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SUMMER CAMP

We left Vancouver at 8 a.m., Sunday, twenty people in a private car (colonist), being the first time many of us rode in a private car. Time passed rapidly on the trip east, some sleeping in the upper berths a la plank, others acquiring a corrugated effect trying to adjust themselves to the shape of the lower seats.

We arrived at Hector at 9.17 a.m. Les finally managed to herd us along the trail. A pleasant and cool walk with threatening rain brought us finally into camp, which Art and Tom had gone in a day ahead to prepare. We just managed to finish camp and get our beds prepared when it came on to rain. However, despite the odd leaking tent, everybody slept.

The view that unfolded itself the next day was a revelation to us all. The proximity and beauty of the Seven Sisters falls, the towering heights of Huber and Victoria, and the snow clad cliffs of Le-froy, set in the ever-changing colors of Lake O'Hara, made a picture almost impossible to duplicate.

The climbing trips are described elsewhere. Ten of us made a trip over Opabin pass, down the Prospectors' valley to the camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, where the members not only treated us royally but insisted we stay to dinner. There was a picnic to Lake McArthur and another to the meadows under Mount Oderay. The proximity of the O'Hara hut of the Alpine Club, and of Dr. and Mrs. Strock, meant a pleasant interchange of visits.

The camp fires at night were easily up to our former standard. Community singing led by Walter Hastie, and solos and duets by himself and Art Sutcliffe, en-

livened the proceedings. One night we were favored by a talk on the ascent of Mount Robson by Mr. Moffat of the A.C.C. and a talk on a trip over the Columbia Ice Field by Mr. Strock.

The spirits of those at camp were enlivened by the antics of two who insisted on worrying as to whether the train would stop at Hector, the schedule had been changed, or the C.P.R. had stopped running. We finally got them pacified and all was well.

The Misses Kania wore a track to the Bungalow Camp ostensibly for letters. Various members tried their hands at fishing without success but for one instance, when Lillian had two given her by . . . ?

The reading of the *Cataract Roar*, the camp's scandal sheet, on Thursday night, seemed to satisfy everybody and on Saturday we broke camp.

Quite a number of members went to Lake Louise early Saturday and spent the day there. We don't know what went on, but it is alleged that Walter drank two bottles of beer.

The usual exhilaration of catching a train at midnight, plus the exercise of throwing a ton of baggage aboard, and watching Les' excited efforts to make sure all hands were present, got us started home. A hot train journey got us to town at 8 p.m. and we all voted it a most successful camp.

The efforts of the camp committee, Messrs. Ford, Anderson and Lambert, the hard preliminary work of Chas. Dawson and Frank Johnson, the hard work at camp of Art Sutcliffe and Tom Carrol and the climbing efforts of Alan Lambert who led all the big climbs, deserve the thanks of every member of the Club.

—A Contribution

CLIMBING AT LAKE O'HARA

We had all spent the weeks previous to camp in looking at pictures of the district. You can imagine our surprise when on making the last turn in the trail we saw, instead of the great rock bluffs of Hungabee and Biddle, two glistening spires of white. The outcropping rock on both Victoria and Lefroy was covered as well. On enquiry we found that it had been raining steadily there for three weeks.

It looked at first as though we would have to be content with low altitude rock climbs. Accordingly, on July the 14th, nineteen of us set out for Mount Sheaffer (8834 feet). We followed the Lake McArthur trail almost to McArthur pass, where some inviting snow and scree slopes pointed the way to a depression in the western arete. From this depression we had our first view of Lake McArthur, with its almost royal blue waters dotted with ice blocks. Here our attention was drawn to the true Mount Shaeffer, an imposing mountain, by no means suggesting the easy rock scramble we were expecting. However, we picked a route up the cliffs beneath a low point in the ridge, and were soon looking down on the green waters of Lake O'Hara. About this time the weather changed, also we had just come to the conclusion that the first peak was the one usually climbed, so we decided to head for home over this peak. None too soon, either, for within fifteen minutes a fierce wind rose armed with sleet, and we sure needed all our windproof clothing as we followed down the ridge. We arrived back at the McArthur trail in quick time, where of course the weather changed again and the sun came out.

