

It is refreshing to turn to an article on "Winter Conditions North and West of Mt. Robson," by Donald Phillips, packer, trapper, guide and mountaineer. We are introduced to a region whose place names, all pictures, seem to have grown out of the very woods and hills themselves, with as much magic to evoke poignant associations as the fragrance of the balsam and the tune of running water beside the trail; names that

" . . . . . Flash upon the inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude."

Stony River, the Big Smoky, Wolverine Pass, Moose and Beaver Rivers, Twin Tree Lake, the Jackpine, Meadow Lake, and Calumet Creek, are names to conjure with. Is it any wonder that "Curly" Phillips, bred in a country where things name themselves, naively expresses disquietude at the city dweller's intrusion upon the nomenclature of the wilds, when he refers to "the big, snow-covered peak . . . which somehow got called by the name of Chown."

This delightful article brings one close to the spirit of the trail—which, with the glacier-shadowed campfire, is the distinctive spirit of the Canadian mountains. Its unsophisticated narrative leads one over frozen rivers and passes, where "in all the sheltered places the trees are loaded down with snow. If you had been here during the summer you would now be likely to enquire as to what had become of all those troublesome alders and willows that used to trip you up so often. They are all there yet, but for once you are able to travel over the top of them, for the first heavy snows bend them down to the ground, and there they stay until summer comes again . . . The great loads that cling to the trees are not soft, loose snow that a slight breeze would dislodge, but a hard crusted mass that only a heavy wind will shake off . . . I have seen those huge pieces of frozen snow, weighing upwards of a hundred pounds and more, come crashing down from the top of a hundred foot spruce and go right through a hard-frozen snowshoe trail. The trapper would sure be out of luck who happened to have one of them fall on his head."

There is a spirit of comradeship evoked by mountaineering, more, perhaps, than by any other sport, which is being turned to greatest national good. The Alpine Club has succeeded in bridging the gulf between East and West. In its yearly camps, men and women meet from all parts of Canada, Vancouver Island to Nova Scotia. Nevertheless the Alpine Club is not completely national. It if could extend its membership to include the representation of Canadians of French descent, what a vital function mountaineering might perform in bringing about a more sympathetic understanding between the two great racial elements of the Canadian nation!