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ASCENT OF TAURUS

By EDWARD F. LITTLE and
PROF. EUGEN ROSENSTOCK-HUESSY



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Midway between the Bugaboo group and the Horsethief group, and on the East-West Kootenay Watershed, in the Purcell Range of British Columbia, rises a distinctive dark rock peak which dominates its own immediate surroundings. This peak is classified in Dr. Thorington's *A Climber's Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia* as part of the Ethelbert group, that group of mountains between Bugaboo and Horsethief creeks which derives its name from Mt. Ethelbert, the high mountain overlooking the Columbia River. The name of this peak is Taurus.

It is briefly mentioned in *A Climber's Guide*, in Dr. Thorington's more recent book, *The Purcell Range of British Columbia*, and in Conrad Kain's autobiography, *Where The Clouds Can Go*.

"About twelve miles southeast of Howser Peak is a mountain named Taurus, a black rock tower, just east of the watershed, apparently 10,000 feet high."⁽¹⁾

The name, Taurus, was given to the mountain by Arthur O. Wheeler during his survey trip across Bugaboo Pass in 1910. Conrad Kain, the famous guide, said once in his German accent that Mr. Wheeler called the mountain "Dorus because it was like a pool!"⁽²⁾ To any observer from the Bugaboo region it suggests a bull, if not in exact outline, at least in its general appearance and suggestion of challenging formidability.

The writers of this account became interested in Taurus and its surrounding country while guests at the summer camp of The Alpine Club of Canada in Bugaboo Creek, in July, 1946. The motives of their interest were several, and will probably be the motives for future visits to this region by other parties. In the first place the fine and commanding appearance of Taurus, the first time we saw it while climbing in the Bugaboos, presented a chal-

(1) J. Monroe Thorington, *The Purcell Range of British Columbia*, (The American Alpine Club, 1946) p. 115.

(2) Conrad Kain, *Where The Clouds Can Go*, (The American Alpine Club, 1935) p. 423. The footnote to this remark is the only authority we have been able to find for the statement that the name, Taurus, was given by Arthur Wheeler.

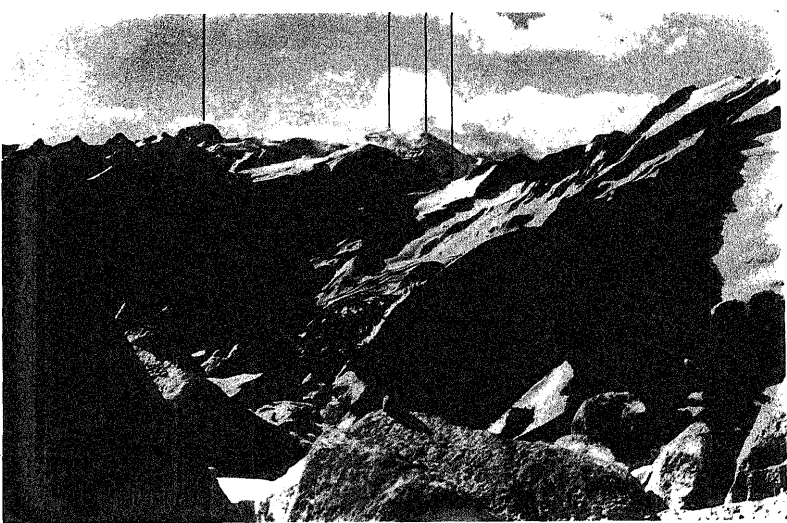
lenge. To heighten the challenge, we knew that the peak was unclimbed. The number of respectable first ascents of our continent is diminishing rapidly, and it would be idle to pretend that this one was not a great invitation. But this is only one of many valid motives for mountain climbers. In the present case many others existed as well. The Taurus region was unmapped and unexplored, as is much of the Purcell Range. Although maps of the area do exist (see Thorington's *A Climber's Guide*, p. 71), they are all admittedly inaccurate or lacking in detail. The region has probably been visited by nameless prospectors and hunters, but no records of such visits exist. These were facts that were most appealing. Still rarer than first ascents is the opportunity to visit unexplored lands, and it was almost with amazement that we discovered that here was one, not seventy miles from one of the main traffic arteries of the continent, before our very eyes. It was an opportunity to realize in a small way the recurrent boyhood dreams to be an explorer, and it was an opportunity to make a valuable addition to the knowledge of the geography of the Purcell Range. It was in this spirit that the trip was undertaken and that the following account is written.

