feet, higher to the summit on the southern side of which there was still some snow.<sup>4</sup> Making a steep descent over rocks and grass, we camped after two hours going, at 7,250 ft., at the confluence of the tiny stream from the Pass and the much heavier one from Bonnet Glacier, which combine to form Johnston Creek. This was the most pleasing camping ground of the summer's excursions; thick grass with a fair sprinkling of flowers were around us and a lovely slope on the

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3 I take this opportunity of expressing the opinion that the trail to the Hut from Tokumm Creek is both unnecessarily circuitous and steep. It entails the crossing of a torrential stream, which can be, as it was in our case, difficult. This could be avoided were the trail carried up on the east side of the stream. Very close to the Hut are some large trees which might be a source of danger in a severe storm.

4 On the R. M. P. Map 1923, the trail is shown on the wrong side of this lakelet.



Traverse On Mt. Pulsatilla.  
*Photo Edward Feuz*

Unnamed Peak On Drummond Glacier.  
*Photo Edward Feuz*



Mt. Pulsatilla On The East. *Photo Edward Feuz*

southwest dotted with Lyell larches led up to a high rock wall on the ledge of which lay a shining glacier; part of the massif of Mount Pulsatilla, as we learned later on our next climb, for in this respect the map was not very enlightening. Fine views are afforded down the valley, but the peaks immediately north of us were, with one exception, disappointing. From a point above timber-line, we selected an unnamed one on the west side of Bonnet glacier marked as being 10,200 ft., for the next day's climb. The weather was perfect and very warm; but the mosquitoes appeared to be inescapable and were almost as wicked as on the Red Deer.

Everything was calculated to make this ascent as easy and luxurious as possible. We left camp at 5.15 and rode up the valley for three quarters of an hour. At the base of the peak we discovered a game trail which greatly facilitated our ascent up the soft gravel and shale to a col, whence we turned to the left, and proceeding over more gravel and scree, reached a high rock band that shows up prominently from the valley, and which we thought might prove to be a stiff bit of the climb. It disclosed itself to be quite simple, but nevertheless we put on the rope at 9,100 ft. and had surmounted it by 7.40. An hour later, we were on the summit on which we spent two more in glorious sunshine. From here we overlooked Bonnet Glacier and were directly west of Mount Bonnet and could see that this massif is composed of two distinct peaks, quite as distinct as are Douglas and St. Bride, the arête between them being apparently not traversable.<sup>5</sup> Wilcox's Hidden Lakes were visible; so was Douglas Lake which is not attractive; and we were surprised to notice how many peaks on the south and southeast, all of them seemingly under 10,000 ft. carried cairns. In general the smoke greatly limited the views. We left the summit at eleven o'clock, reached the col at 12.20, where we stopped for half an hour. Thence we got down quickly to the valley and were in camp again before two o'clock.

As the weather had been fine for some days, we considered it would be unwise to bank on its indefinite continuance and perhaps lose the opportunity of making another ascent in this vicinity. The peaks at the head of the valley, a couple of which are around 10,000 ft., did not look worth the walk to them. Mount Pulsatilla, 10,060 ft., still unclimbed, lay conveniently near our camp on the southwest, and offered on its east side the probability of a good climb; and so it proved. We set out at 5.45 o'clock on the 14th, and walked slowly up the meadow to timberline. Skirting the base of an unnamed peak on the right, we met with unpleasant scree, which leads to the tongue of the glacier on the east side of Pulsatilla. Crossing this tongue at 8,400 to 8,600 ft., we reached the rock wall and roped, 8,800 ft.

Turning to the right we ascended immediately under the wall until a crack was espied, and the only one which appeared to offer a way of ascent. Soon after getting above it, we changed to Kletterschuhe, which were both safer and easier to climb in. This wall is very steep and in a few places sufficiently difficult to be interesting. Where we ascended it was about 450 ft. in height. We landed on the northeast ridge at approximately 9,350 ft, and then had again to don nailed boots in order to descend over loose rocks to the mile long glacier which descends on the north side of the peak, and over which access is gained to the summit rocks. By crossing the snow, which presented no bad crevasses, to the left, and climbing a short ridge, about 150 ft. in height, we gained the top at eleven o'clock and placed there two cairns. A view of desolation presented itself on the west side on which the climbing would be easier, but the peak more difficult of approach. A chilling wind

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<sup>5</sup> The ascent of the south peak (circa. 10,400 ft.) by A. St. Cyr in 1890 was therefore a real first ascent. The ascent of the north peak (10,662 ft.) by Oertele and Feuz in 1927 had to be made by quite a different route from that of St. Cyr's. It looked impossible to proceed directly from either of these peaks to the other. See Palmer and Thorington, 2nd ed., page 41, 42.

drove us down some 200 ft., to lunch on the edge of the snowfield whence the descent was begun shortly after midday. Half an hour took us over the glacier and another hour of hot and disagreeable going brought us from the snow up to the northeast ridge. The rock wall was descended in nailed boots, and a broad saddle was reached from which a fine view was obtained of an unnamed lake directly under it on the north. Here we loafed for half an hour and then came down over scree and gravel to connect with the lower part of the morning route. There being nothing more in the vicinity that was attractive from a mountaineering point of view, and having brought provisions for a week only, we proceeded down the trail of Johnston Creek next day, and were back at Lake Louise the same evening. On the way to the main road, our progress was considerably retarded by fallen trees which had evidently been lying on the trail for some months.

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## THREE TRAVERSES IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, CORONET, LOUIS AND CASTLE

BY STERLING B. HENDRICKS

Not the least pleasing of those mountains that added to the transcendent beauty of the 1930 camp site was Coronet to the southeast at the head of Coronet Creek. Its unclimbed summit seemed to be close-by, but Curly Phillips always spoke of ten miles with probable bushwhacking, and advised waiting until a Coronet fly camp could be established by Adam Joachim and his men, who already were bringing horses along the east shore of Maligne lake.

It seemed as if perfect weather could not last out that interval, but the skies of August 4th and 5th were as flawless as those of the August days that preceded and followed them. It was on the 4th that we went up the creek and made a partial reconnaissance of the mountain, looking closely at the E. faces of the long N.W. and S.-S.W. wings. There was one possible daring route across the upper glacier of the N. face that distinctly resembled Finch's way across the N. face of the Dent d Kerens; an almost certain easy way on the yet unvisited W. side; and an apparently good rock climb starting far down on the S.W. cirque wall. We chose the last of these routes as being both interesting and certain, the latter being a criterion for a first ascent.

Seven of us, President Sampson, Mr. Gambs, Lady Rosemary Baring, Miss Prescott, Miss Gardiner, Miss Maclaren, and I, left the Coronet camp at 5:30 August 5th. We gained the névé of the Henry MacLeod glacier by ascending the E. ice tongue. Crossing the crest of the snowfield close under the nose of Coronet, we descended about 500 feet to the base of the only feasible looking route up the E. face of the S.W. ridge. At 9:00 we started the climb, hands on rocks friable at first, but soon changing to yellow sandstone that is merely a pile of huge angular blocks. The upper part of the wall consists of steep firm rock offering but one passage up an "L" shaped crack. In the middle part it was necessary to hold the large boulders firmly against the mountain with one hand, while using the other hand for climbing over them. The crest of the ridge, perhaps 750 feet of climbing, was gained at 11:00.

From the top of the ridge it was obviously a long way to the summit of the mountain. As we had expected, the W. slope offered an easy way to timber at the head of a branch of Poboktan Creek. We walked slowly along the ridge (unroped) and after about two hours arrived at the base of the true S.W. arête of Coronet. The rock of this arête is a limestone abrasive to the hands. The climbing required some care on account of the rottenness of the rock. Toward the top the arête narrows between the sharp cirque wall to the S. and a broad smooth slab leading down at an angle of 35° to the W. At one point an insurmountable part of the arête had to be rounded by two short chimneys (75 feet of rope) over the S.E. wall. The top (about 10,000 feet) was gained at 16:00. A stock taking indicated that our party was in bad shape with two almost exhausted members. Even this and the lateness of the hour did not interfere with our keen appreciation of the panorama to the west that had slowly risen above the immediate hills as we ascended. The Columbia ice fields 30 miles to the south served as an anchor for a sweep of mountains culminated by the kakemono, Alberta-Fryatt, painted on a thin smoke haze.

After trying to attract the attention of those in the Coronet fly camp in the hope that they might surmise that we would bivouac on the west side of the mountain, we built a cairn and started back down the S.W. arête (17:00). One rope moved rapidly ahead and gained the valley of the creek to the W. at 20:00. Two of its members then started on a late walk to camp while the



others descended to timber line and bivouaced. Those two, Miss Maclaren and myself, crossed the Coronet-Replica Pass in uncertain light and attempted to descend the cliffs N. of the N.W. tongue of the Henry MacLeod Glacier. The touch system failing, we decided to wait for dawn; no fire for us, though. A half of an hour after daylight we were in camp, the others arrived at about 9:00. A second party, repeating our route, also repeated our behavior and spent twenty-four hours on a mountain that should not require more than fourteen hours for its traverse. I understand that they, undivided, "slept" on the trail that comes down N. of Replica.

Coronet, Sampson, and other Maligne peaks peppered us with their stones and made us long for rocks that did not fall. What then more natural than that our way should be next by train to Banff and to the Rockies' paramount rock peak, Louis.

Louis, often described, is the dominant peak of a small group of mountains W. of Forty Mile Creek and a short distance N.W. of Banff. Its impregnable aspect early excited the admiration of Canadian rock climbers. Its valhalla was first entered by Conrad Kain and A. H. MacCarthy (C.A.J. VIII., 79) on July 19th, 1916. Val. A. Fynn and Edward Feuz (C.A.J. IX., 32, 1917) made the second ascent, by the same route, on September 9, 1917. Subsequent climbers have utilized Fynn's lucid and accurate description of the route that follows high up the S.E. slopes in order to gain the system of cracks between bedding planes on the S. face.

The first route of ascent has been improved by Laurence Grassi, who now has led eight parties to the summit. The difficulties encountered by Fynn and Feuz can now be avoided; the climb has been reduced to one that is interesting but not difficult. The aspect of Louis as viewed from the goat trails rounding the N. peak of Edith is more terrifying than is the climb.

Val Fynn's reconnaissance of the mountain in 1916 convinced him that the W. face offers no feasible way to the summit. Beverly Jefferson and Bradford Gilman (Appal. XXL, II.) climbing around Louis tried a chimney on the W. face (2 on the photograph of the W. face). This chimney offered difficult climbing, viewed from an outlier of Gory it seems to end in a cul-de-sac. A possible scree gully (1) coming down towards the W. col from a point N. of the Summit buttress is effectively isolated by a slab at its base.

On August 18th, 1930, Don and Linda Woods, Polly Prescott, Winifred Maclaren and I went into camp on Forty Mile Creek for the purpose of climbing Louis and the surrounding mountains. Two ascents were made by the regular route and divided parties climbed the S. peak of Edith, an outlier of Gory, the S. peak of Fifi (3rd ascent), and a twenty foot rock on the Forty Mile. A day was devoted to walking around Louis in order to obtain photographs and views of it from all possible angles.

In our wanderings we utilized the maze of goat trails that follow northward from below Edith around Louis and Fifi and on to the alplands further afield. A man-made track could scarcely equal this alpine road of the goats. They unerringly have chosen the easiest contours to the most striking vantage points. Anyone climbing the peaks of Fifi can save much time by following these trails on to the N. of the mountain before attempting its discouraging scree slopes.

The reconnaissance convinced us the W. face offered no feasible route to the top save up the second couloir far down on the N. side of the Louis-Gory col. A route from the W. would traverse the slabs instead of following the bedding planes. The forces of nature that have left the mountain an isolated monument of limestone have given an added reason for avoiding the W. face; the rock is too rotten for difficult face climbing. A view of the N. face of Louis from Fifi; a knowledge that the bedding planes should be followed; and an idea (incorrect) that the rock would be firm near the center (E-W) of the mountain were contributing factors to our selecting that route

of ascent. Grassi, on August 20th, most kindly brought a photograph of the N. face to our camp; it aided us markedly.

Our indecision about the possibility of reaching the summit of Louis by climbing the N. face was quickly dispelled by the arrival of Edward Feuz. It was at 5:45, August 22, 1930, that Edward, Polly Prescott and myself started up through the *brulé* from the camp on Forty Mile Creek.

The E. Face of the mountain was reached at 7:00 at the highest point of the E. alp. The rocks were ascended to the N.W. towards the great couloir descending Louis' E. face N. of the E. alp. We reached it at a point below the vertical slabs, and by making a slight descend found an easy crossing place. The E. slopes were followed to a point near the lower N. cliffs below a prominent buttress that can be seen from Forty Mile Creek. The unfissured base of the second N. buttress above the basal cliffs was easily reached by faces and chimneys; short pitches of climbing. It was crossed, as indicated on the photograph on the N. side of the mountain, to the W. edge of the N. face (7:40). The climbing from this point to the summit was difficult of itself and the difficulties were enhanced by the unexpected rottenness of the rock.

Faces of buttresses and small parts of fissures between slabs were followed upwards to the E. Difficult climbing was encountered at (1); 75 feet on rotten rock, the second unroped. The lower overhang beneath a small crack at this point was ascended by Edward standing on my shoulders while I straightened up from a sitting position on a narrow 20° outward sloping shelf (Hoop la, Wir leben!). There were no hand holds, and Polly, on an equally precarious perch, gave us but little protection. Here and in other places many precious moments were devoted to gardening. A slight descent from a place approximately at (2), on the photograph was required that we might gain the open crack leading to the summit of the second buttress. This crack was difficult, the rubber soles had to be relied upon almost entirely on outward sloping rock.

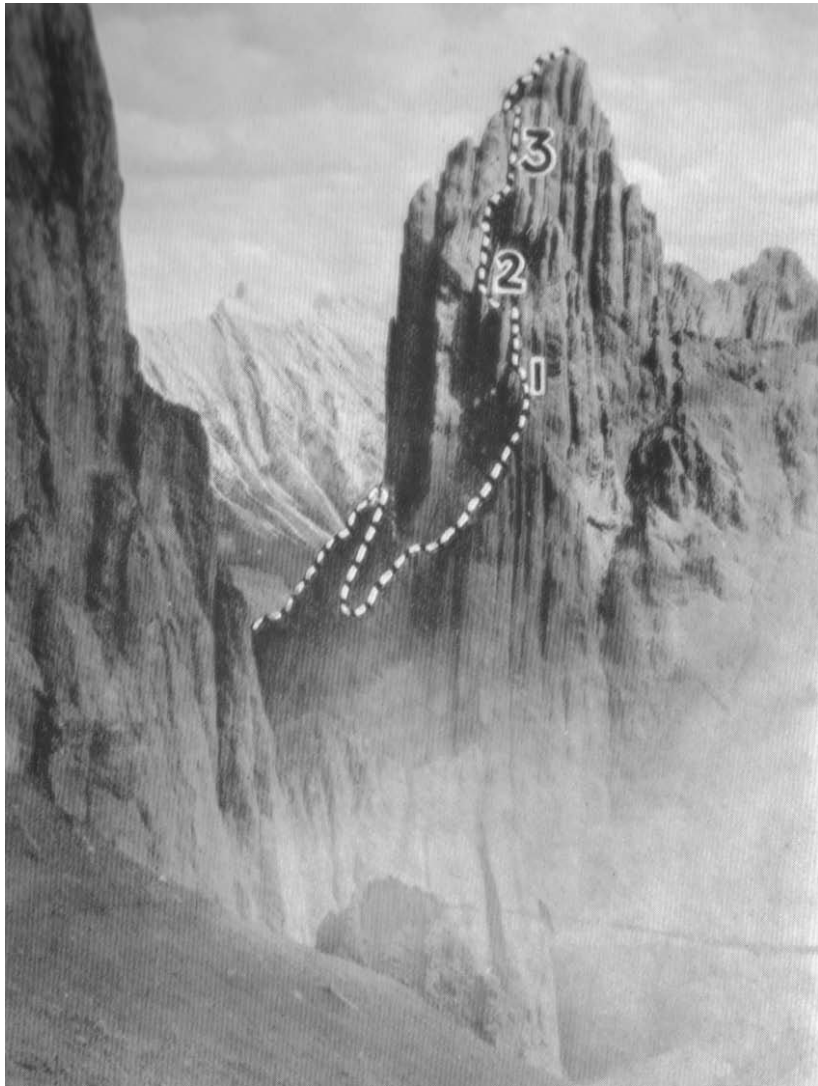
The gully behind the second buttress (note (1) on the photograph of the W. face) was descended (50 feet) to the base of the prominent crack (3) in the third buttress (3); it would not be so sporting however.

We were fortunate in having a very sunny day, an accurate knowledge of the route of descent, a photograph of our projected route of ascent, and a party of well conditioned climbers. Heavy rucksacks, containing extra rope, water, hobnail boots, pitons, etc., added considerably to our difficulties in narrow cracks. It was not necessary for us to use a rappel at any point. The usual roping off place on the S. face can easily be climbed both on the ascent and descent.

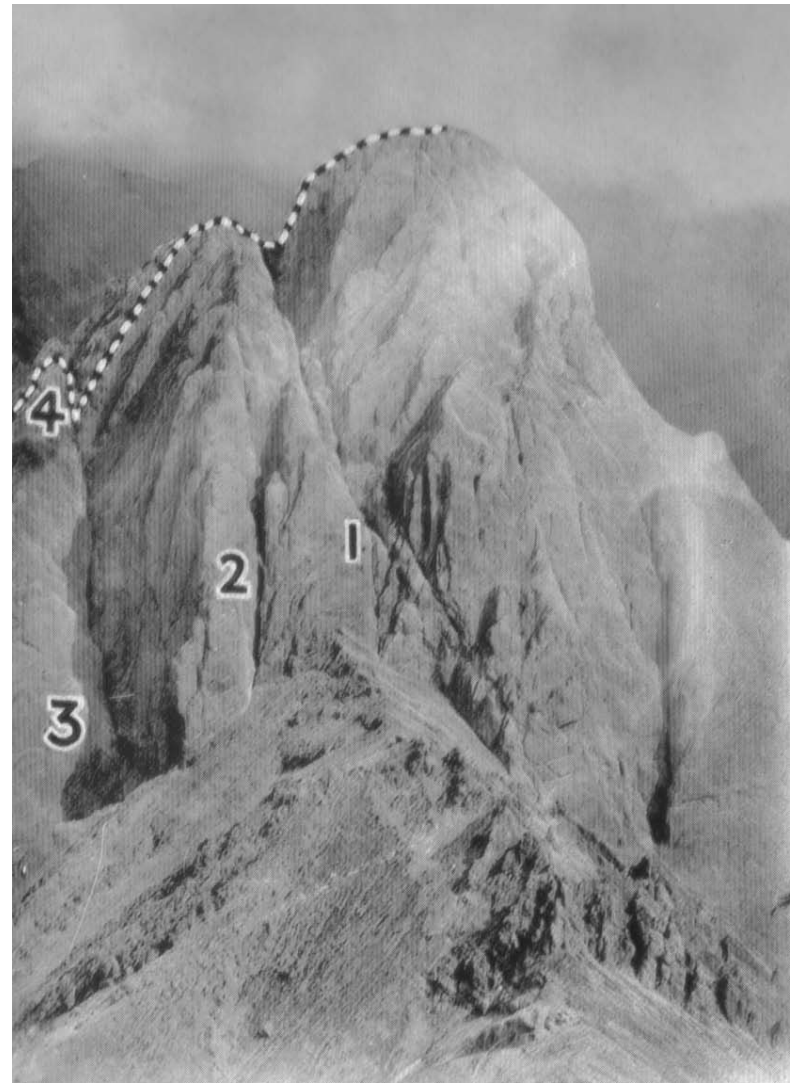
There is, I think, a climb on Louis that will afford great pleasure to the party first carrying it through. That is to gain the systems of cracks in the S. face by ascending (near the Wedge) directly toward them from the basin between Edith and Louis, 2000 feet below the summit. Such a climb would be comparable to the better rock climbs of other parts of the world.

After finishing the climb over Louis (about 15:00) we wandered back along the high goat trails to the Edith-Norquay pass and on down to the road, where, to our delight, Grassi came along for us. Edward returned to Lake Louis. After dinner we started for the Castle automobile camp in order that we might climb Castle on the morrow (August 23rd). Grassi, who was the first to climb the S.E. tower, was to be our leader. The other members of the party were Don and Linda Woods, Winifred Maclaren, Polly Prescott, and I.

It was distinctly an effort for me to get out of my sleeping bag the next morning, but I at last did it and started with the others towards the base of the mountain at 5:45. Grassi led us up through the glades and the timber and finally out on the plateau remnant beneath the tower (10:00). It was our plan to climb up the S.E. face of the S.E. tower and to descend by Grassi's original route of ascent on the W. face.



North Face Of Mt. Louis.  
*Photo S.B. Hendricks*



Mt. Louis From The West.  
*Photo S.B. Hendricks*

3 shows a possible route from the W. Joining upper route 4.

We ate a bit and at 10:40, using rubber soled shoes, started our climb by gaining the top of the S.E. buttress of the tower by climbing up cracks in its S. face. We then worked across this to the base of the tower proper and on up the mountain as indicated on the photography. Our route was on the S. side of the open couloir. It seems that this is approximately the route followed by Dr. Hickson and Edward Feuz (C.A.J. (1926-27), 52). Ferris Neave and Miss Edna Greer (C.A.J. XVIII., 92 (1929) climbed on the face N. of the couloir.

There was one extremely difficult bit of climbing in an open chimney immediately above the buttress. (1) on the photograph). While Grassi was leading the first rope up I looked around a bit for an easier way, but ended by facing the difficulties of climbing laterally out of the chimney near its top. Above this the climbing was easy and we soon came out on the gravelly platform (2) that Edward had told me of the day before. After resting a bit we scrambled on up the broken rock to the summit (13:05).

The summit of Castle is delightfully large and since the day was another perfect one, we voted to take life easily. The view from the top down into the Cirque lake to the N. is very pleasing. It seems that the lake has a subterranean outlet into a waterfall that descends to the level of the valley leading far out towards the Bow. The Rocky Mountain Park topographical sheet incorrectly shows a glacier in the cirque above the lake.

We climbed Grassi's monument and then turned down the N.W. face at 14:00. Grassi, with Don and Linda Woods, followed down a chimney about as far to the N. as one can climb on the W. face. They had difficulty going and in addition to losing a pipe found it necessary to rope off several times. The rest of us constrained to twiddle our thumbs until the first rope had climbed far down the mountain, chose rather to poke around a bit. We found an easy but very intricate way down on the face S. of the chimney.

There are two couloirs separating the S.E. tower from Castle proper. One of these descends to the S., the other to the N. We came down to the crest of these couloirs and followed down the one going out to the S. side of the mountain. Several large chock stones offered interesting obstacles. We returned to the starting point by following a goat trail immediately under the S.W. face of the tower (17:00).

The traverse of the S.E. tower of Castle can be made in about 5 hours from its base, that of Louis in not less than 7 hours. Each climb is steady unrelenting rock work on rather decent rock. Any number of routes can probably be found up the two faces of Castle. The possibilities on Louis are more limited and the climbing far more difficult than on Castle.

Anyone discouraged by the loose rock of other peaks can go to Banff and in two or three days drink of a new elixir on the walls of these two mountains.

## THE MALIGNE LAKE CAMP

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BY C. G. CRAWFORD

It would be difficult to imagine a more happily chosen site than that selected for the Alpine Club Camp in the summer of 1930. My way brought me to it across the Atlantic and the prairies, so it was with a sigh of relief that I reached Jasper and embarked on the uncertain joys of the twenty mile motor drive to Medicine Lake—I shudder to think what that drive must be like in really wet weather.

The more subdued scenery of Medicine Lake gives an appropriate introduction to the grandeur of Maligne Lake, surely one of the finest in the Rockies. Transport arrangements worked smoothly, and so the evening of July 29th found me with numerous companions at the camp among the trees at the head of the lake.

The next morning a party of twenty-five set out with Hans Fuhrer to look for “Ultramaligne” Lake—the lake which had been seen by Amery from the top of Mount Julian.

After ascending the lower portion of the glacier that descends from Mount Mary Vaux, we turned off up the small glacier that descends towards it on the left bank.

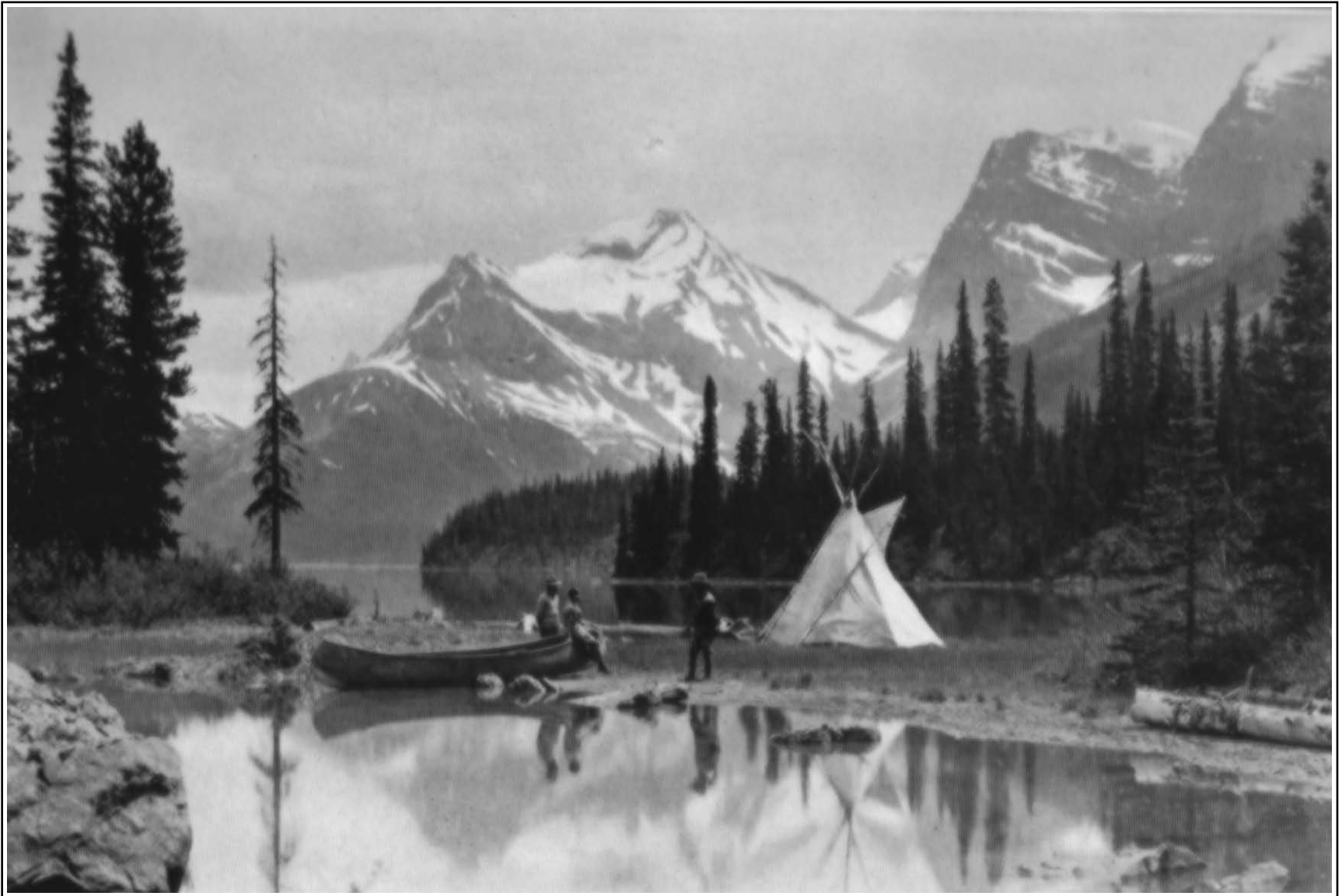
On reaching snow, I decided to remain behind as I was wearing rope-soled shoes. The others made their way to the col looking down on Ultramaligne Lake, while I climbed to the top of the rocky ridge looking down on Maligne Lake itself. This ridge falls in a tremendous precipice of some 2,000 feet towards the lake. After climbing some distance up the steep rocks towards the nameless rock peak to the north, I decided that on the first day out at least, discretion is the better part of valor, and returned to camp.

The next day a party of eight of us set out to climb Llysyfran, an unclimbed peak lying between the camp and Mount Mary Vaux. After a trying period of “bushwhacking,” a conspicuous couloir splitting the eastern face of the Llysyfran buttress was ascended on two ropes without any particular difficulty. From the top of the buttress the disintegrating ridge was followed for some distance until it became too broken, when a way was made across the easy western face. A gentle snow and shale ridge led to the summit. The southwest ridge was then descended to the Mary Vaux glacier; the right bank of this glacier gave some good glissading on slopes of old avalanche snow. On the last of these which was rather steep, one of the ladies of the party, whose courage was greater than her experience, completely lost control. Four of the men of the party had arrived at the bottom of the slope and were watching her descend. As she gathered speed to a dangerous extent, we ran up the slope to try and stop her, but three of us were bowled over in succession before the fourth finally brought her to rest just before reaching the rocks. Fortunately no damage was done, and camp was reached before six p.m.

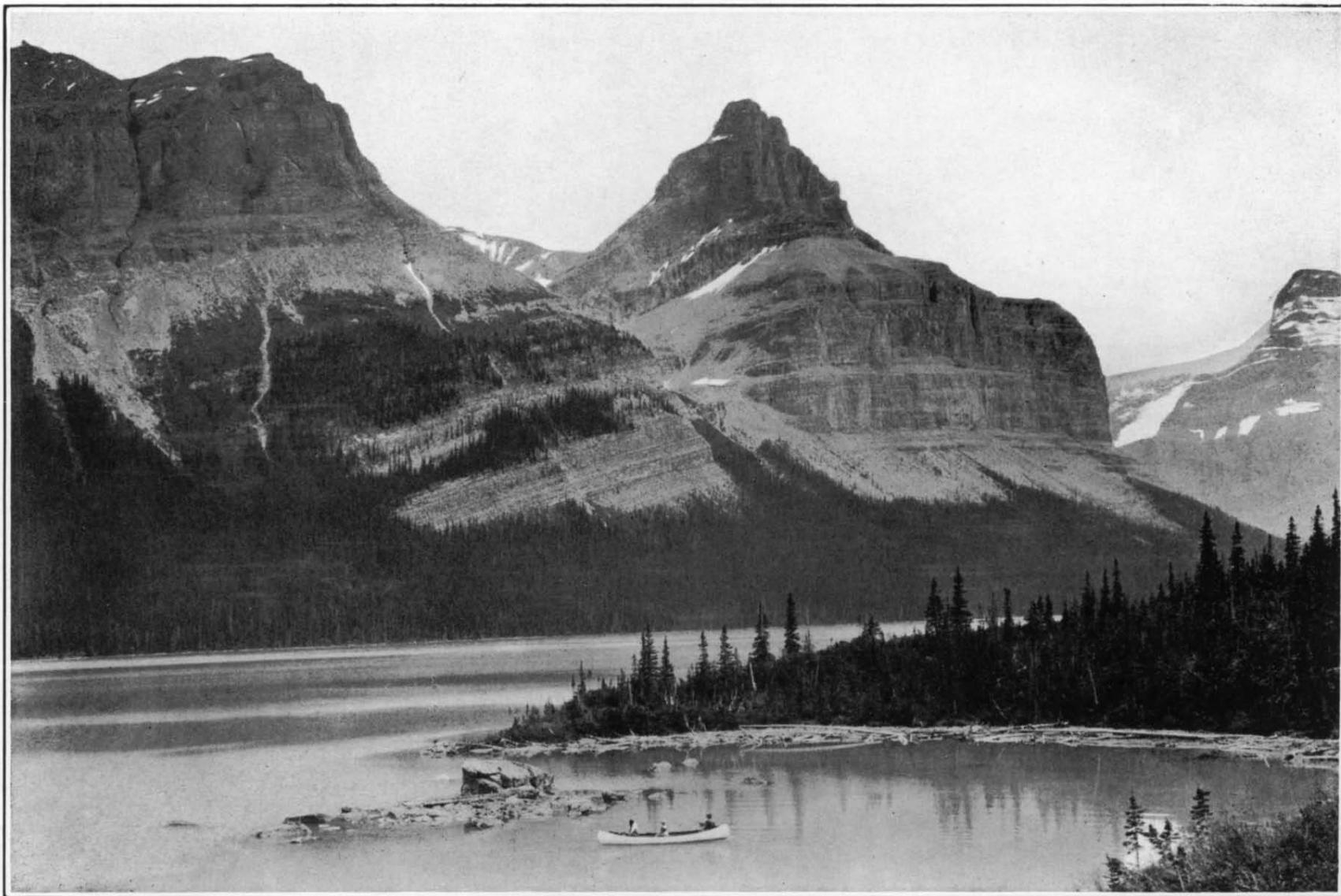
The most popular climbs were probably those of Mounts Unwin and Charlton which, together with that of the Thumb, were repeated several times.

On August 1st a party of eight, under Mr. Sibbald, set out at 6.15 to find a new route up the Thumb by the north face. Arrived at the foot of this face I noticed an attractive rock peak in the centre of the cirque and northeast of the Thumb; so we decided to split into two parties, Lady Rosemary Baring and Alexander accompanying me to the rock peak.

After a fatiguing climb up an ill-defined couloir, the one difficult place on the climb was reached, where the couloir disappeared in a rock face some 35 feet high, just below the summit ridge. The summit ridge itself gave some very entertaining scrambling along a knife edge of slatey



Maligne Lake Camp And Mt. Llysyfran.  
*Cut, Nat. Parks Of Canada*



The Thumb.  
*Cut, Nat. Parks Of Canada*



rock. On the summit we could find no trace of a previous ascent, so we did our best to remedy the deficiency by erecting a large cairn. From the top we had an excellent view of Mr. Sibbald's party climbing the northern snow slopes of the Thumb. Unfortunately when not far from the top the snow gave signs of becoming treacherous and they wisely decided to turn back. We descended to the top of the difficult step and from here I had to climb down the couloir for some 600 feet to retrieve my rucksack which had fallen from the ridge, without any damage being done beyond a pair of boots becoming embroiled with my lunch. We decided to try and return to camp by the glacier lying to the east of our peak. Our difficulties did not begin until we reached the line of pine-clothed cliffs to the southeast of the Thumb. We were lucky enough to strike what was apparently the only fault in these cliffs, which brought us down to lake level.

The President of the Club had proposed to me that we should try and climb the prominent peak north of Mt. Mary Vaux. There was some doubt as to whether this peak was or was not Mt. Julian. Accordingly, soon after 5 a.m. on August 4th, Messrs Moffat, Thomson and Sharpe left with me by motor boat with the intention of finding a route up the east face of this peak. Three hours steady going took us to the foot of an evil-looking couloir to the southeast of our peak. At its foot lay an ominous number of stones, while what looked like a cornice overhung the top of the couloir. By hugging the right bank we were able to keep in shelter till the couloir divided, when we took to the buttress splitting the couloir nearly half way up. Never have I been on rock more unpleasant than that of this buttress, indeed it was more like dry crumbling mud with leaves of slate inserted in it, than like rock. One hundred and twenty feet of climbing was enough for us, and we were driven to cut across the couloir and to the better rock of the further side. Sharpe cut excellent steps in the ice, while I endeavored to secure the safety of the party by hitching the rope round the least doubtful piece of slate I could find; but although I never shifted my feet for over half an hour, I found I had slipped down some two feet owing to the disintegration of the crumbling mixture, by the time it was my turn to move across the couloir.

On the farther side we found ourselves on fairly firm rock at not too steep an angle, and we worked steadily up the face till we struck the summit ridge. This was long but easy; we had not gone more than half way along it before we saw to our disappointment what was clearly a cairn on the summit, which we did not reach till 3 p.m. We began the descent by climbing down the northeast ridge leading to the gap reached by Fuhrer's Ultramaligne party; but we were soon stopped by a series of great overhangs and driven to descend the snow slopes of the west face. From the foot of these we made for the gap between our peak, which we now knew was Amery's Mt. Julian, and the peak to the north subsequently named Mt. Moffat. A series of entertaining rock chimneys took us to the pass between these two peaks and thinking our troubles were now over, we hastened down towards Fuhrer's gap, only to find that, though only three or four hundred yards away from this as the crow flies, we were cut off by an apparently impassable circle of cliffs. After several ineffectual attempts to find a way down, we reluctantly came to the conclusion that as it was now 7.30 p.m. our only course was to return to the Moffat-Julian col and make a westerly descent into Maligne valley. We worked our way down to the tree line, and soon after striking the Maligne Valley trail, we decided to stop for the night. It was then 11 p.m.; we quickly made a large fire and spent quite a comfortable night. By 5 a.m. we were on our way again, but it was a sixteen mile march to the head of Maligne Lake, and our bellies were empty, so we arrived at the chalet somewhat in the condition of Napoleon's army after the retreat from Moscow.

On reaching camp in the afternoon, we found a search party had already gone out, while a provisional message had been sent by Mr. Wheeler to the climbers at the Fly Camp at Coronet

Creek asking them to stand by if required. So I went on up to this camp to allay any anxiety that might be felt. At the camp I found a large party had gone out that morning to climb Coronet Peak, leaving only two or three in camp. This party too did not return that night, and we were already thinking of another search party when in the early morning the advance guard, Hendricks and Miss Maclaren, arrived to tell us that the party were quite safe, after making the first ascent of the beautiful Coronet Peak.

After a day's rest Hendricks, Lady Rosemary Baring and the Misses Prescott, Gardiner and Maclaren decided to return to the main camp, climbing if possible, Mt. Mary Vaux en route. We proposed to try the south face of the mountain, the previous ascent having been made from the west. All went well till a falling stone struck Hendricks on the head, causing some loss of blood and rendering a halt of half an hour necessary. Above the rock face was a long easy snow slope, the only difficulty being that the unbroken fine weather of the past fortnight had melted the snow, leaving quite a thin covering in places on the ice. The actual summit of Mt. Mary Vaux is a cornice.

We descended by the glacier east of Mary Vaux, halting for a short time on the col between that peak and Llysyfran. There we saw a magnificent cornice avalanche fall 2,500 feet from the summit ridge down the tremendous eastern precipice. It reached the glacier only some two hundred yards from where we sat.

The day following my return a party of us left for the other high camp at Sandpiper Creek, near the foot of Mt. Sampson.

On August 10th we started in two parties for the three Maligne peaks which had been climbed earlier in the season, Hendricks and the Woods approaching the highest summit from the northeast, while the Misses Prescott, Maclaren and I worked up the middle arm of the western glacier. The traverse of these summits was accomplished by both parties. We met on the highest peak. The only point of interest in our ascent was a little step-cutting in the ice fall going on to the upper névé.

The most prominent peak visible from the Sandpiper Creek Camp was the Wedge, as yet virgin. After a day's rest, Hendricks, Miss Maclaren and I left about 5 a.m. to climb it. We worked up on to the northern Maligne névé along the route of our previous descent and climbed the most westerly peak in order to get a better view of the Wedge. From the summit it was clear that our best plan was to descend into the valley at our feet and work up the southwest flank of the mountain. This route offered no difficulties; the angle of the rocks was such that scree could just lie, though a step would often send masses rolling a great distance.

