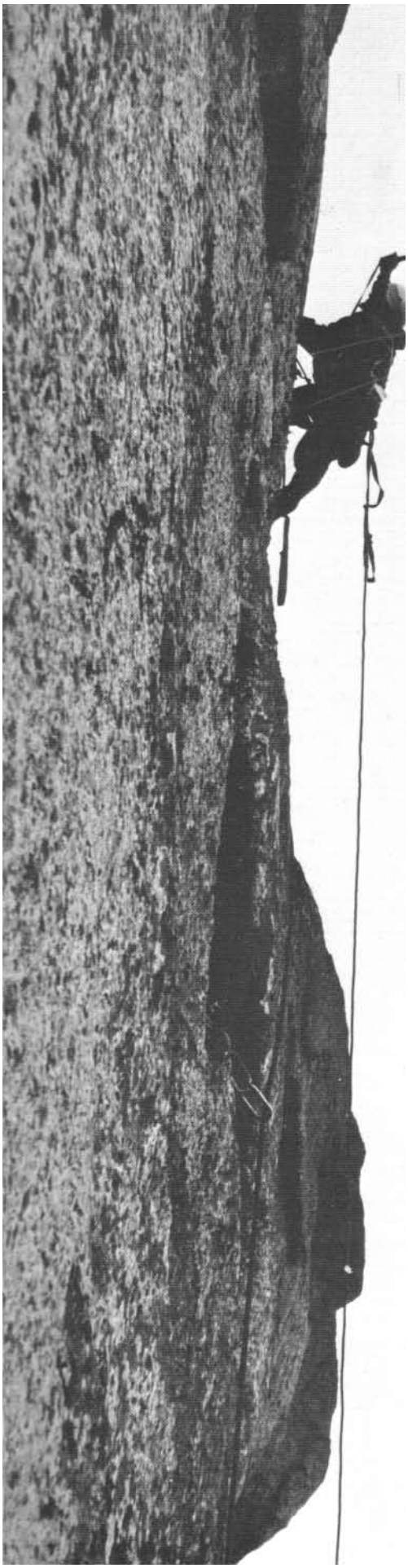
Mayday Dick Culbert



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Andrew Gruft

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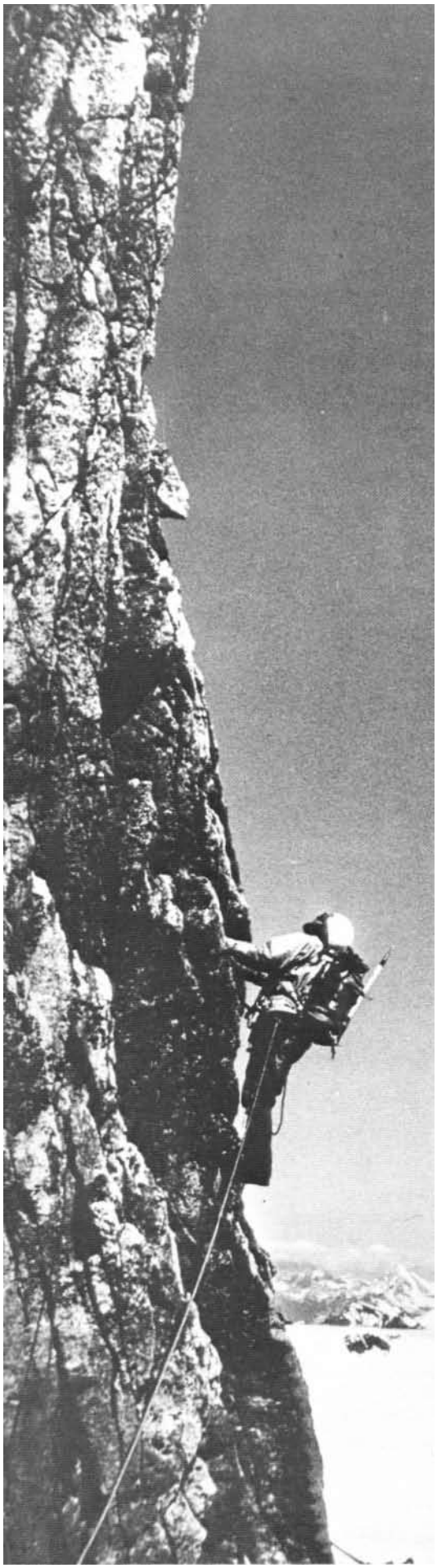


Stikine Territory

Remote and spectacular, the Panhandle boundary west of the Stikine River has seen few climbers despite drawing cards such as the Devils Thumb and Kates Needle. Both these were climbed by the third recorded mountaineering party to visit the area, when Fred Beckey, Robert Craig, and Cliff Schmidtke pushed in from the Stikine River way back in 1946. The Thumb took three tries, and is rated by Beckey as his hardest climb to that date, which had included some interesting engagements such as the south face of Waddington. Fred returned in 1964 with Layton Kor, Henry Mathers and Dan Davis, making use of a helicopter for access and climbing Mt. Ratz and Mussell Pk to the north of our area. Hank and Layton also got the impressive Burkett Needle, but weather ruled out plans for the Thumb. A Scottish-Canadian party also visited the region in 1965, making the second ascent of Kates Needle among other innovations.

In choosing the Stikine territory for the 1970 camp of the B.C. Mountaineering Club, we were attracted by the wide range of difficulty and the availability of good unclimbed peaks. Access was fast and cheap for anyone with time to hitchhike to Prince Rupert. The weather was our one main worry, and on that score our luck held, mainly. Our party was to have been nine. Shortly before the expedition, however, an accident on the Border Pks. took the life of Eryl Pardoe, a fine climber who had recently arrived from Wales. The evening before leaving for Alaska, Peter Macek was relieved of his wallet (including airlines ticket) by a pick-pocket. So we were seven. Furthermore we were without food. The main supply had been shipped ahead, but did not arrive. Esther and Martin Kafer brought us some more, but it got bumped off the plane somewhere, and a Monday morning shopping spree took place in the metropolis of Wrangell — then off by air to Flood Lk.

The expedition is deeply indebted to the helpfulness of Stikine Airways, and especially Chuck Traylor. Storm clouds notwithstanding, we did find Flood Lk. and got a good enough look at it to realize it was more icebergs than water. We didn't relish much the alternative of taking skis up Beckey's old route from the banks of Stikine River, and so there was a mid-air decision to try a new and undiscussed approach from the south. By Monday morning we were at the glaciated head end of Shakes Lk. with a few days food in an airdrop somewhere "out there". Not having planned on this approach, the best map we could muster was a ten-miles-to-the-inch uncontoured effort — strictly an artists impression. More by luck than logistics we worked inland, camping that night above the first icefall on the Shakes Glacier. By the end of the second day we had reached our airdrop and were ready to start exploring.

The weather had other ideas, but over the next couple of days we did see a fair part of the region in the vicinity of the airdrop. The peaks we climbed were nameless, and most proved to be a whole lot farther away than they looked. One of these was a singular summit rising 41/2 miles west of Mt. Pratt, which we called Pardoe Pk. Our route ran up bad snow on its west ridge. The final summit was a soft cornice which we left to its meditations, returning to camp through a windy night.

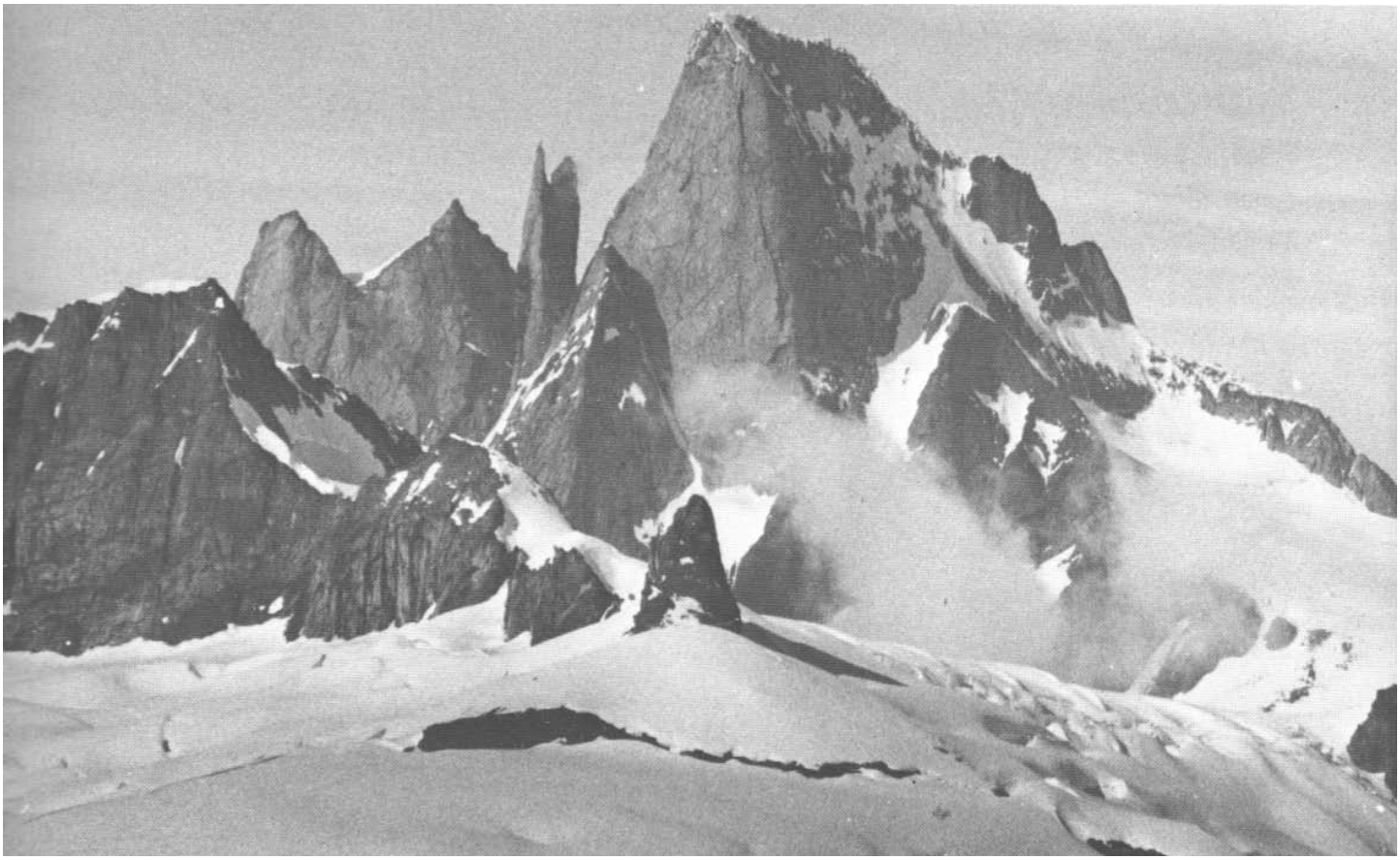
Finally our main food cache arrived at Wrangell and Chuck made an impressively accurate airdrop, nestling all packages against our camp between a rock wall and a crevasse field. We were now ready for bigger things. Our Australian contingent, Rob Taylor and Mike Feller, and the Kafers headed their skiis up a long, nameless glacier towards Kates Needle, while Fred Douglas, Paul Starr and I packed northward up the endless Le Conte snowfield toward Devil's Thumb. Actually it was John Rance who trekked out with Fred and I that morning, but when we crossed the border into Canada next morning John automatically reverted to Paul Starr — a strange ecological adaptation which I am told has something to do with the draft.