Our preparation for the trip to Taurus began with a series of discussions of the proper approach to the mountain. Two possibilities existed: from the north, by the south fork of Bugaboo Creek, and from the east, by Forster or Frances Creeks. Circumstances in the present case favored the former route. Forster and Frances Creeks, known also as "No. 2" and "No. 3" respectively in local terminology, provide the more direct approaches to the region, starting from the town of Wilmer in the Columbia River valley, but the route from the north by way of the south fork of Bugaboo Creek lay under our very eyes. From our position in the Bugaboos, and with the invaluable aid of the Club Camp as a base, it was the most direct route and the only route of which we had had any observation and knowledge. In addition, we considered the factor of the Purcell forests, well known to anyone who has visited, and worth the consideration of anyone who intends to visit, this region. We knew, from inquiry, that a trail existed in Forster Creek, but the condition of the trail was questionable even to the local packers. By observation and recon-

TAURUS

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VIRGIN
PHACELIA
PASS



TAURUS AND THE VIRGIN FROM ABOVE "BOULDER CAMP"



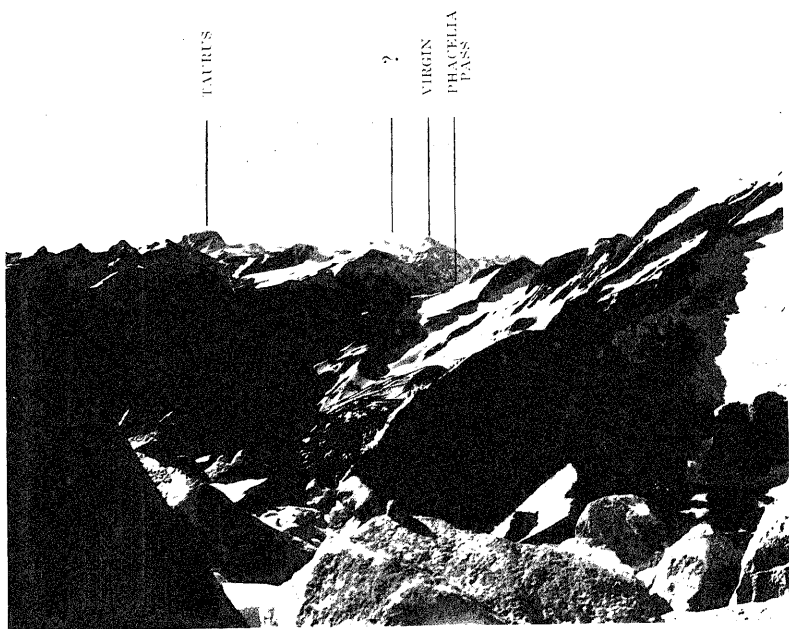
A. C. Fabergé

LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM SUMMIT OF TAURUS,
THE VIRGIN BEHIND AND HOWSER RIVER BASIN

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

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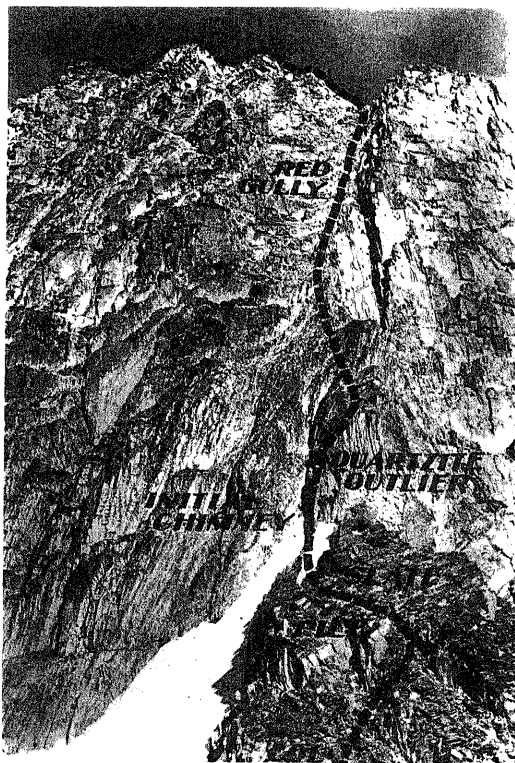


TAURUS AND THE VIRGIN FROM ABOVE "BOULDER CAMP"