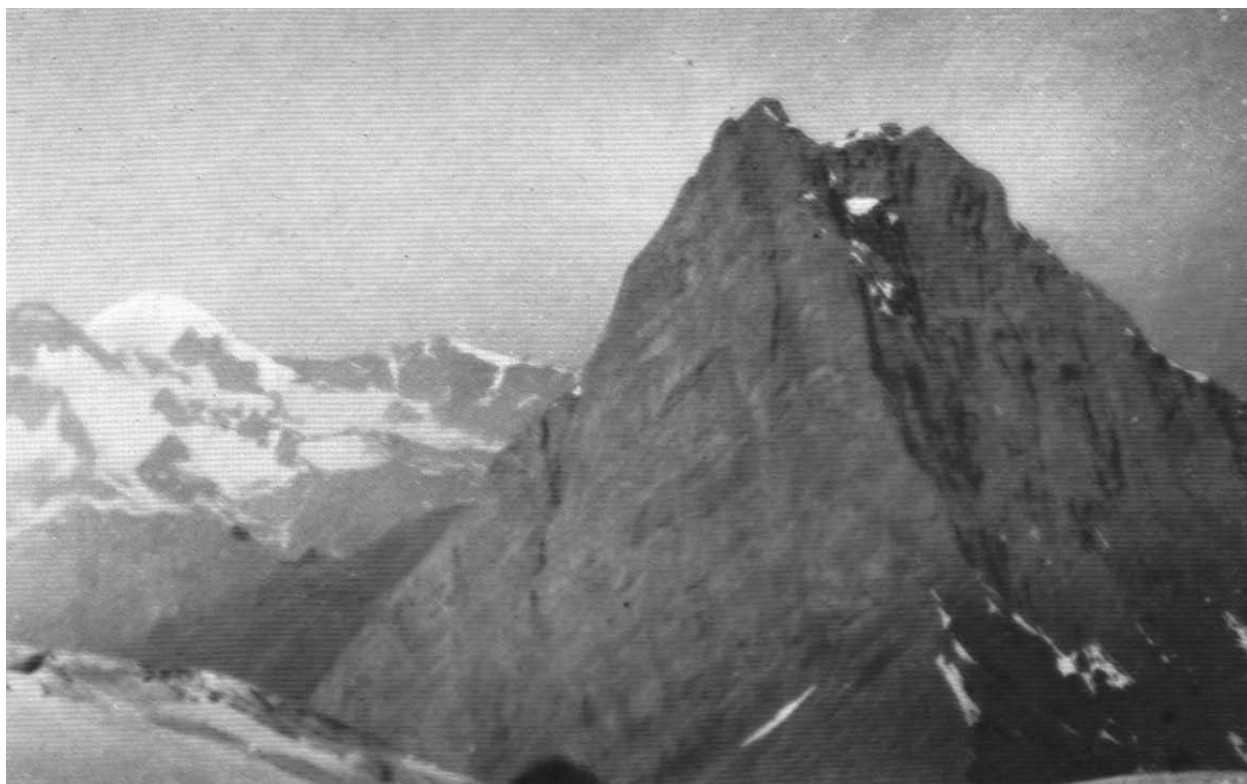
We noted two desirable caves on the way up, for use in case we should be benighted, but fortunately we were not obliged to use them. The summit ridge formed the best part of the climb — another narrow ridge steep in places and with tremendous cliffs falling vertically down to the glacier on the east. We erected cairns and descended the long stony valley on the south to the edge of the lake. There we had to wait to be picked up by a returning motor boat, and engaged in a contest with a party similarly situated on the opposite side of the lake as to who could build the biggest fire. Our enemies certainly made an enormous smoke, but they mistimed their effort, and by the time the motor boat actually appeared their fire was no more than a thin wisp of vapor, while the smoke from ours darkened the eastern shore.

A very happy three weeks was now drawing to its close. I had one more short climb with Miss Gardiner and Odell up the peak I had visited on my first day out. It gave us a pleasant rock scramble up the last three hundred feet of steep face. The descent down the farther side to the lake offered no difficulties.



Looking South From Charlton–Unwin Col. *Photo A.A. McCoubrey*

Mts. Macleod, Coronet Peak, Mary Vaux, Julian and Moffat.



Peak Wedge

The next day found Odell and myself with our young American friend, Terris Moore, at Jasper, on our way to Mt. Robson.

I can, in all sincerity, say that I have never enjoyed a mountain camp more than I did the Maligne Lake Camp of 1930. We were favored by magnificent weather and were able to make a number of new ascents, both up hitherto unclimbed peaks and by new routes up peaks that had already been climbed. In addition to the climbs already mentioned, noteworthy climbs were made on Mts. Warren, Brazeau, Valad, MacLeod and Sampson. Another virgin peak to the east of the Maligne peaks was climbed by the Woods and Messrs. Corry and Sanger, and very many other interesting expeditions were carried through by other parties.

The rock, as I understand is the case throughout the Rockies, was never good and frequently very bad. In this lies their principal danger, particularly to large parties, when the risk of those in front dropping stones on those below may be very great. The main charm of course lies in working out new routes, rather than in the surmounting of any very severe technical difficulties. Herein the Rockies provide a better school for mountaineering than it is possible to find anywhere else.

I must not conclude without an appreciation of the wonderful friendliness of Mr. Wheeler and all the officers and members of the Alpine Club of Canada.

## A PACK TRAIN TRIP TO THE FRENCH MILITARY GROUP

BY MISS KATE GARDINER

The coming of spring in the high valleys of the Canadian Rockies is a most beautiful sight. As the snow melts countless dainty flowers soon star the grass and the music of rushing water is everywhere, while beyond the still half-frozen lakes, the great peaks tower glorious as yet with their spotless winter covering.

Drawn back to the mountains south of Banff by the fascination of little trodden paths, I came on all this beauty in the middle of June on the way to Kananaskis Lakes and the French Military Group. My party consisted of Walter Feuz, one of the Canadian Pacific Railway Swiss guides; Mr. Harrison, the packer; his brother-in-law, Harry Smith, who looked after the horses, and Mr. Smedley, the cook. We also had with us fourteen horses, three foals and two dogs. We left Banff on June 17th and camping enroute came on June 19th by way of Spray Lakes and Limits Creek to Mud Lake Camp, where we were somewhat delayed by bad weather.

Our first objective was the first ascent of Galatea, the highest of the Ship Mountains, so as soon as the weather cleared we scrambled up part of the Birdwood Massif in order to spy out from this elevation a good route to the foot of the mountain and a suitable camp site. The following afternoon, on June 23rd, Mr. Harrison, Walter and I with one horse set out along a trail which Mr. Harrison had blazed that morning and following the western slopes of the mountain for about an hour and a half came into a valley, the north fork of which drains the south side of Galatea, and there we pitched our fly camp.

It rained heavily again that evening but as it improved the following morning Walter and I were able to start at six o'clock. The valley leading to the foot of the mountain was covered with snow, with lakes just unfreezing and rushing streams, but here and there where the snow had disappeared we found lovely patches of anemones and avalanche lilies. We started off up the south face of the mountain in hard snow, in that way gaining a rock rib about 1,000 feet up. There a heavy mist, which had been gathering on the mountains, came down on us and we waited under a sheltering rock for about two hours for it to lift.

When we could see the summit again we went on up the snow, crossing over slightly to the right, until we gained the main southeast ridge. On the south side are steep snow slopes with some rock ribs showing and on the other side of the mountain is a sheer drop. The top of the ridge was very narrow but it was possible to walk along the snow. In one place we came to a large smooth rock which was very difficult to get over and soon afterwards, at 12.45, we reached the summit, where Walter had to pull up stones from under the frozen snow to build a cairn.

The view from the top of Galatea was very extensive, but we were not able to enjoy it for long, as a nasty electrical hail storm commenced, which stung us badly. So, having spent only a quarter of an hour on the summit, Walter hurried me off the ridge to a more sheltered spot, and then we went straight down through the snow which became softer and slushier as we reached the valley.

We thought Mr. Harrison had already returned to the main camp but there he was, when we got down to the fly camp, with the billy boiling ready to make some tea for us. After lingering there for about half an hour we went on down to Mud Lake, which we reached about 5.15.

The weather relented only enough to allow of our making this climb. Beset by showers, we rode on the following day by way of Smith-Dorrien Creek to Lower Kananaskis Lake, where we



Mt. Lyautey From The East. *Photo W. Feuz*



Mt. Galatea (In Centre) With Unnamed Peak On Right. *Photo W. Feuz*



Mt. Petain From The North.  
*Photo K. Gardiner*



Summit Of Mt. Petain From South Ridge. Mt Foch At Right.  
*Photo K. Gardiner.*



camped in a very pretty clearing beyond the Game Warden's cottage and enjoyed a wonderful view of the French Military Group, with Sarrail and Foch dominating.

We found Mr. Belmore Brown, the American artist, and his small son, Georgie, a great fisherman, already camped in the same meadow. Here we spent four days, the weather still being broken, and in the meantime, Mr. Harrison and Walter cleared part of an old trail, and blazed a new one into Fossil Falls. Mr. Harrison also caught some of the very excellent fish which abound in the lake, and which made a welcome addition to our menu.

On June 30th, we rode in three hours to the Falls. Crossing the end of Lower Kananaskis Lake, we came through the forest to Upper Kananaskis Lake, a lovely sheet of island dotted water at the very foot of Sarrail and Foch. From there the new trail led steeply up to Hidden Lake. The forest through which we rode was full of fragrant flowering bushes, and the shores of this strange little lake, which has no visible outlet, were blue with larkspur. The rest of the trail to our next camping place was very steep, and we had to walk part of the way, the waterfall thundering in the distance. The rocks round these falls and on the surrounding mountains contain many interesting fossils of shell fish and sea vegetation. We found a delightful camping ground with the river rushing past and, during our stay, the glade in which our tents were pitched became blue with giant forget-me-nots.

On July 1st, with the first ascent of Sarrail (10,400 feet) in view, Walter and I left camp at six o'clock and, scrambling up a hill on the left hand side of the waterfall, came to the snow field and glacier of Sarrail. We walked up this glacier and then went straight up the middle of the northwest side of the mountain and traversed over to the west ridge. As the snow was in splendid condition, we made good time and arrived at the summit along the ridge, which was mainly snow, by ten o'clock. There we spent an hour, although a cold wind was blowing, for the view was superb and one could plainly see the grouping of the different mountains in that part of the Rockies, Mt. Assiniboine rising above them all. We found a lovely overhanging cornice on the summit of Sarrail and immediately below it lay the Kananaskis Lakes. The distant mountains had some clouds on them. Mt. Farnham Tower stood up formidable in a rift.

As it was still quite early and as Mt. Foch (10,430 feet) looked quite near through the rarefied air, we thought we would attempt a first ascent of that too. Also the weather was unsettled and we wished to profit by any fine interludes. The mountain was, however, farther away than it appeared, and the snow became bad on the steep snow slopes as the day wore on.

We could not follow the south ridge connecting Sarrail with Foch as the perpendicular rock went straight down in that direction for several hundred feet. We were forced to descend the southwest side of Sarrail to Foch Glacier and snow field and to trudge a long distance up it in very soft snow. We then went straight up the north side of the mountain, ascending a very steep snow slope to the west ridge and after that traversed a long narrow ridge, which in some places required very careful climbing. It went up and then down before the ascent of the final summit; a narrow rotten rock ridge which had snow here and there and dropped down very steeply on both sides.

The weather had been threatening when we gained the ridge and it commenced snowing at 2.20 as we reached the top. As the clouds hung low on the mountains and no view was obtainable, we remained only a quarter of an hour and then quickly descended to the glacier below by our route of ascent. Later we followed our tracks for the ascent of Sarrail down to Fossil Falls Valley in torrents of rain, gaining camp at 5 o'clock.

Climbing was out of the question for the next few days on account of the weather, but in the meantime Mr. Harrison cut a good trail through the thick brush on the lower part of the heights,

which rose steeply for about a thousand feet at the back of the camp. Above these heights, in a fold in the mountains, lay Aster Lake, a beautiful piece of half frozen water surrounded by steep slopes where many goats browsed. Encircling this alp-land, rose the lovely rock and snow peaks of the French Military Group, with Mangin Glacier coming down towards the lake.

On July 5th, having left camp with Walter at 5 o'clock, we skirted round the spurs of Mt. Cordonnier and came into a depression between that mountain and Mt. Mangin. From there we made a first ascent of the south rim of Mt. Cordonnier (9,910 feet), arriving on the summit at ten o'clock. Through the clear atmosphere we saw Mt. Temple and other mountains of the Lake Louise Group, seventy miles away. After lingering at the top for three-quarters of an hour, we descended the northeast ridge of Mt. Cordonnier, which connects with the south ridge of Mt. Warrior (9,800 feet). We reached the summit of this mountain at one o'clock, thus making another first ascent.

It was very windy on the way up and a much cherished little old hat of Walter's unfortunately blew away. However, on our way down to the glacier again to our great delight we found the hat peacefully reposing at the bottom of a snow slide and none the worse for its aerial flight. We returned to camp by way of Aster Lake, getting in by five o'clock.

On July 6th, we made the first ascent of Lyautey (9,990 feet). From the heights at the back of camp, which we had left at seven o'clock, we made our way round the south side to the west side of the mountain and from there ascended to the south ridge by a series of steep shelving rock and scree ledges. Our intention was to follow the ridge but the rock was so rotten that this was impossible, and we had to stay out on the face of the mountain. In one place Walter cut along the top of a steep couloir filled with ice and covered with snow, which slid off at the least movement, leaving nothing but bare ice below. From there we climbed up between two bluffs to the ridge again, arriving at the summit at twelve o'clock. We noticed, when on top, that the easiest and best route of ascent would be from the north.

Three-quarters of an hour later we descended by some steep slopes under the ice on the western face to the south ridge over scree rocks and from there descending to the east side of the mountain came to a snow couloir by which, over easy snow; slopes, we glissaded to the valley below. We arrived in camp at five o'clock, after lingering an hour to rest on the cool mosquitoless heights above. At Fossil Falls these pests gave us very little peace, and even at meal times we could only eat in comfort with the assistance of a smoke smudge.

As Mt. Petain appeared to be rather a formidable peak and lay at the far end of the French Military Group, we thought it wiser to make a reconnaissance of the mountain before attempting the ascent. Therefore, to shorten the distance on the following day, Mr. Harrison, Walter and I went up on the evening of July 7th, and camped in the open amongst some stunted trees above Aster Lake. Mr. Harrison and Walter back-packed our sleeping bags and food to the lake as the way up was too steep for a horse. We lit a fire in a sheltered corner near the sparkling tossing river which came out under a snow bridge from Aster Lake and we watched the Alpen glow fade on the mountains.

Walter and I were off by five o'clock the following morning for an inspection of the mountain. Skirting the lake and climbing over some snow covered slopes, we dropped down again to Mangin Glacier, up which we walked on hard snow to the foot of the peak in a couple of hours. There is a glacier tongue in the depression leading up between Mt. Marlborough and the east shoulder of Mt. Joffre, which leads directly to the foot of Mt. Blane, making a well marked pass between Mt. Joffre and Mt. Petain.

We climbed up part of the west face of the mountain, traversed a couloir, and reached the south ridge over shelving slopes of rotten rock, hoping to go round some gendarmes on the ridge

and in that way gain the summit. This, however, proved impossible. We were at this point only four hundred feet from the top, although a considerable distance to the south. The summit on this side consists of three lofty towers of smooth rock the only approach to which was over rotten rocks and ice filled couloirs, with but a thin covering of sliding snow. Also, from where we were, we could not even see if there were any possible means of getting through these towers to the top. We decided as the day was wearing on, to go down the ridge to Petain Pass and on to Petain Glacier and to make a trip round the mountain to look at the south, east and north sides also before determining our route of ascent for another day.

We trudged a long way down Petain Glacier, looking up at the south side of the peak, which consists mainly of perpendicular and quite unscalable cliffs, and the east and north sides looked almost unclimbable too. The only feasible route up the north side seemed to be up the north ridge. Finally, after a good deal of looking round, we reached the col between Marlborough and Mt. Foch ridge, a scramble over rock bands and steep slopes; and from there we made our way back to Aster Lake on the snow and soon reached Fossil Falls.

We next made up our minds to attempt the highest peak of the group, and as Harry had never been up a snow mountain, we asked him to accompany us on the ascent of Mt. Joffre (11,316 feet), only once climbed before from the same side by Dr. Hickson and Edward Feuz.

We left camp at five thirty on July 9th and got up to Mangin Glacier by way of Aster Lake. From there We walked up the moraine dividing this glacier and the one leading to Mt. Petain until we came to the northeast shoulder of the mountain where we turned into the snow on our right, and continued on up the glacier. Farther on, Walter struck up through the snow, ascending to the east rim of the mountain just to the left of the steep final summit and we went on up good snow to the top, which we reached at twelve o'clock.

We photographed Harry in triumph on the snow-covered summit, and then went down to a little platform below on the south side, from which we got a beautiful view of the peaks around White River Valley, and Walter with his field glasses saw what he thought was a possible route of ascent through the towers on the west face of Mt. Petain. An hour later, leaving the top of Mt. Joffre and holding over a little to the west rim of the mountain, we went straight down to easy glacier slopes below and so to Aster Lake, where the heat was intense and on to camp, which we reached at five o'clock.

The following two days were showery and the mosquitoes a plague. However, we wished to climb Mt. Petain so we stayed patiently at Fossil Falls until July 12th, when it cleared again.

Walter thought that for this ascent it would be better to have three on the rope so Mr. Harrison, who is a good rock climber, kindly volunteered to come with us, and at five fifteen we set off for the first ascent of the mountain (10,400 feet). We gained the heights above camp and went on past Aster Lake and up the snow on the glacier to the foot of the west face of the mountain in four hours. Here Walter made his way up a snow blocked couloir and then climbed straight up the face over rocks and steep shelving slopes, in some places cutting across the ice in small couloirs until we almost reached the foot of the towers. From there we traversed under the final cliffs on the right for about five hundred feet and ascended over some steep rock, broken with ledges, to the south ridge, a hundred feet below the summit, which we thereby gained at twelve o'clock.

We spent an hour on top and from that point could see a possible, though steep, route of ascent, from a snow couloir on the south side. Walter had already marked this from below when we went round the mountain but from there the approach from the glacier over the lower slopes had looked even steeper than it really was.

On leaving the summit we descended over the north ridge for about five hundred feet and then went down on our left through a steep crack leading to the west face. There we traversed under the cliffs and crossing a very dangerous ice couloir, where Walter had to cut a great many steps, regained our route of ascent, by which we returned to Mangin Glacier. The weather became overcast during our descent and it rained a little. However, we reached camp at 7.15 without getting wet, and a thunderstorm which came on during the night, very much cooled the air.

On July 13th we left Fossil Falls and rode in two days, by way of Kananaskis Lakes and Pocaterra Creek, to a camping place not far from Mt. Bogart (10,315), the first ascent of which we hoped to make. The country through which we went was gay with roses and other lovely wild flowers, and we had some fine views of the Ship Mountains.

On July 15th Mr. Harrison and Walter set out to look for a route to a fly camp site which they had in view up the left fork of Ribbon Creek, and they cut a trail part of the way.

Next morning the three of us left camp with our horses and one pack horse and rode for four hours through the forest to a rock slide where we could see Bogart towering above us. The others then left me in charge of the horses while they went on to blaze out the remainder of the trail and look for a camping place higher up. Later in the day I rode with them into a gorge which ends in a waterfall with a platform above it surrounded by high mountains. Here we camped near the waterfall.

It rained and thundered during the night and early morning but cleared soon after six and, hoping that it would keep fine, we set out at 6.50 for our climb. It started snowing slightly as we made our way up a ravine to the right of our camp and we sheltered on that account for a short time in a cave. Otherwise the weather remained fine during our ascent. At the top of the gully was a wild mountain theatre with many sheep tracks. It contained a lake which was shut in by the mountain on one side and by high cliffs on the other. From there we reached the south side of Bogart and made our way up shelving rock and shale slopes to the rock bands near the top. The biggest of these we overcame by climbing up through a crack and so reached the south ridge, along which we made our way to the top.

From the summit, which we reached at eleven thirty, and during our ascent, we obtained splendid views of the Ship Mountains, especially of Galatea, which towered above the others. The summits of the more distant peaks were mainly in the clouds but these sometimes lifted from Mt. Joffre, which looked most impressive and stood out very clearly from the surrounding peaks. On the east face of Mt. Bogart itself was a good deal of snow extending as far as the top. We spent an hour and a half there, and then descended by much the same route except that we went down in the snow for part of the way.

We found Mr. Harrison and the horses just above camp when we arrived there at three thirty, and soon after four o'clock we and our belongings were on the way back to the main camp, which we reached in two hours and three quarters, coming in for some showers en route. After some more bad weather, we moved to a camping ground five miles from Canmore and on July 21st Walter and I said good-bye to the others there and motored back to Banff to the ever kindly welcome which awaits one at the Alpine Club House.

## AN ATTEMPT ON MT. ROBSON BY THE N.W. (EMPEROR FALLS) RIDGE

BY ROBERT L. M. UNDERHILL

In 1929, while on a climbing expedition of the Appalachian Mountain Club with base at Lake Adolphus, I had surveyed the N.W. ridge of Mt. Robson with the greatest interest. Exchange of views with Hans Fuhrer elicited the fact that he too thought it the most promising route to the summit, destined, he hoped, to supersede the dangerous passage up the southern ice-falls. However, owing to the bad weather we were unable that year to put our theory to the test, and I came away after only a brief reconnaissance of the way up the preliminary bands of cliffs.

This last summer (1930) I was fortunate enough to secure Lincoln O'Brien as climbing companion, with this specific objective in mind. We went into camp above Emperor Falls on August 5th. The weather was clear, though very warm, and the mountain seemed to be as free from snow as one could hope. The next day was spent in locating a suitable bivouac site and in transporting an initial load up to it. The alternate bands of talus and cliff were crossed according to the route described in C.A.J. VI.<sup>1</sup> up to the great talus slope, extending 1,000 feet in vertical height, which encircles the mountain immediately below the feet of the N.W., W., and S.W. ridges. The heel of the N.W. ridge is a scalene triangle with the longer of the two sides (excluding the base) stretching to the S.W. A great gully, leading almost directly to the crest of the ridge, splits the face of this triangle; but, although the gully seemed climbable, we rejected it as a route on the ground that it would in all probability be difficult enough to occasion us an unwise loss of time right at the beginning of our climb.<sup>2</sup> We therefore crossed the great talus slope on a long diagonal to the right (S.), seeking a way by which we could gain the crest of the ridge along the southwestern slope of its triangular heel. Now, about two-thirds of the way down, this slope flattens out into a shoulder, and at the point where the shoulder abuts upon the main slope a couloir is carried down the face. (This couloir is, I believe, at the head of the third long tongue of snow, counted from N. to S., that stretches from the heel of the ridge down into the great talus slope, the large gully first mentioned being at the head of the first.) At the foot of this couloir, on a protected ledge just to the left of it and above the great talus slope, we placed our bivouac (9,000 ft.).

The bivouac was occupied on the 7th and at 4.30 the next morning we got under way. The weather was clear and settled, but much too warm for good snow conditions. Ascending without difficulty the couloir above us, we found that it led shortly to a bowl in the face of the heel of the ridge, and from this we climbed quickly and easily to the crest of the southwest slope of the ridge itself (10,000 ft.; 5.20). We now found ourselves upon a broad flank facing S.W.—the flank, at first, of the N.W. ridge, but one which then swings continuously in and around until it becomes in turn the northerly flank of the west, or “wish-bone” ridge. This flank exactly resembles that side of Whitehorn upon which the final stretch to the summit, by the usual route, lies, and like the latter is composed of alternate bands of cliff and scree. To the right, however, these bands run into a continuous snow slope, as the ridge merges with the main body of the mountain.

To surmount the first band of cliffs we were forced to traverse well over to the right (10,400 ft; 5.55). We now found ourselves upon a developing rock-rib, the third, as seen in the photographs,

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1 Page 30 (Darling); pp. 38-39 (MacCarthy).

2 I understand that the Odell-Crawford-Moore party, which tried the N.W. ridge some two weeks after us, did ascend by this gully, and were greatly delayed by so doing.

counted from left to right (or W. to E.), and in fact the last distinguishable one before the rocky portion of the wall merges into the continuous snow slope. Our course henceforth lay directly up this rib. Another band of cliffs was crossed, and then, at something over 11,000 feet, the rib suddenly steepened and offered us the first difficult climbing of the day. We were tempted, at this point, to move out upon the snow to our right, in order to overcome the sharp step in the rib, but the evidently insecure character of the snow (a thin layer lying upon steep rock) deterred us. The rock step was eventually surmounted by a zigzag movement—right, left, and again right—upon the faces of the rib. Above this step the rib flattened considerably, became snow-covered in stretches, and finally led us easily to the crest of the main N.W. ridge, well beyond and above its heel (about 12,300 ft.; 9.30).

Progress along the ridge itself we found to be more rapid if one kept upon a series of ledges slightly below the crest upon the S.W. face (or that up which we had come), rather than upon the snow of the crest itself. Eventually, however, these ledges ran out and we were forced to mount to the crest and try conclusions with its snow formations. These had long been causing us great anxiety, in prospect, and we had not moved far along the crest before we came face to face with the major apparent difficulty, and could see that our worst fears were well-grounded.

The ridge, seen from the side, has at this point the appearance of a white picket-fence or series of organ pipes.<sup>3</sup> This formation was so well marked in 1930 that it was even visible from the valley with the naked eye. The “pickets” of the fence are rock gendarmes, each cloaked with a deep covering of snow. It is thus impossible to move continuously along the ridge; one must clamber up and down over these huge snow-hummocks in long succession. The hummocks are not broad, transversely, and much of their apparent width is due to a tremendous fluctuating cornice which hangs out to the north. To effect the passage of such a formation, dangerous under any circumstances, it goes without saying that snow conditions should be of the best, but we found them the worst possible. An outer layer of thin crust concealed entirely incohesive snow beneath, so that an ice-axe, jammed in up to its head, could immediately be torn out sideways again. No belay was thus possible, while the solidity of the footsteps themselves could not be relied upon. I have never met snow anything like so bad as this elsewhere—never in the Alps,— and am at a loss to account for it.<sup>4</sup>

For some time we considered carefully the possibility of a traverse to avoid at least the first and worst of the hummocks. The north face was out of the question: besides carrying the cornice, it presents one of the most sheer and stupendous precipices one is likely to see—far more impressive than the north wall of the Matterhorn or the wall of the Eiger stretching down to Grindelwald. The S.W. face is far less abrupt, but its snow was again in a state not to be trusted. Wet and heavy from the heat, and lying upon steep slabs of rock, it was in prime condition to avalanche; and, in fact, avalanches did come off the mountain at frequent intervals throughout the remainder of the day.

At 11.30, therefore, at an altitude of about 12,500<sup>5</sup> feet and with the summit apparently

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3 In *C.A.J.* VI. the appearance is picturesquely described as that of “a host of white-cowled monks” (p. 31, and cf., also p. 33. Those on the ridge, at least are, however, not “sérac s”).

4 Mr. Henry S. Hall, Jr., suggests that owing to the mountain being pretty constantly in cloud and wind, the upper snow perhaps never really melts, as it must to form reliable névé by relegation. If this is the explanation the fact that 1930 was a relatively warm, dry season would seem to leave little hope for better conditions in other years.—It must be noted that just below the ridge the snow was clearly melting (of. *infra*).

5 The barometer actually read 12,750 (it had last been checked at the Emperor Falls camp), but I had found it given to running a bit high.

only a couple of hundred yards away, we turned back and descended as we had come.<sup>6</sup> The traverse below the rock-rib, across the lower part of the flank to the head of our initial couloir, had to be made in haste, as it involved the crossing of two gullies down which we had an opportunity to observe falls of rock.

Our final impression was that the N.W. ridge is unlikely ever to fulfil its first promise of being the best route to the summit. The critical passage upon it must always be the crossing of the picket-fence formation. This no doubt varies greatly from year to year, and only repeated trials could show whether it ever becomes negotiable, and if so under just what weather conditions. Even in much mitigated form, however, it would probably require considerable time and effort for its crossing. As for the route up to the crest of the ridge, that which we took is, we believe, the shortest, quickest, and easiest that could be adopted. But it is very uninteresting, save in one or two places, as it involves much walking up scree and scrambling over easy rocks; also, it is exposed to some dangers on the descent. Finally, the climb to and from the bivouac is very tedious and fatiguing, due to the long talus slopes that must be crossed.

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<sup>6</sup> Mr. Terris Moore, of the Odell-Crawford-Moore party, informs me that their party turned back much farther down the ridge, Mr. Odell having been able to judge the picket-fence formation, even from that distance, as impassable.—It is noteworthy that Kinney never speaks of this formation. I must confess that from his account I have never been able to determine his exact whereabouts upon the mountain. If he touched the N.W. ridge at all, and that at any altitude, it seems impossible that this peculiar structure should not have figured in his description.



## THE TRAGEDY ON MT. ROBSON

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BY FRANK N. WATERMAN

The news of a mountaineering fatality comes to all of us as a special shock. Mountaineering is a sport undertaken for the pure joy of conquest, for the uplift of soul, and the high reward which it brings in inspiration and as a mental and physical stimulant. That it should end in tragedy seems particularly terrible.

Another of these tragedies has occurred, and to the list of victims claimed by the Canadian Mountains has been added the name of Newman D. Waffl—the leader of the successful assault on Mt. Sir Alexander in 1929, a member of this Club, of the American Alpine Club, and of the Swiss and other European Clubs—who was killed on Mt. Robson on August 5, 1930.

Not even enough is known about the actual details of the disaster to point a moral or teach a lesson. When the first word was received that Mr. Waffl was missing on Mt. Robson the comment was made by some that it showed the folly of climbing alone. But the remark was premature, for almost the first statement made by the Swiss guides, when they returned with the first definite evidence of what had happened, was that it was fortunate that there had not been two or three in the party as the number of deaths would certainly have been increased by just that number.

The fact seems to be, so far as can be judged, that Mr. Waffl was a victim of a sudden change of weather which brought a day of exceptional heat following a night so warm that the snow did not freeze even on the heights, and which started avalanches of unusual number and violence. One of these unquestionably claimed him as its victim.

Mr. Waffl was a highly competent mountaineer, experienced in all phases of the craft. He was inherently cautious and of sound and well trained judgment. In addition he was a man of great strength and endurance, and at the time was in perfect training after a long season of climbing. He knew his own capacities and he also knew his mountain as thoroughly as it is possible to know it in advance of the climb.

The story is an impressive one. In 1929 on the return from the Mt. Sir Alexander trip the party camped on the A.C.C. 1924 Camp site for a climb of Mt. Resplendent which Mr. Waffl led. The view of Mt. Robson from Berg Lake impressed him as unsurpassed by any within his wide experience, and so fascinated him that although the rest of the party had to move on, he remained. He spent about two weeks at Hargreave's Berg Lake Camp, climbing Ptarmigan, Mumm and some of the lower eminences west of the Lake, for better views of the mountain, and exploring its approaches. By the time he left he felt that he had as good a knowledge of the peak and of all the routes that had been tried as could be obtained by mere observation.

During the following winter he studied the published accounts of the several ascents and attempts, and frequently discussed the peak with New York friends, although he had no definite plan in mind for a return to the region. In fact he was planning an entirely different trip at that time, in which members of the Sir Alexander party were invited to participate.

When this project failed he joined Dr. M. M. Strumia, Mr. William R. Hainsworth and Mr. J. Lehman in a trip which they had planned, pursuant to which they arrived at Mt. Robson Station on July 1st. In the interval between that date and July 7th they slept five nights high up on the mountain. Bad weather prevented them from getting very much higher, but did not prevent a good deal of reconnaissance of the peak.

On the evening of July 7th after their return to Berg Lake, Mr. Waffl wrote urging his comrades of the Mt. Sir Alexander climb to join him in August in an attempt on the peak. He

said, "I have skirted the mountain now around the highest shale band, visited the great snow fan, inspected the bases of the Wishbone arête, planned out the precise route to the very upper snow slopes, and all is set for... the traverse via the west face and N.W. ridge with descent via the Wishbone arête and down the left face of that (looking up) to a couloir (not the big one) to the shale again within ½ hour of the starting point .... We must allow time for weather, for Mt. Robson is not a mountain to fool with in bad condition."

On July 8th Mr. Waffl wrote: "We are committed to start With Curly's outfit tomorrow .... We are leaving it with great regret, but it will take a week yet before the top is safe to fool with. All afternoon the snow has been coming down and debouching on the great snow fans."

In another letter he wrote: "Mt. Robson is not so much difficult as dangerous .... It is no mountain to trifle with."

It is thus clear that he knew his mountain, appreciated its character, and understood its dangers.

After climbing to the south of Jasper, during which time first ascents were made of Mts. Christie, Belanger (34 hours), Mt. Maligne, five unnamed peaks (one took 23 hours), and an unsuccessful attempt on Brussels, the party returned to Jasper. Dr. Strumia, Mr. Hainsworth, and Mr. Lehman returned to business. Mr. Waffl went via Portal Creek to Mt. Estella and made a successful solo climb. He wrote a full and thrilling account of this adventure, but unfortunately the letter was accidentally destroyed. This is greatly to be regretted as the letter would have constituted a valuable contribution to mountaineering literature. He compared Mt. Estella to the Dru and rated it as the best rock climb he had seen in Canada.

After some hesitation the decision was made to return to Mt. Robson and if possible secure Joseph Saladana or Arthur Allen to make the attempt with him or—failing that—to climb alone. He arrived at Robson Station on August 3rd and proceeded at once to Berg Lake. Unable to enlist either of the hoped-for companions, he started at noon of August 4th from the foot of Berg Lake where Roy Hargreaves landed him by boat. His announced intention was to climb as long as he could see and then bivouac until light again permitted an advance.

The weather for two weeks had been favorable. The snow on the mountain was well consolidated and the nights had been cold. Avalanching on that face had apparently ceased; although there was still much snow, it seemed thoroughly stable.

That night, however, was very warm, and the following day, Tuesday, August 5th, excessively hot, so that heavy avalanching began again. Mr. Hargreaves reports noting many, including three of exceptional violence on that side of the mountain.

Mr. Waffl had expressed his intention of returning on Tuesday evening, or at the latest, by Wednesday noon. He requested that a horse be sent to bring him across the river and back to Berg Lake at 9 p.m. on Tuesday.

On Tuesday a camp was established by Dennison and Britton across the river above Emperor Falls for Messrs. O'Brien and Underhill, who were expected on the following day. Mr. Hargreaves arranged with them to keep watch for any signs of Mr. Waffl.

When he did not return by Wednesday noon, Hargreaves sent word to the B.C. Provincial Police that he was missing, and on Thursday he, with Joseph Saladana, went in search. They found no trace of him.

On the same day L. O'Brien and R. L. M. Underhill attempted the ascent by a low ridge to the south of the N.W. arête. They followed scratches and tracks which they presumed to be Mr. Waffl's, up to about 11,200 feet, where they lost them. Word of the disaster was not received at

the A.C.C. Camp until August 9th, and the Fuhrer brothers, Hans and Henry, Swiss guides, left Maligne Lake the following morning for Mt. Robson Station. They made three searches. The first was fruitless. The second resulted in finding Mr. Waffl's windbreaker, uninjured, a torn silk bandanna, his badly torn rucksack, some torn underwear, and a bit of torn film. The third trip yielded further pieces evidently torn from underwear.

A further search by R. Hargreaves and J. Saladana on August 20th and 21st resulted in the discovery of Mr. Waffl's duxbak coat, the aluminum frame of a pair of snow glasses, and other articles and fragments.

All of the articles recovered were found on the great fan of avalanche snow, toward which all the avalanches on the west face fall, or on the rocks just above it, over which the slides descend.

On August 19th Messrs. Odell, Crawford and Moore arrived from Maligne Lake on an expedition of their own. They attempted the ascent of Mt. Robson on the 20th, taking a ridge leading to the N.W. arête. They found the rock heavily coated with ice and did not get very high. They had intended going out at once, but agreed to spend two days searching, and on the 22nd again examined the great snow fan. Dr. A. J. Gilmour and Miss H. I. Buck accompanied them. The well-like bergschrund at the top of the slide and the rocks for a short distance above were their particular objective. These were thoroughly searched. Nothing additional was found.

After completing this undertaking Messrs. Odell, Crawford and Moore continued around the mountain and bivouaced at a considerable height above the 1924 Fly Camp of the A.C.C. On the 23rd they ascended the peak by the 1924 route, thus making the first guideless ascent.<sup>1</sup> They searched the upper and lower hanging glaciers as far as practicable, but found no traces of Mr. Waffl either on top or on the glaciers.

This ended the search. Two weeks of abnormal heat had entirely altered the condition of the mountain. All tracks had been obliterated. The top of the cliffs above the snow fan had been searched as far as was safe.

Continued avalanching from the top ridge made it prohibitively dangerous to go far into their paths. There seemed to be nothing more that could be done. Reluctantly the search was abandoned.

The Swiss guides were of the opinion that the accident occurred at a great height. The articles found were low down, below the top of the rock wall against which the avalanche glacier leans. Only light articles were found and probably only such were brought down. These were widely scattered over half a mile or more of the lower part of the slide, which is some three-quarters of a mile in circumference at its base. His body, his camera, and his ice axe, probably lodged higher up. He carried a climbing rope; no trace of it was found. This, by catching, may have served to hold him very high above the level where the articles were found.

Never was a climb better thought out and never was a climber more fit for his undertaking. All of the fixed factors had been carefully weighed, yet a tragedy resulted. The one factor which could not have been foreseen was the sudden change in weather which perhaps made even moving after sunset dangerous. It occasionally happens that it is much warmer high up than at lower levels on a mountain. The extreme suddenness with which heavy avalanching from the top started suggests that this may have caused the disaster.

The mountains have exacted another sacrifice. Nature is inexorable and inexplicable!

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<sup>1</sup> See *C.A.J.* Vol. XIII—1923, p. 39 (Ed.)

## IN THE TETONS

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BY KENNETH A. HENDERSON

As one crosses the Southern end of the Gros Ventre Range and drops down through the Hoback Canyon toward Jackson Hole, there is little to tell one that just around the corner lies one of the most spectacular ranges of the Rockies. The low foothills rising to 10,000 or 11,000 feet, composed of only slightly tilted sedimentary strata, disclose no inkling of what lies ahead. The traveller seems to be in the midst of a hilly wilderness with perhaps a ranch every thirty or forty miles to keep up his courage. In the bright light and heat of a sunny Wyoming summer day, he may instinctively recoil as he comes out into the South Park of Jackson Hole on a bench high above the Snake. Not as scorchingly inhospitable as the upper Columbia at Wilmer, it is yet a desert only partly reclaimed by irrigation. Many weary miles with the ranches becoming much more numerous, and finally, the town of Jackson is passed. As the road rises on to the flat, level, desertic floor of the northern end of the hole, the traveller is vouchsafed the sight for which he has travelled so many weary miles. The Teton Range rising at its apex 7,000 feet above the sagebrush covered floor of Jackson Hole within a distance of two miles, is a sight well calculated to impress the mountain wanderer, be he ever so well travelled. Although not covered with the large expanse of glaciers of the Wind River Mountains to the south, it yet has its glaciers, albeit small ones, to delight the heart of the mountaineer.

As, last summer, Dr. R. L. M. Underhill and I drove into Jenny Lake, the small camp ground and village at the base of the Grand Teton, we were greeted by our friends of last year. Prof. F. M. Fryxell, now naturalist-ranger of the National Park, and Phil Smith, another ranger, immediately requested the opportunity of joining us on our projected attempt on Mt. Owen, the last unclimbed major peak of the range, which they felt would be successful. After a visit to our friends, the Lyons, who immediately undertook to fix us up with the best camp equipment available at our former camp site at Amphitheatre Lake, a charming spot at an altitude of 9,700 feet on the slope of the Grand Teton 3,000 feet above the floor of the valley, we started.