The Devil's Thumb

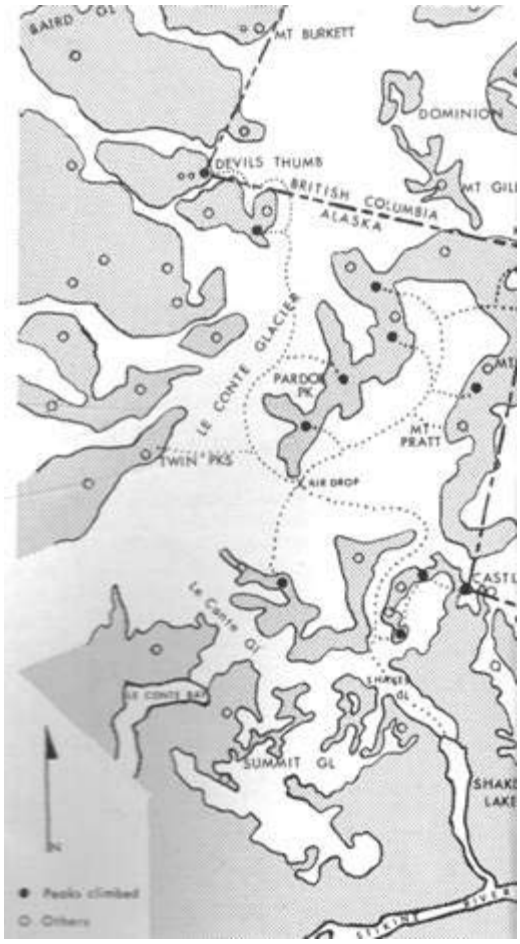
The day we packed from airdrop camp was very long and very dull, and we didn't reach the Thumb as we had planned. As a result the next day there was ample time not only to establish base camp but also to ski up and have a look at the beast. Bad news. This being the first extended warm spell of the summer, the snow was soup, and on the move. The most obvious route lay mainly up the S.E. face, but this was busy avalanching, thus out of the question. We

The east ridge of Devils Thumb; at the top of the lower “knee”. Dick Culbert

Devils Thumb from the south, unclimbed Cat Ear Spire on left. Dick Culbert



The descent from Pardoe Peak. Dick Culbert



resigned ourselves to repeating the route of first ascent along the east ridge, which didn't really look like much of agood idea at all. Actually it wasn't. Beckey had been too smart for this and went most of the way up the S.E. face in 1946, but I had misinterpreted his route description.

We tackled the first knee of our ridge shortly after dawn the next day. A word about the Thumb — it's big. Also it's granite where it isn't ice. Some day the main walls on the north and south faces will be justly famous, and then there's that thousand foot "Cat's Ear Spire" on the west ridge. In fact, there's likely to be a good bit of class five no matter how the bitch is tackled, and there were something like 12 pitches of it on the east ridge, not to mention the messy slush-and-ice formations on the summit spine. Most of the first six pitches were extremely steep and went free only because of the fabulous rock, split almost to the point of being loose. At first we climbed mostly on the south side of the ridge, since the true arête presented certain problems like overhangs and whatnot. Once above the prominent knees we were confined to the crest, and hence at the hands of icing conditions (which were bad), not to mention exposure (which was considerable). Occasionally we were forced out on to the north face by ice-slush plumes glued to gendarmes. Wild! We rotated leads and used jumar self-belays which helped us move more quickly as a trio — even so we had to bivouac on the snow edge before reaching the summit. We had been climbing twenty hours before sleeping, and it took twenty more hours the next day to reach the top and descend, the problems of rapelling down a narrow ridge being evident.

We reached camp about midnight. On the following day we did little more than move camp down the glacier a ways toward base. The morning after that we raced a rising cloud layer up a peak to the west for some photographs — and lost. After that there was the interesting problem of travelling ten miles down a glacier in a whiteout (mostly) and finding base-camp tucked in a corner behind its crevasse field. The others were waiting.

On the day following our rendezvous we all packed out to Shakes Lk., with the exception of Fred and John-cum-Paul who remained behind to see if something

Devils Thumb from the north. Dick Culbert

couldn't be done about the impressive unclimbed peaks northwest of Shakes Glacier. Something could and so they did, climbing the steep 3000 foot face of the southernmost summit, traversing east of the next two peaks, then doing a class five ridge leading up to a shoulder on west ridge of Castle Mtn. Upon completing the first ascent of Castle itself, they began the long march back to camp by an easier route, narrowly missing being incorporated in the collapse of a major ice tower. This ending the more memorable events of the Stikine Expedition.

Dick Culbert

Kates Needle

Saturday was windy and overcast — a good day for shifting camp. We established a camp after five to six hours of unpleasant load carrying eastwards towards the Needle. Sunday was sunny but very gusty and the Kate's Needle party rested. Monday was a beautiful day and the Kafers and I had a splendid day climbing another virgin peak, this one about 8,800 feet and south of Kates Needle. All but the last 1000 feet were climbed on skis, and inspiring views were had of the Needle, Thumb, and the Stikine River, plus myriads of unclimbed peaks in all directions. The Kafers distinguished much of their descent with elegant and sinuous ski-tracks; mine were noteworthy only for the large and frequent holes. By the time we returned Mike's eyes were largely recovered from the snow blindness incurred on the overcast day when we had shifted camp.

The next day a respectably early start was made and in four hours we were at the base of the south ridge of Kates Needle, at a height of about 7,800 feet. From this point it was fairly straightforward climbing most of the way to the West summit, no real difficulties being encountered apart from a short section where soft snow lay over rock. Crampons were worn for most of the ascent. The middle of the three summits is the highest, and from its top we gazed across the dozen miles or so to the spectacular rocky tooth of the Thumb. We wondered whether our friends were gazing in our direction from its top! The descent was swift and we were back in camp after a full day of about 15 hours.

Wednesday was another clear hot day and the Kafers made for a summit north of our camp which was climbed, much to their delight, entirely on skis. Mike and I chose a rather spectacular rocky peak south of the camp. Unfortunately its northern slopes were highly broken up, and it took us several hours of playing mazes with the crevasses, séracs and avalanche chutes before we finally made the crest of the main divide. By this time it was too late, and the snow too treacherous, to make our objective, so we settled for a lesser snow summit on the ridge. In the process of wading up the last few hundred feet to its top we set off some wet snow avalanches which came rather disconcertingly close to our upward tracks. Once clear of all the crevasses on the descent we made use of the horrible snow by setting off an avalanche and gaily riding down on it.

On the Thursday we returned to base camp, swapping yarns with the others.

Rob Taylor

Nevado Huagaruncno

When Leif Patterson's efforts to organize an expedition to the Himalaya failed, we decided on a small lightweight expedition to Peru. Leif had been to the Andes four times previously, and we were to benefit enormously from his experience. We drove from Calgary to Miami in a Volkswagen (which I cannot recommend), and by buying most of our food in Lima we kept the cost down to only $635.00 per man, including return air fare ($242.00) between Miami and Lima. Our equipment followed us as air cargo, so we avoided the long delays which so many expeditions have experienced sending equipment by sea — some have waited in Lima as long as a month for their baggage to clear the bureaucracy of Peruvian customs. We were delayed only two days while our baggage was 'processed' by about a hundred bureaucrats with little rubber stamps.

Our party included Leif Patterson, now living near Golden, B.C.; myself from Calgary, Alberta; Jon Teigland and Odd Eiliassen from Oslo, Norway; and Trond Aas from Trondheim, Norway. Jon and Odd had climbed with Leif on the Troll-Wall in 1965 and are now on Everest with Dyhrenfurth.

