Winners of Canadian Amateur Ski Association Championships since founding of the Association in 1921

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 19-20, 1921
SKI JUMPING—E. O. Sunberg, *Temiskaming Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—Frank MacKinnon, *Montreal Ski Club*

OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 26-27, 1922
SKI JUMPING—R. Omtvedt, *Norge Ski Club, Chicago*
CROSS-COUNTRY—R. Monsen, *Norsemen Ski Club, New York*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 24-25, 1923
SKI JUMPING—R. Monsen, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—R. Monsen, *Montreal Ski Club*

OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 23-24, 1924
SKI JUMPING—N. Berger, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—E. Condon, *Ottawa Ski Club*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 21-22, 1925
SKI JUMPING—N. Berger, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—J. Johansen, *Nansen Ski Club*

OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 28-29, 1926
SKI JUMPING—N. Berger, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—J. Satre, *New York Ski Club*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 26-27, 1927
SKI JUMPING—L. Lehan, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—R. Reid, *Nansen Ski Club*

OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 25-26, 1928
SKI JUMPING—R. Sivertsen, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—B. Grayson-Bell, *Ottawa Ski Club*
COMBINED—George Sumner, *Montreal Ski Club*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 23-24, 1929
SKI JUMPING—G. Dupuis, *Cliffside Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—H. Paumgarten, *Austria*
COMBINED—J. Nordmoe, *Camrose Ski Club*
SLALOM—H. Paumgarten, *Austria*

OTTAWA, FEBRUARY 22-23, 1930
SKI JUMPING—R. Sivertsen, *Montreal Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—E. Penttila, *Montreal Ski Club*
COMBINED—J. Nordmoe, *Camrose Ski Club*

REVELSTOKE, FEBRUARY 3-4, 1931
SKI JUMPING—J. Nordmoe, *Camrose Ski Club*
CROSS-COUNTRY—H. Smejda, *Vancouver Ski Club*
COMBINED—H. Smejda, *Vancouver Ski Club*

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 20-21, 1932
SKI JUMPING—A. Finsberg, *Viking Outing Club, Montreal*
CROSS-COUNTRY—E. Penttila, *Montreal Ski Club*
COMBINED—K. Engstad, *Burns Lake Ski Club, B.C.*
SLALOM—F. Campbell, *McGill University*

JASPER TO LAKE LOUISE ON SKI

By CLIFFORD WHITE

AUTHOR'S NOTE:—Inasmuch as a full account of the following expedition has been given to the Ski Club of Great Britain's Year Book by the organizer of the trip, Russell H. Bennett of Minneapolis, and also in view of the limited space at his disposal in the Canadian Ski Annual, the writer feels that his day-by-day diary record will best serve to tell the story. Exception to this has, of course, been made in the opening paragraphs dealing primarily with details of preparation, organization and equipment. These have been included for the reason that they may be of interest to ski-runners interested in mountain tours.

WHEN RUSSELL BENNETT of Minneapolis decided to attempt a complete ski-traverse of the Canadian Rockies from the Yellowhead in the north to the Kicking Horse Pass in the south, and selected as his companions Josef Weiss, Swiss guide of Jasper, and myself, it was an honour we both appreciated keenly. For Bennett, one of the first American runners to visit the Rockies in search of Alpine-type ski-ing, has to his credit a very fine list of expeditions, including one previous trip from Jasper along the route selected to Camp Parker on the very edge of the vast Columbia Ice-field. On that occasion (March, 1930) an attempt had been made to take skis on to the ice-field, which attempt, however, had been defeated by bad weather and lack of provisions. Consequently, in planning the 1932 expedition another assault on the ice-field was a major objective, and the program was also enlarged to include, if possible, a ski ascent of one of the great peaks of the region—the Snow Dome, 11,340 feet in altitude.

Plans were completed in the summer of 1931 while Bennett was in Banff outfitting for a trout fishing expedition, and it was decided to ensure comfort and light packs—both of prime importance from a ski-ing standpoint—that grub caches be previously laid out at strategic points along the projected route of march. So, in late September the writer travelled north from Lake Louise with a pack-train laden with carefully packed and labelled grub boxes which were distributed through from that point to Camp Parker. This undertaking occupied a full month, and in the meantime Weiss was entrusted with the same task in the section from Jasper south to Camp Parker.