After a night, during which the horses all ran back to the valley, thereby causing a certain amount of annoyance to their owner, we awakened to a four o'clock breakfast, complete in all details. The breakfast was, in fact, so good that it was five o'clock on July 16th before we started for our objective. The way led over a slight ridge on to the Teton Glacier, a route familiar to us all.<sup>1</sup> The steep tongue of the glacier, completely covered with huge blocks of moraine and presenting an obstacle of tedious and annoying difficulty, was finally conquered to the running accompaniment of very brief but descriptive epithets. The way across the glacier was now clear. Mt. Owen stood at the further end of the right hand arm, the east ridge of the Grand Teton came down at our left cutting the glacier into two pieces of which the one to the right was somewhat the larger and better formed, the left arm being mostly névé and rising quite steeply to a pass leading to another smaller glacier above which towered Teepee's Pillar, an objective we had marked down for later action. The left hand or south ridge of Owen was crowned by a bizarre arrangement of rock figures, columns and gendarmes, and was, moreover, difficult if not dangerous of access. The east ridge to the right, on the other hand, was easily reached by a couloir leading up about 1,500 feet from the glacier. It was up this ridge that the previous attempts had been made, all of which failed, the last only sixty feet from the summit. The smooth wall which had turned back the last party intrigued us and

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<sup>1</sup> C.A.J. vol. xviii., page 96.



The Teton Range From Jackson Hole

*Photo Kenneth A. Henderson*

The Grand Teton is seen in the centre.



Mt. Moran From String Lake Flat.

*Photo Kenneth A. Henderson*

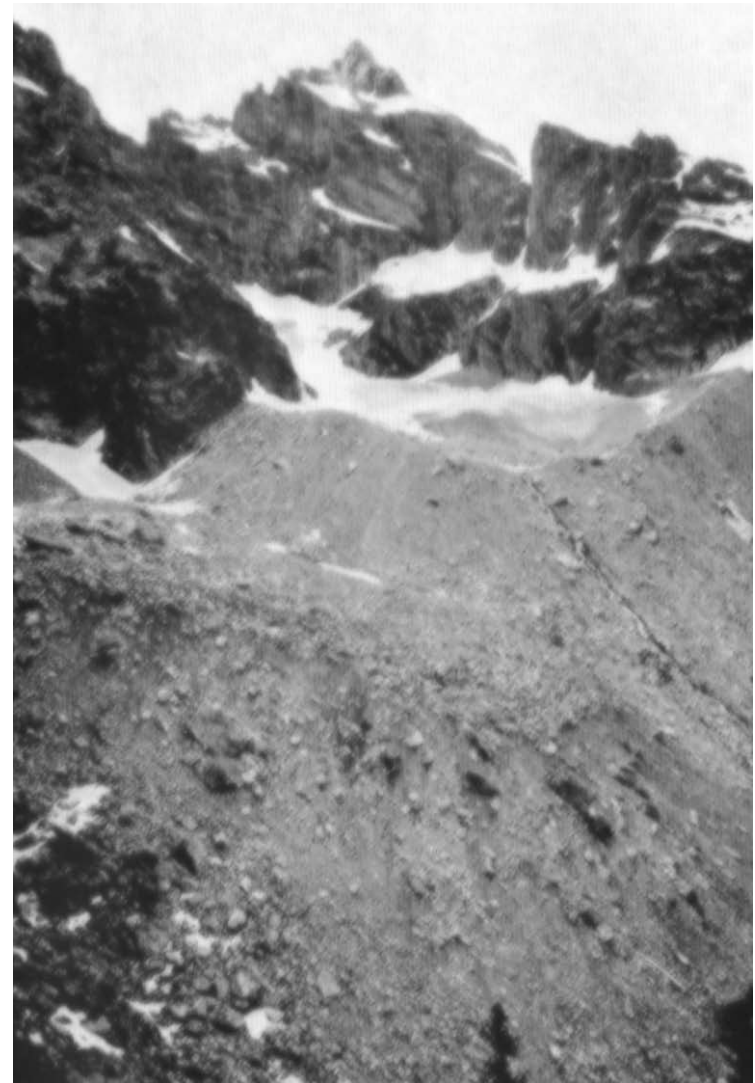
inasmuch as both Fryxell and Smith had been members of this party, we docilely allowed ourselves to be conducted up the couloir to the east ridge. The upper part of the couloir was a fearsome place better left alone. The wall to the right, rising 200 or 300 feet sheer, overhung the couloir which was here at least thirty feet wide, in fact the dripping of the water from it had in one place worn a large hole in the snow on the further side. It was worse than standing beneath the leaning tower of Pisa for here there was no assurance that the masonry was well put together, in fact our friends cheerily informed us that two years ago several tons of rock came crashing down through here just after they had quit the place. The well stepped rocks to the left looked more inviting, so we soon traversed on to them and followed them to the ridge. The ridge really merged into the north flank of the mountain, so a short traverse over the snow to the right brought us to a series of easy chimneys in the first rock step. A traverse back to the left above, and up the snow-field shortly brought us to the final rock ridge, here well defined. The rock, a granitic gneiss, at first well broken up, soon became quite slabby although not as steep as the east ridge of the Grand Teton across the glacier. Those who had been carrying the rope now insisted on its use. The summit was definitely in sight and why carry a rope if it is not to be used? All too soon this interesting scramble ended under the summit wall, at the cairn of the last defeated party. Breakfast was called, for it was only 9.30, and while forty-five minutes were consumed together with a certain amount of food, the further way was scouted. The proponents of strategy now overcame those of direct assault, so on the north side where the snow-fields and rocks fell away at a terrific angle down some 5,000 feet or more into the pine-clad depths of Glacier Canyon, we rappelled thirty-five feet down an ice-filled chimney to a little snow bank. A short downward traverse on snow and then a great slab, slightly damp and not over provided with holds led up to the north ridge. We were in nailed boots, so making the best of the situation, I led off feeling not in the best of spirits while standing on one nail firmly caught on a quartz crystal. There was only some hundred and fifty feet of this, so soon we stood on the ridge not fifteen feet from the summit. A broad gap and an overhang beyond barred the way, however, and the attempted court-echelle in an icy wind failed before it was well under way, due to the inconstancy of the underdog who insisted on getting down where it was warm. The search was, therefore, continued around on the west side where, finally, a cleft in the summit block provided a step-ladder to the fruition of our aspirations.

The less said of the cold stay on the summit, punctuated by a few drops of rain, the better, yet the sequel is not yet. As we looked down at our ice-axes and rucksacks sixty feet below, we realized how much effort had been spent for such a small result. The blow must be avenged. A rope sling was fixed, a rappel made, and then after changing to sneakers, the summit was reached a second time, but straight up the face which had stopped the other party. The problem was now solved and it was a happy party that returned to camp by the route we had come. Fryxell and Smith left us on the glacier, so that only two of us turned up to demand tea, to be followed later by a sumptuous repast.

It was after a day of rest that Underhill and I set out for our second objective, Teepee's Pillar. Owen had proved unexpectedly easy, only the last bit had come up to expectations, so that getting a later start, 5.30, we crossed to the glacier, avoiding the moraine this time, and ascended the left arm to the col at its head. This led us on to another much smaller glacier now known locally as Teepee's Glacier as it was here on the steep slope at its head that Theodore Teepee was killed on August 4th, 1925, by slipping and falling on the rocks at the base of the giant gendarme which now bears his name. The great pillar looked forbidding at closer approach but it was possible to get on to the rocks at the left, the east side of the gendarme. Here the rocks were somewhat broken up and it was possible to find a place to leave one's nailed boots and to eat another breakfast. At 8.15, having roped, we



Teepe's Pillar Across Teepe's Glacier  
From The Northeast. *Photo Kenneth A. Henderson*



Mt. Owen From Ridge Above Camp  
On Amphitheatre Lake. *Photo Kenneth A. Henderson*



started off up a hopeless looking series of cracks towards an impossible appearing overhang whose only merit was that it did not look quite as bad as any other route. The slabs and cracks were followed for about 250 feet until the overhang was reached. Here a huge black rock blocked further progress upward, but by using a court-echelle it was possible to get out from underneath this block to the left from whence a ticklish series of slabby ledges led back up over the block. The key was found and after following in Underhill's footsteps, I could see that our way now seemed clear for a while. The same series of cracks was followed for another hundred feet or so until another wet overhang, much easier, led to the sunny ledges on the south side of the peak. From then on things became too complicated for description, although easier for climbing. We followed our noses but they were very erratic noses leading us to pick a route which led all over that side of the mountain and ended up on the southwest ridge by which the summit was attained at 10.10, slightly less than two hours for the thousand feet. From here the first gendarme and the terrific slabs of our last year's route on the Grand Teton showed to good advantage. Looking back at this led us to look forward to new achievement so we regarded the south ridge of that mountain with more than usual interest. It was still early, we were at 12,400 feet and there was yet time to try this ridge. The thought drove us down, so we wriggled to the foot of our peak in time for a 12 o'clock lunch.

The important business of the day being then disposed of, we started up the long steep slope of the glacier leading to the col between Teepe's Pillar and the beginning of the south ridge of the Teton. Imbued with a fatalism engendered perhaps by the memory of Teepe's accident, we gained the rocks on which he met his fate, just below the col. There must be a Kismet about such things for as I touched the ledge with my hand, a small boulder loosened by Underhill who was some fifteen or twenty feet ahead rolled down giving the end of my right middle finger a smart crack which ripped out the fingernail by the roots. The blow was too sharp and quick to be painful but the after-effect presented a very gory picture. A hurried application of iodine and bandage and we continued the even tenor of our way. At the foot of the south ridge we found a rusty hunting knife, but still secure in the knowledge that this was a still unclimbed ridge, we kept on. The rocks were moderately difficult but we had progressed about 400 feet when the rope began to show signs of animation and a prickly sensation seized us. A glance to the west told us all too clearly that the daily afternoon thunder shower was close at hand, too close for comfort. It was not yet quite 2.30 so, expecting the usual half hour or so of inconvenience, we scrambled down to the only overhanging rock in sight, just below the ridge. Leaving our ice-axes at a safe distance, we tried to make ourselves comfortable between the ledge which slanted upward at a steep angle and the pseudo roof which slanted at a steeper angle. A narrow ledge to stand on and a back rest was the best we could do. The storm came rapidly and with it a terrific wind. The cold was intense, the precipitation being now hail, now sleet, now snow. The drifting scud and sleet driven by a wind which must have reached over 80 miles an hour was beautiful to behold. Even the hailstones were driven horizontally while great gusts would hit the ridge and seem to shake the mountain, then with their first vitality gone would sweep over and down across the stone covered ledges toward us in whistling whirlwinds whose vortices would pick up pebbles and stones and cast them down the mountain side. The roaring, screaming, and tearing of these whirlwinds as they zigzagged up and down and across the mountain face was like the lashings of some fabled monster or dragon. Once before, I was caught on a mountain side and threatened with annihilation by stonefall precipitated by such whirlwinds and the experience was not a pleasant one. This time nature was striving to outdo herself for together with all this, the lightning played hide and seek with the rocks. Three times it struck the Middle Teton, in our view not half a mile away across the valley, hitting the

rocks with a blinding flash and then playing all around the adjacent mountain side. Several times it hit above us on the mountain and as our clothes became wetter, we began to feel each shock as the electricity shot through the body, causing an involuntary twinge. For two hours and a half we anxiously watched the western sky for a light which might presage the return of the sun, yet each time the fury of the storm momentarily slackened it came back with redoubled energy. At last a bit of clear sky, then more, and finally the sun now near the horizon. The hail and sleet were gone but not the wind. We danced about to warm ourselves but determined on another try at the ridge. The wind, although less, was still strong enough to blow us over, even in the lee of the ridge. It blew the water off the rocks into the air and caused us many a bad moment as we clung desperately to a hold. A half hour of this and then a sudden glance to the south showed an inky black cloud spitting fire and rapidly advancing toward us. This was not playing the game fairly. Two hours and a half is at least an hour and a half too much thunderstorm for one afternoon, but another one to boot .... The speed with which we descended the ridge was really remarkable but the lightning was already spitting as we descended the glacier, and as we ran across the more level part a boulder, loosened by the storm, crashed down behind us. Camp was still far away so we were treated to a brilliant sunset upon our return at 7.30 for a late dinner.

After a visit to the doctor the next day for repairs to the finger, I returned too late to reach camp that night, so could not accompany Underhill on a solo climb of the Grand Teton, which he made the next day by the usual route, leaving our best 80 foot rope hanging in one of the chimneys due to sheer inertia and an unwillingness to burden himself with the extra weight bushwhacking down Bradley Canyon. After another day spent in scouting the western and southern approaches to Mt. Moran, Fryxell, Underhill and I turned around and climbed that mountain by its usual route, the northeast and north ridges. Having borrowed a car, we drove to the end of the road at Leigh Lake and leaving there at six o'clock followed a trail to the end of the lake. A sort of trail helped us around the base of the mountain but it was finally a question of bushwhacking. Down timber, alder thickets, morasses, and other obstructions whose proper description would be unprintable, conspired to delay our progress. Finally rising on to a moraine a few hundred feet above the lake, we found a moose trail which led to and then up the crest of the northeast ridge to timberline. A mean and unexpected gendarme upon which we suddenly found ourselves was treated with scant consideration, being quickly climbed over. From here easy grass slopes alternating with rock steps led us finally to see how high we could get on grass. The result was surprising, only a few hundred feet of interesting climbing separated us from the north summit which we reached at 12.15. After a stop for pictures and refreshment, we continued on to the south, or higher summit, reaching it an hour later. We spent a long time enjoying the view and examining the vast level summit several acres in extent, so that it was three o'clock before we started down, choosing the snow couloir to the Skillet Glacier as our route. The snow was hard, necessitating step-cutting until we gradually got down to softer snow where we worked a glissading technique to meet the emergency. The first man glissaded until stopped by the rope which was held on the rammed-in ice-axes of the other two; he in turn helped to stop the second man, although the rope from above was a powerful brake. The last man had to trust to the efficiency of his two predecessors. The whole descent was long and toilsome, so that as we cut down off the glacier and over the moraines it was getting late. We were lucky to strike a game trail which led us high around the mountain so that we struck Leigh Lake with a minimum of bushwhacking and returned to the car at 9.15 as a thunderstorm with its fitful flashes, threw the mountain now and again into bold relief against the fast developing obscurity.

## THE PEAKS OF BUTE INLET

BY T. FYLES

At the head of Bute Inlet, 150 miles north of Vancouver as the crow flies, two rivers, the Homathko and the Southgate find their outlet five miles apart. The east branch of the former flows out of Tatlayoko Lake, while the latter finds its source in the mountains about five miles from the south end of Chilko Lake. Between these rivers, clasped as it were by two giant arms bent to form roughly three sides of a square, stands a mountainous area about thirty miles across.

In this group three or four peaks exceed perhaps 10,000 feet in height, and elevations of 8,000 or 9,000 feet are the general rule. A large section is covered by a plateau of snow from which glaciers descend like the overflow of a generously iced cake.

Reference to a map might reveal in that section about half a dozen names and a few: short lines meant for rivers, but for the most part it is shown blank.

Mr. Munday's parties have seen the district from across the Homathko River and from Mt. Rodney at the mouth of the Southgate River. Dr. Dolmage and Capt. Bishop while on the Geological Survey, have seen something of its eastern side from peaks around Chilko Lake; but like many others, this area has been left untouched by mountaineering parties. This section is part of the Coast Range which stretches in an almost impenetrable line from the head of Howe Sound, 30 miles north of Vancouver to the Bella Coola valley, a distance of over 200 miles.

Last summer Messrs. S. H. Henderson, A. H. Dalgleish and the writer, after discussing various possibilities, decided on the head of Bute Inlet as a suitable point at which to spend an allotted holiday of two weeks. The boat service was excellent for the purpose; leaving Vancouver each week on Saturday, it returns to town early Monday morning.

July 19th we crossed the gangplank of the Union Steamship "Chelosun," with huge packs and light hearts, and the following morning at 8.30 a.m. were deposited on a float which did duty for a jetty at Homathko at the head of Bute Inlet.

From daybreak we had watched the procession of heights which bordered the Inlet on both sides, hoping to catch glimpses of tempting peaks behind. But little can be learned of the real character of the country from sea level and as the day was of exceptional clearness it was decided to climb Mt. Evans, 7,000 ft., as this would be an excellent viewpoint from which to gather more information.

The first problem was to row across the mouth of the Homathko River and find a landing sufficiently high on which to deposit our belongings and, as the tide was low, some time was lost.

It was almost noon when the base of the hillside was reached and the heat was excessive as we scrambled upwards through a tangle of brambles. By continued effort a point overlooking the glacier was gained at 5 p.m. and an hour and a half later from the crest of the snow-field above, at a height of 6,800 feet, we were rewarded by a splendid view of the surrounding country. Lengthening shadows emphasized the beauty of the array of mountains which had grown into our horizon as we ascended. Beyond the depression where the Homathko River moved seaward, 30 miles away, was Mt. Waddington and its high neighbors, and on all sides were mountain peaks 2,000 or 3,000 feet higher than the ridge on which we stood.

Across the Teaquahan River which joins the Inlet at the eastern base of Mt. Evans, and whose branches could be followed as they rose from the wooded depth to their sources in the glaciers, the country offered the greatest attraction. The imposing face of Bute Mountain, whose

rock walls descended for several thousand feet like a huge futuristic model, stood at the head of the first branch. Along a further tributary the eye wandered to a fine glacier which descended in steps from behind an outstanding spur and reappeared beyond in the form of a large snowfield above which protruded a number of interesting peaks. Little time was left to admire the view and having decided to spend some of our holiday above the branches of the Teaquahan River, a hurried descent was made to sea level, where we found our packs still above the rising tide.

As a start was made for Bute Mountain the following morning with three days provisions, the peak could still be seen above the wooded ridges. Feeling the effects of the previous day's climb coupled with the heat and the impediments of the bush, our progress along the river bank was decidedly slow. Leaving the main valley at the first branch to the east, the stream was crossed from time to time on fallen logs in order to obtain better going but without much result. A dip in the glacial stream provided temporary relief from the heat and the flies. Reaching a fork of the stream at 5 p.m., camp was made for the night, at 1,500 feet.

Starting at 5 a.m. Tuesday morning and leaving the valley for the hillside between the two streams, good progress was made and by 10.30 a.m. a heathery meadow at 5,000 feet had been reached, where the packs could be discarded. At the top of the ridge 500 feet higher, the peak came into full view, a fine wall of cliffs descended 6,000 feet to a glacier, the source of the stream we had followed the previous day. To the right, a long ridge led towards the peak and this was followed over many crests and hollows to a steep snow couloir which, broken by some smooth rock, offered the only climbing difficulty. Above, where we had thought other difficulties might be in store, a snow slope led easily to the summit, which was reached at 5.30 p.m.

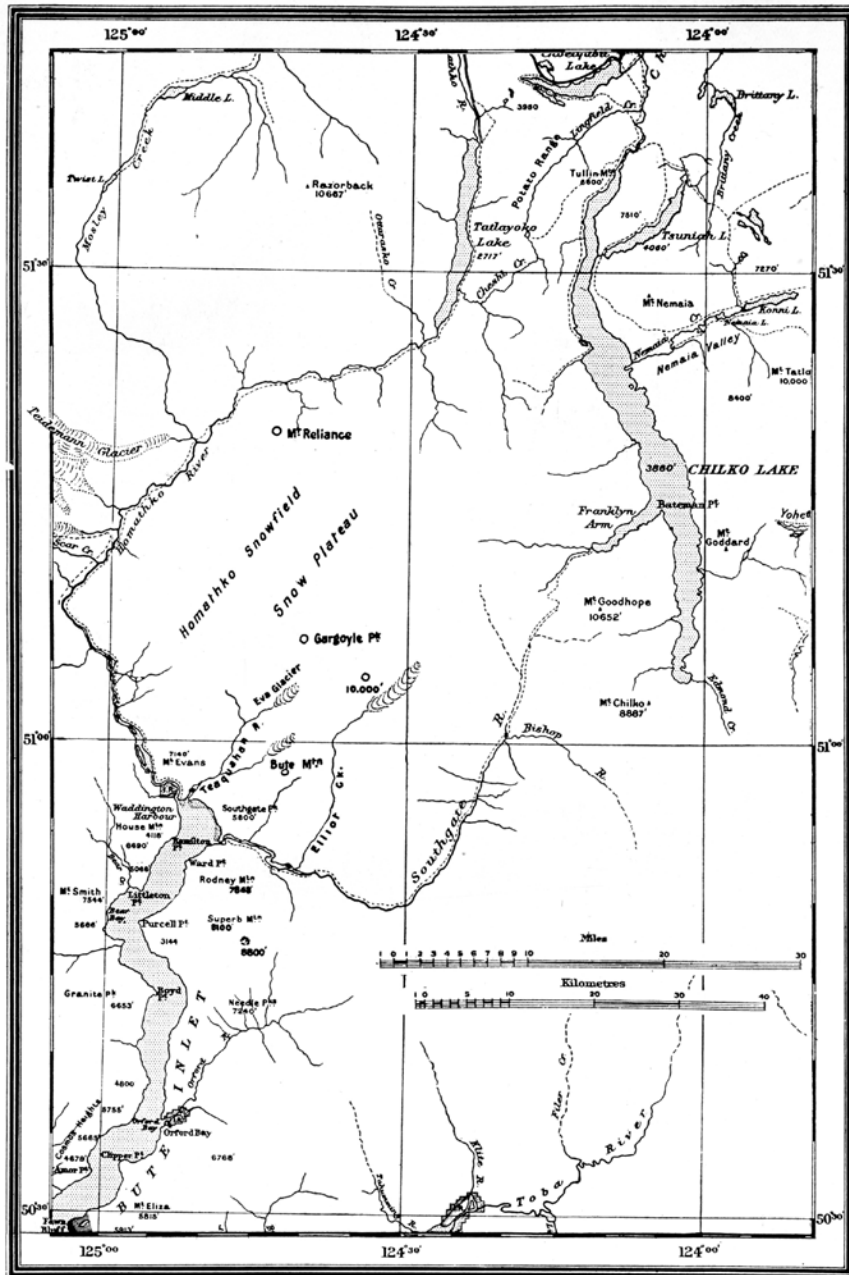
The aneroids gave an altitude of 9,200 feet and with this elevation and a perfectly clear atmosphere the views were more comprehensive than those from Mt. Evans had been. A jumble of peaks and glaciers spread in all directions as far as the eye could see. In a deep basin more than 9,000 feet below, the head of Bute Inlet lay like a lake amidst a surrounding wall of mountains. Across the mouth of the Southgate River Mts. Rodney, Superb and the Needles Peaks rose from the east side of the Inlet, whilst behind them a fine unnamed group about 9,000 feet high looked as if it would offer good climbing. Across Elliot Creek which flowed along the eastern base of our peak, another distinctive group filled in the bend of the Southgate River where it turned towards the north.

The highest peak of the vicinity stood at the head of Elliot Creek about eight miles distant, a long glacier tongue curving round its base.

Northwards the view perhaps had the greatest interest, for the large snow plateau, with peaks breaking through its surface in rock pyramids and higher mountains along its extremities, seemed to fill most of the area between the Homathko and the Southgate Rivers. To the northwest the Mt. Waddington country stood out clearly, the supreme group of the horizon.

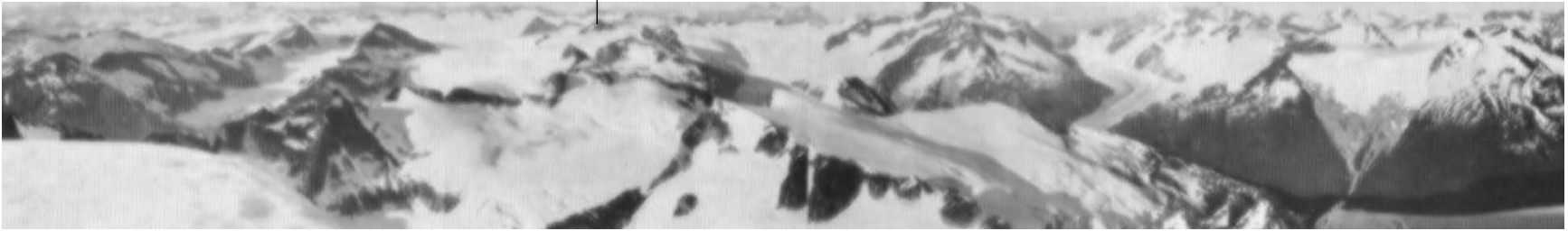
From the Inlet the amount of snow had appeared insignificant. Now, as seen from the height, the majority of the landscape was made up of snow or ice. There was a decided interest too in the thought of how few of those peaks had been touched by the foot of man. It was 7 p.m. when we turned to leave. The journey back to our packs was long and tiresome but the wonderful sunset light, as it glided from peak to peak, will remain longer in our memory than the race with darkness along the high ridges.

The following day, July 23rd, found us descending to the valley. The night was spent by the main river and a fresh supply of food was obtained. With this additional burden we travelled up the valley of the Teaquahan River for two days. Heavy packs never make enjoyable com-



Sketch Map Of The Bute Inlet Area.

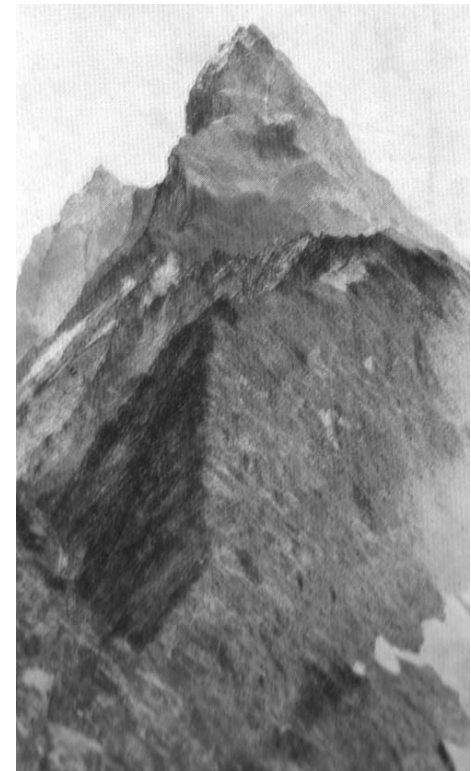
Homathko Snowfield    Gargoyle Pk.    Mt. Memeia ("Cloud Soarer")



View North And East From Bute Mountain. *Photo T. Fyles*



Bute Mountain.  
*Photo T. Fyles*



American Border Peak. *Photo T. Fyles*  
From ridge of Red Mtn. Canadian Border Peak beyond.

panions but when struggling amidst the many impediments and obstacles of tangled bush the keenest climber may be permitted to wonder whether, after all, mountaineering is an unadulterated pleasure. The river, though short, carries a good quantity of water and at only one point where a log had conveniently fallen across a canyon was it found possible to cross. At the evening of the second day camp was made 10 or 12 miles from the Inlet at the head of one of the main branch streams at an altitude of 2,500 feet. Since leaving Bute Mountain the weather had been showery and a cheery blaze and hot meal were very welcome after our strenuous endeavors.

Saturday morning as we climbed to where a wild cataract forming the source of the stream made its first plunge from under the ice of the glacier, the clouds parted and gave place to brilliant sunshine. Once on the ice at 3,500 feet, its bare surface was followed with ease until an icefall 1,000 feet high blocked the way. A large moraine offered a means of avoiding the broken ice above which a snow covered area at 5,500 feet led to a second icefall, which was passed without difficulty. The glacier, for which we had adopted the name Eva (the local name for the Teaquahan River), provided new sights at every turn, the ice cataracts descending to the main stream; the hanging glaciers and the big snowfield developing above seemed to fill the air with delightful expectancy.

Climbing a ridge to an altitude of 8,000 feet, an interesting glacier with regular parallel sides appeared in the hollow beyond, while peaks seen from Bute Mountain came into view. To the north much of our view beyond the head of Eva Glacier was obstructed by a rocky step in our ridge up which it was impossible to climb, but with plans to go further in that direction on the morrow we turned our steps towards camp.

While descending the moraine beside the lower icefall, Henderson unfortunately disturbed a large rock which did not noticeably move until he had passed it. The rock bowled him over, causing painful bruises to the thigh and ankle but fortunately he was able to retain his balance on the steep moraine and after a short rest continued the tramp back to camp.

The following morning, leaving Henderson to nurse his bruises, Dalgleish and I retraced our steps of the previous day and followed the upper part of Eva Glacier to where it merged into the great snow plateau at a height of 7,000 feet. Rising from the snowfield about a mile away, appeared a rocky blade 1,500 feet high, and as it was evident this would make an excellent viewpoint, the intervening distance was crossed and the southern arête climbed. It provided an interesting scramble. The highest point, a projecting rock about 50 feet high (which suggested the name Gargoyle for the peak) almost defeated our efforts to scale it but with the aid of a rope thrown over a convenient corner, the obstacle was overcome and a cairn built on the summit. The day was again perfect and for two and a half hours we stayed to enjoy the wonderful panorama, a sea of peaks, wave on wave reaching to the horizon.

The expanse of snow out of which our peak protruded spread in an undulating plateau 15 or 20 miles long and several miles wide, and formed the most interesting object of our view. Two or three peaks about 10,000 feet in height rose to the northeast; Mt. Goodhope near the south end of Chilko Lake farther east, while the big peak we had seen from Bute Mountain and which we had hoped to climb, looked temptingly near. Mt. Waddington again showed clearly to the northwest.

Descending the rocks and picking up our trail on the snow below, we went down the slopes, revelling in the changing details of the snowy landscape with the deepening of evening shadows.

On reaching camp we were rejoiced to find our friend much improved by his easy day. The following morning the journey out to the Inlet was commenced and by taking easy stages to help our lame companion the trip was made in two days. Here we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and

Mrs. Adkins, who were in charge of logging operations. The memory of a great feast from a table carrying a variety of food not included in our own bill of fare, will long remain.

Rowing 15 miles down the Inlet the same evening to Schnaars Landing, the weather went to pieces with a vivid thunderstorm, which provided perhaps more thrills than the climbing had done. From this point a climb was made to one of the Needles Peaks, 7,000 feet high, but the clouds hung low and views were very limited. An effort was also made to climb the unnamed peak marked 8,800 feet on the map. Above timberline a blanket of clouds obscured the route and later, when they lifted, and a point on an exposed rock ridge had been gained, at 7,200 feet, an electric storm developed and drove us down again.

The "S.S. Chelosun," on her weekly round, picked us up Sunday, August 3rd, in time to hear the first call of the breakfast gong and, needless to say, we were the first to respond. The weather assumed its best behavior again as the boat made its way down the Inlet, and a pleasant day was spent as calls were made at the many camps and pleasure resorts in the various indentations along the coast. Vancouver was reached in time for business early Monday morning.

## THE BORDER PEAKS

BY T. FYLES

While there are many unclimbed peaks beyond the mountains visible from Vancouver, the chance to do anything new in a short week-end is limited. From the higher parts of the town at sunrise, a jagged skyline of peaks may be seen stretching northwards from Mt. Baker. Mt. Shuksan appears as the first elevation to the north, while the next is a group of three peaks about 8,000 feet high which stand on the International Boundary. These peaks, which are about 80 miles east of Vancouver, can be seen to better advantage from parts of the Fraser Valley while from the end of the Mt. Baker Highway at Austin Pass a closer view is obtained. On the Canadian side the nearest highway is twenty miles distant but the opening of the Mt. Baker Highway a few years ago provided an easy approach from the American side, and the most easterly peak known as Red Mountain, can be climbed without difficulty from a trail which can be followed to within 2,000 feet of the summit.

For some unknown reason, the other two peaks have been ignored and are still without names. On the weekend of September 13-14, Messrs. R. A. Fraser, S. H. Henderson, A. H. Dalgleish and T. Fyles set out to make a closer acquaintance of these peaks which, because of their proximity to the International Boundary, were referred to as the Border Peaks.

The party left Vancouver by auto at 1.30 p.m., reached Shuksan Camp on the Mt. Baker Highway at 5 p.m., and followed the five miles of trail to Twin Lakes, elevation 5,500 feet, where the tent was pitched.

Starting at 5.30 a.m., a course was taken toward Red Mountain on the far side of which were the Border Mountains. Due to climbing too high, several gulleys had to be crossed and eventually a descent of 2,500 feet was needed to avoid a much broken rock ridge. Beyond this the crest of the ridge though loose, offered good scrambling to within 200 feet of the summit. The north face was gained by a short snow couloir, easy ledges then led to two chimneys which seemed to offer the only feasible routes. The second chimney, owing to sloping ledges and the brittle nature of the rock, proved more difficult than anticipated, and provided some good scrambling before the summit ridge was reached. The scanty top of the final tower (elevation 7,900 feet), at the far end



of the ridge, was gained at 1 p.m. Apparently this was the first ascent.

The Canadian Border Peak Was only a short distance away across a gap between 2,000 and 3,000 feet in depth. On wooded hillsides lower down one could see the narrow lane slashed through the forest by the International Boundary Commission when the boundary was surveyed. On the Canadian side several good unclimbed peaks were noted.

On the descent Red Mountain was passed at a lower level, and Twin Lakes reached at 6.30 p.m., and Vancouver at 1.30 a.m. Monday morning.

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## SKI-CLIMBS IN THE COAST RANGE

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BY W. A. DON MUNDAY

Three seasons in the Mt. Waddington section of the Coast Range fully convinced us that ski were logical equipment to overcome the obstacles imposed by the immense snowfields. Faster travelling meant extending one's effective climbing range, thereby making it possible to take advantage of brief spells of favorable weather where unsettled weather naturally resulted from sea-winds sweeping up abruptly 10,000 feet across the glacial mantle of the range.

We landed at the mouth of the Franklin River, at the head of the Knight Inlet, on July 9, 1930, and started up the valley next morning with the first packs. Erosion of the river banks forced us to do much cutting of new trail through thick second-growth and brush, including some devil's club fifteen feet high. We made two relays and reached the last camp below the glacier rather late on the third day for taking a load up the glacier. The 13th was wet in the morning, but we got away at 12.30 noon with loads which we cached at about 2,000 feet on Franklin Glacier.

The whole snout showed much shrinkage. The western lobe had receded about 200 yards; parts of the tongue had retreated still more, largely as the result of being undercut by the river which now hugged the western side and swung across the whole front. Blocks of ice thundered down the river past camp almost continuously.

A black bear and two cubs on a brushy cliff amused us. One cub always tarried just too long, then hunted the rest of the family while the family hunted him elsewhere.

Remarkable changes had taken place on the glacier since 1927. The wide white corridor between the two medial moraines was now a gorge from 100 to 200 feet in depth. Areas of formerly clear ice were now littered with moraine. Some of the surface streams flowed in canyons 50 feet below the general level.

On the 14th we went through to base camp at 5,400 feet, arriving about 5 p.m., after a climb of 5,000 feet in the course of about 12 miles. The unceasing wind down the glacier proves wearying. The worst part of the trip was what we called the "swamp," opposite Confederation Glacier where sodden snow concealed crevasses brimming with water. Mt. Waddington shook out a wild scarf of cloud in greeting. I could smell my way in the dark to that camp site by its rich scent of growing things floating down the waste of ice.

A ten-hour trip in threatening weather brought up the cache next day. A wet night followed. The 16th was showery, with a temperature of 35° F. The 17th brightened up late, and in mid-afternoon we skied to the summit of Mt. Redbreast, about 1,800 feet above camp and lowest mountain in the district. This was for a try-out of our ski wax. (A pine tar mixture.)

The trip planned for July 18 was along the divide between tributaries of Confederation Glacier and upper Franklin Glacier to a peak of about 10,000 feet. Soft snow had robbed us of its ascent in 1928.

We crossed the névé of Whitetip Glacier on ski, mounted easily to the base of the rock tower of Mt. Whitetip, skirted it, climbed unimportant Clawhammer Mountain (about 8,350 feet), continued N.W. to Shelf Mountain (about 8,625), and lunched on the summit rocks while revelling in the splendid panorama. One of the most impressive mountains in the nameless ranges beyond the Klinakline River is an enormous quadrilateral block with its eastern face almost completely robed in névé.

A fine ridge, massively corniced, led us onward to cliffs down which we carried our ski some distance. Bad snow on steep slabs stopped us finally. The only safe route was so long that to continue to our objective probably meant sacrificing a trip to Mt. Vigilant or Dauntless on the morrow.

There will always be mountains to climb, but not always mountain regions for original exploration, and these challenging tasks promised views of an entirely unknown slope of the Whitemantle Range. With this in mind we turned back towards camp. Thanks to our ski, the deep soft snow did not trouble us, and we even turned aside to climb the nameless crest between Saffron Creek and Icefall Point for a photograph ten miles down the Franklin Glacier. We took off our ski within ten minutes of camp.

Somehow we got away to a late start, 7.10 a.m. An hour's brisk walk by an indirect course took us across Franklin Glacier to its tributary, Dauntless Glacier, at an elevation of 5,000 feet. We went up about a thousand feet before getting continuous ski-ing. Normally the snow-fields in this district develop a pitted surface, the conical holes ranging from six to twenty inches in depth, the rim of each crater meeting those about it. They reach their worst development at the lower levels but may be met at almost 9,000 feet. Sometimes they form in the course of a few days. Such a surface affords poor ski-ing. We tried "with" and "without," and preferred the "with."

The red and black peaks rose above a grand icefall, the blue blocks still clean-cut, unweathered. A corridor slanted up along the base of the icefall for 1,300 feet to the fine névé basin directly under Mt. Dauntless. We still saw no practicable route up either peak. Among big crevasses we mounted southward into the basin between the two peaks. The bergschrund was bridged at the steepest point below the col, but opened a week later. From it we ascended without ski to the col, an elevation of 9,300 feet.

Through gathering clouds we looked eastward down perhaps 4,000 feet to an unknown glacier in a gorge parallel to the Franklin Glacier. Whitemantle Glacier seemed a fitting name. The glacier, flowing westward from Mt. Whitemantle down a shallow trough parallel to the crest of the range, cascaded in two successive icefalls into the gorge, the lower icefall displaying a beautiful cobweb pattern as the result of radial and concentric crevasses crossing. It received several important tributaries before curving out of sight to drain by Fissure Creek to the Franklin River. We estimated the length as ten miles.

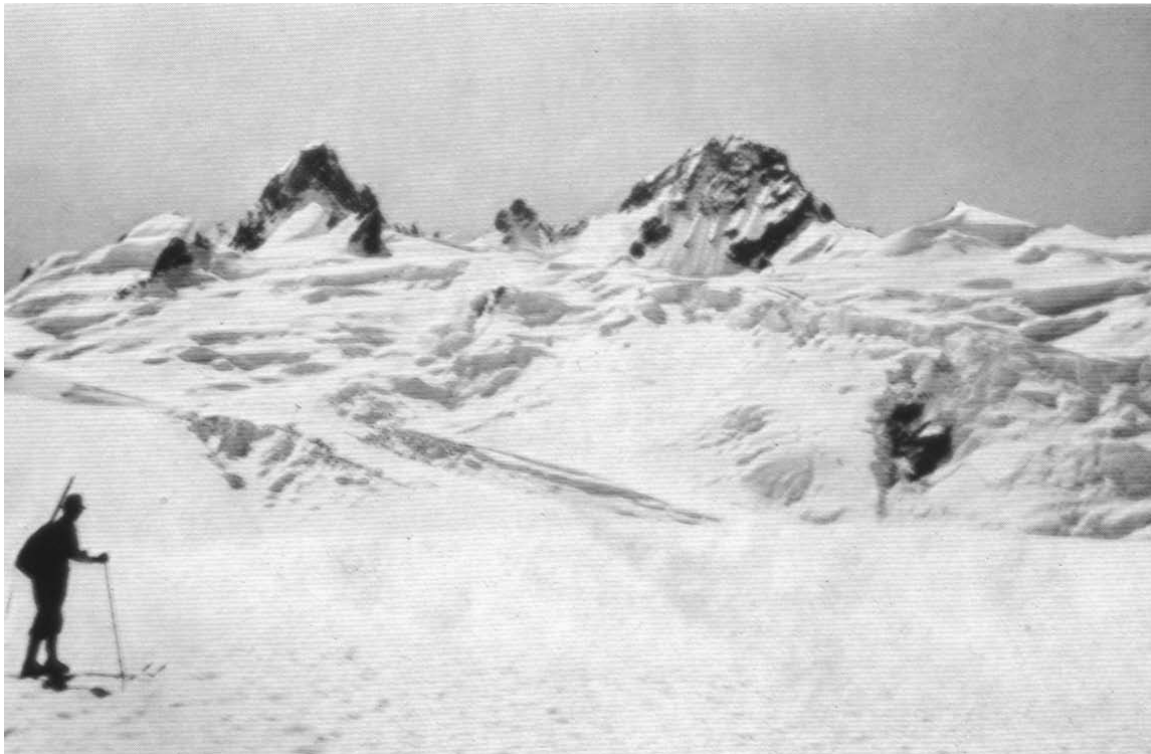
A fairly formidable minor peak separated us from Mt. Vigilant, and several needle-pointed spires from Mt. Dauntless. The south arête of Dauntless looked favorable if we could surmount the nearly vertical shoulder from which it rose. Two steep ill-defined rock ribs led to the base of the shoulder. The better looking rib was raked by a fusillade of large rocks. We started up the other at 3.20 p.m., and discovered it to be a horrible mixture of mud and red porphyry blocks. A snow traverse in the head of a couloir led round one of the needles to a shallow chimney, slabby and with some ice in it. I suggested my wife's longer reach would make it easy for her. She took the lead, working slowly up fifty feet to the first belay, and unenthusiastic about my supposedly easy route. I lost my enthusiasm before joining her on a small ledge.