A. C. Fabergé

LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM SUMMIT OF TAURUS,
THE VIRGIN BEHIND AND HOWSER RIVER BASIN



NORTH FACE OF FINAL
TOWER OF TAURUS

A. C. Fabergé



NORTH FACE OF TAURUS WITH
GLACIER AT HEAD OF FRANCIS
CREEK IN THE FOREGROUND

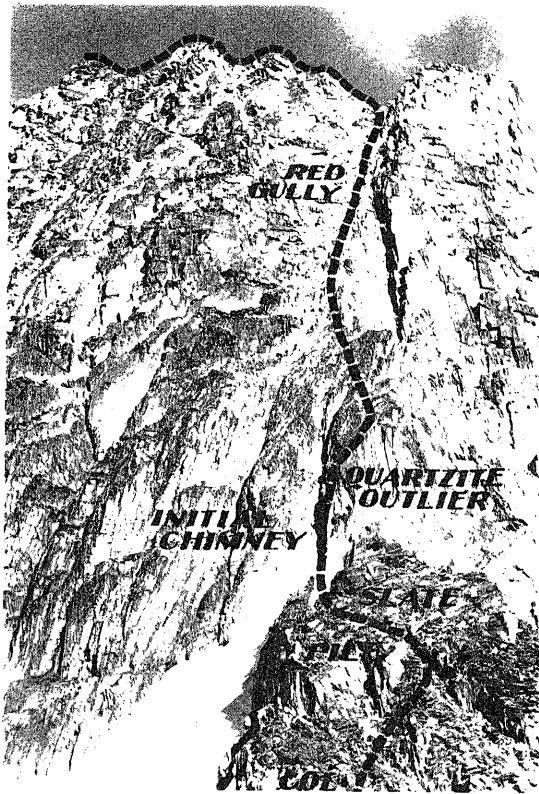
naissance we ascertained fairly surely that from the Bugaboo Creek road about two miles of bushwhacking would take us above timberline and that we could stay above timber all the rest of the way. This was the deciding factor. From various points in the Bugaboos we examined this route from the distance as carefully as we could, and hoped for the best.

The plan was to start from the Club Camp at the forks of Bugaboo Creek (twenty-five miles from Spillimacheen by road), and to go up the road that runs along the south fork toward Bugaboo Pass. About four miles from the campsite, the south fork divides into two branches. The main water comes from Bugaboo Pass to the west and it is in this direction that the trail continues to the old mining claims on Bugaboo Pass. The other stream enters this from the south and comes from the next pass in a southerly direction along the watershed from Bugaboo Pass, at the southeastern end of the Quintet group of peaks. This is called the "East Branch" of the south fork. It is fed by a small glacier lying on the side of the pass under Quintet No. 5.⁽³⁾ From the pass, which bears no name, and which we later called "Phacelia" Pass, on account of large numbers of the flower, *Phacelia sericea*, found there, the landscape was hidden from our view for some distance until a high ridge appeared which seemed to lead unbroken to the foot of Taurus. This was the intended route. From Phacelia Pass south to Taurus was untrodden and unknown country.

On Thursday, July 25, the writers, with the aid of Bill Romaine of Edgewater, B.C., packed six days' food for a party of three up the south fork on horseback, forded the stream, and backpacked it through the timber up along the cascades of the east branch to a basin above the tree-line. The food was cached at the foot of a spectacular high waterfall falling from the direction of Phacelia Pass above. We had felt that this task would be one of the hardest we would have, as one of us had already climbed up over the windfalls on the western bank of this stream on a reconnaissance and found the going extremely arduous. The hard-

(3) The features mentioned thus far are clearly indicated by Dr. Thorington on his sketch map of the Bugaboos (see *The Purcell Range of British Columbia*, p. 109) with the exception to be noted that Quintet No. 5, the most southeastern of the five Quintet peaks, does not lie on a straight line with her four sisters, as is shown on his map, but is rather a bit off-line to the south. This had already been noticed by climbers on Quintets No. 3 and No. 4.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE



NORTH FACE OF FINAL
TOWER OF TAURUS

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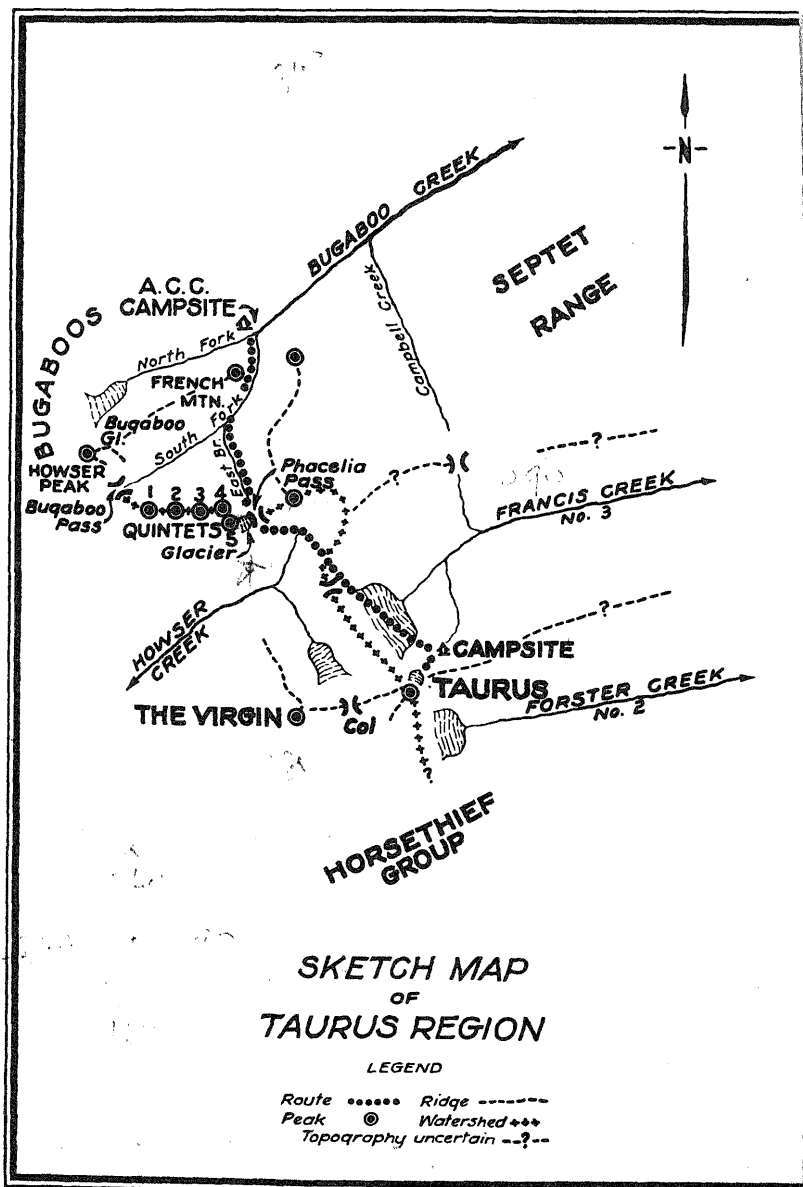
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ships experienced on the western bank led us to try the other side, and here at the very start we were agreeably surprised to find a game trail on the east side of the creek which considerably diminished the difficulties of the initial climb. Starting by the stream at the edge of the heavy timber, it led with persistence, that only a bear could show, up beside the cascades, through the maze of the windfalls, to the open alpland in the circular basin above. After establishing our cache there, with a food supply allowing for considerable delay or unforeseen accident, we returned to the Club Camp.

On Friday, the following day, we gained the third member of our small expedition, Alex Fabergé, of Madison, Wisconsin. After supper at camp we shouldered our packs and walked up to the food cache, which we reached in two and a half hours, just at dark.

The next morning we commenced climbing at seven o'clock, choosing unfortunately the most difficult possible route to begin with, by climbing the headwall of the basin just west of the great cascade. Some snow slopes further to the west would have afforded easier climbing. After 200 or 300 feet the bush-laden cliffs were surmounted, and easier open snow and scree slopes were climbed, bringing us to the summit of Phacelia Pass at 10.00 a.m.

From the pass the water flows on the south side into a tributary of Howser Creek. Across this tributary we saw a commanding peak nearly 10,000 feet in elevation, about three miles away. This was, to us, somewhat of a discovery, since we had not noticed this peak before, although it is visible from above the well-known "Boulder Camp" in the Bugaboos. We have not since been able to identify this peak with any mention in Dr. Thorington's guidebook or in any other publications. We knew that Dr. Thorington and Conrad Kain had stood where we stood at that moment. In *The Purcell Range of British Columbia* (p. 116), the former says:

"Two days later, Conrad and I climbed to the low glacial pass in the watershed to the south of us. But fog and snow squalls came down, and we sat on a patch of shale listening to the roaring streams in the Howser basin, with all landmarks blotted out. It was tantalizing, for we would never be there again."