We arrived in Lima the day after the disastrous Peruvian earthquake of May 31, 1970. Damage was slight in Lima. Only a few old houses toppled, but the Hotel Claridge where we stayed trembled slightly one night, causing us to run out into the street only to find that the citizens of Lima were more concerned with celebrating a recent soccer victory over Bulgaria (although the celebration may have been less extravagant than usual).

Peru suffers an average of eight major earthquakes per century. This is due to its location on the Pacific circle of volcanoes, and its precarious perch high above the Peru-Chile Trench which lies 25,000 feet deep (!) beneath the sea just off the coast. Within a few miles of the sea, the land sweeps up to the 20,000 foot height of the Andes and then subsides equally rapidly to the 2000 foot level of the upper Amazon jungle. During earthquakes in Peru, gigantic avalanches of rock and ice fall from the higher peaks, often sliding into lakes, breaking their morainal dams and setting loose what the Indians refer to with dread as a Huayco — a wall of water, rock and mud which sweeps down a valley at a speed of up to 300 mph.

The epicenter of the May 31 earthquake was located several hundred miles northwest of Lima, 40 miles out in the Pacific Trench off the seaport of Chimbote. The tremor lasted 40 seconds, destroying about 80% of the buildings in Chimbote. But most deaths were caused by a Huayco that emanated from the 22,000 foot North Peak of Huascaran. A gigantic avalanche broke off, some of it sliding into the waters of Lake Llanganucco. Some 75 million cubic meters of rock, ice and mud swept down into the Rio Santa Valley, burying villages and most of the town of Yungay (pop. 25,000). The town of Huaraz was similarly destroyed. It was variously estimated that some 40,000 people were killed as a result of this earthquake, one of the worst in Peru's history. The victims included all 14 members of a Czech mountaineering expedition attempting Huascaran. The Czech expedition, led by the Czech writer and mountaineer Dr. Arnost Cernik, had just established a basecamp at 12,000 feet on the slopes of the mountain above Yungay. Their camp was buried under tons of rubble.

The upper section of the southeast ridge of Huagaruncho. James Jones

At about 18,500 feet; the southeast ridge is visible through the clouds below. James Jones

With roads impassable and danger of epidemics, mountaineering in the Blancas was, of course, rendered out of the question for the rest of the season, so from Lima we drove N.E. to the 14,000 foot city of Cerro de Pasco. The drive is a beautiful one across the high Punas; the sun hangs strangely in the north and Indians sit stoically in their ponchos beside the grazing llamas. But the quick one day gain in altitude from sea level Lima gave everyone painful headaches and nausea. We were all sick for two days; fortunately Mr. McFarlane of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company generously put us up in his guest house during this period, and our quick recovery from Ceroche, as the Indians call it, was due in large part to his hospitality.

From Cerro de Pasco we rode 75 kilometers N.E. in a small Indian bus. The road follows the bed of what was once a narrow gauge railway. The last few miles are a series of switchbacks down the steep walls of a green valley to the village of Huachon which lies at the bottom, whose inhabitants farm potatoes on these steep walls. Fortunately for their village, there had been no earthquakes here.

Looking out the windows of the bus we were confronted with an abysmal drop of thousands of feet on one side, and perhaps this was the reason for the religious ornaments which bedecked the gaudily colored bus. A heavy rose-covered painting of Jesus, his purple robe parted and his compassionate red heart visible, joggled above the driver as we descended into the valley.

On our arrival we were immediately surrounded by curious children. The villagers were very friendly, enjoyed being photographed, and seemed to have a genuine respect for los Andinistas, although one old woman sold us some terrible meat. She swore it was carne de vaca but it tasted more like an old dog that had died a natural death. Father T. Jacob Wellensohn, a friendly Austrian priest, helped us arranged for 9 horses to carry our gear the remaining 25 kilometres north to Huagaruncho (cost 1500 soles or about $33 total for the nine horses). Before we left the mayor and local officials of Huachon (Segundo Miranda Abaerto, Eustaguiro Aguiro Caser and Guido Sifuentes Mangani) gave us a fine send-off with beer and spiced salad.

The south face of Huagaruncho. James Jones

On June 8 we entered the magnificent Quebrada de Huagaruncho and established base camp at about 14,000 feet beside two beautiful lagunas full of fish. An Indian family lives in this beautiful valley, grazing herds of llamas, sheep, cattle and horses and growing potatoes. They sold us a sheep and some potatoes and taught us how to catch fish with our hands. At the head of this valley the fluted south face of 18,850 foot Nevado Huagaruncho filled our eyes. It was an idyllic spot.

Huagaruncho did not appear to be an easy mountain to get up. The local Indians as well as the officials of Huachon spoke of many previous expeditions to Huagaruncho — English, French, Swiss, American, Italian and German. They said that the Germans had lost a man and claimed that none of these expeditions had reached el punta. According to them the Incas had made the first ascent of Huagaruncho, placing a cruz de oro on the summit, which they said could still be seen from the valley below when the sun caught it.

Of these previous expeditions we knew very little. A party led by W. F. Jenks visited the Huagaruncho group in 1940. Jenks' party reached the Huagaruncho-lncatana col from Lake Tarata[1] R. Bishop and R. Coule visited the group in 1941 [2]making the second ascent of Jancahuay (locals made the first ascent). J. C. Oberline visited the area in 1955[3]. All these groups approached via the Rio de Tallenga and Lake Tarata. None of them had climbed it, and to our knowledge the ascent of Huagaruncho by the British in 1956 was the one and only complete ascent of the peak. The British party, led by J. Kempe and including George Band approached via the Rio de Tallenga and camped temporarily at Lake Tarata. Finding the S.E. ridge (our route) not to their style, they made a complete circuit of the mountain to the north, reaching the Huagaruncho-Peak 'A' col from the northwest. From there J. Streetly and M. Westmacott successfully ascended the west ridge of Huagaruncho, and with Band they also climbed 'Peak A' [4,5]. Of French, Swiss, Italian or German expeditions we knew nothing.

After a few days reconnaissance and much time admiring the three ribs of the fluted south face we decided to try the S.E. ridge. We would gain it from the Huagaruncho-lncatana col by way of its steep south spur (though it probably would have been easier to go further east and follow the southeast ridge for its entirety). By June 20 we had finished packing loads up to a 16,500 foot assault camp. Leaving base camp we took the precautions of hiding the remains of it in some rocks — not wishing to repeat the sad experience of a French Andean expedition which returned from a climb to find its entire basecamp stolen.

The south spur was much to our liking. We did not realize that according to Jenks 'no possible route up the south spur was evident' , but instead found fine mixed rock and snow climbing, and labored for several

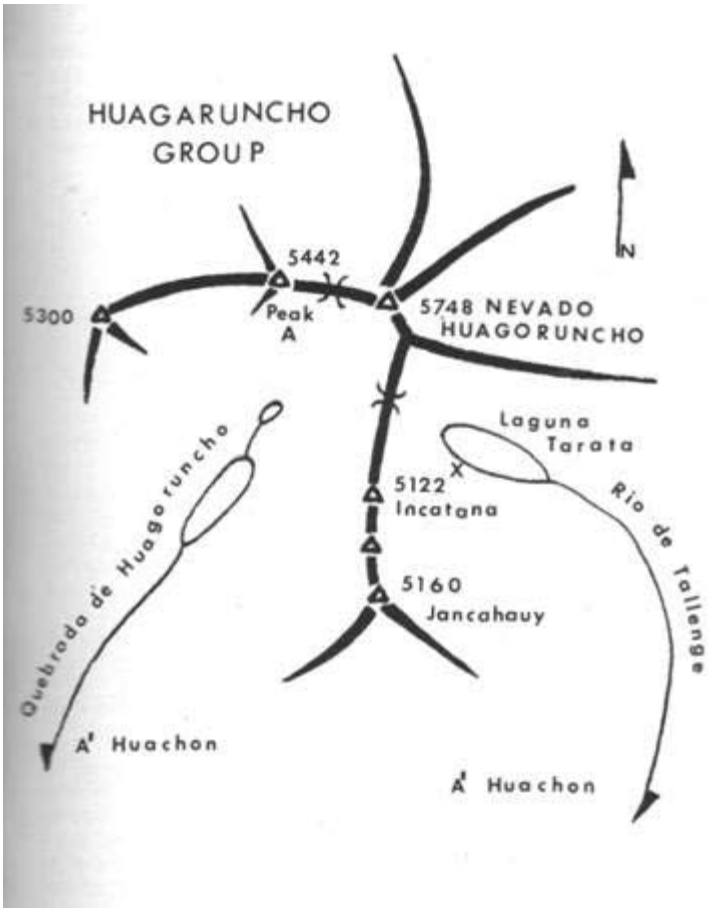
1 W. F. Jenks, Climbs in the high Andes of Peru, American Alpine Journal, 1941, p. 157.