She had earned the right to lead. There were many big loose rocks, often with enough coarse black crustaceous lichen to make poor footing, particularly when wet. Large purple cushions of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* delighted the eye. *Draba n.s.* was common, too. This little yellow flower, found by us around Fury Gap in 1928, was then a new species only discovered the previous year on Glacier Peak, Wash.

Steep and interesting climbing finally brought us to the top of the shoulder. A graceful sickle-edge of soft snow soared to the arête of the easterly peak. The upper part of the western peak



Mt. Jubilee And Franklin Glacier. *Photo Mrs. Don Munday*  
Showing new moraine over-riding older one beside the moraine lake.



Mt. Dauntless (Left) And Mt. Vigilant From Dauntless Glacier.  
*Photo Mrs. Don Munday*



A 1500 Foot Wall Of Ice Valley. *Photo Mrs. Don Munday*



Mt. Munday From Corridor Glacier. *Photo Mrs. Don Munday*

overhung the couloir between the two. The eastern slope of the mountain pitched away for perhaps 2,000 feet in ruinous buttresses.

“The west peak’s about eight feet higher,” Mrs. Munday announced as she thrust her chin over the last slab. Retreating down the arête, we descended snowy and icy rocks into the couloir. There the snow was in bad shape. The overhanging wall looked utterly impossible, but from the other summit my wife had noted a hidden cleft from which we emerged almost within arm’s length of the actual crest, a mere finger of white quartz surmounting a tilted slab only big enough to hold us both at once. The time was 6.03 p.m., the height, 9,900 feet by an aneroid recently calibrated with a standard mercurial barometer.

To west and north we were, of course, viewing familiar terrain for the most part, though from a new angle. Not that the scene was in the least commonplace. But the Whitemantle Range to the east claimed our special attention. It runs westerly from the Homathko River and is bounded on the north by the deep valley of Scar Creek; without a real break it pivots south-westward at Mt. Dauntless along the Franklin Glacier. A similarly curving branch of the range on the far side of Whitemantle Glacier joins the other at Mt. White-mantle, the apex of the range probably, and over 10,000 feet in height. In the high plateau between this double crestline of the range originates Whitemantle Glacier. The rock peaks are consistently tusk-like. Most are over 9,000 feet, and six or seven are 10,000 feet or better. Former estimates of their height had been very modest. (See sketch map, p. 14, C. A. J. 1926-27.)

Clouds hid distant views to the southeast. In other directions clouds interfered less, so that we saw the Vancouver Island ranges on one side and on the other the Interior Plateau through gaps in the Coast Range. The lengthening shadows threw the nearer snowfields into fine relief, making us reluctant to leave the summit.

We descended by practically the same route but avoided most of the chimney. The muddy buttress we could not avoid. Below the bergschrund we put on ski. Green shadows and bronze fire fantastically slashed the western snows. The frosty crust gave no grip for our ski now. Breakable crust existed lower down, but in the failing light the utmost alertness and care was demanded, so we did not reach the foot of the corridor till 10 p.m. A curious experience in the lower part of the corridor was a momentary white glow under our ski tips every time they broke through the crust. Darkness preventing safe running among the crevasses, we shouldered our ski and lit the lamp.

An irregular system of thinly bridged crevasses on Dauntless Glacier gave us an anxious hour, although all the way across Franklin Glacier every snow-filled hollow also had to be treated as a possible crevasse. A thin but brilliant moon helped us toward the last, and we climbed to camp at 2.10 a.m., well satisfied at escaping a bivouac on the ice.

The name Mt. Munday had been very kindly recorded by the Geographic Board for a mountain massif on the south side of Tiedemann Glacier and east of Mt. Waddington. Its height had been cautiously placed at 10,000 feet, then raised to 11,000. Rather naturally we wished to make the first ascent, the more so as weather had prevented this three-day expedition from the same base camp in 1928.

By using ski we hoped to avoid packing food, fuel and equipment for spending two nights part way up Corridor Glacier. Also, we might snatch a perfect climbing day which otherwise might be sacrificed in establishing such a camp.

Accordingly we left base camp at 3.40 a.m. on July 22. In the southwest the earth’s shadow appeared on the sky as a shallow arch of violet rimmed above with a rosy glow which sank till it glorified the great peaks, the coloring being just right to foretell perfect weather till nightfall at least.

Two miles of badly pitted snow on the Franklin Glacier, a climb of 900 feet over Icefall Point, and then we skied down Whitetip Glacier to the Franklin again well above the great icefall. The snow was still deeply pitted, but improved very slowly as we gradually gained elevation up the east branch, Corridor Glacier.

The west face of Mt. Sockeye looked very fine, scored with countless grooves of sliding snow. A huge fish-shaped, salmon-colored lens of rock in one of the cliffs suggested sockeye salmon. On the opposite side of Corridor Glacier snowslides had swept the whole face of a mountain for a width of three-eighths of a mile, and from crest to base.

We turned up Ice Valley about 9.30 a.m. The icefall at the southern side of the portal showed wonderfully graceful curves in the thick capping of white snow on the darker ice. All the tributary glaciers above the permanent snow line (say 7,000 feet) maintain their identity for long-distances before their convex cross section subsides into the general level of the trunk glacier.

Ice Valley, partly descended by us in 1926, and now revisited for the first time, had lost nothing in impressive-ness in comparison with the massive ice formations seen since then in other parts of the region. Impending masses of ice formed the whole southern wall, culminating at the pass in the 10,000-foot summit of Mt. Agur. The other wall was more irregular, being formed of narrow rugged glaciers between slender rock buttresses of Mt. Munday.

Under present conditions these glaciers offered no practicable route to the snow plateau between the four major peaks of the mountain. The southern arête, connecting with the highest peak, swept up grandly for 3,000 feet from the valley floor and bristled with towers. The rock is a dark schist with a pronounced vertical cleavage.

Beneath the thawing crust the snow was deep and soft. From the pass, 9,500 feet, we looked down Waddington Glacier again — with vivid memories of plodding up and down it under equally bad snow conditions but without ski. But above the pass the seemingly gentle slope proved surprisingly steep and very soft even for ski.

At 10,200 feet we drew about level with the beautiful summit of Mt. Agur. Still higher on the snow dome we entered the considerable cirque between the eastern and “middle” peak of Mt. Munday. The fourth (northern) summit is not seen from this direction. The cirque forms the extreme source of Waddington Glacier, but also discharges into Ice Valley.

From horn to horn of the basin ran a bergschrund. We might be able to cross the easterly horn, but this meant a complete and not wholly simple traverse of the east peak to get round to the middle peak, thought to be the highest. However, the bergschrund was still thinly bridged directly below the saddle between the two peaks. The snow! curtain above looked firm, but the bridge was loose and honeycombed.

I mounted cautiously. Even with the greatly increased bearing surface of the ski, one foot went almost completely through into the ugly chasm. Mrs. Munday did go through with one foot, but the other one held. Then we sidestepped up to the lip of the plateau. The time was 3.55 p.m., the elevation 11,200 feet, with all the peaks still well above us.

On wind-compacted snow, without our ski, we mounted the north face of the middle peak, crossed an icy bergschrund to the short summit ridge of snow and rock. The height was now about 11,400 feet. The north peak was definitely lower, the east peak a little above us, and the west peak undoubtedly the highest.

We hurried down and across to the latter, mounting by the north snow face to the east rock arête. A notch divided the top into two small peaks, the southern one a few feet higher. Spanning the bottom of the notch a thin wedge of soft snow made an airy pathway between the heads of two couloirs. At 5.25 p.m. We swung up on to the summit, 11,500 feet.



The Franklin Glacier From Mt. Munday.  
*Photo Don Munday*

Barb Mt.  
Mt. Whitemantle



Whitemantle Glacier From Mt. Dauntless.  
*Photo Don Munday*



The air was crystal clear. Mt. Waddington dominated the scene with its symmetrical slender pyramid soaring nearly 2,000 feet above us. Every line led the eye upward to the final spire. Across Tiedemann Glacier, Mts. Combatant, Tiedemann, Asperity, Stiletto and Dentiform copied grandly the monarch's aspiring buttresses.

Imposing peaks and grand glaciers were set apart in great groups, unlike the southern section of the Coast Range where there is more or less an accordant level to the peaks and also a closer linking of the subsidiary ranges.

Once more we looked across the Homathko valley to the immense Homathko snowfield which is about forty miles in length north and south; midway along it a row of peaks, like islands, partly interrupts this white sea; two hundred square miles is doubtless a very modest estimate of its total area. We first sighted the Homathko snowfield in 1926. We now looked down more than 11,000 feet to the Homathko River Valley and to Bute Inlet beyond.

Though we had seen the mighty Franklin Glacier system from so many viewpoints its wonder remained unabated. Into every valley it thrust its gleaming arms. Lengthening lilac shadows warned us downward from our windy coign. Once clear of the rocks, we raced back to our ski. Still half-numbed, we had almost to fight our way down against the blast roaring upward out of the cirque. We slid spread-eagled across the bergschrund, then on ski enjoyed a run down the still sunny but freezing cirque.

Two thousand feet of execrable ski-ing brought us down into Ice Valley. In the last of the sunlight we ate a long overdue meal near the same place where once before we had watched sunset brim the wild enclosure with fantastic hues.

In the dusk we then glided cautiously down, keeping to our faint upward track for guidance through the crevasses. By lamplight we continued to follow them till obliterated by the day's thawing. At 10.30 p.m. we took off our ski. Ragged-lipped crevasses presently warned we had swung too near the northern angle of Corridor and Franklin Glaciers in our effort to avoid the shattered zone beside "Glacier Island" on the other side. We worked through and turned toward unseen Icefall Point.

Night, but not sleep, enclosed our world. The peaks were alert watchers. The great glacier, always asserting its potency by day, still declared its force. The wind shrilled down the vast snowy plain. The Milky Way was a belt of bright flame, the questing stars almost oppressively brilliant—as though swung low this night to light an unfinished work of creation. We tramped on in silence, marking the mounting stars as they briefly jeweled the brows of the eastern peaks. Fortunate is he who is privileged to be abroad on such a night, the more so with a companion sensitive to the wonder of it all.

Plodding up Whitetip Glacier, at 12.55 a.m. we stepped off the snow and lay down on heather till the bitter wind goaded us down the southern slope of Icefall Point. While getting back on the main glacier the snow broke under me, but fortunately my ski bridged the gap and eased my fall into a deep hole among the big rocks of the moraine. I broke nothing but my lamp. The rising moon and the slow cloudless dawn aided us down the last stretch of the glacier. At 3.43 a.m. we reached camp.

We woke at 10.30 a.m. just in time to rescue from rain the damp clothing we had confidently scattered round for the sun to dry while we slept. We set ourselves the record of going to bed three times that day. The next two days, July 24 and 25, continued wet, with the thermometer at 35° or 36° F.

Following another rainy night, July 26 cleared too late for any extended trip, so we crossed Franklin Glacier to the northern angle of the junction of Dauntless Glacier. The low ridge here

held a small lake delicately green in hue, and many lesser bodies of water surrounded by heather, flowers and weather-beaten trees. Lake Repose we called the largest lake.

Then we crossed Dauntless Glacier southward and descended one of the parallel valleys behind the lateral moraine to the beautiful jade lake formed as the result of a comparatively recent increase in depth of the glacier in this vicinity. No evidence has been noted to suggest that there had been a corresponding increase along the whole glacier at the same time. The present lateral moraine of Dauntless Glacier swings round, with a height of from one hundred to two hundred feet, to form the boundary of the trunk glacier. This moraine has partly over-ridden smaller older moraines supporting vegetation (willows and flowers). Most of the older moraines are partly submerged in the lake created by the new barrier.

Fortunately mountaineering comprises many other things than climbing mountains, and this day was among our happiest in the mountains. We spent part of July 27 in preparing to break camp on the morrow. We placed a number of rocks on Franklin Glacier in the hope of getting some idea next year of the movement of the ice.

The trip down the glacier on July 28 was much the usual grind except that for the last hour the wind almost made it impossible to keep our feet on the moraine-covered snout. During the night we had the unusual experience of a wolf prowling around camp, as evidenced by his tracks.

“Were they worth it?” I demanded next day while my wife struggled to steer her ski through a trail-less thicket where the river had flooded our trail to the river mouth.

“Every bit of it!” she retorted without hesitation, even at such a moment.

## A SKI EXPEDITION TO THE COLUMBIA ICE-FIELDS

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BY RUSSELL H. BENNETT

We had been at Assiniboine the previous March, but it was not because of any lack of fine runs on this splendid *massif* that we chose Jasper Park for March of 1930. It was rather that we felt compelled, by endless vistas of serrated country to the North, to seek out new fields. In the Canadian ranges one has his choice of a hundred great glaciers, of thousands of high ridges, of thousands of wooded slopes whose snows have never before been cut by a ski track. In this respect the Canadian Rockies have the advantage over the Alps and the Norwegian fjelds, and it is this that will, I believe, draw to their heights, in ever-increasing numbers, the enthusiasts of the tribe of mountain skiers—those for whom the chance to pioneer outweighs certain discomforts, and the lack of such Continental amenities as winter-sports hotels, ski huts, and funiculars.

Seven of us started from Jasper on March 14th, 1930. The party consisted of: H. S. Kingman, R. P. Gale, A. D. Lindley and the writer, all of Minneapolis; Erling Strom of Oslo and Lake Placid; Douglas Jeffery and Joe Weiss, of Jasper.

At the outset conditions did not seem propitious for a long ski expedition, for the ground was bare and a warm sun shone overhead. The three Canadian railway passes over the Rockies are all so low that the traveller with an interest in ski-ing gets the impression that there is little of the sport to be had in their vicinities. When we reached the woods above Maligne Canon the snow made its appearance, and there was fine wood ski-ing all the way up the valley to Maligne Lake. It is perhaps proper to observe here that the ski-ing season in the Rockies is fixed more by the condition of the valley trails than by that of the snowfields above timber-line. It is necessary to go fairly long distances to reach good ski-ing; before the advent of March the snow of the valleys is often (though by no means always) very fluffy and soft, and also very deep, and this, conjoined to the necessity (even if food caches have been laid in by pack-horse in the fall) of carrying moderately heavy packs, makes progress very laborious in the early season. Conversely, after the first ten days or so of April have passed, the valley trails are apt to be alternations of slushy snow and mud.

The distance to Maligne Lake Chalet, twenty-six miles, we made in two stages, the first to Medicine Lake, the second to our objective. At Maligne, where the comfortable chalet of the Fred Brewster Co. Ltd. was put at our disposal, we spent two days getting in our hand. For this purpose we repaired to the Bald Hills, lying above, and to the west of, the northwestern end of the lake. This terrain, while scarcely to be described as a nursery ground, yet serves admirably as a training field for those venturing into the high glacial country to the south and west. On the Bald Hills one has his choice of flat easy runs, of steep fast runs (although not of the highest order), and, on the flanks, of fine wood-running.

Our fourth day out we went up Maligne Lake to its southeastern end, a distance of some eighteen miles; this, because of good snow conditions, we covered in four and a half hours. The trip was enlivened by excellent views of the high Mount Unwin on the right, and by the sight of numerous caribou, who for some occult reason had thronged to the lake, and were milling about purposelessly (as it seemed to us) on its frozen surface.

We camped out at the south end of the lake, near the spot where the 1930 summer camp of the Canadian Alpine Club was to stand, and the following day tackled the unconquered high glacial pass under Mount Henry MacLeod. We got an early start, and proceeded up the stream<sup>1</sup> (unnamed

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<sup>1</sup> Coronet Creels.—Ed.

on any map that I have been able to procure) discharging into Maligne Lake. Our objective for the noon halt was a food cache at the last timber under the glacier. We made this point at eleven-thirty, after a beautiful trip up a valley free from avalanche menace. We found good winter rations in the cache (the outermost of our trip), and after eating a full (though not a crippling) meal, shouldered packs grown ten pounds heavier and turned our faces towards the great ice-tongue that lay like a silver river in the full sun before us. We glanced at our watches when we reached the terminal moraine; it was then one o'clock. The realization that between us and the next timber there intervened some fifteen miles of distance, a climb of three thousand feet, and a descent of four, induced us to commit an act that certain ski-ing authorities would have condemned as unsound. We took from the packs, where they had reposed during the fifty miles so far covered, our manila climbing ropes, and deposited them in the lee of a boulder. It had become obvious, as we had theretofore suspected, that roped ski-ing is ruled out in such winter reconnaissances as we were then accomplishing. In view of the fact that the only settlements are along the lines of the widely separated railways, the food must be laid in with an eye to every ounce. This means, in such areas as Jasper, summer or winter back-packing, since pack trails are, in the vicinity of good ski-ing grounds, very sparse. One's progress, both as to direction and as to rate, has to be governed by considerations of food, and also by the fact that there are no ski huts on the saddles, wherein one can take refuge if benighted or caught in a storm. Under these circumstances the traverse of a high glacial pass becomes something like a sustained sprint, and the extra time demanded by roped ski-ing definitely removes it from consideration. It is doubtful anyway, according to Arnold Lunn, whose excellent book "Alpine Ski-ing at All Heights and Seasons" we found applicable to Canadian conditions, whether the proportion of accidents attributable to unroped ski-ing on glaciers is large enough to place it in the category of dangerous practises, as alpine risks go. On our part, we found no indication that the snow bridges over the crevasses were in any ways unsafe in March, not only upon our Jasper trip (on which we skied upon the Henry MacLeod, the Brazeau, and the Saskatchewan glaciers), but also on the trip of the previous year to Assiniboine.

From the moraine to the summit of the Henry MacLeod glacier required a little over two hours. The snow was in places sticky, for it was very bright and still. The saddle was, as nearly as we could estimate by glancing at Mt. Henry MacLeod, at a little under ten thousand feet. From it we had an excellent view of Mounts Brazeau and Mary Vaux as well as Mount Columbia and the high country in its vicinity on the Continental Divide.

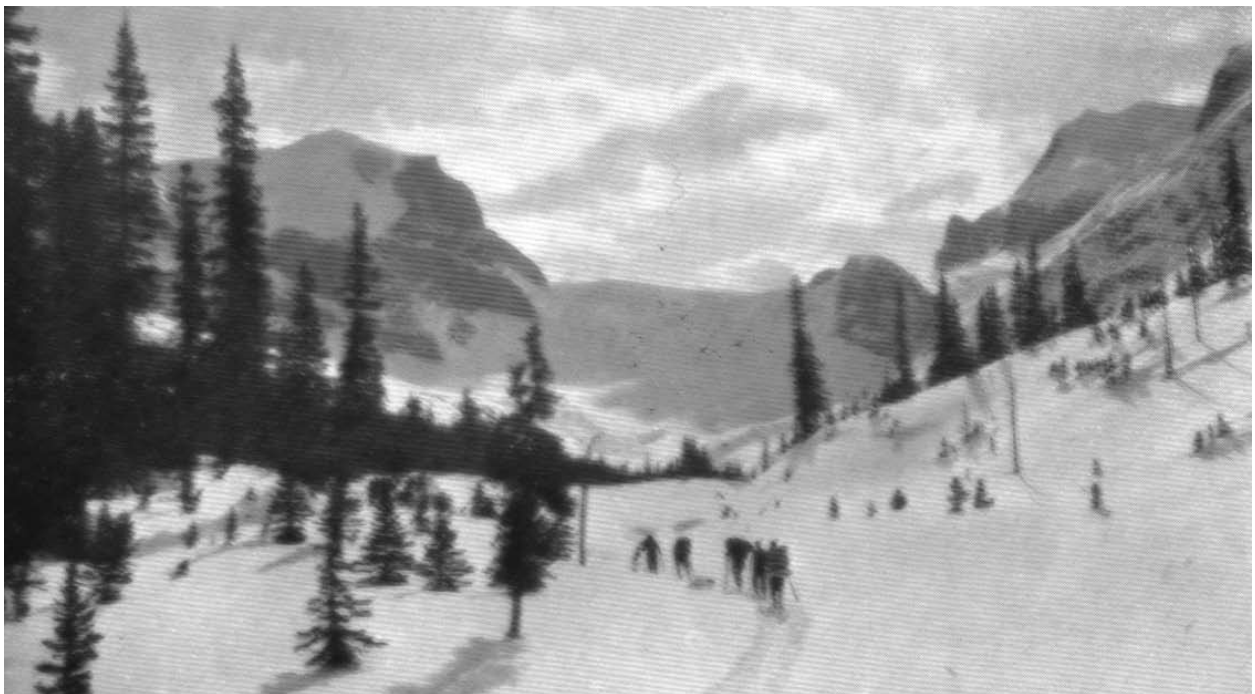
When we were nearly upon the saddle the weather underwent an abrupt change. It became much colder, and a strong wind, rapidly increasing to a gale, sprang up. Under the circumstances we did not pause long for the view, nor to lament, as we had been disposed to do on the way up, that we could not try the excellent run down the route we had climbed.

We kept to our left (the east) under Mount Henry MacLeod on the descent. The slope of the glacier suggested that the way to its foot lay directly on the continuance of our course (approximately south) in climbing, but our advice, which was meager, induced us to make a long traverse. The glacier was very steep at first, but later smoothed out in the direction we were travelling, and if it had not been for the wind, which had now mounted to a very high velocity, we would have had a splendid run down. As it was, the driving snow and the oncoming darkness spoiled the fun, particularly when, near the foot, we came to ice cliffs, and had to use a half hour that we ill could spare to scout out a way down. After a gentle slope of a mile or so at the foot of the glacier we came to rock cliffs, now but dimly visible, and these seemed to bar the way, conjuring up visions of a night above timber line. The only way down appeared to be through a narrow chimney, and this we



On The Slopes Of Bald Hills.

*Photo J. A. Weiss*



Coronet Creek Valley.

*Photo J. A. Weiss*

took, in view of the pressing need for haste, although large snow cornices hung above the gash. We made the first timber as the darkness became complete, and soon had the fire going and the balloon silk fly up. We spent a fairly comfortable night in our eiderdowns, although the mercury dropped to below zero, and the snow fell continuously. We found, by the way, that the light eiderdown, weighing but eight pounds, is adequate for a trip in March.

After a long day on the morrow, punctuated by doubts as to whether we had gotten into the right valley, we made the Brazeau Lake Cabin, occupied as a year round station by Warden Charlie Matheson. It was a welcome haven—warmth, plenty of food, and a chance to rest up. Our emotion was reciprocated by Charlie, who had not seen a human for four months.

At Brazeau the party split for a few days, a group of four going to Camp Parker, twenty miles away, to reconnoiter the glaciers of the great Columbia icefields, and the rest to take motion pictures of the abundant game on the mountain slopes between Falls Creek and Isaacs Creek. Both parties accomplished their purposes, although the two day stay of the party at Camp Parker was marred by heavy weather, a condition that I believe one must expect in an area so close to such a great extent of ice, and upon the Great Divide. It was our impression that a greater proportion of clear weather could be found on the Brazeau ice-fields than on the Columbia. The game pictures, particularly those of mountain sheep, came out very well. It was our unusual experience to capture a yearling goat that had been chased to exhaustion by coyotes; the youngster was back-packed to the Cabin and fed upon powdered milk and gruel from a teaspoon.

From Brazeau Cabin we turned backwards, on March 25th, choosing the route over Poboktan Pass, where we found splendid ski-ing slopes, and had a good deal of fun with our turns. We stayed that night at the Waterfalls Cabin, and the next day chose the route up Maligne Creek and over Maligne Pass, in order to avoid the tedious long trip down the Athabasca River. We found fair ski-ing slopes on Maligne Pass, not as fast, however, as on Poboktan Pass. That evening found us twenty-three miles from our starting point of the morning, camped on the Maligne River, at a point four miles above where it debouches into the Lake. The next day we made that distance, and saw once again the familiar peaks bordering Maligne Lake about us. From the mouth of the Maligne River to the Chalet at its northwest end is a scant six miles.

From the Chalet we returned in one day to Maligne Cañon, our starting point. It had taken us two rather laborious days to make the distance—twenty-six miles—going out. Our time for the return trip, with 35 pound packs, not appreciably favored by the descent, was six and a half hours. This, I believe, is an interesting commentary on the effect of a mountain ski trip on one's physical condition.

At Jasper we cast up the reckoning. We had covered, as nearly as we could estimate, two hundred and fifty miles in the space of sixteen days on ski. Each mile had held a measure of interest; the majority had held keen pleasure.

Throughout the trip we had the constant help of the official staff of the Park. The trip would have been impossible but for their interest and willingness to lend all aid. We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness and express our gratitude to them.

## THE TRIP FROM BRAZEAU CABIN TO THE COLUMBIA ICE FIELDS

BY A. D. LINDLEY

On arrival at Brazeau Cabin (March 19, 1930), the trip to the Ice Fields seemed rather problematical. But good food and a day's rest revived the desire to explore, and on the second morning a party of four was mustered, with provisions for four days.

For the fifteen miles to the foot of Nigel Pass, the travelling was uneventful. We followed the course of the Brazeau River in the center of a wide valley lined with low mountains. After four hours' steady going, we lunched at a well-known camp site called the Four Corners, the junction of two summer trails. From lunch on we climbed gradually, the valley narrowing and the pass becoming visible ahead. A snowstorm struck in at the foot of the pass, and trouble on the summit was anticipated. However, an hour's climb took us over, the pass proving hardly worthy of the name, after the lofty Henry MacLeod crossing.

From the summit we ran easily to the floor of the valley of the North Saskatchewan River, where we found Camp Parker set in a wonderful stand of pine. The cabin looked inviting, but unfortunately the government had ordered the stove packed a hundred odd miles back to civilization for the winter, presumably afraid that itinerant skiers would run off with it, and one can hardly call an unheated cabin in mid-winter luxurious. We did build a fire for cooking in the center, which meant living within two feet of the floor, below the smoke line. The situation was so ludicrous that we quite enjoyed it for the three nights of our stay.

The next morning the weather was bad, so we put in the day reconnoitering. The ridge between Camp Parker and the Saskatchewan glacier leading to the ice fields proved quite formidable, a good two hours' climb. On the top we could see the glacier far below us, and dimly through the snow we caught a glimpse of the ice fields. Mt. Athabasca we could not see because of the clouds. The run back to the cabin was as delightful a bit of ski-ing as one could ask anywhere—fine open slopes above timber and then very sporting open timber running down to close timber. In fact the valley was quite a paradise. One could put in a week or so there trying the various runs.

But we had only two days' food, and an objective, so next morning at seven found us on the trail toward the ice fields, the weather still bad. The run down the other side of the ridge to the glacier proved equally good. We were on the glacier by 9:30. There we solemnly broke out a spare rope laboriously packed in from Jasper, and roped up like real Alpinists. After about half an hour of tripping and snarling up on the switchbacks, we threw it off with a laugh. The crevasses were so firmly bridged with wind-crusting snow that it is not exaggerating to state that one could have driven a motor car up the glacier. It was not steep either. We went straight up after the first sharp rise. But it seemed endless. Two hours' fast going and still we were between high steep rock walls lining the glacier. Visibility was very poor. We could see nothing ahead. Finally, the walls broadened out, an endless expanse of white appeared, and ahead we could see the lower part of a mountain, for which we headed. From the map, it must have been Mt. Castleguard (10,096 ft.). We had not travelled far enough to reach the famous Snow Dome.

A quick bite at the base and we started the ascent. We had no time to lose, so pushed right along. A little over two hours and we came out on what we thought was the summit, in a driving snowstorm. All around was glaring white, with dim mountains in the distance. One could imagine the Antarctic plateau. We allowed ourselves 15 minutes to wait for a break in the storm (spent

chiefly in sipping 120 proof rum to keep warm). We had no luck. Only once a slight break gave us a glimpse of a higher peak near by. We were only on a shoulder of Castleguard. But our time was up. It was three o'clock and we had a good five hours' going ahead. So down we ran. In good weather it would have been a glorious straight run. But with a visibility of about 50 yards when running and sharp drops on both sides of the slope, we zigzagged with stem Christianias to keep under control. After what seemed an indefinite run, Strom called to straighten out and away we went for the last bit. So good had been his sense of pace and direction that we actually hit our lunch spot. It seemed miraculous to one who had been completely lost and running blindly. We had been running 10 minutes by the watch without a break.

Then the long trek down the glacier not steep enough for a run, even with our Norwegian ski-sail and a following wind. And on the eleventh hour after leaving the cabin we started the climb over the ridge. On the top, there was just enough daylight and vitality left for the run down to the cabin. It had been quite a day.

The going was easy back to Brazeau Cabin the next day, as we had our tracks to follow. It had not snowed much on the other side of the pass. We arrived by mid afternoon.



## ON SKI INTO THE TONQUIN

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BY E. R. GIBSON

There is one branch of mountaineering which has so far received but scant attention from those to whom the Rocky Mountains are a happy hunting ground, and that is winter mountaineering by the use of ski. It is quite easy to see how this fascinating means of carrying out mountain trips in winter has not so far come into prominence, for winter sports in the Rockies are at present in the pioneer stage only. Knowing, however, to what an extent winter ascents have been made in the Swiss Alps and having myself made winter climbs of the Jungfrau (13,668 ft.), and the Tschingelhorn (11,800 ft.), I had for some time been planning an expedition on ski in the Rockies, with a view to ascertaining whether similar results could not be attained there and ascents of suitable peaks made by means of ski in times which would compare favourably with those taken for summer climbs.

The opportunity presented itself at Christmas time and I arrived in Jasper on Monday, Dec. 29th, 1930, and forthwith made arrangements with Joe Weiss to accompany me on the trip. As Joe was one of the five ski enthusiasts who accomplished the remarkable trip from Jasper to Banff the previous winter I could not have found a more suitable team mate. In Jasper itself there was not a particle of snow and the weather was warm and spring-like. Early on Tuesday morning we left Jasper and motored out the first six miles to the beginning of the Portal Creek trail, and there we had to shoulder our ski as well as our packs and carry them up the trail for the first five miles until we found sufficient snow to render ski-ing possible. Crossing over Maccarib pass the snow was crusty and wind packed and by no means ideal for good running. We reached the Warden's cabin at 5 p.m. and spent the night there. The next day we decided to attempt Mt. Majestic (10,125 ft.) and accordingly ski-ed up to 7,800 ft. to where the S.W. shoulder leads up to the main W. ridge; strapping on crampons we attacked the S. face of this ridge, the arête itself being corniced. This involved us in a long traverse across steep snow and the snow conditions became steadily worse as we climbed higher. On this face the snow was soft and deep and this rendered our progress very slow. Could the snow conditions have been reversed the climb would have been easy, for on the lower slopes we had been ski-ing on hard windswept snow, which while poor for ski would have been ideal for crampons. At 2:15 p.m., being then some 300 ft. below the summit, we decided to abandon the attempt, and finding ourselves near the big central gully we came down by that route and enjoyed a perfect sitting glissade of well over 1,000 feet and so rejoined our ski and had a good run down to the cabin. On New Year's Day we took things easy and during the morning ski-ed from the Warden's cabin across Amethyst Lake to the Memorial cabin at Penstock Creek—a distance of five miles—which took a little over 2 hours. The only difficulty on this trip was the descent through the mile of heavy timber that lies between Amethyst and Chrome lakes, where as yet no trail has been cut. The weather still continued to be fine and warm with a westerly wind.

We had already selected McDonell (10,680 ft.), the central peak of Mt. Fraser, as suitable for our purpose; the approach to the final ridge via the Fraser glacier being an ideal ski route. On Jan. 2nd we left the hut at 8:20 a.m. and climbed steadily up the Fraser glacier till 10:50 a.m., when we were approximately at 9,000 ft. and close under the final ridge leading to the summit. Unfortunately for us the visibility was nil as the clouds were down to the level we had reached, and this caused us to strike the ridge considerably further S. than we would otherwise have done. To add to our difficulties we were now exposed to the full force of the wind striking this ridge at right angles



Near The Memorial Cabin In Winter. *Photo J.A. Weiss, Cut C.N.R.*  
Left To Right: Mts. Outpost, Erebus, "Memorial", Fraser Glacier, Mts. Bennington and McDonell.

with a velocity of at least 30 m.p.h. Mercifully it was a warm wind, as winds go at that altitude in January.' and neither of us suffered at all from frost bite. Taking off our ski and planting them firmly in the wind packed snow we strapped on our crampons and started up the ridge. Climbing a small subsidiary peak on the ridge in front of us, we found a cairn on its summit, and from there caught a momentary glimpse of the final ridge, whose shaly base was still a good 400 yards from where we stood. This little detour cost us one hour and it was 11:50 when we commenced the final climb. Except for some 200 feet near the summit this ridge is nothing but a very steep scree slope and is very easy—as I knew from having descended it in 1929. Near the summit, however, where it narrows down in places to some 3 feet wide, it called for careful climbing, as the rocks were plastered with snow crystals and the high wind and drift snow made visibility and conditions generally somewhat unpleasant. We reached the summit at 12:50 p.m., or 4 hrs. 30 mins. from leaving the hut, and we felt deeply grateful to Dr. Thorington's party for having six years before erected a cairn of such ample proportions behind which we sheltered for a few moments from the wintry blast! Staying there only just long enough to take a mutual photo and leave a record, we made a rapid descent in 50 mins. to our ski and were soon enjoying the long zig-zag descent of the glacier. We were back at the hut at 3:10 p.m. or just 2 hrs. 10 mins. after leaving the summit. The total climb up and down, almost exactly 9,000 feet, took us 6 hrs. 50 mins. from hut to hut, and had the snow conditions and the visibility been normal I feel sure we could have reduced this time by at least One hour.<sup>1</sup>

The next day, Saturday, we made the trip out via Amethyst Lake, the Warden's cabin—where we spent an hour for dinner—and Portal Creek to the motor road in 8½ hours and were met by a car at the end of the trail, down the last five miles of which we had again to pack our ski.

I feel that this expedition has demonstrated the feasibility of winter ascents in the Rockies by means of ski and I trust it will be but the forerunner of many other trips of a like nature. Such a development would have the priceless advantage of extending the climbing season by three months at least, a season which heretofore has been so lamentably short.

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<sup>1</sup> The second ski ascent of this peak was made on March 28th, 1931, by Russell H. Bennett and J. Weiss. The time taken for the ascent (which included half an hour for photography), was five hours. In this case ski were worn to a point 500 feet higher than on Capt. Gibson's ascent. The time taken for the descent (from summit to cabin) was one hour and twenty-five minutes.—(Ed.)

## THE MEMORIAL CABIN ON PENSTOCK CREEK

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BY CYRIL G. WATES

The completion of the new cabin in Jasper Park marks another step forward in the history of the Club. In this matter of providing comfortable accommodation for our climbers and for those who visit us from other lands, Canada has lagged far behind other mountaineering centres, even such comparatively new districts as the Southern Alps of New Zealand. There are now four first-class climbers' cabins in the Canadian Rockies, three of which are the property of the Club, the Fay Cabin in Prospector's Valley, the O'Hara Meadows Cabin, generously donated by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Memorial Cabin on Penstock Creek, a tributary of the Astoria River, which has its source in the Fraser Glacier, close to the famous Tonquin Valley.

The project of a climbing cabin in the Tonquin had its origin at a luncheon of the Edmonton Section about three years ago. At this time a resolution was passed to the effect that the Section should devote its energies towards encouraging mountaineering in the Northern Rockies and the nucleus of a fund was raised for the specific purpose of building a cabin in Jasper Park.

As time went on it became apparent that such an undertaking was too pretentious for a Section numbering less than twenty members and the Board of Management of the Club was approached with the suggestion that the Edmonton fund should be augmented by certain Club funds, then lying idle. These were the balance of the Soldiers' Memorial Fund and the Slark-Rutis Memorial Fund. This proposal met with the approval of the Board and a committee was formed under the chairmanship of the writer, to have charge of the erection of the cabin, which was to be a joint memorial to climbers who have lost their lives in the Canadian Mountains and to members of the Club who gave their lives in the Great War.

Messrs. W. A. McAulay and M. C. Wright were the other members of this committee, the same three members being reappointed later as a permanent committee to look after the maintenance of the cabin. Mr. Wright, who is an architect, undertook to make the working drawings and performed a masterly piece of work.

On the recommendation of "Curly" Phillips, the work of erecting the cabin was entrusted to Jack Hargreaves of Jasper, the choice being a particularly happy one since it was decided to construct the building of stone, in which material Mr. Hargreaves is an experienced worker.

The next step was a choice of site. After much correspondence and consultation amongst those who were familiar with the district, the head of Penstock Creek was selected. Owing to the extraordinarily late Spring, the first attempt to reach the site was unsuccessful when the writer, with Dr. H. E. Bulyea and Hargreaves took twelve hours to cross Maccarib Pass, early in June. Two weeks later Capt. E. R. Gibson accompanied the builder to the site and selected a spot where sand and gravel could be obtained.

Towards the end of June, Hargreaves and his men were on the spot, it being necessary even at that late date to clear away two feet of snow before the foundations could be laid. The construction gang fought constant rain and clouds of vicious mosquitoes, carrying the work to a triumphant conclusion before the opening of the A.C.C. Camp at Maligne Lake in July. Great credit is due to Jack Hargreaves for what all are agreed is an exceedingly fine piece of work. As far as can be judged, the Memorial Cabin with its staunch walls of native rock, will stand for many years to keep bright the memory of our fellow climbers and to give pleasure to more than one generation of mountaineers to come.

The cabin is situated on the true left bank of Penstock Creek, about half a mile from the tongue of the Fraser Glacier. The building faces south, its back wall touching the fringe of a great rockslide which descends from the cliffs of Surprise Point. Its approximate altitude is 6,150 feet. One of the most attractive features of the cabin is a fine stone fireplace donated by Purdue University and bearing on a bronze tablet the name of Dr. Winthrop E. Stone, formerly President of that institution and one of our best-loved American members.

On the ground floor of the cabin there are eight bunks, while a full size attic provides space for at least as many more. Mattresses, blankets and pillows are provided for twelve, together with cooking utensils and crockery sufficient for a party of eighteen. The floor is cement, covered with a carpet to soften the shock of an "early call"!