The start was scheduled for the first favorable week in March, being delayed until that time for two important reasons. First, freedom from blizzards and prolonged stretches of sub-zero weather might then be confidently expected, and second—and of more importance—the snow has then been crusted and consolidated by occasional warm days. On the first Jasper-Lake Louise

expedition, which was carried out by a party of Jasper ski runners in mid-winter, the greatest difficulty had been steady and heart-breaking plowing through deep, loose snow, and this we desired to avoid. However, by the time winter's snows had set in in earnest all our plans had been completed and the long months until March were spent in short trips through the glorious ski-ing terrain surrounding Banff and Lake Louise to get hardened and trained for the big expedition. At the same time much information was gained regarding equipment.

PHOTO CLIFFORD WHITE

CLIFFORD WHITE ON SUMMIT OF FOSSIL PEAK

The writer used skis of a rather advanced "downhill" type designed by one of Switzerland's foremost ski mountaineers, equipped with Alpina binding and with a small mortise for the use of lapthongs in the event of a broken heelstrap. The extra width of these skis (80mm. at the footplate) proved a great aid in fast downhill turning, and on several occasions, when we had to cope with deep powder snow or breakable crust, their extra bearing surface was invaluable. Skis of the narrower Norwegian "loipe" design and Thorlief Haug bindings were used by my companions. We all carried eiderdown sleeping robes in our Bergans-meis rucksacks, my own being a diminutive "mountaineer" weighing only four pounds, but which proved amply warm even in an open camp at 7,000 feet in zero weather. Through the courtesy of the officials of both Jasper and Banff National Parks, as well as Fred Brewster of Jasper and James Simpson of Banff, we had the privilege of cabin accommodation almost every night of the trip, but for emergencies we carried a featherweight "Zdarsky" Alpine tent in which four could sleep comfortably. Our ski-ing boots we had nailed with edge-nails and tricounis, and as a precaution on the glaciers rope, crampons and one ice axe were taken. With all equipment, our packs never averaged more than twenty-five or thirty pounds at the most, this being due, of course, to the fact that we at no time had to pack more than a day's supply of food.

The writer arrived in Jasper by train on March 5, and as Bennett had not arrived, the next few days were spent in renewing acquaintances with friends in Jasper, amongst them the Jeffrey brothers, Burnstrom, the Norwegian langlaufer, and Pete Withers; all of whom, with Joe Weiss, had participated in the first Jasper-Lake Louise trip. Also, I was glad to learn that Pete Withers was to accompany our party as far as Camp Parker, only lack of time preventing him from making the complete trip.

Bennett arrived on the 6th, having been delayed en route, and after a final checking over of equipment and a round of farewells the big trip was under way at last.

The account now follows as transcribed from my trail diary:—

March 7, 1932—Left Jasper at 10 a.m., motoring nine miles to Maligne Canyon and the first snow. Temperature 25 below zero with a mild wind. Donned ski and packs and followed a well broken trail to Medicine Lake Chalet, 24 miles from Jasper, arriving at 5.15 p.m. The temperature was still low and we breathed heartfelt thanks to Fred Brewster of Jasper for his kind permission to use this comfortable mountain lodge as well as the chalet at Maligne Lake. Incidentally, had my first taste of Joe Weiss' camp cooking and was greatly cheered thereby, for I knew then that whatever might happen during the expedition we were at least assured of eating well—as long as both Joe and the grub lasted, anyway.

March 8—No change of temperature until afternoon, when it warmed up considerably. Reached Maligne Lake Chalet (altitude 4,500 feet) at 2.15 p.m. after an easy day's ski-ing, still on well broken trail, paralleling Maligne

River. Amused ourselves during the afternoon by watching some of the great brook trout of Maligne in open pools near the outlet, wishing, the while, that it were summer and that I had my fly-rod along.

March 9—Sorely tempted by the apparent ski-ing possibilities of the Bald Hills at Maligne, and decided to take a day's holiday for downhill running. Climbed to the summit of the Bald Hills range, about 8,500 feet, and enjoyed to the fullest a glorious descent on perfect snow, including some fine wood-running, back to the lake. Spent a lazy evening in the chalet listening to Pete Withers, a raconteur and camp fire humorist beyond compare.

March 10—Left chalet at 8 a.m., 18 below zero but calm and clear. Traversed the 18-mile length of Maligne Lake in four hours, and, seeing the great peaks surrounding it, appreciated fully the justification for the eulogistic descriptions of the Maligne region in "Old Indian Trails" by Mrs. Mary Schaeffer Warren of Banff who discovered the lake in the early 1900's. Saw a band of caribou, the first I had ever seen in their wild state, but was unable to get close enough for photographs. At the head of the lake we lunched and then commenced the climb up Coronet Creek to the base of the Harry McLeod glacier, picking our own route and skirting several dangerous-looking avalanche slopes as widely as possible. We reached our grub cache at timberline at 5.15 and made camp, using our Alpine tent for the first time. At sundown the temperature was zero, but nevertheless we spent a comfortable night in the warmth of our eiderdown sleeping robes.