2 R. H. Bishop, *Huagaruncho 1941,* American Alpine Journal, 1943, p. 81.

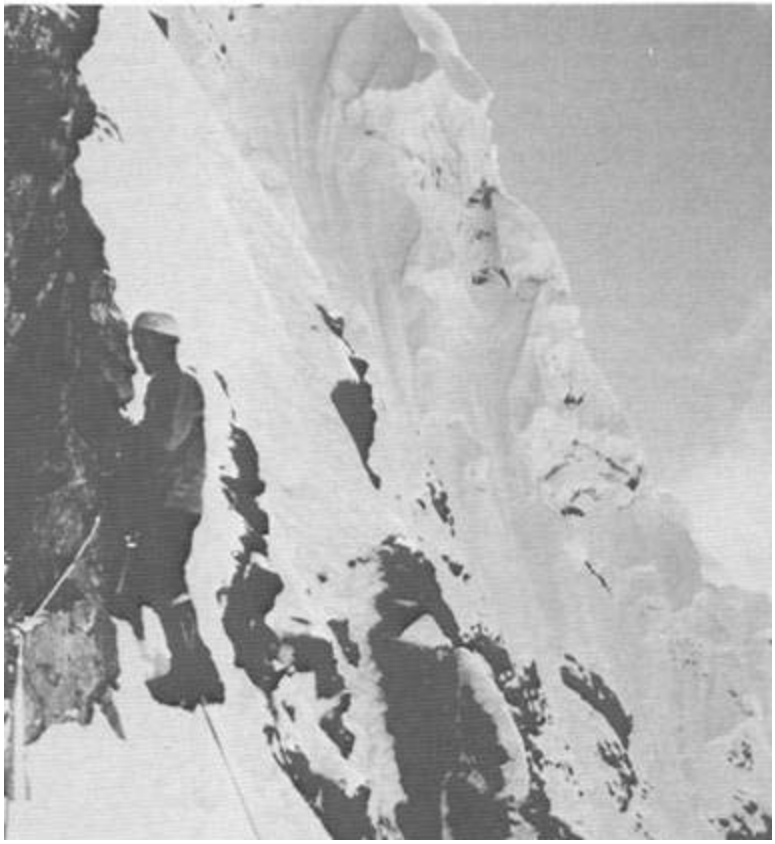
3 J. C. Oberline, *Invitation to the Andes,* Alpine Journal, Vol. 60, p. 68.

4 J. Kempe, M. Westmacott, *Invitation accepted,* Alpine Journal, Vol. 61, p. 435.

5 M. Wastmacott, *Huagaruncho,* Mountain World, 1958/59, p. 65.



Odd Eliassen at 17,500 ft on the south spur. James Jones



days clearing snow off of steep rock. There were several difficult pitches. We installed fixed rope as we went, 3/8 inch rope on the steeper sections where we jumared. Rock pitons and long aluminum snow pickets also proved their use.

The weather was never really good, as each afternoon clouds came up from the Amazon basin enveloping the mountain and often dumping snow. One storm lasted three days, dumping two feet of snow on us while we festered impatiently at the base of the spur. We soon tired of rice, soup and knekkebrod, so Trond and Odd went down and bought another sheep from the Indians.

When the weather improved we made steady progress up the south spur, digging out all the fixed ropes. Near the top of the spur we cramponed up a long couloir beneath a gigantic ice cliff. This gave us unpleasant thoughts about more earthquakes, but there were none. By June 27 we were established in a cave at the top of the spur where it joins the S.E. ridge. Being new to the Andes I had hopes that the long horizontal section might be easy. In fact it was so fragilely corniced that we had to traverse on the north side underneath the cornices, making it as difficult as the spur. On June 29 we finished it.

At one point Jon, Leif and I bivouacked together in a huge unlikely cravasse hung with stalactites of ice. We were very fortunate to discover this cave, for we had not quite finished one of the last difficult sections of the traverse just as the equatorial sun was switched off at 6 pm — there being no twilight on the equator. We called it Troll Hall and we were to discover more nocturnal ice caves higher up. The mountain is loaded with them.

The others joined us the next day. Above the horizontal section the ridge broadens before steepening again below the summit. The weather continued to plague us. Three days and two caves later we finally stood on the corniced summit. It was July 2nd. The weather cleared enough for a few pictures and we saw Yerupaja, cruising like a ship above the cloud covered Huayhuash.

After a little perfunctory scratching for the cruz de oro we began the descent. Jon and Odd descended by way of the west ridge, thus completing a traverse of Huagaruncho. Trond, Leif and I descended the S.E. ridge, removing the fixed ropes.

Our adventure was over. The peak had been climbed a second time, apparently by a new route. However Patterson and I were not satisfied — the rock pinnacle atop the little 17,400 foot summit of nearby Nevado Incatana had caught our eye. On July 4 we were sunning ourselves and building a cairn atop its evidently virgin summit, a pleasant one lead rock climb.

Several possibilities for new climbs remain in the Huagaruncho group. A peak marked 5300 m (estimate) on the map appears to be unclimbed. There are the north ridges of Huagaruncho, as well as those hairy ribs on the south face, and several miles to the east is an interesting looking rock peak.

Returning to Huachon we were immediately objects of considerable attention and a small celebration. The inhabitants were eager to hear of the ascent, especially from Trond, whose animated gestures communicated better than our broken Spanish. Sooner or later everyone we met would inevitably ask about the cruz

de oro.

Back in Lima, Leif had to return immediately to the U.S. for a job with the Outward Bound School. Odd and Trond went off to see the jungle. Jon and I went to the old Inca capital of Cuzco where I was visited by the traditional 'curse of the Incas' — a highly inconvenient tourist malady — no doubt they were getting their revenge. From Cuzco we rode the friendly Indian train down the Urubamba River to the Inca ruins at Machu Picchu — an incredible location for a city — which we experienced, as John Ricker recommended, by moonlight with a bottle of wine.

James Jones

Ascents: Nevado Huagaruncho, 18,850 ft., first ascent of South East Ridge, July 2, 1970 (Patterson, Jones, Teigland, Eliassen, Aas) Nevado Incatana 17,400 feet, first ascent, July 4, 1970 (Patterson, Jones) Nevado Jancahuay 16,900 feet, third ascent, July 6, 1970 (Patterson, Eliassen)

The End of the Mountains

Living in a large city I accept overcrowding as part of the grim price of today, but recently overcrowding has begun to annoy me where one would least expect it: in the mountains. For me the quality of the mountain experience is deteriorating as the quantity of climbers increases. This is nothing new, for our large and affluent population decreases the availability of beaches, clean air, unspoilt country and tranquility, to name a few. But, somehow, one had a naive faith that this would never happen in the relatively inhospitable mountains.

Some years ago surfers were a small group of enthusiasts, surfing a common bond and an escape from the oppressive sterility of Los Angeles. Now it is hard to see the ocean for the surfboards, and a number of former surfers have told me that it simply is not worth the effort anymore. What surfing meant to them has long since gone.

Downhill skiing is similarly becoming absurd, as more and more people crowd into ski areas that cannot expand fast enough to fulfill the promise of their own overpromotion. When skiing this year I have been struck by the way we tolerate long lift lines and crowded slopes — weekend skiing is a slow torture. Now the ski promoters are arming to invade the National Parks and game refuges, notably at Mineral King, in their unending expansion: and no end is in sight.

Both surfing and skiing have changed from the activity of a dedicated few to become mass recreation for millions. The reason, as with most successful business ventures, is highly sophisticated marketing and promotion. Some activities can absorb huge followings, they can take place almost anywhere, but others are totally dependent on a finite number of locations.

Raft float trips through the Grand Canyon have become a victim of their own success, so that instead of being able to enjoy the experience with a few one has to share it with a crowd. Here massive promotion was not needed. There is only one Grand Canyon.

The Mont Blanc area has probably the finest mountaineering in Europe, and is so heavily used that to have a classic route to oneself, let alone a mountain, is almost unknown. For example, while climbing the Route Major on Mont Blanc last summer we had three parties ahead of us, and other ropes on all the adjacent routes. The Walker Spur of the Grandes Jorasses, one of the great alpine climbs, had a reported dozen parties on it at the same time, sharing stances and frustrations. We had a number of discussions on the future of alpinism in Europe, and many agreed that Europe was played out; the future was in the great ranges. The number of worthwhile new climbs in the Alps are insignificant. Yet how many mountaineers have the time or money to make expeditions to Nepal or Alaska — what they need now, and in the future, is an authentic mountain experience within a reasonable distance.

The United Kingdom, it seems to me, is also suffering from too many climbers, for the available mountains are clearly defined, and becoming rapidly worked out. Climbing during the early sixties I remember how remote and wild North Wales and the Lake District were. Here a real sense of solitude and adventure was possible, Clogwyn du'r Arddu the epitome of all the mysteries that made us climb. Our first visits to the black cliff were life in the raw — we were alone and insignificant, the cliff's legends a mental barrier, its difficulties overwhelming. It was our crag. How many young climbers today have Cloggy to themselves?

When I first climbed in the Avon Gorge the Main Wall cliffs had had very few ascents. If there was a party on Main Wall one invariably knew them, and the ascent was the event of the week. The unknown was the key factor, the feeling of entering a new dimension. Today there are commonly three or four parties on Main Wall at the same time. The technical demands of the rock are the same, but is the total experience? While it may be true that there is unclimbed rock in remote parts of Scotland this may be of no consequence to the Londoner. Overcrowded during the week, he is now hemmed in at the weekend. And what of the future? From a recent Mountain Rescue Committee conference we learn 'outdoor training centres can now be numbered in hundreds — in Snowdonia they seem to be going up in rows like terrace houses.'

Powerful external forces are at work promoting the mountains as a battlefield, as a panacea of man's ills, with such heavily loaded phrases as 'character building,' 'leadership' and 'self-reliance.' Indeed Dr. Kurt Hahn, founder of the Outward Bound, said 'In peace we have still to discover the moral equivalent of war;' a frightening credo from which to launch a crusade of building men.