On the following day after an investiga-

tion of snow conditions at Abbot pass, six members started on the first passes trip, headed by Les Ford, four others went with them hoping to climb Mount Victoria, 11,365 feet, the next day. After a pleasant night at the hut, the passes trip started at 6.30 a.m. and the Victoria trip at 7.30, about three hours late for the existing conditions. There was snow right from the pass, lying at a high angle on scree; as soon as it was touched by the sun it was very dangerous. We crossed the worst of these slopes and then decided that as the route promised no safe return later, we would return immediately. We arrived back at the hut at 10.30.

Rather than waste a day we went down to Lake Louise through the Death Trap, noticing on the way that the tracks of those on the passes trip were buried for about half a mile by avalanche snow from Victoria.

Three of us returned to camp by the 13 mile Louise-O'Hara trail while the other joined the passes trip.

While we were away P. L. Tait took those in camp up Mount Yukness a 9,352 foot rock summit, overlooking the campsite.

On Friday, Art Sutcliffe and Tom Falowfield started away with the second passes trip.

On Saturday, Roy Howard led a party up Wiwaxy peaks, 8,870 feet, and reported an interesting chimney near the summit.

On Sunday we thought it feasible to attempt Mount Victoria from the west as the sun would not affect these slopes until after 10 o'clock. The route lay close to that of Mount Huber, 11,051 feet. We felt sure of one peak anyway. Four of us, Mr. Anderson, Miss Blanchard, Miss Johnston

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and I started from camp at 3.50 a.m. and arrived at the Huber Wiwaxy col in an hour and a half. We traversed the cliffs on the west face of Huber to the first hanging glacier on that face, and after crossing this we saw the first flash of sun on the snow. So after a hurried breakfast continued up the second glacier on the still firm crust. From the Victoria-Huber col we could see that it was possible to make either peak. We took Huber first as it was already in the full glare of the sun and would not be possible later. As it was the final cone exacted 500 feet of step kicking and cutting up a slope we were pleased to find was not as steep as it looked. At one point it was necessary to deviate from the straight line as there was only six inches of snow over ice. We reached the summit at 9.50 a.m. After lunch we dropped back to the col and started up Mount Victoria. One has to become accustomed to steep snow in this district, snow lying at angles we would think impossible locally. We followed a broad snow couloir three quarters of the way to the ridge, then turned into a narrow one very steep with a thin snow lining. Then after a short traverse, gained the ridge. Our first thought was how desolate the Lake Louise valley looked when viewed from the wrong end. The ridge was narrow and snow covered but presented no difficulty, and we arrived at the summit at 2.30 p.m. After a hasty second lunch (the wind was cold) we started back down. We took as long to get off the ridge as to get on it, the snow on the glacier was very mushy, the cliffs of Huber were a little puzzling but we arrived back at camp at 7.45 after 15½ hours away from camp.

Two days later we repeated this trip, ten men and two ladies, Miss Del Siddelley and Miss M. Hatfield. The ascent of Huber was made to the tune of an almost continuous snow-slide off the south-east face, while I sat in the col and took pictures of it. We made the ascent to the ridge of Victoria by a rock rib (not difficult, just falling stones). On the return A. Sutcliffe and I left the party and completed the traverse of Mount Victoria to the Abbot hut. We met Mr. Anderson here and planned an ascent of Mount Lefroy, 11,130 feet, the following day.

At five the next morning we started up the steep snow slopes from the hut, step kicking was laborious so we headed for the nearest rock, apparently a series of easy ledges some fifty feet high. Two hours later, three sadder but wiser men left the rottenest rock it had been their lot to encounter and plodded up a further snow slope to some sound rock. From here the going was interesting but straightforward but for two steep snow traverses near the ridge. The ridge was narrower than the one on Victoria if it be possible, and we only moved one at a time along its crest. We stayed on the summit for about half an hour and then descended to the foot of the good rock in about an hour and a half. From here, by donning crampons, I was able to plunge down the snow, breaking the crust by sheer weight, leaving good steps for the others. We took off the rope and slid the last 300 feet to the hut. After a snack we started for camp, arriving at 3 o'clock.

