

wife declared "the marrow bubbled in her bones."

The bugaboo moraine had flung down rocks, mud and snow upon our tracks, so respectfully we took off skis and climbed to its spine. The outer scarp was safe but a bit heavy for stem-christies.

Miles slipped so easily behind us that to the surprise of the least experienced of our party we went to bed with the spring birds after we had dined mightily on beans, bannock and peaches.

Pip had climbed Wedge Mountain in summer. He said we must go up it on the morrow. It is a perfect avalanche factory and probably rarely fit for ski-ing. Frozen snow on its hugest avalanche track led us up for about 2,000 feet to snow-free southerly slopes dotted with opening crocuses (*Anemone occidentalis*).

Balking at cutting steps for 2,500 feet in frozen snow, we tackled one of the score or so of challenging rock ribs soaring to the summit snow-cap. (We all had nailed ski boots, three of us preferring Tricouni nails). Rock was somewhat loose, the mountain singling out my wife for most attention; a quarter-tone wedge dropped at her feet, and once she had to struggle to delay unprovoked descent of a bigger fragment till Gilbert could move clear.

"Higher than anybody has stood in Gari-paldi Park before," Pip reminded us on the peak, referring to the temporary extra height of the snow apex.

Weart Glacier, doubtless accessible from Wedge Valley through 7,500-foot passes, shone unscarred by crevasses for four miles northward. How we yearned to be there on skis!

In the glorious panorama of mountains—100 miles or more in diameter—countless peaks appealed to the skier or climber or ski-mountaineer. From southwest to northwest extended vast sky-line snowfields, regions to dream about. Just across Wedge Creek Valley gleamed the northern glacial mantle of the Spearhead Range alluringly near to our camp.

There we confidently expected to be next morning, but rain marred the day. In late

afternoon we prospected a route a mile up the canyon of the main branch of Wedge Creek to a flat upper valley below three glaciers. Many big pot-holes in the snowy canyon floor revealed the cascading creek below.

A rainy Sunday followed. We dissipated with attempts to make walnut fudge. Snowfleas swarmed over the uneaten remnants, and doubtless we swallowed an undetermined number in various items of food. Though a capable hopper, the snow-flea is no relative of the ordinary flea, and has no predatory interest in human beings.

Monday brought little better weather, but we persisted upward into rain clouds to the glaciers. Wet falling snow on the central glacier spoiled running. But at rain level, below a cliff capped by the misty menace of a hanging glacier, the spring snow on a long moraine crest of easy gradient amazed us with its speed—even in the driving rain it was worth repeating twice. Not expecting speed down it, we had discussed tallowing our skis. Pip, an unhallowed punster, said he was not counting on making any "tallowmarks."

The collapsing snow-floor of the canyon demanded "no-fall" ski-ing now. At the base of rock walls we shot past dark holes where the noise of water leapt at us like throaty growls of lurking monsters in their lairs.

This ended Gilbert's mountaineering education for the time being, as he was due back in Vancouver to receive a university degree, so we returned in rain to Alta Lake on Tuesday. Boisterous wind drowned the rumble of a pursuing freight train until a hundred feet from us its whistle just about literally blew us off the track.

About a mile below our Wedge Creek camp there is a one-man trapper's cabin, but I believe the same man has built, or is building, a larger cabin somewhere off the trail. It might be available for use of skiers.

Our outing led members of the party to alter a tuneful popular song to run:—

*"When we get too old to climb
We'll have this to remember."*

Timing by Radio or Telephone

A telephone line connected the starting and finishing line at slalom and downhill races at the Western Canada and Rocky Mountain Championships at Banff in March, 1936, and likewise will serve at the Dominion Championships there in March, 1937. The following notes in the *Boston Ski Bulletin* on two way Radio timing of Downhill races bear on this method: On Brodie Mountain on New Year's Day . . . two ultra short wave radio sets were used, furnishing a most desirable communication between the start and the finish, for reasons of safety and the smooth running of the race, as well as timing. Under this system all timing is done with one master stop watch at the finish line. This watch is continuously checked against two regular watches. The starter who is at the finish line gives starts from the master watch over the radio, and the racer and starter who is at the start line can hear it. The starter at the top gets a firm grip on the racer, and does not release him until the signal comes through.

Then the racer is off. The starting time is recorded both at the finish line and the starting line. An assistant starter at the top, who has a duplicate list of racers, records the order of start and their times by his watch; because if anything went wrong with the radios the method of timing would revert back to the usual one. At the finish line is the timer who clocks each racer and an assistant timer who checks his time. A recorder gets the racer's number and records his time.

The success of this system has been measured by its several advantages. The officials knew the times would be accurate and had complete control of the race at all times. The racers were assured of accurate times and liked the idea that at the other end the officials knew what was going on and that everything was O.K. The spectators knew a bit more of what was happening at the top and appreciated the smoothness with which the event was run off. By this system results can be announced very shortly after the race.