In an article in the 1970 Canadian Alpine Journal, 'Margins of Safety,' Harold Drasdo remarks on the effect of the mass media in exaggerating the sensational in mountaineering. He goes on to say 'We ought to moderate our language, begging the Character Builders not to use the word 'courage' in talking to young people about climbing; this word is best saved for situations which have not been entered for fun, and in a climbing context 'persistence' might be more 'appropriate.' My concern is that mountaineering is being deliberately promoted for aims other than the activity itself; namely to 'make a man' out of you, and by the media as if it were an auto race.

In North America we are some way from these conditions, yet they are coming. Both the Shawangunks and Yosemite attract more

climbers every year. In all the mountains of the world there is only one El Capitan, and when it too is a commonplace what is left? Will it be a mere technical exercise to tomorrow's climbers? Traditionally apolitical and unregimented, the very number of mountaineers have forced us to be regulated in the Tetons, where camping is soon to be replaced by the formality of hut accommodation. Even the Bugaboos have been desecrated by the Alpine Club of Canada, who chopped down trees and replaced them with outrageous fiberglass igloos; all under the pressure of numbers and progress.

This is just the beginning, for the United States has a vast industry almost unknown elsewhere — recreation. With a large and affluent population some amazing fads have been launched. The snowmobile shatters the winter quiet, ranging at will over untracked wilderness, and the dune buggy is turning the Southern California desert into a 16,000,000-acre garbage dump. Skiing, power boats, surfing, water skiing, trailbikes — why not rock climbing? Play up the daring, excitement and sex-appeal and it could takeoff. Climbing involves travel, accommodation and a vast array of expensive gadgetry and clothing. Already in Yosemite the concessionaire is marketing climbing. 'Climb Yosemite' posters are all over California (and all over the East for all I know), while they sell rock climbing just like horse treks and picture postcards. To them it is a business like any other.

Today's climbers in North America are, in general, what I would classify as inner directed — they have consciously chosen their minority activity for personal reasons. Tomorrow's may well be outer directed, influenced by advertising and external forces to try the new thing. We can be sure that the real nature of climbing will not be stressed: the attention to detail, the hard work, fatigue, cold and determination. Rather it will be the superficial, another kick in the endless pursuit of fun.

Probably unconsciously many of today's climbers, including myself regrettably, are sowing the seeds for this congested future. Writing in popular magazines, film making, lecturing — aren't we pushing climbing and often playing up the heroic and flashy, giving a false picture of mountaineering? As Chuck Pratt remarked, when reviewing an instruction book, 'Climbing, contrary to Mr. Rossit's contention, is not something that everyone can, or should, do immediately.'

I am not trying to deny mountaineering to those whose inclinations would lead them to it, but the experience of Europe, and the potential for aggressively selling it here, suggest that more is not better. My feeling is that those drawn into skiing by the advertisers derive less value from the skiing and more from the trappings, which may well be the promoters' aim. For this the genuine skiers have virtually sacrificed their sport, while the shame is that the externals could just as well take place anywhere.

In countless ways we are learning that continual growth, the American Dream, is turning against us. California's campsites are so crowded that Governor Reagan has announced a state-wide computer reservation system, and ironically enough this is defined as progress. To mountaineers this is the antithesis of progress, it is another freedom lost. Too late we discover that growth is like a cancer, our great cities strangling to death, our cars destroying the air, our pesticides destroying life, our very numbers the greatest crisis mankind faces. All a result of the blind acceptance of growth.

Should not we, as climbers, take a hard look at where we are going, and where the promoters could push us? What are the implications in ten years, in fifty? Will our children have unknown mountains nearby, or will they all be minutely detailed?

By all means let us climb, and introduce others to climbing, but beware the wholesale character builders, sensation seeking media and promoters who would turn mountaineering into another vast business. Man's hand lies heavy on the land, his capacity to over exploit and destroy is phenomenal. Are we the instruments of our destruction?

Christopher Jones

Reprinted from the A.A.T.

Uncle Ben's

We must have looked pretty far out from the road. It didn't matter, really. There were three of us — Hugh, 25 feet above me and bolting (slowly), John, fixed, in the station below, and myself, crouched on my knees just over the roof, trying to land direct hits on John.

It had started a month or so before, when we decided that we'd put a finish on the one or two year old beginning. This start is on a low angle dyke that slants off left from the top of the Flake. Two pitches on it, all free. Undoubtedly some of the neatest free climbing on the Chief.

At this point, the wall is overwhelming. On your left it shoots up loud, tall and massive, with an A1 crack that breaks the tan colored rock — Yosemite blinks on the Chief! On your right, bits-and-pieces type rock leads around the low end of the roof for Ten Years After. At the end of the next lead, an A1 traverse, you come across one of those places that seem like a leak in the wall. In the middle of summer it was horrible; ugly, greasy and slimy, like a well-used broken toilet. Anyway, it's a short run, and the incredible nailing of that lead and the next makes you forget about it. Now we're back to the beginning, just over the roof on station four. From here on, it's big wall scenery. The spots are wide open or by small dihedrals, and one feels tiny playing with little pitons and things.

The usual first ascent style of Squamish found its way into our route also. We rappelled off in classical style and left pitch number 5 half completed.

Sometime later, John and I returned and had our first jumar session up the long, thin overhanging rope. From Hugh's high bolt some interesting cliff-hanger moves take you to an empty 3/16 bolt hole. It was a shaky bolt, and apparently fell out after the second ascent party used it — we're pretty useless at bolting, anyways. A couple more long, leg-sleeping, knee-crinking bolt placings and you're past an undecided flake with a chicken bolt above it, and into the First Sickle. Finish this sickle, pass another flake, and you arrive at the Black Sickle. Black, because there was no goddam crack in it. The turtle speed drillers didn't help any either. We got about 5 bolts in, made some empties, and rappelled off again in classical style. The rappel was fun, but the thought of jumaring again chewed at my mind. We did the refresher course on the road and cogitated upon the next blank section we'd encounter.

The push! Poor John is working or

something. Hugh and I start up. Weather — doubtful? Hauling the bag on 300 feet of low angle slabs was like hauling a tank. The jumar — strenuous! the hauling — strenuous! Finally we're at the high station. Empty bodies, full minds. We finish the bolt ladder and start the next lead. 40 feet or so higher and the rain begins. The Black Sickle ends (For us!)

Coming back, we spot the bag high on the wall where we left it. Soon we're there. Weather, fine! Full bodies, full minds. It's late. Traversing left from the Black Sickle, with bolts, cliffys and free moves, we arrive at the base of the White Sickle. White, because there was an A1 crack right in its belly.

We bivvy at its beginning, our first hammock bivvy, and quietly turn on to the night. It's warm and comfortable and our spirits are full in the morning. Hugh nails the White Spider (the ringing bugs our ears) and I traverse right to the bottom of the last pitch. I go as far as I can, rope drag permitting, and belay in a small forest. Looking up, an A1 crack leads to the top.

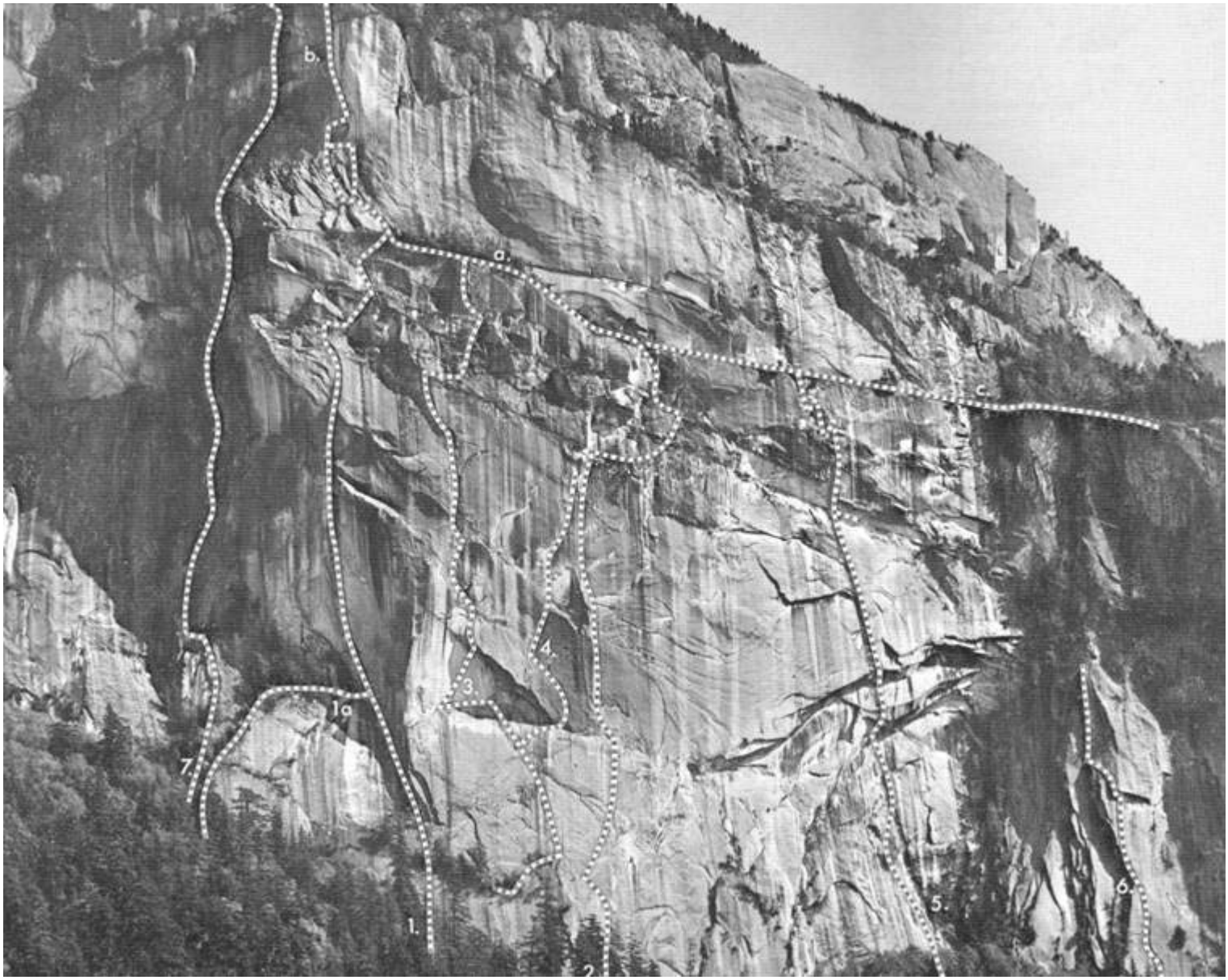
It's still early so we have a little picnic. Both of us are beat, physically. It's funny how your body just makes it to the limit you set for it. Hugh starts up. He's slow — I can't believe how slow! Halfway up there's a huge dead tree, a hell of an obstacle, especially for the bag. It's passed, but 20 feet from Dance there's no more rope. Hugh ties off the climbing line and keeps going on the haul line. Suddenly, he's up.