March 11—Broke camp at 9 a.m. and ascended on to Harry McLeod Glacier were we found good snow conditions and well bridged crevasses. Arrived at summit of the glacier pass, 9,500 feet by Bennett's aneroid, in three hours, and as we rested we gazed over the magnificent panorama afforded of the Maligne group and the higher peaks of the Columbia Icefield. We were also favoured with a glimpse of the summit ridge of Robson, highest peak in the Canadian Rockies. Ahead of us we had a descent of 3,500 feet of glacier running, much of it on steep slopes into the valley floor of Poboktan. It proved to be a glorious run on true powder snow, but I may as well confess right now that my heart was in my mouth several times as we traversed certain steep slopes below the glacier snout. Snow cornices, seemingly in a precarious state of suspension directly above us, and the slopes themselves were of the type which will avalanche at the vibration of a gnat's wing. However, nothing untoward occurred and we enjoyed a huge lunch by the side of a perpetually open spring. Evening found us well up Poboktan Creek at the Waterfowl government cabin where we were royally welcomed by Charley Matheson, game warden for the district, who was packing in, by dog-team, his winter supply of grub to his headquarters cabin in the famous game country of the Brazeau, where we accompanied him the next day, March 12.

March 13 (*Sunday*)—Rested all day, the first cloudy one of the trip. This, however, was a certain relief for, despite Alpine snow glasses, our eyes were beginning to be affected by the continuous glare of sunshine on unbroken expanses of snow and ice.

March 14—Started with heavy packs including climbing equipment and extra food in anticipation of a possible lay-over at the Camp Parker hut. Decided to relay our loads, which we did, cacheing them at Four Point Camp on the Brazeau River, afterward returning to Brazeau Cabin.

March 15—Made an early start, retrieved our packs and crossed Nigel Pass in bad light and a driving snowstorm, which spoiled to a great extent the possibilities of the run down to Camp Parker.

March 16, 17, 18—Laid over for these three days at Camp Parker, gateway of the Columbia Icefield, tapping the barometer and praying for a break in the weather which remained unpromising with almost continual snow. However, we made two short reconnoitering trips, one on to a high shoulder of Mount Athabasca and the other to the summit of Wilcox Pass, from which points of vantage we were able to make a comparison of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca glaciers. The Saskatchewan Glacier is the usual summer route to the northern portion of the icefield, the Athabasca being considered too steep and too badly crevassed for safety. But as we saw it the latter seemed to present no insurmountable difficulties; indeed, it appeared only to offer much more of interest to the ski runner—on the descent, at any rate. So, for this reason, as well as for the fact that by climbing the Athabasca we would arrive on the great ice plateau in a more favourable position from which to ascend the Snow Dome, it was decided to use the Athabasca as the avenue of approach. Provided, of course, that the weather improved sufficiently to warrant the attempt.

This seemed doubtful, and as our food supplies were dwindling, we reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that if the weather did not break by the 19th, Saturday, we would have to abandon the icefields trip and proceed without further delay to our next cache. On Friday morning, much to our

regret, Pete Withers, who was due in Jasper in a very few days, started back to Brazeau, from where he was to accompany his friend, Matheson, to town.

March 19—Our luck was with us this time, and the morning dawned clear and bright, but with still a suspicion of snow in the air. We lost no time in starting for the Dome, as it was our intention to establish a base camp at timber line for our use should we be late in getting off the mountain. Carrying full packs we crossed Sun Wapta Pass and climbed to the tongue of the Athabasca, where a bivouac was established in record time, even to the cutting of a supply of firewood. After a hurried lunch we started up the glacier angling to our right under the cliffs of the Dome, this to avoid a jumbled chaos of seracs and unbridged crevasses in the glacier's centre. We ascended over a series of huge ice terraces connected by tongues of snow sufficiently hard for ease of climbing and, at the same time, not too hard for easy edging of our skis on traverses. At about 9,000 feet we encountered spring powder snow and were forced by the terrain to cross back to our left under the shadow of Mount Athabasca, and continued to climb rapidly until we entered a gap between two ice-falls, from which point another six hundred vertical feet brought us on to the icefield proper at an altitude of slightly over 10,000 feet. We could now see some of the great peaks of the icefield—Castleguard away to the south with Bryce a shade to westward, and, as height was attained on the Snow Dome, Columbia, the 12,000-foot monarch of the region came into view. To the west a bank of snow clouds blotted out everything.