This peak was our first discovery, while we were standing where these two famous explorers and climbers had stood thirteen years before looking into the impenetrable

fog, wondering what was hidden from their view. The white snow-draped terraces of the peak were a beautiful sight, and this appearance, along with the stellar name of the neighbor which, though hidden, we knew was nearby, prompted us to name it for purposes of our own reference, "Virgo" or the "Virgin." The peak is certainly unclimbed and will be a fine first ascent. As viewed from our pass, the west-profile ridge appears easy, while on the opposite east side appeared an exciting snow ridge that should afford an interesting climb to any expert.

From the pass we observed the following rough magnetic azimuths with a pocket compass:

The Virgin	- - - - -	115 degrees
Quintet No. 5	- - - - -	225 degrees
Howser Spire	- - - - -	280 degrees
Bugaboo Spire	- - - - -	295 degrees
A.C.C. campsite at Bugaboo fork	- - - - -	320 degrees

West of the pass lay the glacial covering on the watershed, mentioned above. East of the pass a summit rose about 400 feet with an easy flat approach. The rock under foot on the pass was a mixture of shale and white quartz. A little lake lay free of ice, close to the water parting. The pass also marks a distinct change in flora. On the south, or Howser watershed, side several specimens were noted that had not been seen on the north side.

From Phacelia Pass we saw that the watershed took a swing to the east and came back a mile or two away, to form a broad cirque. To strike across this cirque to the prominent ridge that formed the arm on the other side seemed the best plan. That ridge was attained at a level about 500 feet above the pass, at 1.15 p.m. It was a long climb on broken rock, but there the long-awaited view to the southeast opened up before us. Across a broad glacial basin on the eastern side of the watershed, about three miles away, rose our objective, Taurus. From where we stood on the end of our ridge, we looked down into a small high pass directly below us to the south, from which a long jagged ridge continued the watershed straight to the foot of Taurus. This was the ridge we had seen from the Bugaboos and the Quintets, and which we had planned to traverse. One close inspection from our position sufficed to eliminate this route as too arduous. On the other hand, to drop down to the pass, and then down to the glacial basin

which lies on the east side of the ridge and is the source of "Old No. 3" or Frances Creek, and to cross the glacier to the high alplands at the foot of the northern side of Taurus, seemed an easy and feasible walk. At 4.30 we reached an excellent campsite at the foot of the mountain and among the highest trees above the head of Frances Creek. Toward evening the overcast weather began to clear, as we crawled into our sleeping bags expecting to climb in the morning.

At five o'clock the next morning, Sunday, July 28, we commenced the ascent of the snowfields on the north or northwest side of the mountain, which we believed would afford the easiest access to the final tower of rock. There are perhaps several possible and obvious routes up the north side of the mountain which will lead one to the north face of the rock tower. The one we chose proved quite easy, and at 7.00 a.m. we found ourselves at the foot of a small subsidiary peak on the north side of the main peak, at a height of over 9,000 feet. This smaller peak lies quite close to the main peak and is not easily discernible from the distance. We had not distinguished it as a separate lower summit, the day before. After a short rest, we skirted the very loose rock slopes on the west side of this peak, intending to gain the col between it and the main peak. Forced to climb we reached a point directly above the col, and found ourselves face to face with the north side of the main tower, in an excellent spot to view our final problem. And a very discouraging view it was, indeed.

It is well known to the mountain climber that to look straight into a mountain wall, a gully, or a ridge across a depression from an equal or higher elevation increases greatly the apparent steepness of that feature. But once again it was hard to believe, as we looked at the rock wall before us, that it was not as steep as it looked. It looked perpendicular. Another feature was evident. The rock of the peak was excessively rotten, and, wherever ledges broke the face in front of us, they were covered with great quantities of small loose rock. Our inspection shifted to the ridges. To the right, the west or northwest ridge fell away nearly vertically to a glacier far below. The east ridge appeared less steep in its entirety, but exhibited several vertical pitches of relatively short length, which might however be circumvented on the faces to either side. To get onto

this latter ridge from the col below us appeared to be an additional problem that would prove interesting to say the least. This ridge was classified under the dubious heading of "a possibility." Finally the best possible route on the face immediately in front of us was selected and we descended to the col to give it a try. Ice-axes and rucksacks were left on the col. Sneakers and pitons had been brought along "just in case," but it was clear already that there would be place on the mountain for neither, so they were left in the rucksacks. Scrambling up a slate pile on the south side of the col, we were at a small chimney which leads to a wide, shallow gully, stepped by numerous ledges, in which one may gain the summit ridge of the mountain about 400 feet directly above. This wide gully is identifiable by the reddish character of the rock in which it is cut. It is the route we had chosen.