I clean. Slow. It's goddam awkward! When I get to where the climbing line is tied off I find I'm jumaring on only one pin. Oh well, it seemed to hold O.K. Suddenly I'm up and we start hauling. Both bushed! Naturally the goddam bag gets stuck in that goddam dead tree and I had to goddam well go down and get it! 60 feet down, screwing around like an ass, bust up the tree a bit, and 60 feet back up. Haul bag's finally up and we rest. Like babies.

Steve Sutton

The cloudwalkers. Dick Culbert

The Grand Wall area, Squamish Chief. Ed Cooper



Routes on the Grand Wall of Stawamus Chief

1.	University Wall
2.	Grand Wall
3.	Uncle Ben's
4.	Ten Years After (incomplete)
5.	The Black Dyke - Grade VI
1a.	Ledge start of 'U' Wall
b.	Dance Platform
c.	Roman Chimneys
d.	Belly good Ledge. exit.

Hugh Burton belaying where Uncle Ben's and Ten Years After diverge, Uncle Ben's following the crack in the background. Dick Culbert

On Unfinished Symphony. Dick Culbert

Gonna Take You Higher

Higher, higher, higher, higher . . . higher
then rest on a flake
think about it for a while.
It all started on this tiny stance
when I first got a look at that crack.
No one can do that!
BUT . . .
All you need is vision. Look at the stars man
They're so close and the telescope is so small
Vision. Vision. Then reach for the sky.
BANG . . .
little crystals marry themselves to your knuckles
reach for the sky
and jam your next hand in
higher
feet now thrashing
reach for the sky
but protect yourself. 2 inch bong hammered to
the eye in a stray cumulus numbus.
higher higher higher
then reach for the sky
podner.

Mike Wisnicki

A Climbing 'Log' in the Southern Selkirks

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE WALLS OF THE GLACIER CIRCLE HUT, 1955.

The Southern Selkirks of British Columbia have been attractive to climbers for more than 70 years, and Harvard Mountaineering Club climbing camps have introduced many young men to these spectacular mountains. A marvelous base camp for climbing in this area is provided by the natural basin known as Glacier Circle. This beautiful spot had first been used and named by H. C. Topham in 18901 who — with Emil Huber and Mr. Forster — first climbed Mt. Purity later that summer. Huber and Topham had struggled through the underbrush along Beaver River to reach Glacier Circle, and Huber later wrote, 'Never before had I been on a more beautiful camping place. At the foot of a few large rocks, shaded by gigantic spruce trees, we beheld before us a green glacier lake; to the right, the great ice-fall of Deville Glacier, and between two steep, lofty rock cliffs, keeping watch, as it were, we perceived the undulating, green prairie hills beyond the opening.'2

Wheeler described his view of Glacier Circle from the summit of Mt. Fox on 2 September 1902. 'Immediately to the east below lay Glacier Circle, and a glimpse could be caught of parklands dotted with spruce trees and sparkling green lakelets lying in the hollows. To the south, between Mts. Topham and Selwyn, the beautiful Deville glacier, fed by the white snow-swells of the névé above it, poured in fan-shaped terraces into the Circle. In rotation round the basin, the Fox Glacier and the glaciers overflowing from the Illecillewaet névé sent their several ice-falls, separated only by ragged rock ridges descending sharply downwards. A few fleecy clouds overhead were reflected in the green waters of the ponds and the spruce trees cut black shadows on the grassland. It looked an Arcadia, where might be seen flocks of mountain goats lazily browsing in perfect security from the inroads of the hunter. On either side of the portal rose Mts. Macoun and Topham, grim guardians of the sunlit peace within. The scene gave little inkling of its wilder, more turbulent and more frequent moods, when clouds of mist wrap it in a damp shroud, when avalanches roar day and night and all is grim and black and wet.

Through the opening, a peep was caught of the Beaver River winding in the dark blue depths of its valley; and beyond, of the plateaus of Bald Mountain and the brown steeps of the Dog Tooth range rising on the east side of the Spillimacheen River.'3

A simple log hut was constructed in Glacier Circle by the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1922, when mountaineering was in its heyday in the Selkirks. The Glacier Circle Hut was frequently used by guided parties in the twenties and thirties. The most famous of the great Swiss Selkirk guides were Christian Hasler and Edward Feuz, who were young men when pictured in Wheeler's monograph in 1905. Two of the high peaks on Mt. Dawson were named for Hasler and Feuz, and their names recur in the 'log' of climbs recorded below.

My memoir of Glacier Circle and its Hut dates back to 1955, when — as a sophomore medical student — I joined the HMC Climbing Camp led by Ted Scudder. We scrambled over many of the peaks in the Dawson, Bishop and Purity Groups. Dr. Scudder's record4 of this trip was published by the HMC in 1957. Putnam5 credited our group with first ascents of Mts. Vestal and Pristine. We also established new routes on Mts. Purity and Augustine, where we found a small aluminum disc left on the summit in 1909 by our only known predecessors: F. K. Butters, E. W. D. Holway and H. Palmer. Since this bit of metal had already survived the elements for 46 years we carefully constructed a cairn on the summit and left the disc within it, inside an empty food tin.

Our weather was generally excellent, but rainy days on 22-24 August provided enough time indoors to study and transcribe the remarkable record of previous visits and climbs, which had been carved, written and nailed on the logs inside the Glacier Circle Hut. Our group was tempted to add to this record, but after some debate we demurred, although we expected that others would later add their names and graffiti. Since this climbing 'log' is perishable, and some of it was already illegible in 1955, it is now transcribed in print before it is lost completely.

My commentary is based on data collected by William Putnam and recorded by him in A. Climber's Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia.6

The earliest inscription on the walls of the Hut is this simple record of a visit in the summer of 1922, when the Hut was newly built. Hasler also recorded here his visits for the next two years.

August 28 1924
Christian Hasler
June 20-25th 1923
August 1922
August 8 1924

A second record of the trip by Feuz and Hasler in June 1923, when they must have been the first visitors of the season.

Ernest Feuz June 20/25 1923
C. Hasler

The route which this party used to skirt the great Deville icefall was an important contribution to later climbing in the Dawson, Bishop and Purity Groups. As the Geikie and Donkin Glaciers receded, the southern peaks were easily approachable only from Glacier Circle and the 'crack at the side of Mount Topham.' The East Ridge of Selwyn was finally successfully climbed to the summit in 1935 (see below).

Lee Irvin Smith Aug. 28-Sept.4, 1924
E. Ridge of Selwyn Sept. 1st F. K. Butters
Christian Hasler
ascended twice to upper Deville by crack at side of Mt. Topham

This record of the first ascent of Mt. Fox's east ridge by P. R. Mclntyre and C. Hasler, Jr. is written with hammer and nail around the window.

Paul Mclntyre 8/8/24
1st Ascent
East Ridge
Mt. Fox
1925 was an active summer.
Hans Gierau, Switzerland
E. Feuz June 5-12
C. Hasler 1925
Anette E. Buck, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Frank N. Waterman, Summit, N. J.
C. Hasler. Aug. 15-19, 1925

Mt. Selwyn and Mt. Fox rise above the Glacier Circle Hut and were frequently climbed by guided parties.

Kaspar Fraser
Lois Fraser
C. Hasler
E. Feuz

Aug. 18-25, 1928
Selwyn
Fox

We are not told which peaks this group climbed. Several minor peaks are located along the ridge called Bishops Range, but the two highest peaks (Cyprian and Augustine) had first been climbed in 1908 and 1909 respectively. Either the 1908-9 climbs were unknown to this group, or they climbed unnamed peaks on this day in 1929. The latter is the more likely possibility, since Hasler would have been aware of previous climbs in the Selkirks. In addition, a traverse of both Cyprian and Augustine was apparently not recorded until Blair and Scudder's climb in 1949.