Art Sutcliffe and I rose at 3 a.m. the next morning to climb Mount Hungabee and went back to bed at 3.15.

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Four members of the A.A.C. climbed Hungabee this day, reported conditions fair but for a number of long icy traverses. That night we decided we hadn't a strong enough party to attempt this climb so decided to take yet another day off.

About 10.30 the following day, days off started to get monotonous so two of us started up Mount Oderay, 10,175 feet. We crossed the glacier quite comfortably with only one of us sticking a foot into a crevasse, and started up the left hand of two couloirs at the low point in the ridge. Our ideas of rotten rock as received on Lefroy were shattered here as we really did find some loose rock. We cut over to the rib between the two and were soon on the ridge. The ridge was a walk and the summit, although very imposing, quite simple. We did not climb the stock route, but up the first chimney we saw, which was difficult enough to make us return the usual way. The view from this summit is exceptionally fine, I would say the best in the park, we both enjoyed this trip as much, if not more, than any other.

Tom Carroll climbed Mount Yukness on this day and on returning saw Roy Howard taking a party up Wiwaxy Peaks so he joined them. The girls on this trip negotiated the chimney without the help of a rope and enjoyed the trip immensely.

We have all much more to see and do at Lake O'Hara. Two weeks was all too short.

MOUNT STRACHAN

Mr. Ford's trip up Mount Strachan was successful. The weather was ideal. Among those on the trip was Miss E. Bird and Miss Blanchard.

KNOTS

The knots illustrated in *Mountain Craft* as correct are incorrect when tied with the rope we use. In all cases except the bowline the incorrect knots are correct. The bowline can be "grannied" three ways. The third incorrect illustration is correct when tied with our right hand ropes. The other two are incorrect with either rope. The explanation is in the text. It hinges around this fact "that in the part of the knot which is to take the most strain the ropes must be twisted together in the opposite direction to the twist of the rope."

ALASKA SPIREA

Lutkea pectinata (Pursh)

This beautiful little plant is the commonest of all our mountain friends. It is found on all our local mountains from 3,500 feet to 6,000 feet and over. I have even found it on the slopes of Mount Fergusson, Bridge River, at 7,000 feet, while some of the best specimens have been observed on Grouse Mountain, but alas, it is rarely to be seen there now. On the

moraine of the Helmet Glacier in Gari-baldi Park, it forms handsome clumps three feet across. At the first glance it reminds one of a mossy saxifrage, but it does not belong to that family but to the Rosaceae. It forms attractive rosettes of bright green finely dissected leaves that make mats of good size, while its creamy flowers rise above in a little carpet of their own. It is from two to four inches in height in a terminal spike.

The Spireas are well represented in our mountains. One of the prettiest is the Mountain Spirea that grows on Crown Mountain, an extremely uncommon rose colour, while everyone is familiar with the Hardback that is so common in our swamps. On the rock slide that is next to the site of the old cabin is another spirea that is, I think, one of the noblest of all our mountain plants, and well named the Ocean Spray. I think the commonest of all flowers in the woods and roadsides of the dry belt is another spirea, *Spirea lucida*. Enough has been said of the Alaska Spirea and its kind to prove that it is well worthy of a place in our affections, a kindly reminder of the simple joys that linger in our memories of many a hard mountain trip.

—Fred Perry

AN EXPERIENCE

It is possible to learn a few basic principles of mountaineering from the experience of great mountaineers.

When we find their rules borne out by our own little experiences we feel them worth recording, as it helps us respect their less acceptable ones.

The one referred to is "When on the rope see that the slack between you and the next man is taken up, even in the most innocent of places."

Three climbers at the last camp were standing at ease on a broad ledge. One slipped; in the moment of suspense it was realized that the slack between the one who slipped and the rest was lying free. The slip was checked and nothing happened. Had it not been checked and the twenty feet of rope run out the resultant tremendous jerk would have either broken the rope or dragged the others. The difference would have been the difference between a 4,000 foot fall for one or the same journey for three.

THE CAMP REUNION

All members invited

Will be held shortly. It will be announced on the notice board at Phillips, at the cabin and by phone.

TRIPS CANCELLED

The trips up both the north face of Baker and Church Mountain were cancelled.