There are at least a dozen peaks within easy reach of the Memorial Cabin, the highest being Mt. Simon (10,899 ft.). A number of the peaks are as yet unclimbed. They range from the very easy to the excessively difficult and afford ample scope for both rock and ice craft. The great system of glaciers which includes the Fraser, Simon, Mastodon and Scarp, is easily accessible from the cabin and the numerous tributary ice-falls would afford excellent sport for parties equipped with crampons. It is more than probable that the cabin will form the first centre for winter climbing in Canada, as Capt. Gibson, himself an expert in this branch of the craft, states that many of the peaks can be ascended on ski. Certainly the run from the summit of Mt. McDonell to the cabin would be well worth the toil of the ascent.

At the present time, the Memorial Cabin is most easily reached from Jasper by motor to the Portal Creek bridge, thence by trail over Maccarib Pass, past the warden's cabin, along the east shore of Amethyst Lake to the base of Surprise Point. From here parties on foot should keep close to the rockslide and descend to Penstock Creek in the fringe of the forest. The cabin lies just above the cascade which rushes down to the meadows near Chrome Lake. An hour or more may be saved by leaving the trail just west of Maccarib Pass and crossing the ridge above the small glacier between Mt. Clitheroe and Mt. Maccarib. It is best to keep well to the left of the ice and reach the ridge by traversing. There are no difficulties, but the rocks are loose near the edge of the ice and should be avoided. From the summit of the ridge, a direct line can be taken over scree and meadows to the base of Surprise Point.

It is confidently expected that the Parks Department will complete the trail up the Astoria Valley in the near future, when the cabin may be reached in half a day from the road. At the present time the trip takes about seven or eight hours and it might be advisable to take saddle horses to the base of Maccarib Pass, sending them back from that point.

The Memorial Cabin was officially dedicated and opened to the public by a party which left Jasper on August 15th. Jack Hargreaves had charge of the outfitting and accompanied the party which included Dr. I. B. Hudson, Miss Cora Sutter, Miss H. A. Burns, M. C. Wright, W. E. Streng, G. A. Gambs, C. G. Wates (members of the Club); Capt. E. R. Gibson, "Bunny" Cautley, a packer and a cook. The last named was probably the most popular member of the party!

From Maccarib Pass, Gibson, Streng and Cautley traversed both summits of Mt. Maccarib, while Dr. Hudson, Miss Burns and the writer crossed two ridges east and south of Mt. Maccarib in an attempt to establish a feasible route for horses. On the return trip, Miss Burns and the writer followed the route described above and found that while it was excellent for parties on foot, horses must continue to use the trail in the valley.

The party arrived at the cabin about 6.30 and found a warm welcome and an excellent dinner awaiting them. Next day, Gibson, Streng and Cautley made the first ascent of Outpost Peak

and the second ascent of a somewhat higher peak to the southwest. This peak, for which the name of "Memorial Peak" is suggested, was climbed in 1926 by Messrs. Bibby, Hoag, Tollington, Rutis, Miss MacLaren and Miss Prescott, with the guide H. Fuhrer, under the impression that it was Outpost.

The 1930 party ascended the Fraser Glacier to the steep icefall which descends from the col between Outpost and "Memorial," thence up the icefall and along the two arêtes to the summits. Crampons were worn throughout and a most enjoyable climb reported, in spite of rain and hail which followed them back to the cabin. The pleasure of a lazy day was much enhanced for those who elected to stay behind, by the sight of the three climbers plunging through the icy waters of Penstock Creek waist-deep, all unaware that during their absence a bridge had been constructed!

A second delightful night was spent at the cabin, only disturbed by a visit from what might have been a porcupine but was most probably a pack-rat. On Sunday, August 17th, the Alpine Flag was unfurled and after a brief ceremony in which the Chairman of the Committee mentioned the names of those whose memory the cabin was intended to perpetuate, the building was declared open for use and the party left for the return journey. During the descent of Portal Creek the weather relented and magnificent vistas of peak and valley were afforded through fleecy clouds which rose from the slopes under the kindly influence of the sun.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that the site of the Memorial Cabin may be seen from the Edith Cavell road, about two miles below the tea-room. A sign bearing the words "View Point," marks the spot from which the Fraser Glacier can be seen, surrounded by a galaxy of peaks.

There are no restrictions upon the use of the Memorial Cabin, but one or two rules have been established by the committee, for the benefit of all. Persons intending to visit the cabin should notify the Chairman of the Committee as early as possible, giving full details of date of arrival, length of stay, number of party, etc. This is to prevent disappointment. Address, Cyril G. Wates, 7718 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta. I will gladly furnish all possible information with reference to expeditions, necessary equipment, etc.

There is no set charge for the use of the cabin, but voluntary subscriptions are welcomed for the maintenance and improvement of the cabin. Fifty cents per night from each visitor is suggested as reasonable. All such subscriptions should be paid to the Parks Department, Administration Building, Jasper. The cabin will be kept locked, but keys will be in the possession of Mr. Hargreaves, the Parks Department, the Ranger in the Tonquin Valley and the writer. A few simple rules for the care of the equipment will be found posted in the cabin and should be carefully observed.



The Memorial Cabin.  
*Photo C.G. Wates*

SPECIAL NOTE FOR THE  
CAJ DIGITAL EDITION

An oversized panoramic fold-out photo, “Southern Ramparts From Mt. Maccarib”, with peak names, by A.B.C. Boundary Survey, was included in the hardcopy version of the 1930 *Canadian Alpine Journal*. It is not included in this digital version due to size restrictions.



SPECIAL NOTE FOR THE  
CAJ DIGITAL EDITION

An oversized fold-out map, “Sketch Map of Region Surrounding Memorial Cabin, Jasper Park”, was included in the hardcopy version of the 1930 *Canadian Alpine Journal*. It is not included in this digital version due to size restrictions.

## A NOTE ON THE MOUNT MALIGNE GROUP

BY MAX M. STRUMIA

The name of Mt. Maligne and its approximate position appear in Howard Palmer's article on the mountains of Maligne Lake,<sup>1</sup> but no other information on this group was available before 1929.

In the summer of 1928 William Hainsworth and myself<sup>2</sup> from the summit of Mt. Charlton caught a glimpse, through a snow storm, of a large group of glacier-hung peaks across the lake. The view was poor and short, but in a photograph taken, the main peaks of the group are readily recognized.

Two days later from Mt. Sampson we had the opportunity to admire and study the group. It was seen in an easterly direction, and appeared as a massif with eight distinct peaks, including Pk. Thumb. The western face was covered by a large ice field, with four tongues, draining by a short foamy torrent into Maligne Lake at the Sampson Narrows.

Later from Mt. Warren we studied the southern slopes, which are covered by two snow fields, divided by a secondary ridge running south. These snow fields drain into a torrent which joins Warren Creek a short distance from Maligne Lake. The course of the creek promised a good approach to the main peaks of the group.

On July 12th from a camp at the extreme southeastern end of the lake we followed in a north-easterly direction a short, steep rocky valley, carpeted with beautiful flowers and bathed by silvery falls, and easily climbed Pk. Thumb. From this peak we had a foreshortened view of the Mt. Maligne group, to which Pk. Thumb is connected by a rocky ridge, from which rise two unnamed rocky peaks, above 9,000 feet in altitude.

Next day we followed the creek draining the two large snow fields seen from Mt. Warren, and found an easy approach to the easterly and smaller of the two. We followed for a short time the ridge that detaches itself from Peak 1 and runs in a south-easterly direction, and which appeared to lead to the highest peaks of the group. But the late hour decided us to seek a more modest but more definite objective; so we crossed the snow field and Hainsworth climbed Mt. Hawley while I climbed Mt. Florence. From these two peaks a good view of the summit ridge of Mt. Maligne was obtained, and Hainsworth completed the level measurements. The highest peak, however, was hidden from view, and this caused its being omitted from a topographical sketch of the region.<sup>3</sup>

In 1929 a party of climbers from a camp at the southeastern end of the lake made the first ascent of Peak 4; they were possibly checked from reaching the highest summit by a perpendicular cut in the ridge that connects Peak 4 with Peak 1. This information was furnished by Joe Weiss, of Jasper.

In 1930 it was our good fortune to complete the ascent of the highest peaks of the group and to finally obtain a clear idea of its topography. Earlier in the season we admired the group from Mt. Christie, and on July 25th John Lehmann, William Hainsworth, Newman Waffl and the writer retraced the 1928 route to the snow field on the southern slopes of the mountain, and by a rocky ridge reached the summit arête between Mt. Hawley and Peak 1. Peaks 1 and 2 were traversed, and the highest peak ascended. Barometric readings were taken on this occasion to check previous

1 A.J. No. 228, May 1924.

2 A.J. No. 239, Nov. 1929.

3 A.J. No. 239, Nov. 1929.

Peak 3  
(10,100)

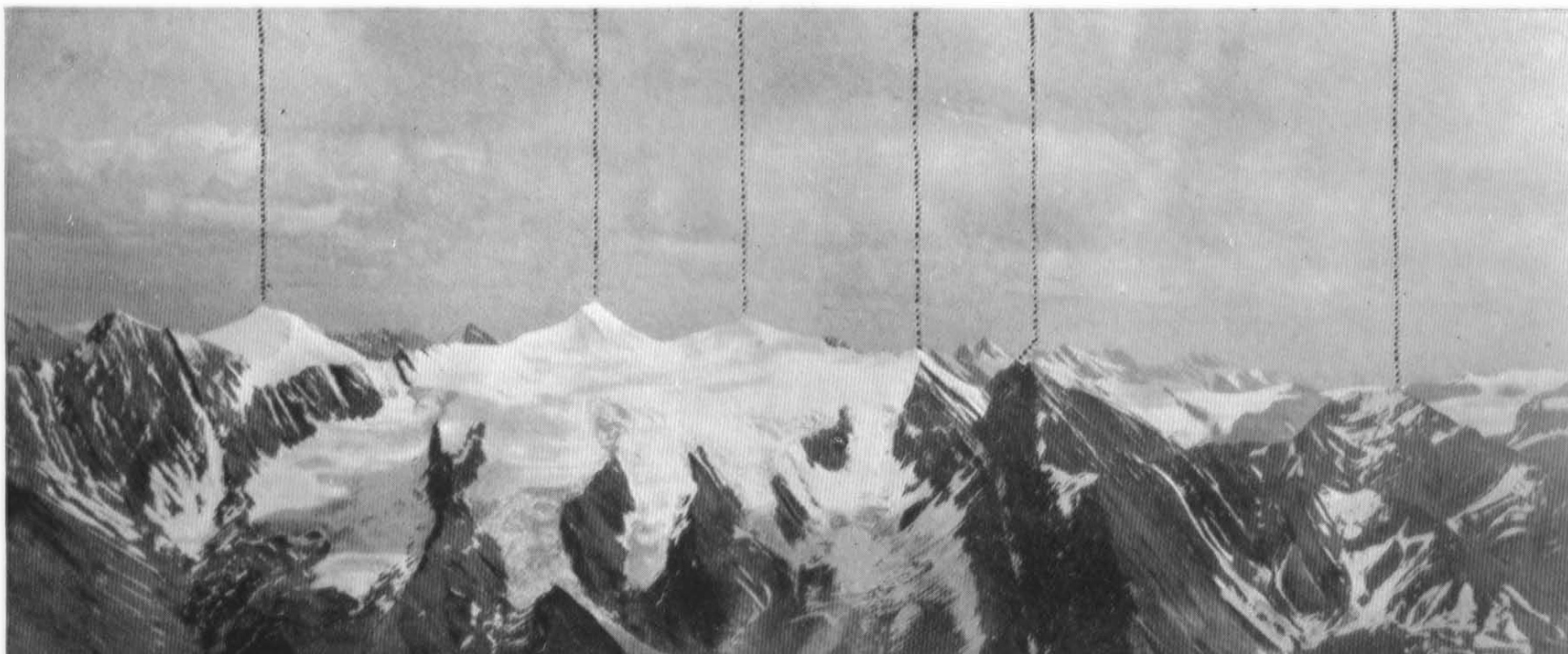
Highest Peak  
(10,400)

Peak 2  
(10,200)

Peak 1  
(10,000)

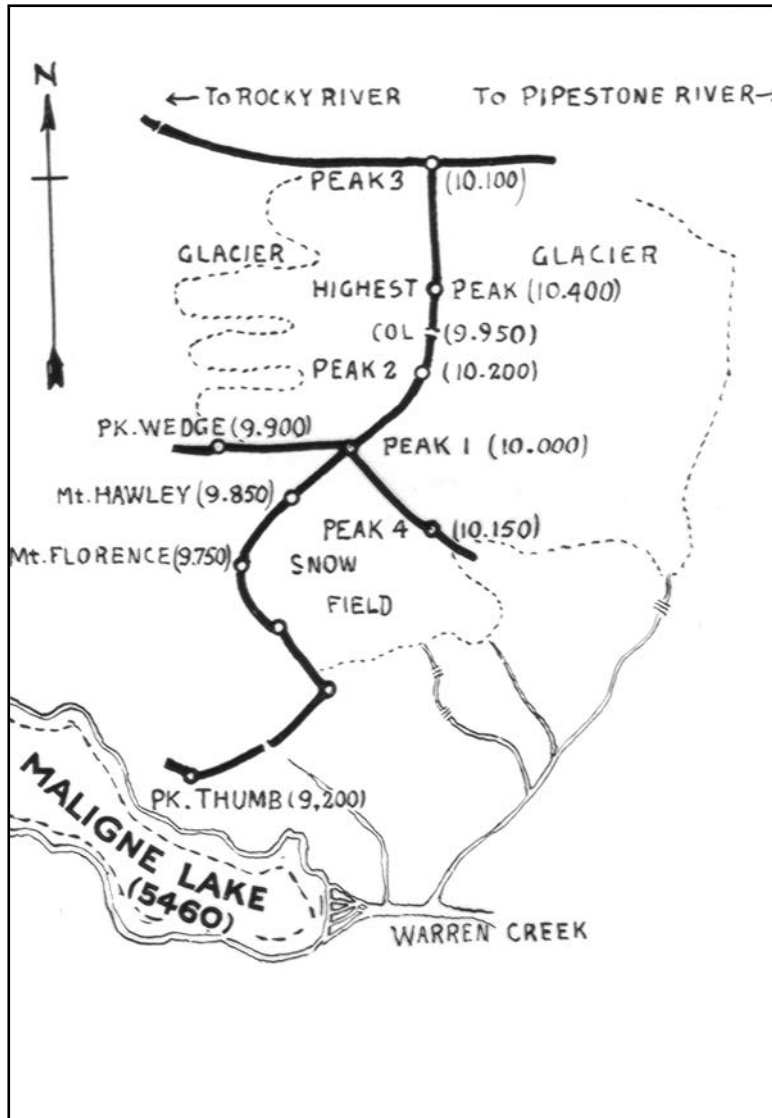
Mt. Hawley  
(9850)

Mt. Florence  
(9750)



Panorama Of The Maligne Group From Mt. Sampson. *Photo M. M. Strumia*

(The glacier in the foreground drains into Maligne Lake at Sompson Narrows.)



Topographical Sketch Of The Maligne Group.

By *M.M. Strumia*

Scale approx. 1:100,000

level measurements, and to complete the exploration of the group, from Col ca. 9950 between Peak 2 and the highest peak the party descended by the; flat snow field on the south-eastern face, and followed it to its southern extremity, where the glacial tongue led to the morning tracks.

The hydrographic centre of the group is Peak 1; from it depart four ridges that will be separately described.

The first, broad and snowy, runs in a northerly direction, and on it are successively found: Peak 2, Col 9950, the highest peak, and Peak 3. This forms the northernmost summit of the group, and drains to the Rocky and Pipestone Rivers.

From Peak 3 depart two ridges, one running in an easterly and then southerly direction, and ending with Mt. Brazeau. On it are found four peaks above 9000 feet, two not far from Peak 3, and two at the head of Warren Glacier, near Mt. Brazeau. The other ridge runs in a west-north-westerly direction, and ends with Mt. Sampson. It is cut by a low pass which, according to Donald Phillips, is crossed by a goat trail, and offers an easy way from Maligne Lake to the Rocky River.

The second ridge from Peak 1 leads to the southeast, and it is the shortest of the four. It is thin and broken by a deep notch, after which rises the rocky head of Peak 4. A large cairn on this peak was easily seen from Peak 1.

The third ridge from Peak 1 leads in a westerly direction, and soon becomes a knife edge culminating with Peak Wedge.

The fourth ridge, the longest, has a tortuous course, leading first to the south-west, then to the south-east, and then again to the south-west, ending with Pk. Thumb. In its course are successively found: Mt. Hawley, Mt. Florence, and two unnamed peaks above 9000 feet.

The location of the main snow fields has already been mentioned.

The history of the group would not be complete without mention of the first ascents of Peak 3 and of Peak Wedge by members of the 1930 A.C.C. Camp.

Howard Palmer in the article already mentioned, and Joe Weiss suggested that a more direct approach to the highest summit of Mt. Maligne could probably be found by following the stream emptying at the Sampson Narrows to its glacial sources, on the western face of the mountain. Our observations from various points fully confirms this view.

The heights of the various peaks are given in the accompanying topographical sketch, based partly on level measurements, in which Mt. Sampson was taken as a base with a height of 10,000 feet, and partly on aneroid determinations, taking as a base the level of Maligne Lake at 5460.

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## IN MEMORIAM

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PROFESSOR CHARLES E. FAY, LITT. D.

1846–1930

By the death of Professor Fay on January 25th, 1931, the Alpine Club of Canada has lost one of its original Honorary Members, 1906, and the alpine world an outstanding representative.

It was not long after the Canadian Pacific Railway had driven the last spike at Craigellachie in 1885, and so had opened up access to the Main and Selkirk Ranges of the Canadian Rockies, that Professor Fay came to spy out the land. He was a President of the Appalachian Mountain Club, which he had founded, and was so pleased with the opportunities offered for mountain climbing that a little later he organized an Appalachian Club party, who made many first ascents in the Selkirks. He then transferred his attentions to the Main Range and made a number of first ascents there, notably of Mts. Goodsir, Hector, Victoria and Lefroy.

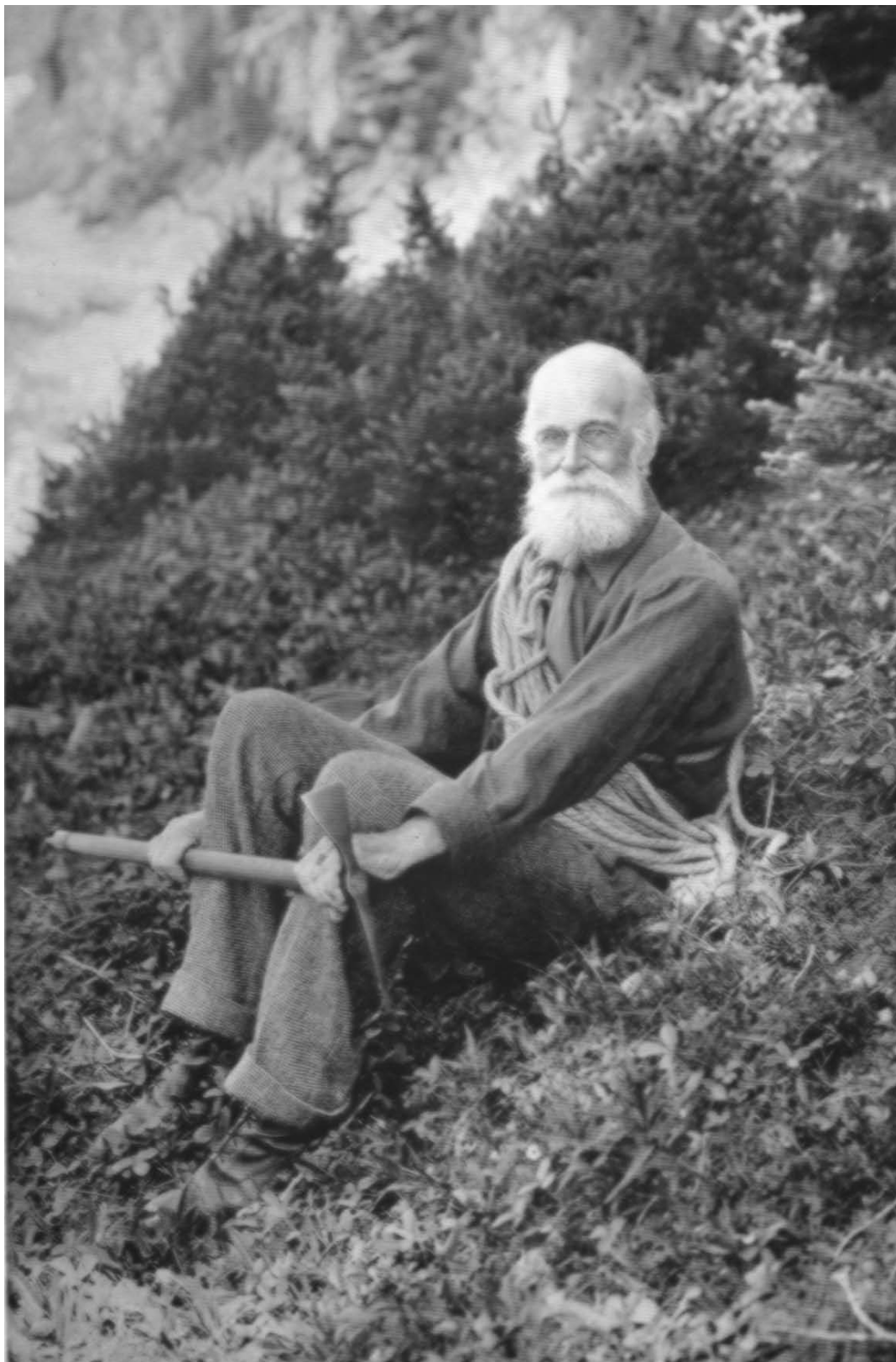
I first met the Professor at Glacier House in 1902 and found him of a most distinctive individuality with a large fund of information and experience concerning mountains and mountaineering in many alpine centres of the world. He was, moreover, a delightful raconteur and a leading spirit at the fireside gatherings at Glacier House after the day's programme of climbs and exploration had been completed.

We then discussed the formation of an American and a Canadian Alpine Club, and the same year Professor Fay founded the American Alpine Club, of which he was the first President. It was not until four years later, 1906, that, with the assistance of Mrs. H. J. Parker of the Manitoba Free Press of Winnipeg, I was able to found the Alpine Club of Canada, and then, also, became its first President.

In 1907 Professor Fay and I each represented our respective clubs at the Jubilee Dinner of the Alpine Club, held at Lincoln's Inn Hall in London, where we were guests of high honor, being seated on either side close to the President of the Club, His Lordship, Bishop Browne of Bristol, and each having beside him one of the two survivors of the original membership of the Club, Sir Alfred Wills being my table companion and Mr. Clinton T. Dent beside Professor Fay, both charming personalities. Two days later we met again at a little dinner given for us by Sir Henry Bergne at St. George's Club, when Hugh M. Stutfield, who had explored with Collie and Baker in the Canadian Rockies, was also present.

Professor Fay attended many of the annual camps of the Alpine Club of Canada and was an outstanding personality at them. We feel greatly pleased to remember that he was an honored guest of the Club at its Camp of 1930 at Maligne Lake in Jasper Park, when at the age of eighty-four he was, accompanied by Mrs. Fay, making his twenty-fifth visit to the Canadian Rockies. On that occasion he addressed the members assembled around the camp fire on "Old Days in the Canadian Rockies," and gave a most delightful and instructive retrospect of his early climbs and of those with whom they had been made.

A charming personality, an enthusiastic mountaineer and an intense lover of Nature in the mountain wilderness, Professor Fay was indeed a companion with whom it was a joy to climb. He was known and appreciated in the big mountaineering centres and was an Honorary Member of the Alpine Club (England), the Alpine Club of Canada, the Club Alpin Français and the Club Alpino Italiano as well as of many other mountaineering organizations. He was in close touch with all and



Charles E. Fay

was respected and looked up to, not alone by aspirants to mountaineering fame, but by those who had acquired fame.

We shall miss him from our camp fire circles, but his courtly manner and genial ways will remain in the memory of all who knew him and had the privilege of his friendship. Above the deeply shadowed Valley of the Ten Peaks and the blue-green waters of Moraine Lake towers the snow-clad crest of Mt. Fay, the old Mt. Heejee, No. 1, which will for all time bear witness to the record of this devoted adherent of the Great Hills of Canada.

Professor Fay was born at Roxbury, Mass., March 10th, 1846. He married Mary W. Lincoln of Boston, 1870, and had five children. He graduated at Tufts College in 1868, became an instructor of mathematics in that year and later Professor of Modern Languages and Dean of the Graduate School. In December, 1927, Professor Fay retired from the Faculty of Tufts College, where he had served as instructor and professor for sixty years, and was created Professor Emeritus.

Professor Fay founded the Appalachian Mountain Club in 1876 and was its President, 1878, 1881, 1893 and 1905. He was the Editor of Appalachia, 1879-1920. In 1902 he founded the American Alpine Club and was its President from 1902-1908 and from 1917-1919. In 1907 he edited *Alpina Americana*. Many mountain monographs have come from his pen.

Professor Fay first came to the Canadian Rockies in 1890, and from then until the year of his death had made twenty-five visits to them, doing much pioneer exploration and climbing in both the Main and Selkirk Ranges.

In 1920, as delegate of the American Alpine Club, he attended the Allied Congress of Alpinism, held at Monaco under the patronage of H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco, who created him an Officer of the Order of St. Charles and conferred upon him the Cross of the Order.

—ARTHUR O. WHEELER.

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## BARON GABET

1846—1930

With the passing of Francisque Gabet, President of The Club Alpin Français, at Paris on May 3, 1930, the Alpine Club of Canada has lost one of its most distinguished Honorary Members. Born at Chambéry in 1846, this son of Savoie inherited naturally his great love of the mountains from his famous ancestor Dom Gabet, alpinist and priest of the Hospice of Mont-Cenis, with whom Napoleon formed a lasting friendship when he crossed the Alps, and for nearly fifty years Baron Gabet was closely associated with alpinism in his native land. He was twice elected President of the Club Alpin, first in 1919 for a period of four years, and again in 1929, filling the position on both occasions with dignity, ability and a fine grace, qualities which marked his service in office until the date of his death.

Organizer of the notable Alpine Congress of Allied Nations held in Monaco under the patronage of S.A.S. Prince Albert, in the spring of 1920, Baron Gabet met the Canadian delegates on behalf of his French confreres with charming courtesy and hospitality, and when the Canadian Alpine Club Exhibition of scenic and rare flower photographs drew plaudits from the mountaineers gathered there from the four corners of the earth, no one rejoiced nor admired the beauty and skill of the Canadian pictures more than the old Savoyard. In recognition of his herculean efforts, which were crowned with perfect success, to carry out the vast project of this Congress, he was made a Commandeur de l'Ordre de Saint Charles, and he also held the high distinction of Officier de la Legion d'Honneur.





Newman D. Waffl



Baron Gabet

It was while a young man engaged in the banking business at Lyon in 1876, that Francisque Gabet became associated with the Section Lyonnaise of the C.A.F., and spent all his spare time wandering through the forests and climbing among the neighbouring mountains. In 1895 he threw the weight of his glowing personality into the founding of "La Revue Alpine," an admirable publication for the advancement of alpinism, and later participated in the management of l'Union Nationale des Associations de Tourisme, a practical society which has been of immense benefit to French publicity.

The memory of Baron Gabet, Honorary Member of the Alpine Club, the Alpine Club of Canada, and the American Alpine Club, also a member of the Alpine Clubs of Switzerland and Italy, whose youthful ardour coloured his deep appreciation of the spiritual qualities that must ever be allied with physical prowess in the true mountaineer, is indelibly written in the annals of alpinism throughout the world.

At Chambery where the enchanting garden set about his old home stretches away towards the foot of these glorious peaks — Mont Grelle, Croix du Nivolet, Mont Revard — that first fired his soul with a love for the heights, in the quiet little cemetery of Jacob-Beliecombette sleeps Francisque Gabet, surrounded by the mountains of Savoie.

JULIA W. HENSHAW, F.R.G.S.

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NEWMAN D. WAFFL

1879—1930

To be deeply learned in mathematics, science, literature and history, to be profoundly stirred by all that is great and beautiful in nature, in music and in art, and to be blessed with the mental and physical vigor to attain to major accomplishment in all of these interests of life is given to but few. Such a one was Newman Diefendorf Waffl, who lost his life on Mt. Robson on August 5, 1930. To know him was a privilege, to be with him and to be taken into his confidence was an inspiration and an education.

Mr. Waffl was a native of New York State, born at Salt Springville March 19th, 1879. His mother, herself a school teacher, prepared him to enter the Cherry Valley High School, and doubtless inspired in him that love of teaching which led him to dedicate his life to the cause of education. It was characteristic of him that he interrupted his college course at the end of his sophomore year to try a year of teaching as the principal of the school which had prepared him for college. He graduated from Syracuse University in 1900 and took his M.A. and M. Ed. degrees from Albany State Teachers' College in 1902.

In 1905 he began that connection with Carteret Academy in Orange, N.J., which continued until his death. As Head Master of that institution Mr. Waffl was a leader in the educational interests of his state, and as a citizen he gave effective assistance to all sound forward looking movements. He took an active part in the councils of his church and denomination, and gave freely of his time and profound musical scholarship to advance the musical interests of his community. The annotations and analyses of the programmes of the New Jersey Orchestra which he had prepared ever since its organization attracted widespread admiration from musical scholars and artists.

Although a man of very unusual intellectual powers, he was modest and unassuming almost to the point of reticence, and when called upon to act was quiet but direct and forceful, and always governed by the highest intellectual ideals.

His two chief avocations were music and mountaineering. Both were intellectual stimuli in

which he took the keenest delight, and nothing which failed to furnish such a stimulus interested him. He had climbed extensively in the American Rockies and the Swiss Alps, and was a climber of unusual skill, strength and daring, but his daring was never rashness. On the contrary, his climbing also was an intellectual as well as a physical exercise. He was not only a climber, but a mountaineer with a wide knowledge of mountains and mountain lore. He held that no climbing was good climbing which was not also safe climbing. It seems the irony of fate that a climber of such skill and experience, to whom the foreseeing and avoidance of undue risk was fundamental, should have been the victim of a mountaineering accident.

His first climbing in Canada was in the summer of 1929, when he led the reconnaissance and first successful ascent of Mt. Sir Alexander. He also ascended Mts. Temple, Whyte, Stephen, Chown, Resplendent, Mumm and other peaks, guideless, and Mt. Victoria with Christian Häsler. It was on the return from the Mt. Sir Alexander trip that he first saw Mt. Robson. He was fascinated by its beauty and spent some two weeks studying it and exploring its approaches at that time.

Although a member of this Club, Mr. Waffl had never attended camp. He shunned large gatherings. While he had climbed for years with the best guides of Switzerland, he liked best of all to climb with a small party of friends. Failing these, he did not hesitate to climb alone, and had done much solitary climbing, but only after careful reconnaissance of his mountain.

It is a matter of regret that so few in our Club enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance.

FRANK N. WATERMAN

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## HEWITT BOSTOCK

1864—1930

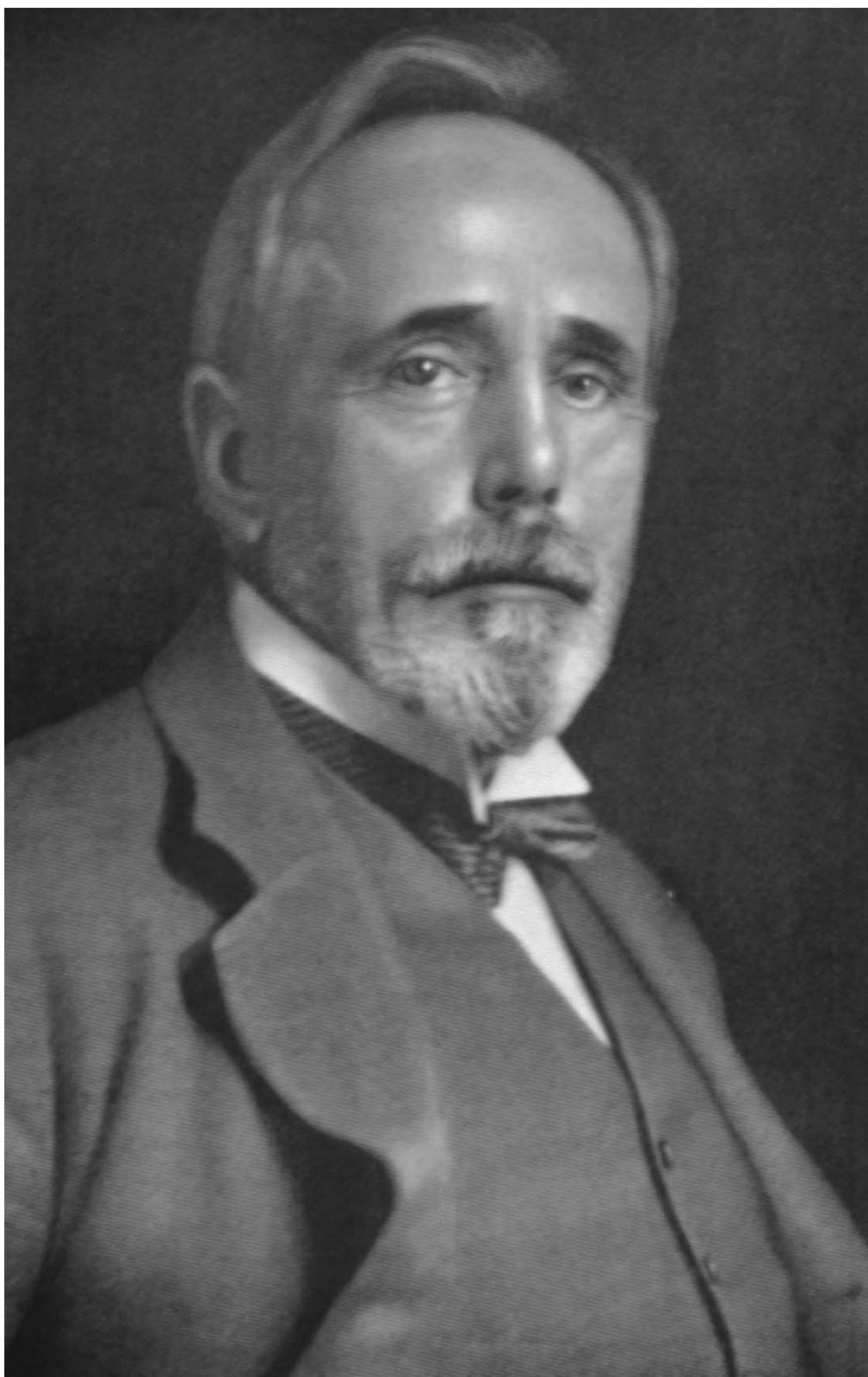
It was with deep sorrow the Alpine Club of Canada learned of the death of the Honourable Senator Hewitt Bostock on April 28th, 1930, at his home at Monte Creek, B.C.

Senator Bostock became a Subscribing Member of the Alpine Club of Canada in 1909, three years after its foundation. He had a great love for the mountains, as shown by his selection of a home practically in their midst. Although he took no part in the climbing activities of the Club he had a sincere interest in its welfare and progress, and gave it his influential support at all times.

He was born at the Hermitage, Walton Heath, Surrey, England, May 31st, 1864. In 1885 he graduated with distinction from Trinity College, Cambridge, taking the degree of B.A. On leaving college, while travelling round the world, he was so greatly attracted by the upper country of British Columbia that, in 1888, he bought a ranch at Monte Creek, then known as Ducks, close by the picturesque waters of the South Thompson River, some eighteen miles from Kamloops, with the mountains of the Gold Range in close proximity to the east and those of the Coast Range to the west. In 1893, he came out from England and made his home at the ranch, taking the keenest interest in its development for fruit growing and stock raising. His hobby was farming, and every branch of it gave him great pleasure. He was very fond of the horses, took much interest in the cattle and sheep, and was particularly keen to increase and make fruitful the land under irrigation.

Of the Anglican religion, he built a little church at Monte Creek in memory of his eldest son, Lieut. A. H. Bostock, who was killed in the war. One of the Senator's daughters, Miss E. J. Bostock, B.Sc., who drove a motor car for the R.F.C. during the war, is an Active Member of the Alpine Club of Canada and has climbed at its camps.

As an active participant in the Public Service of Canada, Senator Bostock's record is outstanding, and he may well be classed as a leader of enterprise: In 1894 he established the



Hewitt Bostock

Weekly Province at Victoria and was associated with Mr. Walter C. Nichol in its removal to and re-establishment at Vancouver as the Daily Province in 1896. In 1895, he organized the Kootenay Lumber Co. at Comaplix, B.C. and ran it for six years, when he sold out. He was an original shareholder in the Burrard Publishing Co., which brought out the Vancouver Sun in 1912.

Senator Bostock made his first appearance in Dominion politics in 1896, when he was elected to the House of Commons as Liberal member for Yale-Cariboo. In 1904 he was appointed to the Senate as representative of the same district, and in 1914 was elected leader of its Liberal party. In 1921, he was given a portfolio in the government as Minister of Public Works. He resigned in 1922 and was appointed Speaker of the Senate, which position he filled until his death. In 1924, he was honoured by appointment as a delegate to the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, to represent the Dominion of Canada.

Senator Bostock was a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute and a member of the Royal Agricultural Society of Great Britain. He was keenly interested in sports, and, an enthusiastic golfer in his earlier days, was one of the founders of the Oak Bay Golf Club at Victoria, the first established on the Pacific Coast.

The Alpine Club of Canada mourns the loss of this distinguished Canadian citizen and fellow member. It extends to the surviving members of his family the deepest sympathy in their bereavement. A genial, kind-hearted gentleman, he was beloved by all who knew him and it was fitting that he should pass on to greater heights in the home he loved so well, nestling in the shadow of the snow-capped Canadian Rockies. "Sic itur ad astra."

ARTHUR O. WHEELER

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### JOHN ALBERT KIRK

1854—1930

By the death of John A. Kirk the Alpine Club of Canada has lost one of its original members. He died at his home at Summerland, B.C., on September 3rd, 1930, in his seventy-sixth year.

Mr. Kirk was an enthusiastic lover of the Great Hills and was one of the little company of adventurers who journeyed to Winnipeg in 1906 to bring into existence the Alpine Club of Canada, a club that has since become famous throughout the alpine world. For many years he carried on his profession as a Dominion and Provincial Land Surveyor in the midst of the mountains and was well known as one of the pioneers of Rossland, B.C.

Mr. Kirk was born at Stratford, Ont., on January 9th, 1854, and went to school there. He was a son of Joseph Kirk, a Provincial Land Surveyor at Stratford, and spent some years subsequent to the completion of his schooling, surveying with his father. He was later granted a commission as a Dominion Land Surveyor, and was engaged upon Dominion land surveys in the Northwest Territories when that practically unknown wilderness was first opened up for settlement.

In 1889 he received his commission as a British Columbia Land Surveyor, and was one of the earliest residents of Rossland, where he carried on his profession. Kirk's map of the Trail Creek Mining Camp of 1897 was well known and much used in those pioneer days. He was an old friend of the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, the Hon. Randolph Bruce, who writes as follows: "In 1898, a real estate company promoted at Rossland purchased the townsite of Wilmer and Mr. Kirk was sent over, first as surveyor and then as manager of the venture. He laid out the townsite, established a sawmill and took a very prominent part in the erection of a hospital, the creation of a Board of Trade and in the many matters incident to the development of a new district. He was very

highly respected and trusted by all, and left his mark upon the Windermere district. He was rather of a retiring disposition but his friendships were very earnest and very sincere, and appreciated by all who had the privilege of winning his confidence.”

For twenty years Mr. Kirk conducted surveys in various parts of the Province, and, in 1909, settled at Summerland as surveyor and fruit grower. He was well up in the science of his profession, and contributed papers on various subjects to the reports of the Ontario Land Surveyors' Association, of which he was a member. He was well liked by all who knew him and was looked up to as a man of sterling integrity, ability and indomitable industry.

