

SUMMERTIME SENDS

Snowmelt feeds the valley bottom as winter ebbs into spring, then summer. The ski season abates with the transition of seasons; yet snow days are chased year-round by a few dedicated ski bums. The preposterous idea of seeking out turns in the summertime holds a specific allure. Long hikes in the hazy heat of summer are rewarded with sun-crusted lines littered with rocks perfectly positioned to chew up bases. The absurdity of it all, coupled with fist bumps and drinks kept cold in the few remaining pockets of natural ice, is almost enough to make a person forget the weight of a backpack laden with heavy skis on sweaty bare shoulders. As temperatures trend higher every summer, glaciers are beaten down into bony renditions of their past forms and the tug-of-war between rock and ice continues. [📖](#)

Evan Palmer-Charrette, sending it off a small booter high above Elbow Lake in Kananaskis Country, Alberta. Photo and words by Cody Shimizu