At 10.30 Ed. Little, leading the rope, started up the initial chimney. Dependable hand holds, the good old "Thank God" holds of the rock climber were only occasionally found. The predominant rock was slate. After about twenty feet the chimney was left to the right, and the leader squeezed into a wide crack between the main wall and an anomalous quartzite outlier, hardly evident from below, to effect the first belay. The position was solid, and Professor Huessy came up as second man. From the first belay, the leader hoisted himself to the top of the little pinnacle inside which he had wedged himself, stood on the small platform which it provided and looked about. Directly above was a nearly vertical pitch eight to ten feet high. With the platform as a starting point and few good hand holds, this pitch was mounted and a corner above was turned to the left on a lessening slope. This part of the climb just above the platform was to be the most difficult part of the descent. After a couple more belays, by climbing back toward the left gradually, we reached the foot of the wide red gully. The chief difficulties had been the loose rock.

The gully now proved to be not as steep as it had previously appeared, and seemed to offer fairly easy but rather dangerous climbing. The series of ledges were mounted one after another. Before each man climbed, the men below moved to the outer edges of the gully to avoid

the danger of falling rock. The gully was followed to the summit ridge west of the summit. After attaining the ridge, and incidentally rock of a better character, three false summits, which had been evident in distant views of the mountain from the northwest, were traversed to the main summit at the east end. The summit was reached at noon. A cloudless sky, motionless air, warm sun, and a glorious view were our reward. There was not room to gambol about, but we were easily able to stretch ourselves out on some flat rock and enjoy it.

From the summit of Taurus the geography of the watershed between Bugaboo and Horsethief Creeks and of the surrounding region lay like an open book below us. Taurus itself appeared to be the highest point in the area. It stands as a pointed ridge running in an eastwest or northeast + southwest direction,⁽⁴⁾ at right angles to the general direction of the watershed. The summit of the mountain is about 200 yards east of the watershed, but taken as a whole the peak may properly be said to be on the divide between East and West Kootenay. In detail, the col, between the main peak and the lower peak, from which we had started our final climb, and which we have described above, was on the watershed, and our route above this point closely followed it. The highest point of the watershed would be in the vicinity of the point at which we gained the summit ridge. However, no feature can be said to mark the watershed on the final tower of the mountain, but merely the position of the col below on the north side, and a ridge below on the south side, which would divide the water falling more or less straight down the respective faces.

The west ridge of the mountain was unique and well defined. The east ridge divides itself fairly high into two ridges or more. The summit of the mountain appeared to be slightly lower than the summit of Pigeon Spire in the Bugaboos, but about 200 feet higher than the Virgin to the west. From the flanks of the mountain lower down, and at right angles to the ridges of the upper tower, extended the two long ridges that ran for several miles north

(4) Occasionally in this account we have given only general observations of direction, feeling that these will suffice to identify features and convey information satisfactory to present exigencies, and that we should leave more exact determination to better equipped parties.

and south, forming the watershed, which we have already mentioned. On the east side of these lay the large basin on the north side of the mountain, which we had crossed the day before, and which was the head of a long valley which we judged to be Frances Creek, and another similar glacial basin on the south side, the head of Forster Creek. The old mining road, climbing the north side of the valley of Frances Creek was plainly visible, and later served to identify this valley. Across the upper Frances Creek valley lay the peaks of the Septet Range, several of which rose slightly higher than that on which we now stood. In this direction a low pass was visible connecting Frances Creek with Campbell Creek, a north-flowing tributary of Bugaboo Creek.