We of the Alpine Club who knew him appreciate the keen interest he took in it and the continued support he gave it until the end. We shall mourn the loss of our fellow member, who helped us so well at a time when his help was of greatest value to the Club.

ARTHUR O. WHEELER

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### PROFESSOR H. B. DIXON

1852—1930

Harold Bailey Dixon, C.B.E., F.R.S., was well known in Canada among both scientific men and mountaineers. Born in 1852, the second son of the well-known writer W. Hepworth Dixon, he proceeded from Westminster School to Christ Church College, Oxford, with a classical scholarship. Here for a time he amused himself mightily but did little or no work. However, awaking suddenly to the risk of forfeiting his emoluments and blighting his whole career, he decided to throw overboard all his Latin and Greek, offering himself to Prof. Vernon Harcourt as a pupil in chemistry and declaring that he had no knowledge of science, but felt that at an entirely fresh subject he could work with greater zeal.

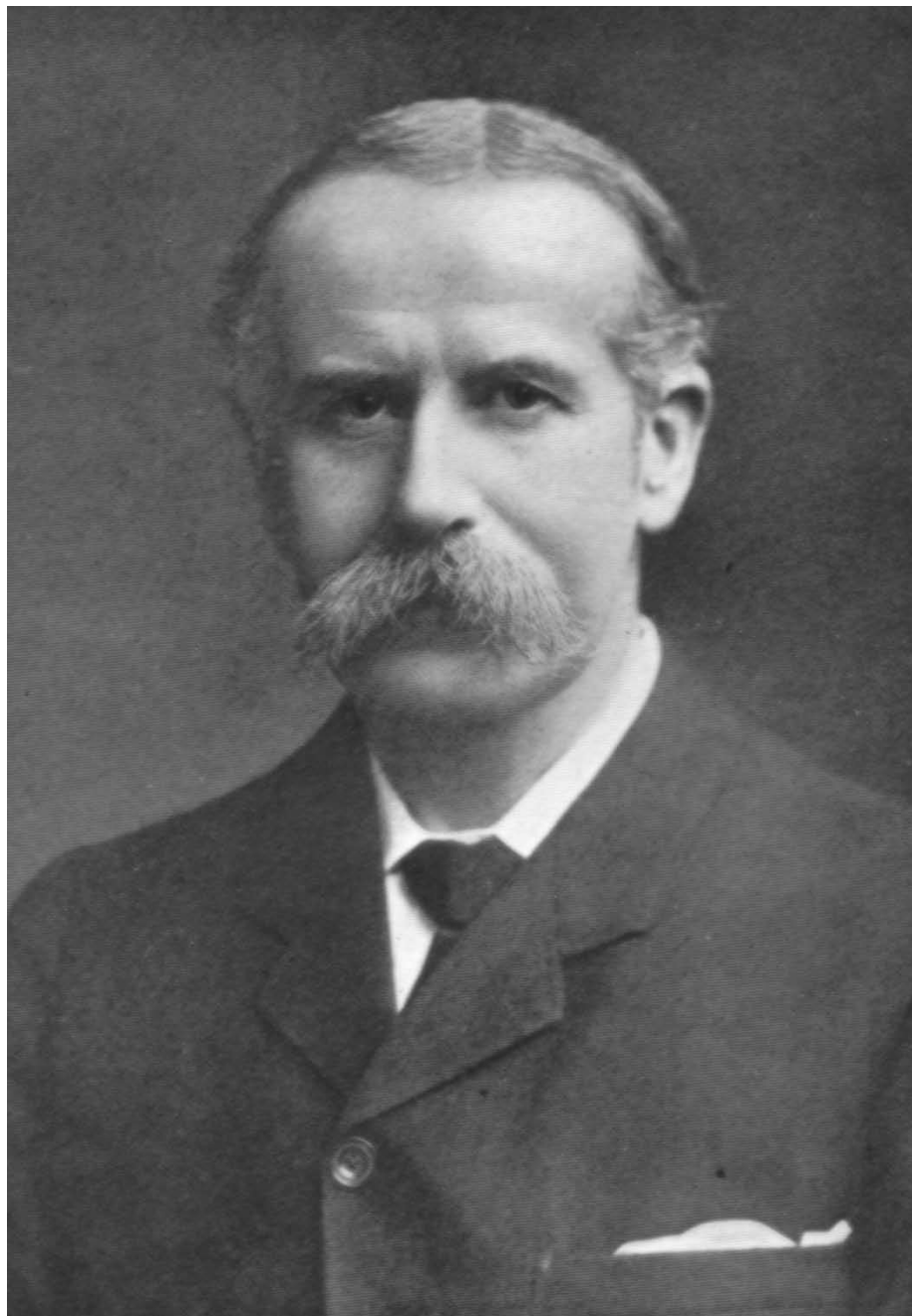
He did work hard and successfully, obtained a lectureship at Trinity College and later a fellowship at Balliol; passed on to Owen's College, Manchester, where much of his best work was done. He rapidly obtained recognition for his researches, especially those into light and the explosion of gases. He was very good-looking with many social gifts and much charm of manner, a fluent speaker and ardent dancer, while in his younger days he climbed and played games with particular neatness.

The (English) Alpine Club admitted him in 1894 and he was at one time President of the Rucksack Club of Manchester.

He visited the Canadian Rockies in 1897, taking part in the first ascents of Mt. Lefroy and Mt. Gordon. In 1908 he became a member of the Alpine Club of Canada and attended the 1909 Camp at Lake O'Hara.

His first wife was a Canadian, Miss Hopkins of Montreal. By her he leaves a son and a daughter and by his second wife another daughter.

W. P. HASKETT-SMITH



H. B. Dixon

CORA JOHNSTONE BEST

At dawn, November nineteenth, 1930, the distinguished mountaineer, Dr. Cora Johnstone Best, our beloved little Comrade of the Great Hills, passed on to her "World Above a World."

Dr. Best, with her poet's soul, her vagabond heart, her ardent love of nature and intense interest in scientific research, explored and hunted from the Arctic Circle to the Tropics, lectured and wrote about her experiences, and became internationally known as a conservationist and leading exponent of outdoor life.

Whether out on a definite mission, or vagabonding for the sheer love of it, she never turned aside when danger threatened, but exulted in exploring virgin country and faced death in a dozen forms.

Whether battling in a nineteen-foot canoe with the terrific rapids of the Columbia around the Big Bend; or fighting and hanging on with frozen fingers to the ragged edges of rotten rock 11,000 feet in the air on a first ascent; leading to the top of Japan's Sacred Mountain, Fujiyama, during the typhoon season when it was encased in ice from bottom to top; climbing in the stifling heat to the rim of the giant Asosan to take notes on the volcano in action; trailing in the tangle of fever-infested jungles of the tropics, where huge blood suckers, pythons and wild beasts made quick thinking and quicker acting the passport to questionable safety; facing a pain-crazed, wounded grizzly or a mountain lion in the silver tip country of British Columbia, or marauding bandits in war-torn China, she gloried in each new experience as it came and eagerly applied the knowledge she gained to constructive work in her fields of accomplishment.

Dr. Best was descended from a long line of physicians and scientists. Her father, a Scotsman, was a physician. Her mother, a chemist and philosopher, gave her daughter her first lessons in what was destined to be part of her life work, visual education.

Dr. Best received her education in this country and abroad in medicine, the natural sciences, economics, music and literature. She practiced medicine for a number of years; then she discontinued her profession as a physician to devote all her energy to the promotion of what she considered the great need of the world today, out-door living, conservation of forests, animals, birds and flowers, and the conservation and special education of the highly endowed children of the race.

Dr. Best was the first to sponsor visual education in the state of her birth, Minnesota. For the past eight years, with her personal collection of moving pictures gathered from the far corners of the earth, she lectured to universities, colleges and clubs in all parts of the United States, under the auspices of the Bureau of Commercial Economics of Washington, D.C., and received glowing tributes of appreciation from the American people for her success in this work.

Expert in all outdoor sports and versatile to a high degree, Doctor Best achieved distinction in many fields. She was accorded special privileges in all national parks by both the United States and Canadian Governments and was commissioned a fully licensed guide by the Department of the Interior of Canada.

She climbed mountains in many countries and was a member of the Canadian Alpine Club, Japanese Alpine Club and the Swiss Alpine Club. The Japanese bestowed upon her honorary membership in their Alpine Club, for record climbing done in the Northern Alps of Japan.

In the Canadian Rockies Dr. Best made more than fifty ascents, climbing the most difficult peaks by their hardest routes. She also made a number of first ascents of major peaks in Canada.

In 1922 she organized the Minneapolis Section of the Alpine Club of Canada, developed a flourishing section, trained and led most of her new members in their graduating climbs. She led her own parties through Abbot, Opabin and many other mountain passes. She led her own ropes





Cora Johnstone Best

up Mount Victoria without guides, up Lefroy, Huber, Odaray, Tupper and "David Thompson," on these ascents graduating new climbers for the club on major peaks.

Dr. Best wrote for magazines devoted to the interests of conservation and animal life; she also wrote accounts of her travels, books for children, and many poems.

I think it would be hard to find a more radiant spirit or a finer mind than the Doctor's in her appreciation of all good, in her eager effort to justify her own existence, and her generous giving of self to whatever need arose. Your own Poet Laureate of Canada, Bliss Carman, called her "One of Life's Music Makers," and in her glowing, ardent love of the beautiful, "Joy Personified."

AUDREY FORFAR SHIPPAM.

### BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY RICHMOND GALE, C.M.G.

1866—1930

Henry Richmond Gale was born in 1866, the eldest son of Henry Richmond Houghton Gale, of Bardsea Hall, near Ulverston, Lancaster.

He spent his childhood near the English Lake hills, where he first learned to love mountaineering. Educated at Elstree, Harrow, and the Royal Military College, Woolwich, he obtained a commission in the Royal Engineers in 1885. He soon went to South Africa, and his work there and knowledge of the languages caused him to be sent out later, just before the outbreak of the Boer War, in which he acted as Intelligence Officer in Rimington's Corps of Guides, obtaining two brevets and two medals with ten clasps. He saw as much of the country as he could, and the wild places of the world were always his joy.

Later in India he lost no opportunity of going to Kashmir, and was in Astos, Khistwar, etc. Later he visited Thibet.

His love of adventure and exploration in wild places led him to undertake big game expeditions, both in South Africa and India. He took many beautiful photographs of Nanga Parbat, Kangchenjunga, Chomolhari and other giants. He was also a keen fisherman.

In the Great War he was in France, in the Ypres salient and in Flanders, etc., till invalided home. His travels led him to Norway three times, to Italy twice, to Morocco, to Japan, and after he settled in British Columbia and made his home at "Bardsey," Mount Newton, Saanichton, Vancouver Island, he paid two visits to New Zealand and Fiji.

Some of his happiest times were spent in the Rockies with the Alpine Club. He loved being in camp with his friends in the beautiful surroundings that appealed to him so much.

Members of the Annual Camp at Lake O'Hara and at Palliser Pass will recall his lithe, active figure, his quiet, modest manner, his interesting conversation on his world Wide experiences, and his intelligent enquiring mind, which sought knowledge about what he observed, and his delight in the rugged scenery around him.

The Rogers Pass Camp, 1929, was the last one he attended, but he found that his health suffered in the inclement weather experienced, and he was compelled to leave before the sunshine had shown forth the glories of that country. In fact, his last years were saddened by failing health and strength, which was a special trial to one of his keenness and energy, but to the end he loved the things of nature, the trees, the flowers and the birds.

In August 1930 he was laid to rest in the little Churchyard of St. Stephen's, Mount Newton. His headstone is a boulder from his own hillside.

LINDLEY CREASE

## NEW ASCENTS AND VARIOUS EXPEDITIONS, 1930

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### SOUTHERN ROCKIES <sup>1</sup>

- Mt. Galatea** (10,600) June 24, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 63.  
**Mt. Sarrail** (10,400) July 1, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 65  
**Mt. Foch** (10,430) July 1, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 66  
**Mt. Cordonnier** (9910) July 5, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 67  
**Mt. Warrior** (9600) July 5, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 67  
**Mt. Lyautey** (9990) July 6, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 67  
**Mt. Petain** (10,400) July 12, Miss K. Gardiner, G. Harrison, *W. Feuz*. p. 70  
**Mt. Bogart** (10,315) July 17, Miss K. Gardiner, *W. Feuz*. p. 71

The above are first ascents

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- Cataract Peak** (10,935) July 23, J. W. A. Hickson, *Ed. Feuz, Jr.* p. 36  
“**Little Cataract**” (circa. 10,200) July 25, J. W. A. Hickson, *Ed. Feuz, Jr.* p. 38  
**Unnamed Peak** (circa. 10,150) Peak on N.W. side of Drummond Glacier, July 31,  
**J. W. A. Hickson**, *Ed. Feuz, Jr.* p. 41  
**Unnamed Peak** (10,200) W. side of Bonnet Glacier, Aug. 13, J. W. A. Hickson, *Ed. Feuz, Jr.* p. 45  
**Mt. Pulsatilla** (10,060) Aug. 14, J. W. A. Hickson, *Ed. Feuz, Jr.* p. 46

The above are first ascents

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**Unnamed Peak**; head of Pangman Glacier, first ascent.

**Mt. Conway** (10,170) traverse, S. to N. first ascent.

**Mt. Skene** (10,100) first ascent.

**Mt. Forbes**; first ascent by North Ridge.

**Mt. Ayesha** (10,036) traverse E. to W. first ascent.

Eaton Cromwell, *et al.*

Details of above climbs, made in July, not available.

**Popes Peak–Mt. Collier**, traverse, first in this direction, August. Eaton Cromwell, *et al.*

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**St. Nicholas Peak** (9616) first ascent. Ref. Mtn. Mag. Sept. 1930.

**Dolomite Peak** (9828) first ascent. Ref. Mtn. Mag. Sept. 1930. J. Monroe Thorington, *et al.*

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**Mt. Louis**. Aug. 22. First traverse. S. B. Hendricks, Miss P. Prescott, *E. Feuz, Jr.* p. 52

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<sup>1</sup> This section of the Journal is designed to present in brief form the new ascents and expeditions of interest each year. Where extended accounts appear in the current Journal, details are not given here but, in lieu thereof, the page number on which will be found the detailed account. In a few cases where specific details are not given in the extended account, these details, taken from the official records of the Club, have been added.

On account of the fact that this is a new feature in the Journal and also that it has not been possible to obtain data in all cases noted, certain omissions occur. The degree of completeness in future issues will depend upon the co-operation of members who are invited to contribute to this feature. Contributions should be sent in as early as possible, and not later than December 1st each year. (Editor)

**Castle Mtn.** S.E. Tower. Aug. 23. First traverse. L. Grassi, S. B. Hendricks, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Woods, Miss P. Prescott, Miss W. S. Maclaren. p. 54

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**Mt. Fifi**

A party of three, Polly Prescott, Winnifred MacLaren and S. B. Hendricks, climbed Fifi on Aug. 21, 1930. The purpose of this note is to record the advantage of following the goat tracks around the east face of the mountain and gaining the high western col by the short scree slopes on the north side. The scree gully leading up behind the mountain, the west side, is almost too fatiguing to warrant the climb.

STERLING B. HENDRICKS

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**Mt. Louis.** Sept. 8. Variation on usual route, p. 14.

Climbing started practically at foot of S.E. ridge. This was followed as far as the cairn from which the usual descent into the gully on the S. face is made.

At many points we were driven off the S.E. ridge by the steepness of its rocks on to the E. face and were much delayed by loose and rotten rocks, and the route taken, involved difficult climbing in places up steep chimneys and slabs; 3 1/2 hours being required to reach the gully on the S. face.

From the gully a direct traverse was made over an awkward slab and the usual route followed into the gully which forms the basis of the usual route on the upper part of the mountain. From here another traverse was made on to the buttress which forms the E. (true left) wall of the gully which splits the centre of the S. face of the mountain, and is a direct prolongation of the final chimney to the summit.

This buttress afforded fine steep climbing up slabs composed of excellent rock and brought us to the foot of the final chimney on the usual route. This we followed to the top which was reached at 16:45. On the descent the gully E. of the buttress climbed on the ascent was followed for some distance, a way being found into it from the West.

The party was overtaken by darkness and bivouaced on a shelf on the S.E. ridge. In the morning the descent was continued by a route considerably to the E. of that used on the ascent and much easier. The foot of the rocks was reached at 8:30.

This route cannot be recommended in its lower portion on account of the looseness of the rocks, but the wall of the buttress on the S. face gives fine and quite difficult climbing.

C. G. CRAWFORD

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**Pilot Mountain (9690)**

Leaving Banff by motor cars along the Banff-Castle Motor Road to the Simpson Pass Talc Mine Massive Bridge across the Bow River and thence by a rough mining road, we camped and bivouaced near the side of the road some distance from the bridge, July 8th, 1930. Mosquitoes were ravenous during the warm night.

Lawrence Grassi—guide. The party—Misses Helen I. Buck and Smith, Messrs. Dr. A. J. Gilmour, F. N. Waterman and N. B. Sanson.

July 9th, we left at 6.30 a.m. some by motor car and the remainder on foot a few miles, (2 or 3) up the road and then started up the west slope of Pilot Mountain about 7.00 a.m. After a long

grind we all reached the summit by 4.00 p.m. (had lunch on the way up). Leaving 4.30 p.m. or later we reached our bivouac by 9.15 p.m. A sort of icy chimney and another more or less short and steep bit of rock climb were encountered on the way to the summit. One has a magnificent view of Mt. Assiniboine, Mt. Ball, the Royal Group, etc. The day was perfect. We found, regretfully, a small cairn on top, probably of 1885 or 1886. Ref. Geological Report 1886.

N. B. SANSON

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NORTHERN ROCKIES

**Mt. Robson** (12,972) Attempt by the N.W. ridge and W. face, to about 10,000, July 2, 3, 5 and 6. William Hainsworth, John Lehmann, Max Strumia, Newman Waffl. The final attempt was made on July 6 from a bivouac at about 8000, located at the foot of a triangular face between the N.W. ridge and the W. face. Owing mostly to very bad weather and unfavorable snow conditions, the party was unable to overcome the last part of a steep couloir of ice leading through the highest tier of cliffs bounding the foot of the W. face. From Berg Lake Chalet to the bivouac: 4 1/2 hrs; from the bivouac to the highest place reached, about 4 hrs.

**Mt. Mumm** (9718) July 4, W. Hainsworth, John Lehmann.

**The Helmet** (11,160) to within 300 feet of the summit, July 7. W. Hainsworth, John Lehmann, M. Strumia. The entire course of Berg Glacier was followed from the Lake to the W. face of the final cone in 6 hrs. 15 mins. The attempt was discontinued at 7.15 p.m. because of very large drifts of fresh, soft snow. Return to Lake in 2 hrs. 45 mins.

**Mt. Christie** (10,180) First ascent, July 11, W. Hainsworth, J. Lehmann, M. Strumia, N. Waffl. From a base camp at the junction of Lick and Fryatt Creeks (ca. 5000) a high camp was established on Fryatt Valley on the N.W. slopes of the mountain, at about 7000 in 4 hrs. From the high camp an open couloir of snow and shale led to a snow basin W. of the Peak in 1 1/2 hrs. The snow basin was crossed in one hour, and by some difficult rocks and the upper part of a couloir badly exposed to snow avalanches the col between Mt. Christie and Brussels Peak (9200) was reached, 1 1/2 hrs. From this point the easy S.W. ridge brought the party to the summit in 40 mins. Total time from base camp: 8 hrs. and 40 mins.; descent to high camp in 2 hrs. and 15 mins.

**Brussels Peak** (10,370) Attempt to about 9800, July 13, same party.

**Mt. Belanger** (10,200) First ascent, July 14, same party. From the high camp on Fryatt Valley the party descended to and forded Fryatt Creek in 1 hr. and 15 mins. Following the Creek and later an alluvial fan and an open valley, the Pass between Fryatt Creek and the head of Divergence Creek was reached in 4 1/2 hrs. (ca. 8,300). The steep snow of the right orographic side of the glacier covering the north face of Mt. Belanger led in 2 1/2 hrs. to the N. Peak (10,000) and from this 3 hrs. of difficult ice and rock traverse along the N. ridge brought the party to the S. and highest Peak. Total time from camp 11 hrs 15 mins. In the return, the time to Fryatt Creek (fording point) was about 6 hrs. From this point a very unpleasant trip through thick woods brought the party to the base camp in about 3 hrs.

**Unnamed (Piton Peak)** (10,700) (One mile N. of Mt. Stutfield, S.E. of Mt. Woolley, between head of Habel Creek and Sunwapta River,) First ascent, July 19, same party. From a base camp on the left orographic side of the Sunwapta, about 5 1/2 miles below Tangle Creek junction, the party skirted with a fatiguing march the base of a ridge leading E. and S.E. from Mt. Diadem

and in 5 hrs. 50 mins. reached the glacier flowing East from the Peak. The easy but steep N.E. arête was reached in 1½ hours, and followed within 300 feet of the top, in 2 hrs. 35 mins. The summit was gained by the rocky North ridge and face with a difficult and dangerous climb, in 3 hrs. 40 mins. Total time for the ascent: 12 hrs. 55 mins. In the descent the main drainage of the Ice Field to the Sunwapta was followed, in 5 hrs., whence base camp was reached wading along the Sunwapta in 2 hrs.

**Unnamed (Mt. Cirque)** N.E. (11,300) and S.W. (11,200) (One mile W. of Mt. Athabaska, between Athabaska and Saskatchewan Glaciers,) First ascent, July 21, same party. From a camp near the tongue of Athabaska Glacier the snow field at its head was reached following the Glacier in 3 hrs. 50 mins. Hard snow and crampons facilitated the march up steep slopes to col ca. 10,200 between Unnamed 11,200 and Unnamed 10,800, 1 hr. 20 mins. The shaly and snowy ridge was then followed over Peak 11,200 to Peak 11,300, which was reached in 2 hrs. 10 mins. An attempt to traverse to Mt. Athabaska was frustrated by rock-swept perpendicular cliffs, Total time of ascent 7 hrs. 20 mins. descent by, the same route in about 4 hrs.

**Mt. Maligne**, Peak 1 (ca. 10,000), Peak 2 (ca. 10,200) and highest Peak (ca. 10,400) First ascent, July 25, same party. From the S. extremity of Maligne Lake following Warren Creek and Creek draining S. from Maligne Group, a large snow field was reached. From this a steep rocky rib brought the party to the ridge between Mt. Hawley and Peak 1, which was reached by the S.W. arête in 6 hrs. from the Lake. The same arête was followed to Peak 2 in 35 mins. and to the highest summit (10,400) in 37 mins. In the descent, from col between Peak 10,400 and Peak 2 a glacier was reached and followed to the tracks of the ascent. Total time for the ascent to the highest summit: 7 hrs. 12 mins.; descent to Lake in 3 hrs. 42 mins.

MAX. M. STRUMIA

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**Mt. Brazeau**, via west face of the col between Mts. and Henry MacLeod, (first ascent by this route). August 9. "Left Coronet Creek camp 4:20 a.m.; up dry stream bed to alplands, thence south and up snow slopes leading to couloirs. Take couloir on left of one with waterfall; reached base of this at 7:20. After second breakfast started up at 8:00. Two ropes up couloir, time one hour. From there drop into next couloir south and thence up easy slope to pass between Mts. Brazeau and Valad. On top of B. at 11:00. Return by way of Mts. Valad and Henry MacLeod and the usual route on glacier. Camp at 17:35 o'clock."

Members of party, Dr. Sharpe, B. Jefferson, W. Cleveland, F. McCulloch, W. A. McAuley, W. Innes, R. J. Cuthbertson, W. E. Streng, A. A. McCoubrey, Misses M. Davis, E. H. Greer, M. K. Macleod, Dr. Hudson, Hans Fuhrer.

E. H. G.

**Mt. Coronet** (9800) First ascent and traverse, Aug. 5. p. 48

**Mt. Coronet.** First ascent from N. Aug. 11. Party left Coronet Creek Camp at 4.30 returning at 18.00. Details of climb not available. Members of Party, Dr. Sharpe, B. Jefferson, F. McCulloch, W. Cleveland, E. R. R. Clarke, J. M. Forbes, Miss M. Davis, Miss M. K. Macleod.

**Mt. Julian** First ascent by N.E. couloir. Aug. 4. p. 58.

**Mt. Llysyfran** (9000) First ascent. July 31. p. 57. Members of party, C. G. Crawford, G. Sanger, J. A. Corry, E. M. Gillespie, I. Vanderburg, J. MacAuley, Miss Rita Rushworth, Dr. Percy.

**Mt. Mary Vaux.** First ascent from S. Aug. 7. p. 60. Left Coronet Creek Camp at 7.00. Reached Maligne Lake at 1930.

**Mt. Maligne Group—Peak 3 (10,100)** First ascent Aug. 10. p. 60.

**Mt. Moffat (10,250)**

First ascent, Aug. 5. Hans and Henry Fuhrer. This ascent was made by the two guides who formed a search party for the climbers who had made the ascent of Julian (p. 58). Finding the tracks of the Julian party on the snow of the Julian-Moffat saddle leading towards Mt. Moffat, they ascended the peak.

Second ascent, Aug. 9. "Left main camp at 5 a.m., Lake "Ultra-Maligne" 8 a.m.; started climbing the wall between Mts. Julian and Moffat at 9 a.m. Very steep, and dangerous, only one could climb at a time; reached the top of the wall at 11:30. Started climbing again about 13:00 and reached the summit about 15:00 estimated at 10,250 feet. No difficulty; two small cliffs near the top where climbing is interesting. Left top about 15:30 descending by north arête between Mts. Charlton and "Moffat," reached the col about 16:05. Made a quick descent to the ice field over scree and snow, kicking in; arrived at the lake by way of the glacier at 17:00 View of Mt. Julian from north side of this lake very fine, resembles Mt. Assiniboine; reached bottom of the cliff at 18.00, and the shore about 19.00."

Members of party, T. B. Moffat, W. A. D. Munday, C. Wright.

**Mt. Southesk (10,100)** First ascent Aug. 12.

"Left Sandpiper Creek camp at 4:45, followed creek to last draw towards the left, and on to the glacier immediately below Sandpiper Pass. Through pass (2 hrs. 30 min.) and along length of glacier to S. of pass (45 mins.). Through shale gap directly W. of objective peak, and along shale slope, around stream valley and up to base of shale gully leading to the summit ridge (6 hrs. 15 mins.); scree ridge to the summit which was reached at 12:25. After resting one and one half hours, descent was made by the same route to the base of the gully thence due West to a brown sandstone point. On to the glacier followed previously, and off tongue of ice following Canyon Creek trail back to Maligne Lake which was reached at 17:45."

Members of party Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Woods, G. Sanger, J. A. Corry. See "Mazama." Dec. 1930. p. 72.

**Mt. Warren.** First ascent from Coronet Creek, Aug. 2.

From main camp at 4 a.m. up Coronet Creek, 21/2 miles thence up a small creek to the alpland below Warren. The alpland was followed to the prominent snow tongue descending from the gully below the col to the N. of Brazeau. The gully was ascended to the col. The ridge between Brazeau and Warren was followed around a small subsidiary peak to the steep S. face of Warren. This face was ascended by means of a steep snow slope and snow couloir near the S.W. corner. The S.W. summit was reached at 14:25. Descent by route of former parties to Warren Creek.

Members of party; J. A. Corry, T. W. Warkman, S. B. Hendricks, C. Anderson, D. M. Woods, Dr. W. Boyd, Hans Fuhrer.. The Wedge (9900) First ascent, Aug. 12. p. 80.

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**Mt. Estella (10,069)** N. D. Waffl. p. 80.

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SELKIRK MOUNTAINS

**Mt. Tupper.** First traverse, Sept. 3. p. 12.

**Mt. Sir Donald.** First ascent from E., Sept. 5. p. 13.

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PURCELL RANGE

**Mt. Findlay** First ascent, July.

**Mt. Saffron.** First ascent, July. J. Monroe Thorington, Eaton Cromwell, *et al.*

**Pigeon Tower.** First ascent.

**Rock Ridge Peak.** Traverse N. to S. second ascent.

**Marmolata.** First ascent.

**Thimble. Traverse,** E. to W. First ascent.

**Flat Top. Traverse,** E. to W. First ascent.

August—Eaton Cromwell, *et al.*

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COAST MOUNTAINS

**Bute Mtn.** (9,200) July 22. p. 94.

**Gargoyle Peak** (8500) First ascent, July 27. p. 97.

**Mt. Dauntless** (9900) First ascent, July 19. p. 103.

**Mt. Munday** (11,500) First ascent, July 22. p. 106.

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**Mt. Albert** (8260) First ascent, Aug. by A. T. Dalton and P. Easthope.

Mt. Albert is situated between Princess Louise Inlet and the head of Jervis Inlet. The peak was climbed from Princess Louise Inlet by way of Mount Helena, the party camping the first night on the saddle between Helena and Albert. An attempt to climb the peak next day was unsuccessful and the climbers camped for the night on a glacier. Next day the peak was climbed. The group of peaks at the head of Jervis Inlet are pronounced by Mr. Dalton to be very attractive from an alpine standpoint.

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**Expedition to Head of Bridge River**

In September 1930 the large low area of ice fields at the head of the Bridge River which is in the Lillooet district was reconnoitred by Major F. V. Longstaff, who took with him Christian Easier and Ernest Feuz. The pack train was supplied by Bert Williams, who has made his home in the Bridge River Valley since before 1912.

This area was suggested to Major Longstaff by Dr. Charles Camsell about two years ago. The several ice fields feed the following rivers: Bridge, Southgate, Toba, Whitewater, Squamish and Lillooet. The mountaineering party assembled at Vancouver on the 1st of September and proceeded by Pacific Great Eastern Railway to Shalalth station, which is about fourteen miles west of Lillooet. Shalalth station is on the north shore of Seton Lake, (776 feet) where there is a good small inn named Shalalth Lodge, kept by Mr. Hanson. The entry to Bridge River Valley is over Mission Ridge, highest point on the good motor road being 3,830 feet and the valley bottom is 1970 feet. The road goes 50 miles up the valley and then S. up Hurley and Cadwallader Creeks to the Lorne Gold Mine.



The party motored to Bert's Ranch and the pack train started up Gun Creek on the 2nd of September. Smoke obscured the distant views for some days. The camp on Taylor Meadows was left on the eighth after the party being delayed there four days by snow which fortunately cleared the smoke to the S.W. The expedition left the Taylor Pass and proceeded S. over the Wolverine Pass, across the head of Leckie Creek and down into the upper portion of Slim Creek (a wide grass valley). The party went in a westerly direction to the head of Slim Creek, over the wide grass pass into the north fork of the Bridge River, and made camp on Griswold Creek near the claim of the Consolidated Coast Copper Company at an altitude of 6000 feet. The country was quite open and horses could go anywhere.

Christian chose a peak that he named "Observation Peak" (8,500 ft.) for photographic work and sketching. Three ascents were made of this. On the first day there was too much mist, the second day Christian and Ernest alone went up, the third day, 11th, was the clearest of the lot and the best photographs were taken.

To cut a long story short here are the studied conclusions of Longstaff, Christian and Ernest: (1) It appeared that there are about a dozen peaks over 10,000 feet on or near the ice fields, some of which are interesting rock climbs. (2) It was felt that less than one half of the ice fields and glaciers were seen which are massed together in this elevated area. (3) The rivers which are fed from these ice fields are the Squamish, Lillooet, Bridge, Southgate, Toba and Whitewater. (4) It was estimated that at least 350 square miles of ice fields and glaciers were seen. (5) In September there is more water in the upper Bridge River than in the Columbia River at Golden. (6) Not only the long wide glaciers, but the Sierras are exactly like the large ones in Switzerland. (7) Both Christian and Ernest who have been over the Columbia ice field, state that the area of ice fields and glaciers of the Bridge River much exceed the area of the Columbia ice field. The return journey was made in three days down a difficult trail along the upper Bridge River to Little Gun Lake.

P. V. LONGSTAFF

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#### CASCADE MOUNTAINS

**American Border Peak** (7900) First ascent, Sept. 14. p. 99.

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#### ALASKA

##### **First Ascent of Mt. Bona in Alaska**

Allen Carpe, Andy Taylor, (of the 1925 Mt. Logan Expedition) and the writer left McCarthy, Alaska on June 15th, 1930. From this pioneer town near the Kennecott copper mines, the party travelled for six days with a pack train of ten horses and two packers (Harry Boyden), along the Nizina-White River trail as far as Skolai Pass, making in all about fifty or sixty miles of easting.

From Skolai Pass the climbing party travelled almost due South up the Russell glacier for some twenty odd miles, transporting (in the course of a week) five hundred pounds of baggage in two relays on a Yukon sledge without dogs. Starting on the Russell glacier at 5,000 ft. the sledge journey terminated at its head (and the north foot of Bona) at about 8,700 ft.

From a base camp of two tents at 8,700 ft. the party, climbing up the north face of Bona, established a one tent camp with food for over a week at 10,600. From this point, the saddle in a col which leads to the summit ridge (runs east and west) was gained at 13,000 ft. and a three day camp established.

On July 1st the party was turned back at 15,500 by zero temperatures and strong wind from an attempt made on the summit from the 13,000 ft. camp.

Leaving the same camp on July 2nd the summit (16,420) was reached at 6.30 p.m. in moderate breezes with temperatures of plus 4 and zero Fahr. Mts. Logan, Lucania and St. Elias, were clearly visible low on the Southern and S.E. horizon, Mt. Natazaht (13,440) was hidden by clouds in the Northeast; Mt. Blackburn was seen in the far Northwest; and four unnamed peaks of approximately 13,000 to 15,000 ft. quite closely surrounding Bona to the immediate Southwest and West, appeared above low lying clouds.

The summit was quitted at 7.10 p.m. and the 13,000 camp reached by 9.30 p.m. Being in N. Latitude 62 there was sufficient light to travel during any of the twenty-four hours.

TERRIS MOORE

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## NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE

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### MT. WHYTE AT LAKE LOUISE

In the latter part of August, 1930, the writer, accompanied by the well known photographer, F. Armbrister, and Edward Feuz, made a third ascent of Mt. Whyte, 9,786 feet. From the Niblock-Whyte Col this peak affords some pleasant and interesting bits of rock climbing; and it is with the object of claiming for this ascent all the requirements of qualification for membership in the Alpine Club of Canada, that this note and the accompanying picture are sent.

The qualification for active membership at present (1930) reads thus: "Those who have made an ascent of such a truly alpine, glacier-hung peak rising at least 2,500 feet above the timber line of its region, as is accepted by the Executive Board." Mt. Aberdeen, 10,350 feet, which is accepted as a qualifying climb, is easy by comparison with Mt. Whyte. Most of the glacier-clad 10,000 peaks in the Canadian Rockies are much easier to climb than is Mt. Louis, 8,800 feet, near Banff. The 10,000 feet standard is showy and meretricious, and should, I think, be abolished. It has sometimes been waived. This being the case, the claims of Mt. Whyte, which has the advantage of being readily accessible, should be considered favorably, as I believe at present they are not.<sup>1</sup>

J. W. A. HICKSON.

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### A NOTE ON THE ACCIDENT TO MR. NEWMAN WAFFL

On August 5th, 1930, Lincoln O'Brien and the writer went into camp above Emperor Falls with the intention of trying the N.W. ridge of Mt. Robson. Before leaving the Denison and Brittain ranch at Robson Station we had been informed that Mr. Waffl, who was then staying at the chalets at Berg Lake, had learned of our coming and had sent down word that he would like to climb with us. I had met him the summer before at Lake Adolphus, and I believe we had discussed together the possibilities of the N.W. ridge, in which we had each, independently, become interested.

On reaching the Emperor Falls camp we were informed that Mr. Waffl, without waiting to hear from us in reply to his message, had already started off that day alone upon the mountain. No one seemed to know exactly what he proposed to do; the clearest view appeared to be that he was to try the N.W. ridge but, if it seemed too difficult, to traverse on around the mountain and seek to ascend by the older route up the ice-falls. At any rate, he was to be back by evening of the next day, August 6th.

That evening, however, he had not returned, and the next day, the 7th, we climbed to our bivouac at the head of the great talus slope, anxious but not definitely alarmed about him, since it was quite possible he had been forced to spend an extra night on the mountain during his descent or had been delayed in reaching Emperor Falls again from the valley, had he come down the usual way. On the way up (as on a preliminary trip the day before) we observed his footprints across the

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<sup>1</sup> The Editor, having traversed Mt. Whyte in 1927, endorses the view that this traverse should be considered a graduating climb. Some few years ago, a strong club committee was formed to prepare a list of badge and graduating climbs, acceptable to the executive. Upon enquiry at the Maligne Lake Camp last August, as to the whereabouts of this list, the present writer was informed that this committee had not yet functioned. Recent correspondence would seem to indicate that the writer's name has been added to the committee, presumably as punishment for having had the temerity to raise the question! It is to be hoped that the list, which is designed to take care of just such situations as Dr. Hickson discusses, will be available at an early date.—(Ed.)

talus slopes, but no signs of a bivouac. We had arranged with our packers at Emperor Falls that a signal should be given us that evening by fires to inform us whether he had or had not returned, but although the fires were set they turned out to be invisible, due either to the location of our bivouac and the neighboring points which we visited for observation, or to the condition of the atmosphere. At the upper margin of the great talus slope we did however find footprints, which we followed some distance, leading around the heel of the N.W. ridge to the S. and E., and from this we inferred at the time that Mr. Waffl had given up the notion of trying the ridge and had traversed around the mountain toward the older route.

Upon our climb the next day (the 8th), while ascending to the crest of the N.W. ridge by its S.W. face, we again came upon footprints, and we now concluded that Mr. Waffl had reached this same point by a more roundabout course at the foot of the ridge. We were ascending the third rock-rib from the outside (left, or W.) on this face, the last distinguishable one, immediately adjacent to continuous slopes of snow, and from time to time the footprints reappeared on patches of scree. Somewhat above 11,000 feet the rib steepened and offered a section of difficult rock climbing. Here we were at first tempted to take to the snow on our right, but we decided against this owing to the steepness and unfavorable condition of the snow, which formed a thin insecure layer clinging to rock slabs. We surveyed this snow carefully for signs of footprints, but although for a moment we believed we saw such the idea was finally rejected.

Above the steep section of the rib we found no further footprints, although snow stretches which would have shown them had inevitably to be crossed; and upon and along the summit snow ridge, which we soon reached, there were also none. It seemed clear to us that Mr. Waffl had not proceeded beyond the base of the steep section of the rock-rib. On the descent, therefore, we paused again at this point to discover, if possible, signs of a mishap, but we could find none. Our conclusion was that Mr. Waffl had turned back here and continued on around the mountain.

We were obliged to spend a second night in our bivouac, reaching Emperor Falls only the next day, when we were informed that one search party had already gone up the mountain and that the Fuhrers had been sent for to head another.