We continued the ascent in long, easy traverses connected by kick turns, passed through a belt of spectacular seracs, and eventually attained the corniced summit of the Dome at 4. 45 p.m. This peak is the apex of a three-way divide from which rivers flowing into the Pacific, the Arctic, and Hudson's Bay have their source, and the altitude has been mapped as 11,340 feet, which is the highest point yet attained entirely on skis in the Canadian Rockies.

But we had all too little time for triumph. The snowstorm which had all day threatened from the westward was upon us almost immediately we reached the peak, and the descent was started without delay. We skied cautiously for the first few hundred of vertical feet over wind-blown summit snow and through the mass of seracs until we ran again into the powder snow slopes below. Here we pointed our skis straight downhill and in a terrific burst of speed, with snow spray trailing us in three huge clouds, reached the ice plateau at the head of the Athabasca Glacier where we swung to a concerted stop and donned extra clothing, for the run down was bitterly cold work after the labor of ascent.

Through the gap in the ice-fall, and over the great ice terraces we ran at controlled speed in closely linked stem-christianias, until, leaving altogether our route of ascent, we entered a long and comparatively gradual morainal couloir down which we ran practically straight and without pause to our base camp.

That base camp, and a roaring fire and a hearty meal seemed like a foretaste of heaven itself to three weary but mentally exhilarated ski-runners; but when the weather cleared miraculously and a friendly full moon shone down with sufficient light to travel by, we decided against an open camp and set out for the Parker hut ten miles distant, reaching it at 11 p.m., exactly sixteen hours after the time of departure.

In those sixteen hours we had travelled thirty miles, climbed five thousand vertical feet of glacier slopes, and run down the same distance without a stop—the longest con-

PHOTO CLIFFORD WHITE

BENNETT AND WEISS NEAR ATHABASCA GLACIER

tinuous downhill run any of us had ever experienced, and indeed, probably the most extensive and most spectacular ski descent possible in the Canadian Rockies. "One," to plagiarize Russell Bennett, "we believe, that all ski enthusiasts will want to include in their experience."

March 20, *Sunday, and March* 21—We were disposed to rest after our arduous day on the icefield, but an acute shortage of food rendered our departure imperative. Left Camp Parker at noon, and, after a certain amount of difficulty in negotiating the canyon at Panther Falls, we reached the North Saskatchewan River without incident and passed the night in Graveyard cabin. The next day we continued on down the Saskatchewan to the mouth of the Howse River where we spent the night with wardens Naylor and Mitchell of the Banff National Park in their headquarters cabin.

March 22, 23 *and* 24—Skied up the Mistaya River to Waterfowl Lakes and thence over Bow Pass to Simpson's camp on Bow Lake. Incidentally, on Bow Pass we encountered the only really difficult snow conditions of the entire trip. It took us one long, hard day to accomplish a mere nine miles, owing to a heavy fall of fresh snow.

March 25 *and* 26—Followed Bow River down past Hector Lake to the main line of the C.P.R. at Lake Louise—and Journey's End.

In twenty days we had logged three hundred miles on skis, we had climbed a major peak, entirely on skis, and had enjoyed practically every minute of the entire trip. Generally favourable weather, careful planning, excellent companionship, and a spirit of helpful co-operation on the part of the National Park officials, had all combined to render the expedition an unqualified success—to say nothing of Joe Weiss' cooking!

THE 1932 CANADIAN OLYMPIC SKI TEAM

By S. R. LOCKEBERG

Member Technical Board, Canadian Amateur Ski Association

On December 3, 1931, the President of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, Mr. C. A. Snowdon, telephoned from Toronto asking me if I would undertake the selection and training of a ski team to represent Canada in the Olympic Winter Games at Lake Placid in February. The job looked rather big, it entailed a great sacrifice of time in my busy season, the time was all too short, but I accepted as my duty, knowing I would receive full co-operation from all those who really had the interest of the sport at heart.

S. R. Lockeberg

I found a most able and conscientious assistant in Mr. Louis Grimes of Ottawa, who gave up his entire time to aid me in my difficult undertaking. Extremely valuable services were also rendered by Mr. H. Smith-Johannsen of Montreal, Messrs. R. J. Verne and D. Holten, of Vancouver, B.C., to all of whom and others who assisted I am most grateful.

The Western Branch of the Association had already submitted the names of several candidates for the team, but naturalization requirements and financial obstacles prevented all but four from being entered. The General Canadian Olympic Committee on account of lack of funds could provide only the expenses and accommodation from Montreal to Lake Placid and return for twelve men, but several of our ski clubs made substantial contributions which helped a lot. This left eight men to be selected from Eastern Clubs, with room for four more to make up a full team of sixteen, should it be possible to finance them. Fortunately,