To the south the watershed followed the aforementioned ridge for a couple of miles and became lost to our view in a confusion of ridges and peaks of the Horsethief group. Beyond these lay the massive summit of Farnham and the other peaks of the Farnham group. To the west the Virgin lay close by, and further away was a prominent, completely snow- and ice-covered peak which we took to be Aurora. These were the two distinctive features in this direction. Taurus and the Virgin are separated by a high snow col. To the north of this, between the ridge of the watershed north of Taurus and the wall of the Virgin, lay a long glacial basin. It faced and it had been plainly seen from Phacelia Pass, and it was itself part of the Howser River system. To the north or northwest in the direction from which we had come lay the Bugaboos, and flanking the scene in the distance on either side were the Rocky and the Selkirk ranges.

As we looked at the various sides of the mountain we were on, the route we had climbed seemed the best that we could see. On the Forster Creek, or south, side the cliffs seemed to drop straight for nearly 2,000 feet, with the added characteristic that all the ledges sloped uniformly outward and downward. The southeast ridge did not seem any more promising, nor did the south side of the west ridge. It was certain in any case that at no other place on the mountain could one attain the height on easy snow slopes that we attained when we reached the col on the north side. Any other access will promise at least 1,200 to

1,500 feet of arduous climbing over loose and rotten rock, if any climbing at all be possible; whereas we had about 400 vertical feet of ascent from the col to the summit.

At 1.15 we left the summit, after building a cairn and enclosing a message elaborately encased in two pieces of tin. In descending to the col we followed the route of ascent and reached our packs and axes and the snow at 4.00 p.m. From the col we ignored our route of ascent in the morning and immediately descended the snow slopes on the north-east side. We quickly and easily crossed a bergschrund by way of a bridge and descended the snow-covered glacier below, working continuously to the left toward the direction of our camp. We were back at our camp at timberline at six o'clock. A hard and glorious day's work was well rewarded. Cool, clean water, a fire, hot food, a last half-hour of warm sunlight followed by the sharp evening air of the mountains, and the comfort of our sleeping bags, snug and soft, on the bed of heather were the succession of comforts that overtook our weary bodies. Before dark we were sound asleep.

Early the next morning we commenced the journey back to Bugaboo Creek and the A.C.C. Campsite, by the same route on which we had come in, two days before. Crossing the glacier at the head of Frances Creek, we stopped at the little pass at its northern end. Here we had discovered a herd of goats on our trip in, and one old goat was there to welcome us on our way back. These animals were very tame, and allowed us to approach within 200 feet of them before they took notice of us.

Without hurry we retraced our steps, crossing Phacelia Pass and descending the snowfields to the great cascade of the east branch of the Bugaboo. There two of us chose to descend the bed of a small tributary stream, a very foolish decision which forced us to descend a granite cliff, complete with finger holds, other demands of a good rock climb and the additional feature of being underneath a waterfall. Here an incident happened that is well worth relating for the sake of experience. Ed. Little quite involuntarily called to Professor Huessy to "watch out" while the latter was just in the middle of this pitch. The effect of this warning naturally was only to disturb the climber who was already "watching out" with all of his powers and hanging on for

dear life while half swimming in the torrent of water. He stepped back to the starting point, where he forcibly expressed his displeasure at being distracted by this needless remark, and then recommenced and safely concluded this novel and delicate pitch. The writer of these particular lines, the culprit in this incident, wishes to commend the experience to the attention of the reader, as a very simple mistake that might happen to nearly anyone in a similar position.

At the food cache, our reserve supplies were picked up, and once more we followed the game trail down to the south fork of Bugaboo Creek. Here we forded the stream with all our clothes and equipment on our backs. After half a mile through the sparse timber and the meadow land, we reached the old road which took us back to camp, a good supper, and the end of an excellent trip.

As a sequel to the expedition, the writers of this account planned to remain in the Columbia River valley for two more weeks and to undertake some further project to supplement the knowledge they had gained of the Taurus region. Although these efforts apparently came to naught, we believe that they deserve some discussion in this article, for the consideration of any persons who may try to fulfill them in some future season.

Two plans were considered. First, we entertained the idea of getting a small airplane to take some photos around Taurus. Second, we considered the exploration of the southern side of the mountain from Forster or Horsethief creeks. The former plan had to be given up, not because of expense or complication, but because we felt that it would take a little more planning and organization than we could do in the time at our disposal. It is our opinion that with a light plane and a suitable camera, a good set of vertical photos could be taken of the area, fairly cheaply and simply. Such a mosaic would provide the basis for an accurate map of the drainage system of the area. This is the most important step. The rest of the map could be built on this network to produce a dependable work map that would be of great use to the local people and the visiting mountain climbers and hunters who enter the region. The mapping of the Purcell region is a project that will, in all probability, not be undertaken by the Government for many years to come. Present

maps, with the exception of the map of the Windermere region (Canada, Dept. of Mines, Geological Survey, Map 165A) are either inadequate or inaccurate. For example, the discrepancy between the National Topographic Series Sheet No. 82 N.W. (Vernon-Golden) and Dr. Thorington's sketch map of the Purcell Range, concerning the situation of Aurora, the conspicuous and beautiful high snow peak west or southwest of Taurus, is to be solved.⁽⁵⁾ This fine mountain in addition, when it is "found," awaits its first ascent.