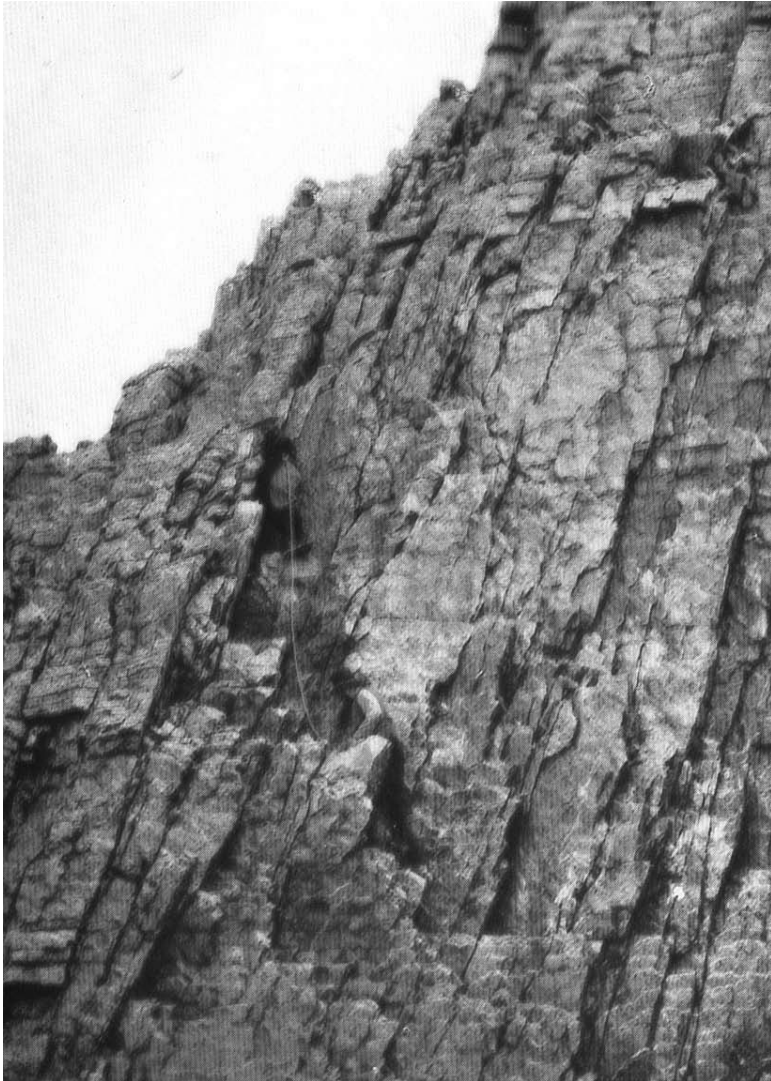
The rucksack and other effects belonging to Mr. Waffl, which were found later, lay at the head of the snow cone beneath the slopes to the right of our rock-rib. It seems to me after all highly probable that Mr. Waffl left this rib at the point where it steepened and ventured out upon the untrustworthy snow, taking to it at a point where we did not happen to remark his footprints. Avalanches were going off the mountain constantly during those days, owing to the unusual heat, and if an entire slab of snow carried away with him, specific traces of an accident might perhaps not have been observable.

E. L. M. UNDERHILL.

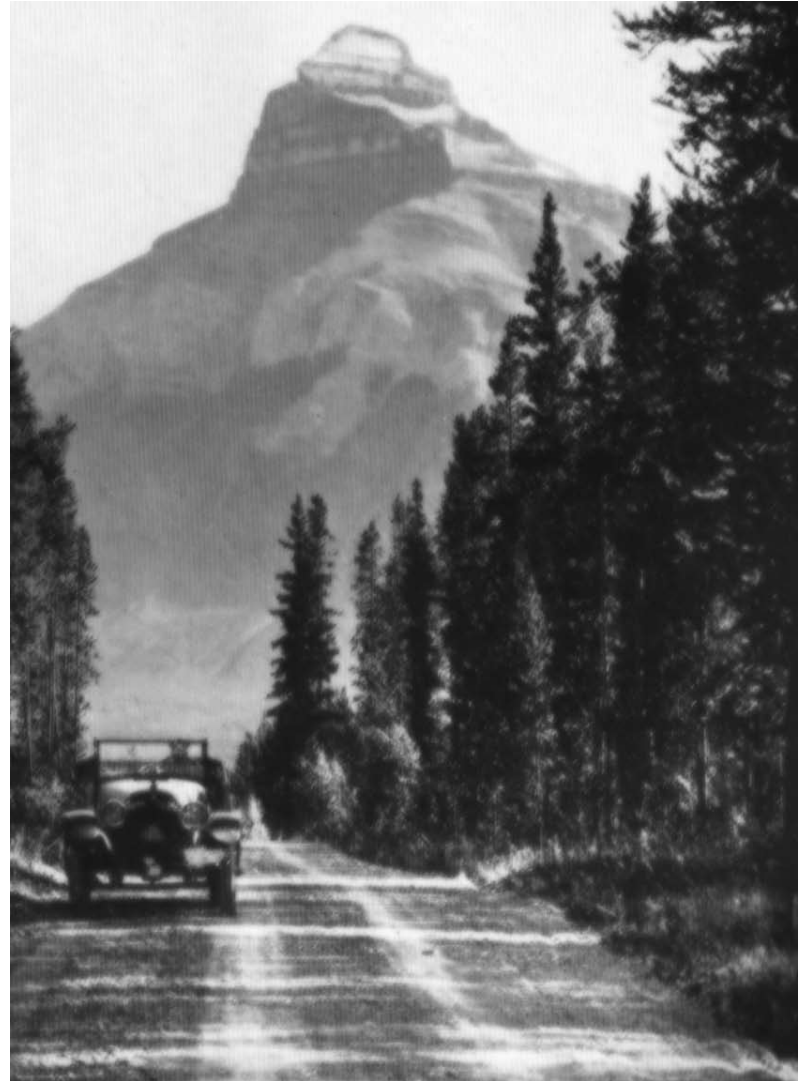
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### CLIMBS AT BANFF AND VICINITY

A small pamphlet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway ("Climbs at Banff and Vicinity," by Arthur O. Wheeler), draws attention to the fact, now beginning to be realized, that Banff may be used as a centre for some good rock climbing. Unfortunately, the treatment of the peaks is not always proportional to their interest from the climber's point of view and a few of the statements are misleading, despite the fact that much of the information appears to have been derived from data supplied at the Alpine Club House. Full directions are given for one of the routes up Mt. Edith but its much more interesting neighbor, Mt. Louis, is dismissed with the remark that



Climbing On Mt. Whyte.  
*Photo F. Armbrister. Cuts C.P.R.*



Pilot Mountain.  
*Photo C.P.R.*  
The route was along the right skyline.

the route "requires knowledge or study." Estimates of distances and accessibility are sometimes rather surprising. A pack train is recommended for anyone desiring to climb Pilot Mountain or neighboring peaks, though a motor car would seem to have certain advantages. On the other hand, we are told that by taking a car to Anthracite "a specially fine climb is to ascend to the summit of Mt. Peechee, then to follow the arête ..... to the summit of Mt. Girouard and descend from it to the starting point at Anthracite." At the time when this was written Mt. Peechee had probably not been climbed. I should be very much surprised to hear that it had been climbed during a one-day trip from Banff, and the theory that Girouard might also be bagged borders on the fantastic. No mention is made of the very interesting S.E. tower of Castle Mountain, which can be done from Banff without a bivouac. In connection with the First Sister at Canmore it may be pointed out that Mr. L. Grassi is not Swiss, nor is he a professional guide.

This booklet gives an interesting outline of the possibilities of the district and these points are mentioned in the belief that new a edition may be called for in the future.

FERRIS NEAVE.

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### MT. ABERDEEN, ROUTE 3

In Palmer and Thorington, 2nd edit., p. 50, there is a short description of the ascent of Mt. Aberdeen via the Aberdeen Glacier. The present writer is persuaded that this route must have been used to some extent twenty or more years ago. At any rate, Miss Winnifred E. Creech, Gottfried Feuz and the writer traversed Mt. Aberdeen in July 1908, making the ascent from the foot of the Aberdeen Glacier.

In our case this was reached via the delta at the south end of Lake Louise, thence up snow slopes to a notch between two pinnacles of Castle Crags. From the notch we descended to the head of Surprise Valley and thus reached the glacier. At that time the glacier had numerous small crevasses and no doubt has changed greatly during the intervening years.

A. A. McC.

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### SKI-ING IN THE CANADIAN CORDILLERA

The tremendous growth of the sport of ski-ing in Europe and its application to summer and winter mountaineering, has resulted in a good deal of interest being shown in the subject by North American mountaineering clubs. An increasing amount of space is being devoted each year in the pages of their publications to its possibilities on this continent. All this is apart, of course, from that branch—ski jumping—which has been heretofore in the public eye due mainly to the development of artificial "hills," love of the spectacular, worship of "records" and above all, the fact that the majority of the exponents of the art of ski-ing on this side of the Atlantic have been of Scandinavian origin. In Europe, it was only when the sport developed beyond the borders of Scandinavia, that its usefulness to mountaineers became apparent and the rapid development in technique of the past twenty years is largely due to its introduction into Central Europe.

The pages of the present Journal bear witness of the fact that at last some considerable attention is being paid to its possibilities in our mountains.

The present writer well remembers, twenty years ago (January, 1911), the jeers that greeted the announcement that he intended taking out a small party to ski in the Rockies. The success of the experiment resulted in another trip three years later to the Selkirks where, fortified by a perusal of

Richardson and Rickmers, he spent a day on the Asulkan Glacier, climbing to the pass and running down to the terminal moraine. Shortly afterwards, forgetting that there was a chapter entitled "Avalanches" he cheerfully led a party round the avalanche swept slopes of Mt. Cheops into the Cougar Valley towards Baloo Pass.

A few days spent on ski in January 1922, at Lake Louise, only served to convince him that members of the Club were overlooking a fascinating means of seeing the mountains under conditions that were equally as enjoyable, if not more so, than summer conditions. The way of the pioneer however, like that of the transgressor, is a thorny one. It has remained for the great growth of the sport elsewhere, to focus attention on the ski playground that awaits us at our backdoor.

A *tour de force* that attracted much attention recently, was the remarkable ski trip from Jasper to Lake Louise in January, 1930. Five men, F. Burstrom, V. Jeffery, A. L. Withers, D. Jeffery and J. A. Weiss left Jasper on the morning of Wednesday, January 15th, arriving that evening at the warden's cabin at Athabaska Falls. During the night the temperature dropped to 55° below zero and the party decided to wait over the next day. On Friday morning they set out, with thirty pound packs, for the lower Sunwapta Cabin.

On the next day the going was difficult and they only made ten miles to the upper Sunwapta Cabin. After travelling up the Sunwapta Canyon, the steep walls of which they had to overcome, they arrived two days later at the Athabaska Glacier. Rations running short they pushed on next day to Camp Parker, where a cache of food had been placed for them.

The story is too long to tell in this note, but after many vicissitudes the party arrived safely at Lake Louise on January 30th, having covered about 200 miles.

It is of interest to note that Joe Weiss who accompanied the party and who will be remembered as the boatman at the Maligne Lake Camp, was the companion in the two ski ascents of Mt. McDonell described in these pages.

A factor of the utmost importance in the development of Alpine ski-ing in our mountains is the necessity for numerous, well placed cabins. It is one thing to be able to ski in the mountains and another to be in good ski territory. The Club cabin committee in any discussion of future sites, will do well to consider the possibility of placing cabins where they may be of service both winter and summer. Private enterprise has, in one recent happy instance, initiated a cabin for purely ski-ing purposes. This is the cabin in Skoki Valley, north of Lake Louise, built by Messrs White and Parrish of Banff. The importance and convenience of such a cabin, provided the rates are kept within the reach of members, cannot be overestimated and the erection of similar cabins will do much to place alpine ski-ing in Canada on a sound basis.

It is not too much to hope that in the near future the Club will organize ski sections which might be modelled, for example, after the very excellent pattern presented by the ski sections of the Club Alpin Français. The work of these sections could be co-ordinated by a central committee, just as is done in the C.A.F. by the Groupe des Skieurs de Montagne.

If it be asked what the function of such sections would be, it might be pointed out that the work of instruction would be under their direction. It is quite possible in even the prairie provinces to initiate beginners into the mysteries of the Telemark, Christiania, and stemming turn so that they can perform more or less respectably on their first mountain tour. Given a keen group in one section, mountain tours would soon follow. Among the duties of such an organization would be the laborious but interesting task of compiling information for the preparation of maps suitable for winter travel. Such maps showing slopes subject to avalanches etc. are now available for many of the alpine areas of Europe.

If we can succeed in bringing together in the near future members from, say, the Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary, Winnipeg and Minneapolis sections to compete in friendly fashion in slalom and downhill races, we need have no fear for the future of ski-ing within the Alpine Club of Canada.

A. A. McC.

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Mt. Redoubt From Top Of Deception Pass, Skoki Valley. *Photo By W. Oliver*



Running Down Into Skoki Valley From Deception Pass. *Photo By W. Oliver*

## REVIEWS

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### A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OF CANADA

By Howard Palmer and J. Monroe Thorington

Second Edition, published by the American Alpine Club, 1930.

The preface, by Palmer and Thorington, is first of all a valuable statement of the plan of the book, clearly and tersely set forth. It states the boundaries within which the work is confined. It compares conditions with mountaineering in the European Alps and makes reference to the Swiss Guides stationed at Lake Louise and at Jasper, and to their fine record in Canadian climbing history, "most first ascents of importance having been achieved by their aid".

The fact is noted, that more and more of the mountain area is coming within the boundaries of National Parks, "which will for all time protect their natural resources from undue exploitation". The several parks within which the great bulk of mountain area lies are enumerated and the extent given in square miles, together with their locations.

The balance of the preface is mainly an acknowledgement of the various sources of information from which, in addition to the personal knowledge of the authors, the guide book has been compiled.

The first edition of the Guide was published nine years ago and since then a great deal of climbing has been done including very many new first ascents. Moreover, the work of the Interprovincial Boundary Commission, Alberta and British Columbia, from 1913 to 1924, extending along the continental watershed from the International Boundary to the intersection of the watershed with the 120th meridian of longitude, has greatly increased the officially accepted data of the mountains with reference to the altitude, location and nomenclature, thus enabling corrections to the first edition and a broad amplification of the knowledge of areas at long distances from access by the railways.

Following the preface a list of the principal maps of the Canadian Rocky Mountains with origin, date of issue, subject and scale is given.

The Guide is divided into three parts with boundaries following the plan of the Interprovincial Boundary survey atlases, viz: Part I, International Boundary to Kicking Horse Pass; Part II, Kicking Horse Pass to Yellowhead Pass; Part III, Yellowhead Pass to Jarvis Pass. A summary of the contents of each part is subdivided into sections containing respectively groups of mountains located within limits denned by main passes or by drainage lines, as for instance: "Section VI—White Man Pass to Simpson Pass, Assiniboine Group"; "Section XII—Bow River: Northeast, Pipestone Group". A page number indicates the beginning of each section. The mountains and peaks enumerated under each such heading are in alphabetical order, a key-letter denoting the oceanic watershed. The peaks named exceed six hundred. Except in special cases of interest, peaks below 9,000 feet in altitude have not been listed. Unnamed peaks have not been listed unless they have been ascended and their altitude exceeds 10,000 feet. The arrangement is excellent and simple, and enables any particular feature to be found with rapidity. In the listing the letters "A B C" followed by a number connote pages of reference in the Interprovincial Boundary Survey reports, and the numbers in brackets on the right-hand side refer to the sheets of the Interprovincial Boundary atlas.

Each section opens with notes of its general location, main drainage lines, outstanding peaks and means of access, and when of particular interest historical references are given; glaciers

and other distinctive features are also noted. All of the above is of definite value to the study of any particular locality.

For each mountain or peak named, accepted altitudes, general location and first ascents are given with, in cases where data is available, the route of ascent and times for ascent and descent. At the close of this descriptive matter is a revised list of named peaks exceeding 11,000 feet in altitude arranged in order of their heights.

The volume closes with separate alphabetical indices for the peaks and the passes, with page numbers for reference, and a small general map which appears to be from an official source and is helpful.

As a whole the Guide is a most valuable and authoritative compilation, and contains an immense amount of information condensed in a small compass. The arrangement is so simple and easy of reference that any item can be found at a moments notice. It is a work that has entailed a tremendous amount of labour, study and reference, and the authors cannot be too highly commended for their patience and perseverance, and for the excellent results they have attained. The writer of this sketch has had much to do with the mountain areas along the Great Divide while engaged upon the survey, reports and maps of the Boundary between the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, and during twenty-seven years of exploring and mapping of the Rocky Mountains for the Canadian Government, and knows whereof he writes.

On the back of the title page is stated, that this second edition is limited to 250 copies. We regret the limited issue, for no mountaineer or traveller in the Canadian Rockies should be without a copy, and it is sincerely hoped that a third edition will soon be available. <sup>1</sup>

ARTHUR O. WHEELER

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<sup>1</sup> The demand for this indispensable guide book, together with the recent unusual activity in climbing in the Rockies, will, no doubt, encourage the authors to prepare a third edition. In such an edition the minor omissions inseparable from a compilation of this nature might well be rectified.

Reference, for example, might be made to Mt. Odayay.

The section, (p. xv) on "principal maps" scarcely does justice to the efforts of the Department of the Interior to provide adequate maps of the mountains. The most convenient contoured (and recent) small scale maps of the area contiguous to the Canadian Pacific Railway are sheets 163, 164 and 114, being the Donald, Banff and Calgary sheets on a scale of three miles to one inch. The Donald sheet, edition of 1914, is noted but this edition was superseded in 1925. The other two sheets issued in 1925 are not mentioned. The most recent of the Park Series—Kootenay Park—published in 1926, is not mentioned, although this is an excellent contoured map on a large scale (two miles to one inch) covering much, little known, (to mountaineers) territory. Perhaps the most serious omission is the beautiful Lake Louise sheet, scale one mile to one inch, published in 1927. This is by far the most pretentious map of that area suitable for mountaineers, and although the trail indications on this sheet are optimistic in some places and pessimistic in others, yet it is the type of map that will be most in demand by climbers.

Reference is made (p. 62) to the first ascent of the Mitre by the quartette of Whymper's guides. It might be of interest to note the first "tourist" ascent in 1907 by Miss Jean Parker and Edward Feuz, Jr. The reference to the first ascent of Wenkchemna Peak (p. 71) should read Miss E(sther) instead of Miss T(helma) Thompson. In the reference to the second and third ascent of Cathedral Crags (p. 53) the statement is made "both parties reaching the glacier from Cataract Brook". Vincent Cowdray, who made the second ascent, stated to the present writer on the evening after the climb, that he reached it from the Kicking Horse side.

The authors are perhaps to be commended for their courage in ignoring the recent efforts of Government cartographers in the matter of numerous elevations of peaks and passes, particularly in the Lake Louise region. The constant juggling of elevations on maps is a bit baffling, not to say depressing, to those who endeavour to keep in touch with such matters.

These are but trifling blemishes in an indispensable work which should find a place in the rucksack of every climber and Messrs. Palmer and Thorington deserve the warmest thanks of all mountaineers for their unselfish labours. (Ed.)

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THE KANGCHENJUNGA ADVENTURE

By F. S. Smythe, London, Victor Gollancz Ltd. 1930. 16/-

This second book within a year from the pen of Mr. Smythe is a fascinating record of the well press-agented international expedition of 1930 to climb Kangchenjunga. Mr. Smythe describes the feeling's of an alpine climber set down in a new world such as the great colossi of the Himalaya prove themselves to be. As such, this is more than a mere record of travel and trouble, climbing and danger, but is the attempted analysis of the inner reactions of at least one of the party to the changed conditions of the great mountains of Asia where a new technique has to be developed to meet a changed situation. Nor does he stop here, but draws morals from their mistakes and suggests remedies for the next comers. Time and experience will alone tell if these are right, yet the contributions are well thought out and offered by a mountaineer who has wrestled with the problem. In this connection he does not hesitate to make a sly dig or two at human foibles and they certainly add some zest to a narrative of a personal contact such as a large expedition is bound to be.

The expedition, although unsuccessful in the accomplishment of its main objective, brought back many consolation prizes. Ramthang Peak, 23,000 feet, Nepal Peak, 23,470 feet, Dodang Peak, 22,700 feet, and Jonsong Peak, 24,340 feet, the highest summit yet attained, as well as several others ranging in altitude from 18,000 to 20,000. The expedition, composed of experienced and well-known climbers, did everything possible to accomplish their main objective, yet were driven back by objective dangers which they endeavored to face but which finally overwhelmed them, one of their porters being killed in a tremendous avalanche. That no greater damage was done is remarkable yet, had the attempt persisted, the consequences would have been far more serious, for another larger avalanche, a few days later, completely obliterated the site of their evacuated advance camp which had been pitched in the safest place they could find.

The style of this book is free and interesting, but portions show the effects of hurried writing and inexact proofreading. There are a number of obvious errors. At the beginning of Chapter IX. the Eastern face of Kabru is said to be visible from Tseram, instead of the Western; in Chapter X. the date at the base camp is given as May 27th, instead of April 27th; and on page 58 the date of the Russo-German Pamir Expedition is given as 1929 instead of 1928. Despite some errors of this sort the book is, on the whole, well gotten up, of good format, and richly illustrated. The illustrations are well chosen to show points brought forward in the text, and are of artistic merit. The book is also provided with an excellent index, but suffers greatly from the lack of an adequate map. The little cuts inserted in the text in lieu of maps are quite inadequate and are not very clear. We can only hope that M. Kurz will give us the result of his topographic labors with the expedition in the not too distant future.

All in all this is a very interesting and entrancing book, although in no wise supplanting Mr. Freshfield's very able account of this region.

—K.A.H.

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EDWARD W. D. HOLWAY.

A pioneer of the Canadian Alps, by Howard Palmer,  
p. xiii, 81 with map and illustrations. University of Minnesota Press, 1931. Price \$1.50.

Biographies of mountaineers are all too few in number and this, the story of one whose name is written large in the later history of mountaineering in the now neglected Selkirks, is

especially welcome. Holway wrote but briefly and his engaging and many sided personality was one worthy of a permanent record such as this.

An interesting contribution is the chapter on "The First Expedition into the Cariboos, 1916," transcribed from Holway's original notes and with helpful footnotes by Allan Carpe. Those familiar with the Selkirk jungle will enjoy keenly every line of Mr. Palmer's descriptions of back packing, even though they may not agree with his advocacy of the lumberman's pack sack in preference to, for example, the pack board.

The book is beautifully produced and Mr. Palmer has done his work well. It should find a place beside "Mountaineering and Exploration in the Selkirks" on the bookshelf of every Canadian mountaineer.

A. A. McC.

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GEOGRAPHICAL GAZETTEER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
p. xx, 291, Dept. of Lands, Victoria, B.C., 1930.

This most useful compilation contains over twenty thousand recorded place names of cities, towns, rivers, lakes and mountains etc. It is indispensable to the student of B.C. geography. The errors noted are few in number.

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THE COMPLETE SKI-RUNNER,  
by Arnold Lunn, pp. xvi, 213, 21 illustrations and 30 diagrams.  
Methuen, London, 1930. 10/6

A new book by Arnold Lunn is sure of a warm welcome. The present one will contribute to the well-being of ski-ers in all stages of development, and particularly those who want to know more about ski-racing.

Mr. Lunn defines his subject at the outset by pointing out that "ski-running" now means downhill ski-ing and does not include ski-laufing or ski-jumping. Ski-running in its highest development is the art of ski-ing continuously at high speed on the steepest possible slopes. This branch of the sport has been cultivated mainly in Central Europe by the Swiss, Austrians, Germans and English and has now been developed to a degree which is only beginning to be realized in other parts of the world.

In comparing this book with predecessors in its field, one finds that most of the manoeuvres which are commonly performed by the runner have yielded a little more to continued observation and analysis. And not only are these manoeuvres better understood, but teaching standards have risen. One is struck by the much greater efficiency with which Mr. Lunn compels the beginner to do what he doesn't want to do. The old command, for instance, to lean forward was easily defeated by the intelligent novice, who developed a hinge in his waist-line, thereby permitting himself to advance his nose and still sink by the stern. Now he is made to get his weight over his toes by means of the "forward knee," which is accorded a special chapter by Mr. Lunn. The result of neglecting one's knees is illustrated by a horribly lifelike photograph of a ski-runner in the act of foundering.

The instructions for performing the various turns and swings are the best that have yet appeared. The pupil is never asked to swallow mere commands. A reasoned analysis (not too long)

is provided and pros and cons are weighed in a manner which enables one to side invariably with Mr. Lunn. His powers of convincing the reader are well displayed in the chapter on the principles of straight running, which is, in effect, a discussion of the merits and demerits of the Arlberg school. The occasional virtue of the telemark and the drawbacks of a permanent crouch are demonstrated with irresistible logic.

The author does not confine himself to the mere mechanics of successful ski-running but pays due regard to the inevitable weakening of the morale in spots. Falls are classified into (a) honorable falls, e.g. when hurled violently on your head, and (b) sitzmarks, i.e. painless, well thought out falls. "Ski-ing is believing,"———Mr. Lunn recommends prayer and a forward position of the hands as a prophylaxis against falls of the (b) type. He is not unsympathetic, however: "Straight racing tests courage. The risk of serious injury is negligible, no greater than in jumping, but courage is a matter of emotion rather than reason, and high-speed ski-ing or jumping certainly calls for courage. Some ski-runners would rather attempt the fiercest straight run than go over a big jump; others would far prefer to try the Olympia Schanze than to point their ski down the Gadarene run on Lone Tree."

There is a useful discussion on equipment, including such recent innovations as steel-edged ski and straight-edged ski, and the final chapter ("How to set a slalom") deals with a subject which Mr. Lunn has made peculiarly his own, the modern slalom, in fact, being his own child. It should form a very useful guide for ski clubs in this country.

Much of the substance of this book has been printed elsewhere, but is well worth repeating'. The name of the author guarantees it to be accurate, informative and, above all, interesting.

F. N.

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### "SHORT ADVICE ON SKI-ING,"

by Marquis Albizzi.

May be obtained from Marquis Albizzi, St. Sauver des Monts, P.Q. 75c postpaid.

What we like best about this little book is the note of exhilaration and keen enjoyment so well known to ski-runners and quite evidently experienced to the full by the author — for instance, the joyous pen and ink frontispiece and not less the smile of delight on the face of the Marquis Albizzi on the illustrations. The, perhaps, rather unorthodox position of the happily held arms in some of the photographs is readily forgiven for the sake of the vivid impression of intense "joie de vivre" which they give.

The table of contents reveals how comprehensively the brochure covers all the mechanical phases of the use of ski. In Canada where so large a majority of ski-runners are content to be straight runners only and so few apply themselves to mastering the turns and still fewer enjoy ski-jumping excepting by looking on, we especially appreciated Marquis Albizzi's definition in the preface of an accomplished ski-er, a "combined ski-er," and not a one-sided one.

The advice, which is intended to throw "a little light on the beginner's horizon," is excellent. Perhaps in the drop to the telemark position on landing on the jumping hill it is more helpful to the beginner to be told to push one foot a little back rather than "a little ahead" because as the author notes later, "very few falls are made forward while learning," and we at any rate benefited from a Norwegian's hint to adopt this method.

The ensemble and the illustrations of the brochure are delightful, particularly, in the latter, the joy of movement in the telemark swings and the most artistic photograph of the obstacle jump, or as the Ottawa Ski Club has it, the "jellyspring."

Altogether a useful and delightful booklet of advice to both novice and more experienced ski-runner.

H. W.

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### COLONEL BILGERI'S HANDBOOK ON MOUNTAIN SKI-ING

Translated, with notes by Major Harold Holme.

The Chiswick Press, London, 1929. 6/-.

Those of us who look up our Lunn, consult our Caulfield and digest our d'Egville between winter week-ends, have occasionally been intrigued by a reference to a great Continental master of ski-ing whose exact views have nevertheless remained obscure to us, due to his natural preference for expressing them in his own language.

The present volume gives us, in a hundred small pages, Colonel Bilgeri's instructions in the art of Alpine ski-ing. Half of the text is devoted to a course of training in the technique of the swings, turns and other manoeuvres which the complete ski-er must have at his toe-tips, while the remainder (partly in the form of translator's notes) gives advice on clothing and equipment and deals with the planning and execution of actual mountain expeditions. These latter topics have a somewhat exotic flavour in this country, where the mountain climber who can close a Christi is still nearly as rare as the ski-er who goes out equipped with compass, rope and crampons. Doubtless within a few years the natural union of the two sports will take place and they will live together as happily as they do now in Europe.

The chapters on ski-technique are noteworthy for the small percentage of theory which they contain. The pupil is not encouraged to reflect on the mechanics, dynamics or ballistics of the problem in hand. He is told to swing his hip or to dip his side or do something else that doesn't need any brains. The whole course, indeed, is purposely designed to save the intended ski-er (to borrow a Bilgerian expression) from the error of thinking. The campaign opens with a set of simple exercises (crouching, jumping, stemming, etc.) to be performed, in the first instance, without ski or snow. From these simple movements, which become subconscious, all necessary manoeuvres are subsequently derived,—for example, 1 hip swing + 1 dip = 1 Christiania.

It is interesting to note that, as might have been expected, the methods which Bilgeri applies to large numbers of recruits are kinder than the practices of certain enthusiastic amateur bodies. Prospective members of the famous "K" Club are urged to take an early opportunity of hurling themselves down Lone Tree Slope as a preliminary encouragement. Bilgeri, on the other hand, conducts his pupils through successive stages with such gentleness that "falls are avoided almost entirely". As a result of his long experience in ski-ing over unknown and difficult country, he expounds an all-round technique, involving the use of all the standard turns, a number of hybrid or "combined" varieties and several forms of the "gelandesprung" or cross-country jump.

If one looks for small flaws in Bilgeri's excellent instructions, it might be urged that the phrase "stretching the knees" (pp. 20, 31, 43 and bottom of plate showing fifth position of kick turn) appeal's to be even more flexible than the joint itself. At times it seems to mean bending them, at other times straightening them and in a further instance neither conclusion can be reached without a careful study of the context. This and one or two other apparent contradictions are probably due,

wholly or in part, to the literal translation of German terms and to the very condensed form of the text, which precludes any qualification of statements.

Altogether, the handbook presents a great amount of information in a very direct and portable form. It should enable Colonel Bilgeri to add many extra-mural students to the thirty thousand whom he has already taught by personal precept.

F. N.

THE BRITISH SKI YEAR BOOK OF THE SKI CLUB  
OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE ALPINE SKI CLUB,

edited by Arnold Lunn. Vol. V., No. 11, 1930. pp. 375-828, lviii.

The Ski Club of Great Britain. 10/-

This important annual provides a notable opportunity for getting your money's worth. The present number has a main body of some four hundred and fifty pages and is equipped fore and aft with advertisements which make your mouth water and your income seem more than usually inadequate.

The upper strata of this massive formation are devoted mainly to expeditions in distant countries, holidays off the beaten track *tours de force* in the High Alps.

The reader feels the well-known impulse to dig out maps, time-tables, indicateurs and all the other aids to an imagination stimulated by talk of the Himalayas, Japan, Iceland, the Pyrenees and, of course, Scandinavia and many parts of Central Europe. A highlight is A. H. d'Egville's account of "My Ski-ing Holiday in Canada." Incidentally this article shows how much more interesting a real ski-er can be than the professional writers who do the puffs of Canadian ski-ing for Canadian magazines.

The middle layers of the Year Book are given over to opinions, thoughts, theories and researches. They entirely support the claim of the editor that the publication serves "as a forum for the free discussion on all matters which intrigue the ski-ing world." Not the least interesting contribution is the "Impression" of a Norwegian, Captain Krefting, who paid a winter visit to Switzerland and was greatly surprised by the performances of the British ski-racers at Murren.

The latter part of the number is packed with racing results, club news, notes on equipment and hints on technique. There are times and statistics by the hundred, most of them amplified, interpreted and made completely palatable by the editor and others. The hand of Mr. Lunn, in fact, is everywhere throughout the book, which derives a very large part of its zest from his perennial ability to discuss vigorously exactly those topics which we are anxious to hear about. "Controversy," he tells us, "is always good and always useful when it is based on reasoned arguments, and so long as it remains good-tempered." It is one of the attractions of the Year Book that most of its contributors appear to be men and women who hold opinions on the matters of which they write and can inject ingredients of humor and personality to leaven the chronological details of the deeds which they record.

F. N.



## THE ALPINE CLUB LIBRARY

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The following works have been added to the Library

### Club Publications

- Akad. Alpenclub Bern.** 25. Jahresbericht. Nov 1929—Oct. 1930. 9 x 6.  
**Alpine Club.** Alpine Journal. Nos. 240, 241. 8 ½ x 5 ¼ 1930.  
**American Alpine Club.** American Alpine Journal No. 2. 1930.  
**American Geographical Society.** Geographical Review. 10 x 6 ¼. Vol. XX. 1930.  
**Appalachian Mountain Club.** Appalachia Bulletin June, Dec. 9 x 6 1930.  
**C.A.F. La Montagne.** 10x7. Nos. 7-12. 1930.  
**Club alpin belge.** Bulletin 9¼ x 6¼ Vol. VII. Nos. 19, 20, 21. 1930.  
**Colorado Mountain Club.** Rocky Mountain Letters. 9x 6. 1930.  
Fourteen Thousand Feet. 9x 6. 1925.  
**Explorers Club.** The Explorers Journal. 8 x 5 ¼. Vol. IX. 1930.  
**Geographical Society of Philadelphia.** Bulletin 9½ x 6¼. 1930.  
**Japan Walking Club.** The Mountain Walking 12¼x 9 Vol XVII Nos. 7-12. Vol. XVIII. No. 1. 1930.  
**Mazama.** Mazama. 10 x 6½. 1930.  
**Mountaineers.** The Mountaineer. 9½ x 6¼. Vol. XXIII. No. 1. 1930.  
**New Zealand Alpine Club.** New Zealand Alpine Journal. Vol IV No. 17. 1930.  
**Norske Turistforenings.** Arbok. 9¼ x 6½. 1930.  
**S.A.C. Die Alpen.** 10 x 7. VI. Nos. 7-12. 1930.  
**Scottish Mountaineering Club.** Journal. Vol. XIX. 1930.  
**Sierra Club.** Bulletin. 9½ x 6. Vol. XV. 1930.  
**Ski Club of Great Britain and Alpine Ski Club.** British Ski Year Book. Vol. V. No. 11. 1930.

### New Books and Pamphlets

- A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada**  
Presented by Mr. F. N. Waterman.  
**Index to the Alpine Journal.**  
Presented by the Alpine Club, London.  
**Alpes Valaisannes.** Guide Vol. II, Collon-Théodule, 6¼ x 4.  
Marcel Kurz. C.A.S. p. 348.  
Presented by the Publishers.  
**Garibaldi Peak.** 9x6. p. 24. ill. B.C. Dept. of Lands.  
**The Geological Story of Jasper National Park.** 8x6. p. 48. ill.  
Dept. of Interior.  
**Manoir Richelieu Collection of Canadiana.** 9x6. p. 73.  
Canada Steamship Lines. 1930.
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## CLUB PROCEEDINGS AND CLUB NEWS

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### THE MALIGNE LAKE CAMP

**July 28th to August 16th, 1930**

The twenty-fifth Annual Camp was held at Maligne Lake, some fifty miles south-east of Jasper.

The magnificent scenery, clean level camp ground, and three weeks perfect weather combined to make one of the best Camps of the Club; besides being, from a climber's view point, one of the most successful.

The trip into Maligne provided a change from the usual. Members were taken to the foot of Medicine Lake, some twenty miles, by Otto Brothers' cars. There they transferred to Phillips' boats for the run up the lake, some five miles. From the head of Medicine to the foot of Maligne necessitated a hike (or riding) over an easy, but not particularly interesting, trail of about ten miles. The boat trip up Maligne, about sixteen miles, under Phillips' management was well "worth the price of admission," especially after passing the Narrows.

No matter the hour, arrival in camp was a pleasure owing to the prompt and efficient manner the cooks provided supper for all travellers.

Subsidiary camps were established—one up Coronet Creek, some six miles south-east of the main camp—the other at Sandpiper Creek near the Narrows. To this latter, alternative routes provided pleasant variation, either up Canyon Creek and over the snowfields, or by way of the lake, about one hour by boat, and an easy walk up the trail. On the whole, however, Coronet proved the more popular.

From the main camp the climbs included Mt. Llysyfran, Mt. Julian, Mt. "Moffat," The Thumb and Mt. Warren. Mts. Charlton and Unwin were the usual graduation climbs, while Mt. Sampson proved a popular badge climb.

From the Coronet Creek Camp Mts. Brazeau, Valad, Henry MacLeod, Coronet, Warren, Replica and Mt. Mary Vaux were climbed.

From the Sandpiper Camp ascents of Mt. Southesk, the Wedge and the Maligne Peaks were made.

A popular short trip was the little climb to Lake "Ultra-Maligne." Excursions were made to Canyon Creek and to the glacier between Mts. Mary Vaux and Llysyfran.

The guides, kindly provided by the Canadian National Railway, were Hans and Henry Fuhrer—willing and efficient—and it was our great misfortune that they had to leave before the end of camp, going to Robson to assist in looking for N. D. Waffl who was killed whilst climbing alone there.

Round the camp-fire some very interesting talks were given, among the speakers being Prof. A. P. Coleman, Prof. C. E. Fay, Hon. R. R. Bruce, Dr. W. Boyd and the two members of Mt. Everest expeditions, N. E. Odell and C. G. Crawford; while other guests included Miss M. MacKenzie, A. D. Fairbairn and Mr. R. Knight.

### **Graduating List 1930**

The following passed the test for Active membership:

Aug. 2—Mt. Charlton Miss J. Busse P. M. Defandori

Aug. 4—Mt. Charlton Dr. Mary Percy Miss M. Doughten T. Weston G. Sanger

Aug. 6—Mt. Charlton Miss I. Hodgson M. C. Wright

Aug 7—Mt. Charlton Miss C. Sutter Miss M. L. Davis Miss E. Piggott C. Anderson

Aug. 9—Mt. Charlton Dr. U. Gareau W. H. Broadberry

Aug. 9—Mt. "Moffat" C. Wright

Aug. 12—Mt. Henry MacLeod Miss D. Stevens Miss D. Hartshorne

Aug. 14—Mt. Charlton J. Sterling K. Boucher

Altogether one hundred and fifty-five were placed under canvas; representatives attending from A.C. England; French A.C.; Royal Society; Royal Geographical Society; American A.C.; B. C. Mountaineers; Appalachian Mountain Club; Mazamas; and the Mountaineers of Seattle.

Visitors were drawn from the following places:

CANADA—Eighty-two

**British Columbia**—Armstrong, Crescent Bay, Kelowna, New Westminster, Sidney, Vernon, Victoria, Vancouver.

**Alberta**—Banff, Calgary, Carstairs, Edmonton, Notikewin, Jasper.

**Manitoba**—Winnipeg. Ontario—Toronto.

**Saskatchewan**—Regina, Shaunavon, Saskatoon.

**Quebec**—Buckingham, Montreal.

ENGLAND—Seven

London, Warrington.

SWEDEN—One

Stockholm.

UNITED STATES—Forty

**District of Columbia**—Washington.

**New York**—Brooklyn, Fishkill.

**California**—Alhambra, Santa Barbara, San Francisco.

**Illinois**—Evanston.

**Pennsylvania**—Philadelphia.

**Maryland**—Garret Park.

**Massachusetts**—Boston, Weston, Tuft's College.

**Minnesota**—Minneapolis.

**New Hampshire**—Hanover.

**Ohio**—Cleveland, Cincinnati.

**Connecticut**—Meriden.

**Oregon**—Eugene.

**New Jersey**—Summit.



Maligne Lake

THE ANNUAL MEETING, 1930

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held at 3 p.m., August 13, 1930, the President, T. B. Moffat, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the previous meeting were taken as read, having been published in the Rogers Pass Camp circular.

**President's Address:**

As I lay down the office of President many mingled feelings arise, foremost amidst these is that of gratitude. Gratitude for Divine protection to our members; for those who have so willingly helped me in the duties of my office; for the continued success of our Club; for the excellent spirit of fellowship which pervades our ranks; for the excellent work which has been done, and for the many young climbers who are becoming leaders among us.

I have spoken of Divine protection. Is it not a remarkable thing that during these days when dozens of climbs have been made no serious accident has happened, and this has been the record of many years, only one fatality having taken place from our Camps in the twenty-five years of our records? This is most significant to me, it means not only the protection of a Higher Power, but also speaks of most careful and skillful leadership. Our Club is not run in any haphazard manner, and we must do honour to those who in the past years have been at the helm.