First ascent
Bishop's Range
Dr. Cora Johnstone Best
Audrey Ferfar Shipham
Christian Hasler - guide
Pete Bergenham - outfitter
First ascent — two peaks
August 25, 1929

A. Carpé had made several first ascents in the Cariboo Range, including Mt. Stanley Baldwin in 1924 and Mt. Sir John Abbott in 1927. But the weather in the Southern Selkirks was apparently unfavorable in 1933! Theirs was the first successful climb of Mt. Wheeler from Glacier Circle Hut, and established a new route.

Carpé
G. Engelhard
Sept. 9-16, 1933
Mt. Fox E. Ridge
Mt. Wheeler
D
Weather
Out Via Geike
Glacier and Asulkan Pass

A stormy August was recorded in 1935, when this group found a new route up Mt. Selwyn by the east ridge.

Marguerite Schnellenbacher
Polly Prescott
John Southard
Sterling Hendricks Aug. 6-12, 1935

Lower peak of Wheeler (10,250) Fog — from DeVille — Black col, 7 1/2 hr. Fox, E. Ridge (8 hr.) Descent by Fox Glacier & foot of E. Ridge. Selwyn, Hasler by E. Ridge, 7 1/2 hr. Descent by Fox Glacier, Fog & Snow. Peaks, 394 of Augustine (10,509) by rock rib from Deville — Bishop col in high wind & fog (7 1/2 hr) Fog generally formed at 11 a.m. above 9500 feet on ice field peaks.

The natural outlet from Glacier Circle passes between Mts. Topham on the south and Macoun on the north. The faces of both peaks rise sharply from the cabin, and appear formidable and exciting. Both peaks had previously been climbed, Macoun in 1902 from the Illecillewaet névé, and Topham in 1910 from the northeast. Feuz guided Miss G. Engelhard and E. Cromwell up new routes on both mountains, by direct ascent of the most prominent ridges as seen from Glacier Circle.

……..
Feuz
1937
Topham via E. and West
Descent Via . . . Face 3 Hrs
Macoun Via Face . . . 4 1/2 Hrs.
and Descent W. Face
2 Hrs.
Weather . . .
Several False Starts

A distinguished Harvard Professor and his equally distinguished wife, both noted Himalayan mountaineers and HMC advisors, followed the historic route up the Beaver River.

I. A. Richards A. C. 1941
Dorothy Polly Richards L.A.C. A.C.C.
In by Beaver Creek, Rained continually.
Aug. 22-31. Heavy snow slowed us.
A solo hiker here?
J. S. Martin Aug. 1943

The cliff which extends between Fox and Macoun at the south end of the Illecillewaet leaves little choice for descent into the Circle. The climber must descend a steep, tiring moraine at the side of the Mt. Fox or one only slightly less steep on the shoulder of Selwyn. It is perhaps surprising that more injuries haven't occurred when heavy packs are brought down the moraines.

A. J. Kauffman
Elizabeth Kauffman
…C. Furnas
Aug. 2-8, 1944
No climbs because Kauffman slightly injured in fall on way into Circle from Illecillewaet. Weather very unsettled.

This was the first known traverse of Selwyn, Häsler, Feuz and Michael Peaks. Dr. Sosman and Andy Kauffman are HMC members.

Andy Kauffman
Ruth Kauffman
Lee Sosman
Duke Watson
Hal Sievers
Aug 15-23, 1945
1st complete traverse
of Selwyn (E. Ridge), Hasler Feuz
and Michel Peaks to Donkin Pass.
Return via Bishops Glacier.
Also, all five members climbed E. Ridge Fox
7 hours.

Bad weather in this undated record produced more writing than climbing. Difficulty in finding the Glacier Circle Cabin has been confirmed by many others, including our own party in 1955. Most arrivals are after dark, following a hard days' hike on the Illecillewaet névé.

Came over Illecillewaet. Came down bowl in dead of night. Found cabin. God knows how.

Storms come up in 5 minutes. Lost for an hour. Break up going 5 minutes of them and misery. Too early in year. Snow on all mountains, covering all routes, Avalanches constantly Selwyn via E, Ridge. (Sneller, Kauffman and Fitzpatrick to 10500 feet then storm). Topham (W. Face) Furnas & Wilbur 2 feet of New Snow on Deville.

A partially preserved record of an early trip by the HMC . . .

. . .ard Mountaineering
. .... No. 1.
Biggen
Kennard
Callendar
Faxon

This is the first record of a climb of Mt. Kilpatrick based at Glacier Circle camp. The mountain was first climbed in 1909 via Asulkan and Donkin Passes. Not a difficult climb, it may have previously been climbed by others who climbed Mt. Wheeler, as we did in 1955. T. O. Nevison was a 1956 graduate of the Harvard Medical School, was an officer in HMC.

C. H. Bell '50
J. M. Smith 1950
S. Ornsteid 1950
Fox
Selwyn
Hasler
Kilpatrick
T. Nevison 1949
Hank Grunsham 47, 48

George J. Hill, II

Christian Häsler and Edward Feuz from Wheeler 1905

The Glacier Circle Hut 1955. George Hill

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Go East Young Man

Approximately 300 miles North-East of Montreal, in the province of Quebec, lies a region dominated by two geological patterns: deep glacier-carved valleys and the Saguenay River. Both of these areas contain — you guessed it — big walls. Beautiful walls. Granite and gabbro walls. Here as in Yosemite, most of the climbing is limited to the spring and fall seasons, but for a different reason. No burning heat here that drains the body and will, but instead, black flies. Small, but with a ravenous appetite. Thousands of them. They cover you like an extra layer of clothing. On a 700 foot slab route at St. Urbain, in the summer of 1970, my second implored me to hurry over the crux as he was about to be carried off by the little beasts!

Nine years ago, Jean Sylvain, Bernard Poisson, and Erwin Hodgson approached the most spectacular wall on the Saguenay river

— Cap Trinite — as climber-explorers. This river, 800 feet deep 30 feet from the wall, is also a fjord running into the St. Lawrence River and thence on to the Atlantic Ocean.

They were green then. They started a route climbing from a boat firmly attached to a piton by a short line. They were unaware of the tide. Two-hundred feet up, they looked down to see their boat hanging from the wall! They imagined the consequences had they started at low-tide . . .

A few years later, Jean, accompanied by Andre Robert and Pierre Vezina arrived better equipped and with a definite project to mind — to do a direttissima. It took many days, aid climbing most of the way. One night, trying to sleep in their hammocks, they heard the pitter-patter of small feet. A mouse came up to Jean, climbed over him, and on up the route . . . THEIR route! The little beggar was not even carrying any hardware.

Part of the route was filmed by the C.B.C. They missed the best part. Half an hour after the helicopter left, Jean took a ride through space. His second, drowsily gazing into the Saguenay, was taken by surprise. His hands were cut to the bone. He earned a rest.

Finally the climb was finished — La Directicime, 1000 feet straight up. Mission accomplished. Done with. Abandoned for the walls of the interior where the climbing is free and can be reached in 15 min. from the road.

La Malbaie, St. Simeon, St. Urbain — pine strewn valleys lined with 1000 foot walls! Some higher still. Mt. Jeremie, a

newly-discovered area: harder to reach but what slabs! Jean Sylvain and Andre Robert did a 2000 foot route. Dancing on granite waves. More rock than you know what to do with. Come one, come all into this wilderness area. Join the orgy of new routes. There is plenty for everyone.

Francois Garneau

TECHNICAL DESCRIPTION The mileages given below are those from the city of Quebec which is the jumping off point for the major climbing areas of eastern Quebec.

I Cap Trinite: 156 miles via St. Simeon; follow highway 15 to St. Simeon and then 16 to the village of Riviere Eternite. Six miles along a dirt road towards the Saguenay River brings one to Baie Eternite from where the Cap is most conveniently reached by boat.

Only three routes thus far, the first of which is unfinished:

1- La Grande Diagonale IV+

2- La Directicime V. A4. Length of climb about 1000 feet.

3- La voie des Allernands V. A1

II La Vallee de la Riviere Malbaie: 80 miles to Bale St. Paul on highway 15. Continue on 15 until sign indicating St-Aime-des-lacs is reached. Turn along this road up into the valley. There are several walls in this region, some of which are listed below. There is a hut put at the disposal of climbers by the Ministry of Lands and Forests of Quebec, Section of Conservation.

La Muraille: 111 miles. 1.5 miles long and over 1000 feet high. No routes.

Mt. Jeremie: Two hours walk from Cran des Erables (see below). Vertical drop 1500 feet. One route: La voie d'Elie — length of climb about 2000 feet.

Le Mont I'Equerre: 104 miles. One mile long and 1500 feet high. No routes.

Le Mont de I'Excluse: 102 miles. Vertical drop 2800 feet. Height of wall is about 700 feet. Access difficult. No routes.

Cran des Erables: 96 miles. One mile long and varying in height from 900-1200 feet. It can be reached from the road in 15 minutes. There are four routes thus far and the average time required is 10 hours:

1- La Voie des Courants d'air. V+

2- Diedre de la Vire Creuse. V+ (1200 feet.)