Our second plan, to approach Taurus from the south, did not fail for lack of trying. First we visited and consulted experienced and hospitable Walter Nixon whose home is across the road from the David Thompson monument (site of the old Kootenay House) in Wilmer. Shortly after the first of August, we established a base camp, with the help of Bill Harland and Jack Douglas, near the junction of Stockdale and Horsethief creeks, twenty-six miles from Wilmer. With a week's supplies we hoped to have enough time to penetrate Stockdale Creek and cross the pass between Stockdale and Forster creeks, and also to climb Sally Serena, either of which we judged should give us a fine view of the south side of Taurus. The torrential nature of the creeks, the nightmare of Stockdale Creek and a forest fire proved to be our "bugaboos" there, and the week was seen spent in combating these obstacles. Most worthy of note was our experience in Stockdale Creek where we found the old trail and the cabins, indicated on the Windermere Sheet, gone almost beyond recognition. Bush, boulders, and dead-falls from a fire of the early thirties, made progress in this basin the most difficult of any we encountered in the Purcells. We believe that after we left, a temporary trail was cut part way into this basin, for use in the fire of this year. Information concerning this can be best procured locally in Wilmer or Invermere. Stockdale Creek, with some sort of trail, would be an important avenue of approach to the territory west and southwest of Taurus.

(5) Sheet 82 N.W. (Vernon-Golden) shows no suggestion of a mountain at the point where Dr. Thorington places Aurora, but shows (without naming) a prominent peak further to the north where nothing is shown on other maps. It might be added that the Vernon-Golden sheet coverage for this area is admittedly vague, according to the small sketch-note at the bottom of the map.

In conclusion we wish to repeat and stress certain facts which we discovered as a result of these trips. Taurus itself presents the easiest access and perhaps the only possible access on the north side. This can be reached by the fairly easy high route above timberline from Bugaboo Creek, which we used, or by Frances Creek. In Frances Creek, on the north side (Septet Range) there is an old mining road which might be of use to those using this approach. Local inquiry concerning the condition of this road is advised, but we wish to say that local inquiry may often be inaccurate or misleading, as knowledge of the interior of this region is not great, and nomenclature is often confused.⁽⁶⁾ We can only say with certainty however, that we have seen this mining road on the north side of what we assume, to our best knowledge and inquiry, is Frances Creek. In addition we wish to say that we feel that, with proper reconnaissance and planning, travel above timberline in this region will prove the easiest and fastest method where there are no trails. Taurus itself, while not the most interesting climb we have made as far as the "hand and foot work" is concerned, is a worthwhile climb for the commanding position it enjoys over all the other features in its vicinity and for one who would enjoy the relatively untouched nature of the region in which it lies. To the west lie the Virgin, the ice- and snow-clad slopes of Aurora, the innumerable valleys and peaks of the Howser basin, all awaiting and inviting the axe and boot of the mountaineer.

(6) One fact worthy of note is the confusion surrounding the old names "No. 2" and "No. 3," which are generally used in this region of the Columbia Valley to designate Forster and Frances creeks respectively. This is the manner in which we always heard them used in our conversations with natives of the valley. It is the manner in which they are designated on old signs now standing on the old Wilmer-Spillmacheen road, and it is the nomenclature we have adopted. Nevertheless Dr. Thorington in his book, *The Purcell Range of British Columbia*, applies the name "No. 3" to Forster Creek, and "No. 2" to Frances Creek, in a footnote on page 9. In Conrad Kain's autobiography, *Where The Clouds Can Go*, the same identification of No. 2 as Frances Creek is made on page 397.

On all maps, Horseshief, Forster and Frances creeks empty into the Columbia River in that order from south to north (direction of flow of the Columbia) and we submit that the alternate names, "No. 1" and "No. 2" and "No. 3" are respectively applicable to them in that order.