In my term as president I have met much kindness and help from all those to whom I have appealed. I must especially thank Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. C. Richardson, Mr. Sibbald and Dr. Hickson. There are many others whom I might mention in this connection.

I have mentioned the continued success of our Club. This has been a most gratifying feature during my term of office. I do not wish to infer that my being the president has brought this pleasant condition to pass. I have always tried to do my best for the Club, but the measure of success attained has been through the loyalty of our members as a whole.

The finances are on a sound basis. The Club House affairs are being handled ably by our competent Committee, under the splendid leadership of Mr. Allan.

Our Camps have been well attended, and much good work has been done. Our present camp has been most pleasant; the surroundings finer than any we have yet camped amongst. Many splendid climbs have been made, including first ascents; while several new routes have been located and followed to the top. I feel that we will all go home saying that it has been a glorious camp.

It is a great joy to us older members to see so many young people joining our ranks, and taking a leading part in our activities; it speaks well for the continued success of our Club, and, we look forward to getting better camps, more thrilling activities, and greater successes.

I wish to thank all those who in any way have contributed to the success of the present camp; those who have taken the responsibility of leading ropes; the ladies who prepared lunches, thus fortifying the inner man; those who helped us in our camp-fire circles; and I would not forget Charlie Richardson and Curly Phillips, and other willing helpers—boatmen, packers, cooks and assistants, who looked after our interests and comforts in every possible way.

If the Alpine Club teaches us anything, surely it is the spirit of good fellowship and helpfulness, which is so evident at every turn in camp. Then the guides, Hans and Henry Fuhrer always willing and courteous and happy; we appreciate their splendid co-operation in making this camp a success.

We regret exceedingly the accident which has happened to our member, Mr. Waffl, on that king of mountains—Mt. Robson. It is a great lesson to us all, to use every precaution at all times in

our climbing, and not to let ardour usurp our better judgment. Our sincerest sympathy is extended to the family and friends of Mr. Waffl.

Again I thank every member who in any way has contributed to the success of our Club's activities during my term of office.

One more thing, we have to be thankful for the improvement in health of our former president, Dr. Fred Bell, for whom we hope for a good measure of health and strength, and that he may be restored fully and again take to the trail, is our earnest wish.

I now pass on to one, whom I consider much more worthy, the office of President. We have known Mr. Sampson for many years, and I am sure we all feel that our choice of president for the two succeeding years is the very best. I wish him, and all members, great success and happiness in the coming years.

### **Honorary President's Address:**

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot tell you of the great happiness it has given me to be present with you all again at this camp. You know how an old war-horse likes to travel at the rear of the troops—so I like to hang round the Campfire and hear what is going on.

It gives me very great pleasure to express a very hearty welcome to all of our members, and to the distinguished guests we have had with us at this camp. As you know they have all shown themselves to be pretty nice fellows; last year we had a visit from the Lieut.-Governor with his niece, and he proved that he was not only with us in heart and spirit, but that he was actually one of ourselves; he has been a member of the Club since 1911. It is also a very great pleasure for us to have with us our old President, Dr. Coleman; we all know how thoroughly he is identified with the Canadian mountains, how wonderfully he can portray them and bring them home to us in the talks he gives around the camp-fire. We further have two members of the Mount Everest Expeditions; N. E. Odell and C. G. Crawford, who took part in what are no doubt the greatest expeditions in mountain history, and who too have contributed to our pleasure and happiness. We are also very pleased to have a visit from Mr. Knight, Superintendent of Jasper National Park.

The Club needs more members yet. Still I do not think we have very much to complain of, because seven first ascents have been made here, and I think we are pretty fortunate considering how many people have been in here, particularly just beforehand, to gather up all there were available.

I wish to thank very much the officers of the Club for the work they have done. I have found they have made great advancement in the work of the Club and its efficiency, and wish to extend on behalf of our members a welcome to our new Secretary, Major Tweedy, who will carry on much of the faithful work of Mr. Mitchell whom we are able to retain as Honorary Secretary. I think we have made a very wise move in promoting Mr. Mitchell to that post, and I only hope that he will be able to give his valuable knowledge and his wonderful connections with the mountains in the services of the Club for many years.

I want also to express, on behalf of myself and all members, our very deep feeling of sympathy, and regret at the very serious sickness of our old friend and comrade Fred Bell.

I do not think if we had searched over the whole of the mountains we could possibly have encountered a more beautiful entrance than that from Jasper into this Camp. Jasper Park is a wonderful heritage and I sincerely hope that it will not be desecrated but will be left for all time intact and unspoiled.

Donald Phillips has been splendid to us. I met him first in 1911 on an expedition to Mt. Robson region. He has carried out the transportation service which has been done tremendously

well, and with Charlie Richardson, our old friend and camp manager, has combined the most wonderful organization in a camp that I have seen.

In connection with climbing I think we should give a very hearty vote of thanks to all those young men, who are here, who have most unselfishly taken our novice members up the mountains.

They deserve deep thanks from the whole camp, as they have done their part right well; the Guides also are remarkable men, Alpine, and more than typical of everything that is Alpine.

Since the inception of the Club, it has done such big things that it rose quite early in its life into the esteem of the highest representative clubs of the world. I would like to give you a little of the Club's history.

The Club was first organized in 1906; three months afterwards it held its first camp, at the time it had not a cent in its pocket to pay for a camp, but transportation men, packers, etc., came forward and offered what facilities they could to help us make a start. In 1907 we were represented at the Jubilee celebration of the Alpine Club, which was a very great occasion. In 1909 we built the Club House at Banff, and we also had a visit from twenty members of the Alpine Club. In 1911, in conjunction with the Smithsonian Institute of Washington—and that is when I first met Phillips—the first preliminary survey of Mt. Robson region was made. In 1913 we had two camps, one at Cathedral Mountain and the other at Mt. Robson, at which time the first complete ascent of Mt. Robson was made. In 1909 Kinney and Phillips thought they had gained the peak—the highest point being obscured by mist and fog. In 1914 War was declared, and after that we just managed to keep the camps going. In 1920 we took part in the Congress of Allied Alpinism when Mrs. Julia Henshaw represented us at Monaco, and received special recognition from the Prince there. In 1924 we held our second Mt. Robson camp and at that time its first ascent by ladies was made, by Mrs. Munday, Vancouver, and Miss A. Buck, of New York. In 1925 we had the Mt. Logan Expedition; you all know about this; but my point is since then we have done nothing but hold these camps, and I think therefore it is time that we should do something again. I want to suggest that during the next summer an Expedition be arranged. During the past winter Mr. Sibbald, Mr. Moffat, Mr. Sampson and myself have had some correspondence about this; Mr. Sibbald thinks that the Club could stand, to a considerable extent, part of the expense of such an expedition, and I would suggest that one be arranged and a certain number of members be appointed to climb. The idea in the rough is to make a start at the Bush Pass, and that mountains along the Great Divide be climbed officially by the Club. Between these high peaks there are many others that will furnish good work; the idea being that this be done as members of the Alpine Club. You must remember that we have a place to keep up as exponents of the Canadian Rocky Mountains; so get busy. I thank you all very much for listening to me.

Adoption moved, T. B. Moffat; seconded, S. H. Mitchell. Carried.

#### **Honorary Treasurer's Report:**

The Official Report of 1929 was printed and mailed to all members early this Spring, and I now move the adoption of the report as so printed, and circularized. Speaking to the Motion, I would like to mention three amounts which members should know of. The late Mr. Seaver of New York, who attended so many of our Camps and made so many warm friends amongst us, made a bequest of \$100 to the Club, to be used in some appropriate way, and it is the intention that something will be done with the money which will be permanently associated with his name.

A similar amount has been given to us by Miss Wilcox, and on behalf of the Executive, and I am sure of us all, I wish to thank Miss Wilcox for her very great kindness in this action, and to tell

her that some use will be made of the money in connection with the Club House at Banff in order that those using it from time to time may be more comfortably accommodated.

Another sum, \$50.00, has been intimated to us as ready at any time from Mr. Godsal, one of our oldest members, who is no longer able to attend and enjoy participation in our Club's activities. I felt these three donations should be mentioned, and as Honorary-Treasurer of the Club I am very happy to bring them to the attention of our members.

Seconded, Major W. J. S. Walker. Carried.

### **Honorary Photographic Secretary's Report:**

I am afraid I am just a little bit disappointed in the Photographic Competition this year. I feel there has not been enough support from members: though I think possibly the calibre of the exhibition is better than it has been for some years. I have seen a good many cameras around Camp, and I do hope that members will feel that the photographic end of our Camp and our mountains is a very important one.

The "Challenge" Cup and Class "A" were both won by "Lady Slipper," as also was Class "B." Class "C" was won by the Winnipeg Section; they have done this twice. Mr. Spencer of Vancouver, and the Eastman-Kodak Stores have donated the prizes, and I would like to thank these two very much for their kindness. I would also like to thank the gentlemen who so kindly judged the pictures, and for their splendid criticism of the Exhibit, Messrs. F. N. Waterman, W. Oliver and W. S. Park.

With regard to our photographic records. Our photographs are going to be in the future, and have been in the past, our only record of our mountains. The glaciated areas change considerably, and if we do not keep records of our climbs and our Camps, other countries and individuals will feel that we are losing a splendid opportunity, because they naturally turn to the Alpine Club of Canada for records. If we do not keep these records, we are ourselves certainly losing. We should add to our collection. The present one is in very poor shape and is sadly in need of repair. A great deal could be done throughout Canada by every Section trying at least once a year or once every two years to have a public exhibition in their town or city. A great deal of good could be done for the Alpine Club of Canada, and the work that we are doing, because in this way we bring to the public our mountain scenery and our heritage. We have had for two years now very successful exhibits in Vancouver, and with a little encouragement every Section could do the same. We have quite a number of lantern slides on hand, but for two years now I do not think there have been any additions. We would like in time new members of the sections to contribute new lantern slides, which would be a great help to the Club.

Moved, C. G. Wates; seconded, Dr. Bulyea. Carried.

Mr. Wates suggested that the different Sections interested might be communicated with by Mrs. Munday, giving an outline as to how the Exhibition at Vancouver was conducted.

### **Honorary Librarian's Report: No Report submitted.**

### **Chairman's Report re Club House—H. W. Allan:**

A complete report covering the seasons' operations was supplied at the end of last year to each of the Executive. The attendance was three hundred and eighty-seven, exclusive of those who used the cabins out of season—the largest of any year but 1928, in which, owing to the location of the Annual Camp, all members had to start from Banff. A small credit balance was carried forward.

In regard to this year's operations it is of course too early as yet to say what the attendance will be, but from present signs it should equal that of last year, as, at the time of writing, it is the same as this time last year despite the absence of much travel. Every cabin has been in use on several occasions.



You will remember at the meeting of the Executive at the Camp last year, the House Committee was authorized to build quarters for the staff, if in its opinion finances would warrant. The plans for such a building have been drawn up and the site staked out, and we believe that finances will permit construction this fall. We have had no unusual expense this season as last so the operating costs should be somewhat less. Also we have received a donation from a very generous member, Dr. Mary G. Potter, of \$100 towards this building and a further \$100 has been promised us. In addition to this, a donation of \$100 has been received from Miss Wilcox to be used either towards staff quarters or a cabin. We do not believe there will be any difficulty in financing this building this Fall. We have reached the point where the need is somewhat urgent, as the present tent-house quarters for the staff must be twenty years old, and the canvas and supports are rotting. The cost of such a building is estimated to be about \$900 equipped.

An interesting development this year has been the use of the cabins out of season. One cabin—The Vermilion, a double one—was left fully equipped with everything but food; but the numbers of members who wished to use it were so many that other cabins had to be brought into service. Eighty-seven members used them, comprising twenty parties in all, visiting there during the months of September, October, November, February, April, May and June. Owing to this growth, further consideration will have to be given by the Committee in charge to the whole matter, and preparations made for it. A nominal charge of fifty cents per person per day was made for this use, which was sufficient to cover the fuel and any special wear and tear.

The Club House opened on June 21 last year—a few days earlier than 1928—and judging from preliminary enquiries this year it may be possible to advance the date of the opening another week next year, and still have sufficient attendance to operate without loss.

The construction of permanent cabins of wood has materially changed things, as the sleeping accommodation is now suitable for practically all seasons, and in any weather.

A number of useful gifts have been received from the members during the year for the Club House, including some eight handsome coloured photographs from the Government of New Zealand; and from Col. Amery a number of photographic enlargements of his last year's trip. Laurence Grassi, of Canmore, constructed an elaborate rock garden for us, with very substantial steps leading from the Club House to the main pathway, which latter we were very much in need of; this construction would have cost us quite a sum of money. In addition to this he recently built an easy trail up the slopes of Sulphur Mountain from the rear of the Club House, with rustic benches at convenient intervals, to a look-out point from which a very comprehensive and spectacular view of the Bow Valley and surrounding ranges is obtained. The Canadian Pacific Railway donated the oak fire-place front formerly in Glacier House.

It has been the endeavour of the House Committee this past season to offer every means to encourage climbing and expeditions from the Club House. A small folder was prepared, outlining some of the chief climbs and expeditions possible from Banff. Due to the automobile, it is now possible to climb within a large radius of Banff in a single day's trip, including even Lake Louise, and be back in the Club House at a comfortable hour in the evening. The more we looked into the question, the more good climbing we found! The Canadian Pacific Railway has apparently also recognized this now, as they have this year permanently stationed one of their Swiss guides at Banff.

Mrs. Lyall, managing hostess again this year, takes a great interest in the Club House, and does her best to make the guests happy and comfortable.

Report adopted on motion of Miss Hendrie and Mrs. Munday.



Maligne Lake From Above Camp. *Cut C.N.R.*



A Graduating Climb On Mts. Unwin And Charlton. *Cut C.N.R.*

**Report of Cabin Committee—Mr. T. B. Moffat:**

As you know, we now have three cabins. First, the “Fay” Cabin in Prospectors Valley, which a number of you have used; second, one in the O’Hara Meadows donated by the Canadian Pacific Railway, said to be in very good condition, and which we are planning to equip; it will be a splendid place for Club members; the third cabin being “The Memorial Cabin” in Tonquin Valley, which will be dedicated and used within the next few days. We hope that a number of you will be able to visit that cabin which is well equipped, and a splendid centre for climbing. In connection with the first two cabins, they will be used extensively next year, as you will hear it is intended to hold the next camp in the upper part of Prospectors Valley.

Mr. Moffat moved the adoption of this report, which was seconded and carried.

**Report of the Climbing Committee—Mr. H. E. Sampson:**

The Committee passed the following mountains as being sufficient for Badge climbs: Mts. Warren, Coronet, Sampson, and Brazeau from the west—with the traverse over Valad and Henry MacLeod.

Report adopted on motion of Mr. Sampson and Mr. Weston.

**Correspondence:**

Letter from Assistant Private Secretary of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, appreciating the Invitation to our 25th Annual Camp, but regretting that His Royal Highness not coming to Canada would not find it possible to attend.

From Dr. Claude Wilson, President of the Alpine Club, regretting not being able to attend our Camp, and extending best wishes for its success.

From Dr. Norman J. Collie, Honorary Member, appreciating the Invitation to our Camp, but regrets he cannot attend same.

From Mrs. Mary Vaux Walcott being sorry she cannot meet us all again and extending best remembrances.

From Dr. W. S. Ladd, President of the American Alpine Club, who being unable to attend personally appointed Wm. R. Hainsworth to represent the Club.

From President of the United States, who was touring the National Parks there, extended thanks, stating his time would be fully taken up and he was sorry he would not be able to attend our Camp.

From Mrs. H. L. Wilson, President Canadian Parks Association. On account of absence abroad is prevented from attending Camp, but extends thanks for planning the Annual Meeting of the Association to be held at our Annual Camp.

From Col. W. W. Foster expressing inability of being able to be at Camp on account of urgent business. Best wishes were extended, together with offer of any service in connection with the Club’s welfare.

From Dr. J. W. A. Hickson who regretted being unable to be at the Camp and sent best wishes for its success. He also offered suggestions in connection with the Club’s Journal.

From Dr. F. C. Bell stating on account of illness he is not able to attend Camp; he sends his best wishes.

**Report of Scrutineers**—Executive Board 1930-1932: Total number of ballots, 160.

All candidates named on the official ballot have been duly elected.

President ..... H. E. Sampson, K.C.  
Vice-President, East ..... Brig.-Gen. C. H. Mitchell, C.B. .  
Vice-President, West ..... A. W. Drinnan  
Hon. Secretary ..... S. H. Mitchell  
Hon. Treasurer ..... A. S. Sibbald  
Hon. Librarian ..... A. Calhoun  
Hon. Photo. Secy. .... Mrs. W. A. D. Munday  
Secy.-Treas. .... Major W. R. Tweedy  
Hon. President..... A. O. Wheeler, A.C., F.R.G.S.  
Hon. Vice-Pres. .... E. W. Beatty, K.C.  
Hon. Vice-Pres ..... Sir Henry Thornton, K.B.E.

Report signed by H. F. Thompson, W. A. Munday and C. A. Richardson as scrutineers.  
Adoption moved, C. Richardson; seconded, A. A. McCoubrey. Carried.

**Mr. H. E. Sampson:**

“I was somewhat diffident when approached by a member of the nominating committee to stand for the office of President of this important Club, as I had in mind the splendid Presidents we have had in the past. My mind went back to the earliest days of the Club and the time when A. O. Wheeler, Dr. A. P. Coleman, J. D. Patterson, Col. Foster, Dr. Hickson, Dr. Bell and Mr. Moffat were Presidents; with these splendid examples before me I had great hesitancy. I also suggested to the member who approached me that I was rather an indifferent climber, and he agreed with me, but suggested that I had been a loyal and faithful member of the Club. I had to admit the truth of this, in that becoming a member in 1911 I have been present at eighteen camps—not at all a bad record, and the result has been as indicated here.

“I will give the best judgment to the decision of the various problems that will come before me as a member of your Executive, and the necessary time that the position requires to perform all the various duties. I will not shirk any responsibility that will be placed before me, and at the end of two years of the office with which you honour me, will return to you a good accounting of the stewardship as President of the Alpine Club of Canada.

“To be a part of the Club members, like persons in a community, must co-operate one with the other, and endeavour to make their various sections grow successfully, then the Club will and must grow because we cannot stand still. Do your best to increase membership; we need young men and women to buoy up and keep up the high standard of the Club”

**New Business—Mr. Wheeler:**

I have a very pleasant duty to perform. I have here proposals for Honorary Membership of Dr. A. P. Coleman, A.C., F.R.S., signed by Mr. Moffat, Mr. Mitchell, Col. Foster, Mr. Sampson am myself. I have also a proposal for Honorary Membership of N. E Odell signed by the Presidents of the Club. These await the decision of this meeting.

According to the Constitution Honorary Members are balloted on by the members at large, and require two-thirds votes of the Active members of the Club, so that later it will be necessary to send out a ballot in order to have this question passed upon; but’ as an indication to the membership at large it has been though’ advisable that these proposals should be recommended for adoption by this meeting. All those in favour of Dr. Coleman as Honorary Member kindly signify by raising the

right hand. The application is carried unanimously. All those in favour of N. E. Odell as Honorary Member kindly signify in the same manner. The application is carried unanimously.

We are fortunate in having two members of the Mt. Everest Expedition with us at Camp, Mr. C. G. Crawford and Mr. N. E. Odell, and we all know how unselfish and helpful they have been whilst here. Mr. Odell was the last person to see those who made the final attempt of the summit, and it is the wish of the Club that he be presented with the Badge, which is the highest honour we can confer on him. In doing so I want to state that we appreciate the great service which he rendered in the cause of humanity, when he was upon the mountain alone, and there was no further chance of seeing the others returning.

**Resolution re Mt. Moffat—Mr. A. O. Wheeler:**

This is also a most pleasant matter. It concerns our worthy past president, Mr. Moffat, who has made the ascent of a mountain which is very much in prominence down the Lake. The following Resolution was put before the Meeting (moved by Mr. A. O. Wheeler):

“Resolved that a request be made to the Geographic Board Canada, that the name ‘Mt. Moffat’ be placed upon the peak lying directly north of the ice-bound lake lying between it and Amery’s ‘Mt. Julian,’ in honour of the retiring President, Mr. T. B. Moffat.”

Seconded, H. E. Sampson. Carried.

**1931 Camp—Mr. T. B. Moffat:**

The Executive have gone into this matter very fully. There were several suggestions made: Bow Lake—We felt that it was a little too far away, requiring two days in, and it would hardly be suitable for next year. Ice River was also discussed. I was in that district a year ago, and was very much impressed with it, but the objection there is that the climbing is very limited; Mts. Vaux and Chancellor would be fairly far from the Camp; there would be very few peaks of any consequence, although this is a beautiful district, and I hope at some time we may be able to see it. Prospectors Valley—It is said that everybody knows the mountains around there, but they have not climbed many of them; a very few have been climbed by our own members. It is a wonderful district in there. It has not the majestic beauty that we have here, or at Roger’s Pass, but those who have been there will bear me out in the interest the district holds. The Camp will be put in about two miles down from the Eagle’s Eyrie; then for auxiliary camps we would use the Fay Cabin and put several tents round there. From that point can be climbed Mt. Fay, Mt. Quadra, Mt. Bident, Mt. Biddle, and Nos. 3, 4, 5 of the Ten Peaks. Then there is a trip to Kaufmann Lake, which is a very beautiful one, two hours trip from the main Camp and two hours from the Fay Cabin. Another auxiliary camp could be made at the O’Hara Cabin, from which a great deal of climbing can be done.

A great many of our members would go in from Marble Canyon, and also everybody would pass through the Club House at Banff, which is always a good meeting place. The baggage would be sent down via Marble Canyon. The trip from there is about twelve miles, ten of it in splendid condition, and the balance of the trail will be put in good shape. One could also motor from the Club House to Moraine Lake, then follow up the valley and over the Wenkchemna Pass. The two-day trip round the passes and glaciers, which has always proved very popular whenever we have had a camp in that region would be part of the programme. Recommendation of Executive adopted.

**Time of Annual Meeting:**

It was decided that this should take place on Wednesday, July 29, during the second week of Camp.

**Expedition for 1931—**

Mr. A. O. Wheeler “resolved that a Committee be appointed to furnish a suitable programme for a Club Expedition during the summer of 1931, and to provide ways and means for the same, the report of the said Committee to be submitted to the Management Committee of the Club for ratification. As a Committee, the following names are suggested: A. S. Sibbald, T. B. Moffat, A. W. Drinnan and A. O. Wheeler, with power to add to their number.”

Seconded by A. S. Sibbald. Carried.

Mr. Wheeler—”I do not think there is anything further to say. Everybody understands what is meant, and I do not really think that the actual expedition is of so much consequence, as the fact of making one. My idea is to have an expedition, consisting of at least four members, all energetic climbers who can climb four or five days a week and keep it up. One of these members to be acquainted so that he could look after the Natural History and Botanical end, and possibly have some knowledge of Geology from a climber’s point of view. Also one should be an especially good photographer, so that records would be shown of what is done, and used to illustrate the account in the Journal.

This is merely a suggestion for the Committee to elaborate on, and make a worthwhile expedition out of, and I suggest Bush Pass would furnish mighty good climbing.

**Club Library—Committee:**

It has been thought well to add to the number on this Committee, and the names of Mr. W. J. Sykes, of Ottawa, and Mr. A. A. McCoubrey have been passed on to join with Mr. A. Calhoun of Calgary.

**Badge Awards—**

I have much pleasure in stating that Club Badges have been awarded to the following members: Misses H. I. Buck, H. A. Burns M. C. Wylie, P. Prescott, W. S. Maclaren, and to Messrs. I. Vander-burg, Geo. Weed, B. Jefferson and Prof. N. L. Goodrich.

**Letter from T. P. Hill—**

A letter from T. P. Hill, of Vancouver, offering services as auditor to the Club was read, and the recommendation of the Executive that his offer be accepted, was moved by Mr. A. A. McCoubrey; seconded by A. S. Sibbald, and Carried.

**Votes of Sympathy—Mr. A. O. Wheeler:**

I regret very much that a sad note should enter into our Meeting. This year we miss from our number Col. F. A. Robertson, Senator Bostock, Col. H. R. Gale—and within the period of this Camp, Mr. N. D. Waffl, reported lost on Mt. Robson. Of course we all feel very sad that we are parting with well known friends who have been at our Camps, and these members, whose names are here mentioned, were all enthusiastic supporters and participants at these Camps. They are, with the exception of Mr. Waffl, all old-time members, and have been with us for many years, and I think we should pass a resolution of sympathy to their relatives on behalf of the Club.

We have also passed a Resolution in connection with one of our members, Dr. F. C. Bell:

“Resolved that the members of the Alpine Club of Canada assembled at their Annual Meeting held at Maligne Lake Camp, August 13, 1930, desire to express to our very dear comrades, Col. F. C. Bell, C.M.G., and Mrs. Bell, their deep sympathy for his very serious illness. We feel most thankful that he has recovered and is spared to us, we pray, for many years to come. We shall look forward with great pleasure to meeting him and Mrs. Bell at our camp next summer, and at many happy camps after that.”

Moved by Mr. A. O. Wheeler; seconded, Mr. H. E. Sampson. Carried.

**Resolution re Lake Minnewanka—Moved by Mr. A. S. Sibbald:**

“The Alpine Club of Canada requests the Government and Parliament of Canada to refuse any further cutting down of the areas of Canada’s National Parks. In particular the Club ask that the present suggestion that the Lake Minnewanka area be taken out of the Banff National Park be not acceded to. Reasons are as follows:

“1st—The Park boundaries were thoroughly revised on what purported to be a permanent basis so recently as 1929:

“2nd—The Banff district is now the most congested Tourist district in the Park, and camping and tourist facilities adjacent to the town of Banff should be increased rather than cut down:

“3rd—Loss of control and oversight by Park authorities, of fire, lumbering operations, and game protection in the Minnewanka area, only 11 miles from the Town of Banff, is sure to react unfavourably and even dangerously upon Park conditions, and safety in the very headquarters of the Park.

“4th—There are means of dealing with unemployment other than cutting down our Park areas.

“5th—The growing appreciation of thousands of people of the Canadian Rockies, and of the National Parks reservations in them, is proved by the Government figures of motor and other tourist traffic, should receive the major consideration of Parliament in any decision of this question, and should over-ride private interests and private applications.”

Mr. A. O. Wheeler stated that he considered it should be left to the Executive, with instructions to see that the resolution receives the fullest possible publicity In connection with it.

**Votes of Thanks—**

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAY—Mr. C. A. Richardson: Moved thanks be tendered to the Railway Company for the services of the Guides, and free transportation on our equipment from Calgary to Jasper and return, and also to the many Officials for the courtesies extended to members of the Club. Seconded, Miss Wylie. Carried.

VOLUNTEER GUIDES—Miss P. Prescott: Moved a vote of thanks to the Volunteer Guides who, through their help, had given great assistance to less experienced members and made their climbs possible. Seconded by Miss Davis. Carried.

LADIES’ COMMITTEE—Mr. Gambs: I wish to remind all climbers of the willingness and cheerfulness with which the ladies have prepared our lunches, and especially Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. Richardson who were in charge of these. The lunches have indeed been appreciated on our trips. Seconded by Mr. Corry. Carried. RETIRING OFFICERS—Mr. N. B. Sanson: I am sure you all agree that they have carried out their work satisfactorily in the past year, more especially in the carrying out of the supervision of the present Camp. Therefore, I propose a vote of thanks to the Retiring Officers. Seconded by Mr. Streng. Carried.

STAFF—Miss K. Gardiner: I have pleasure in proposing a very sincere vote of thanks to Mr. Phillips, Mr. Richardson, and to all the members of the Camp and transportation staff, for their great kindness and efficiency in looking after our welfare and comfort during the very pleasant time that the members of the Alpine Club have spent at Maligne Lake and auxiliary camps. Seconded by Major Walker. Carried.

Mr. Wheeler added a vote of thanks to the Cooks, who had been so thoroughly appreciated. Seconded by Dr. Mary E. Crawford. Carried.

PURDUE FACULTY—Mr. C. Wates: I wish to put on record a vote of thanks to the president of the Purdue University, and Faculty, for their generous gift of a fire-place as a memorial to Dr.



W. E. Stone, as an addition to our Memorial Cabin in Penstock Creek. Seconded, Miss Burns. Carried.

CANADIAN NATIONAL PARKS—Major W. S. J. Walker: Moved a hearty vote of thanks to the National Parks officials for their help, particularly in connection with this Camp. Seconded, Miss Valens. Carried.

**Presentation to Mr. S. H. Mitchell—Mr. T. B. Moffat:**

I now have a very pleasant duty to perform, and it is in connection with one who has been associated with the Club since its inception. He is really part of the institution, and we feel that few of us have adequately recognized his services during all these years, so we got in touch with our members, who also felt the same way as we did: so, Mr. Mitchell, without saying any more we offer you a little purse in appreciation of what you have done for the Club, and in appreciation of your personal work.

Mr. Mitchell: "Thank you all very much indeed. My work has always been a work of love, and what I can do for you in future I will do."

**Amendments to the Constitution:**

BADGES (re Notice of Motion before the Club)—Mr. Wates: Notice of Motion of an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the present restriction on badge climbs, which requires that these climbs shall be made in four separate seasons should be eliminated. The suggested amendment retains the requirement of four seasons climbing in Canada, but permits two or more badge climbs to be made in one season.

FEES AND EXECUTIVE—Mr. Sampson: The Executive has under consideration an amendment to the Constitution in reference to fees payable by Subscribing Members, by raising the fee from \$3.00 to \$5.00, and also to change the Constitution and limiting the Executive: the Executive has been found a little unwieldy and too far scattered to get prompt action in connection with various matters coming before it, and it is proposed that the Meeting, at which this Amendment to the Constitution shall come up for decision, will be held some time in the Fall, likely in November, and the proposed Amendment of Mr. Wates, if duly made, will come up at the same time.

Mr. C. A. Richardson proposed that some system be put into effect whereby, previous to climbs, instruction be given to novices as to the use of rope and ice axe, before they are allowed to go out on a climb. This was by the way of a suggestion to the Climbing Committee. Mr. H. E. Sampson stated he considered the suggestion was a very good one and it will come before the Executive.

Mrs. W. A. D. Munday suggested that in future First Aid Kits should be allotted to any auxiliary Camps there might be; as was not the case this year, at which, if it had not been for personal possession of such gear, the minor accidents which happened, might have proved rather unfortunate. The Secretary explained that, had it not been for an accident on the way in—a bear having carried off the medicine chest—kits would have been available at each camp.

There being no further business, the Meeting adjourned at 5:22 p.m.

**CLUB HOUSE COMMITTEE**

Report of Operations Season 12 Months Ending December 31st, 1930.

The report of the operations of the Club House at Banff is now given for the season 1930, being the period January 1st, 1930 to December 31st, 1930.

The House Committee in charge for the season, as in recent years was nominated by resolution of the Club some years ago, by the Executive of the Calgary section, this Committee being comprised this year of Miss C. Nickell, Miss W. Temple, Major W. J. S. Walker, Mr. A. Calhoun and Mr. H. W. Allan, all of Calgary. Mrs. Nancy Lyall, as managing-hostess, was again in charge at the Club House, was as always, ever thoughtful for the comfort of the guests, having the happy faculty of always taking a personal interest in their welfare, as well as that of the Club House.

The Club House was opened this year slightly earlier than in the past two or three years, namely June 21st, as this slightly earlier date has proved worthwhile, and it may be found possible in the near future to open a week or so earlier, without operating at a loss. The Club House closed, as on last year, September 14th, which is apparently a maximum closing date.

The season was a good one from weather conditions stand-point, and practically no trouble was experienced from smoke conditions in the mountains this year, as is so often experienced during the month of August.

Regarding the attendance, there were not so many people travelling in the mountains this year as usual, but nevertheless, with the Club House now being better known, and the accommodation better, the attendance was the best we ever had, with the exception of the year 1928, when the Annual Camp made the Club House its starting point. The attendance during the past season was 428, as against 387 last year, and an average for the past ten years of 285. The attendance by years for the past ten year period is as follows:

<u>Year</u>	<u>Total No. of Guests</u>
1921	203
1922	250
1923	180
1924	123
1925	150
1926	294
1927	339
1928	501
1929	387
1930	428

A classification by residences of those who stayed at the Club House, has been taken from the register, and is as follows:

Province of British Columbia	18	British Isles	25
“ “ Alberta	219	British Possessions	2
“ “ Saskatchewan	22	United States	86
“ “ Manitoba	16	China	2
“ “ Ontario	21	Holland	1
“ “ Quebec	13	Denmark	1
“ “ Nova Scotia	2	France	1

The new rule of making a differential in the rates in favor of Members, has tended to encourage Non-members making application to join the Club and take an interest in it.



South End Of Maligne Lake. *Cut Nat. Parks Of Canada*



Cliffs Of Mt. Warren, Mt. Brazeau And Mt. Henry MacLeod. *Cut C.N.R.*

This season two double cabins were left equipped for the use of members out of season, with all necessities in them but food, and they were quite extensively used, the attendance, and which is not included in the figures just given, being 119 in all, comprising 19 parties, a number of which used the cabin facilities as a base for expeditions. A nominal charge was made for such use of the cabins out of season—50c per person per day—and which was sufficient to pay for the incidental expenses and wear and tear.

While the Club House itself was open this year, members used it more than in past years as a base for climbs and expeditions, and we would stress the encouragement of this, especially as the automobile has brought climbing regions, not only around Banff, but also Lake Louise, within easy range of the Club House.

To this report is appended the Financial Statement of the operations of the Club House for the year, as well as the Construction Account.

The Operating Accounts for the year show a surplus of \$830.46, after paying for all expenses. The property is in good condition and no important outlay is needed for the coming season excepting for sundry improvements and repairs, such as eventually calsoning most of the interior of the Club House building, half of which could be done one year and half the next, and certain trails to be made in the grounds, to make some of the higher cabins more easy of access.

As the statements of assets of the Club, as published in the financial statement of the Club as a whole, include the Club House assets—there being no liabilities as regards the operations of the Club House—the appended statement does not include figures in this regard, but an estimated physical value of the Club headquarters properties in Banff, exclusive of the land—6 2/3 acres—is, including the new buildings under construction, as follows:

Club House Building	\$15,000.	Insured for	\$10,000.
Contents thereof	5,000.		3,500.
Sanitary Building	450.		300.
10 Single Cabins & Equipment @ \$550. each	5,500.		4,400.
2 Double Cabins & Equipment @ \$950. each	1,900.		1,550.
Staff Quarters Building & Equipment	<u>1,300.</u>		<u>1,100.</u>
TOTAL	<u>\$29,150.</u>		<u>\$20,850.</u>

Special preparations will need to be made next season to accommodate a large attendance, especially during the periods immediately before and after camp, judging from the experience of the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers camp in 1928, when nearly all attending camp passed through the Club House, making Banff the base or starting point for this camp.

At the Annual Meeting held in the Upper Yoho Camp in 1927, four years ago, it was decided to endeavour to gradually convert the out-worn and temporary tent-house sleeping accommodation, erected 15 or more years ago, into permanent wood cabins and this work will be almost completed with the close of this season. The original sleeping accommodation consisted of some 17 tent-houses, each equipped for two persons. Thanks to the generosity and the enthusiasm of the members as to the project, aided by funds contributed from the operations of the Club House, 13 cabins have now been built and were in use this season, and a further cabin is now

nearing completion. These cabins have been largely responsible for the increased attendance from the members.

Early this fall recommendations were submitted by the House Committee to the Managing Committee that two additional cabins be built, inasmuch as the existing ones could not take care of the average attendance, and in view of the fact that the remaining tent-houses are almost beyond repair, these proposed additional cabins to be financed from the operations of the Club House without any call on the Club for funds. Eventually with the approval of the Managing Committee, one additional Cabin was undertaken this fall.

Judging from the attendance the past two or three years, the sleeping accommodation now available, should take care of requirements for the next two or three years, but eventually, though only when found necessary, the project should be rounded out to completion, that is the remaining tent-house accommodation replaced by two or three additional cabins to bring the sleeping accommodation up to the capacity of the dining room, and it is the recommendation of this Committee that any surplus from Club House operations, should be set aside for this purpose.

The proposed staff quarters building, authorized two years ago, was not built last year, as the Committee thought it well to postpone its erection till another year and build it then, if funds were available, and thanks to voluntary donations from members staying at the Club House this season, together with funds provided from the Club House surplus, the construction of these greatly needed proper quarters for the staff is now nearing completion.

The estimated cost of these two buildings, equipped, is \$1,808.

A number of gifts were received from members and their friends, which add to the attractiveness of the Club House, and in addition our good friend and member, L. Grassi, built an exceedingly well constructed trail from the grounds to a look-out point on Sulphur Mountain, which was largely used this season.

The usual provision has been made for supervision of the buildings during the winter.

H. W. ALLAN,  
Chairman, House Committee.

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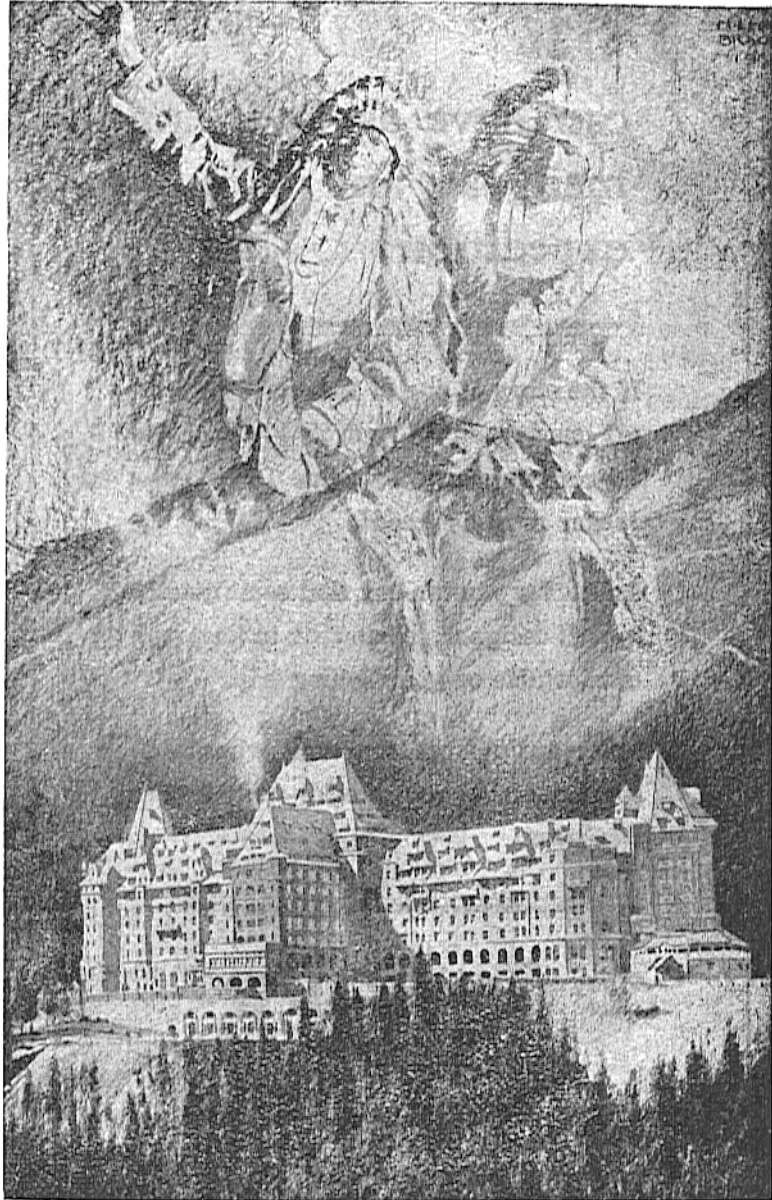
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