3- La phynance. IV+

4- La Revanche. V+

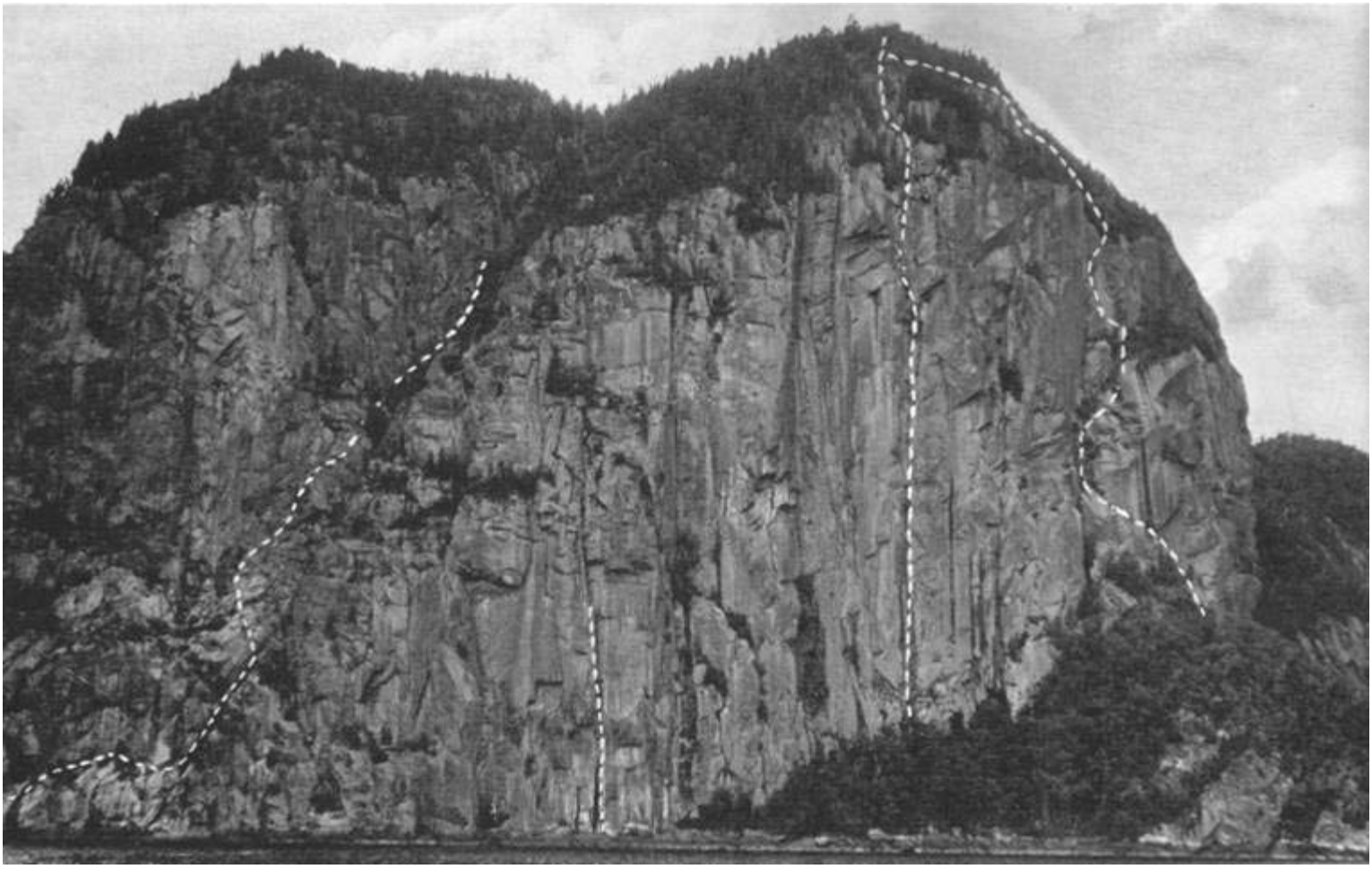
There is a fifth unfinished route: le Toit Oblique.

Ill St. Simeon. 120 miles; highway 15 to St. Simeon and then 6 miles along highway 16. This is the climbing center of the Club d'Escalade Laurentien and is serviced by a climbing hut.

Les Pallisades: There are over 40 routes of varying difficulty. The length of most of the climbs vary from 500 to 1000 feet.

St. Urbain: 80 miles via Baie St. Paul; highway 15 to Baie St. Paul and then north on highways 15 and 56 to one mile past the St. Urbain barrier of the Laurentide park.

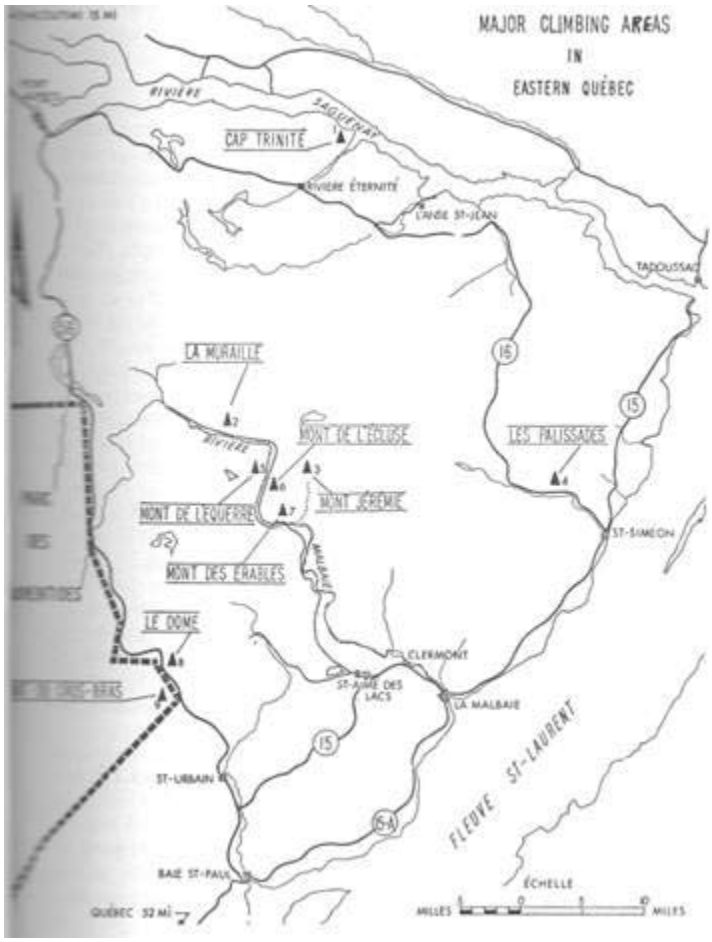
Cap Trinite on the Saguenay River; left to right: Le Grand Diedre, an unfinished route, La Directicime, La Voie des Allemands. Jean Sylvain



Jean Sylvain on La Vire Creuse, Cran ces Erables. Real Cloutier

Jean Sylvain on La Directicime des Anges. Allain Lavergne

Climbing areas in eastern Quebec. Jean Sylvain



Le Dome: The slabs on the right hand side of the road after passing the big wall on the left. One route so far: L'Initiation, IV, 700 feet long.

Le Mont du Gros Bras: The big wall on the left side of road after passing through the St. Urbain barrier of the Laurentide park. Height of wall is about 800 feet and can be reached after 10 minutes of bushwacking from the road. No completed routes thus far.

Jean Sylvain

On Planning Canada's Mountain National Park

In April of this year, public hearings will be held on the Provisional Master Plans for Banff, Jasper, Kootenay and Yoho National Parks. Proceedings of and decisions resulting from the hearings will be of vital interest to those concerned with the future use of the prime 8000 square miles of the Canadian Rockies.

Although the hearings are not intended to be a discussion forum for the exchange of ideas, they do offer a platform for stating and guaging public opinion. In opening this new channel of communication the National and Historic Parks Branch is moving in a very positive way to encourage more public involvement in the planning process.

The Alpine Club's reaction to the plans will be contained in a brief prepared by our rejuvenated Conservation Committee, which will comment on many of the details of the plans and will represent the members as a whole in its recommendations. My intention here is not to duplicate this effort but to present some arguments on the broader implications of the plan proposals, especially as they affect the future recreational use of the park wilderness areas.

It has been said that, although nature is the basis, man is the goal. We must first understand who it is we are planning for. It is possible to generally classify four types of people who use the western mountain parks. Trying to avoid moral judgement on their preferences they could be described as the tourist, the visitor, the wilderness traveller, and the option user.

The tourist usually arrives in the park as part of a package group tour. He stays in the finest available hotels and is typically escorted by tour bus to photograph the half dozen or so scenic highlights of the

Rockies. The closest he gets to nature is a round of golf at Jasper Park Lodge or a trip to the Luxton Museum. The tourist pays for and expects the comforts of home. He is quite well insulated from the mountains and the local inhabitants except for contrived 'events' of western color — hence the Banff Indian Days, the Jasper Rodeo, and the bagpipes at Chateau Lake Louise.

The second group is the auto sightseeing, trailer camping, visitor who has become, in terms of numbers, the most predominant of park users. With all the modern camping conveniences, the visitor is not exactly a Daniel Boone and he certainly does not visit the park to seek out wilderness as such. He does, however, like the image of unspoiled nature through a moving picture window, and is willing to drive to the edge of it in his 'travelling armchair'. He may even be willing to walk a mile or two on one of the trails around Lake Louise to experience a semblance of it. The visitor is dependent on a very extensive system of roads and campgrounds but finds these glimpses of the 'primeaval' insufficient — he also needs entertainment. Hence gondola lifts, a wax gallery, and snowmobile trails.

The third group consists of that growing segment of the population willing to exert great physical effort to seek out exceptional recreation experiences in the off-highway areas of the parks. He may be a mountaineer, backpacker, trail rider, ski tourer or canoer, but the common quest is active physical challenge and some sort of 'spiritual communion' with wild country. He demands little in the way of facilities but requires that large areas of undisturbed land be kept at a low use density. He identifies with Paul Shepard's comment that 'the spiritual effect of wilderness runs deeper than any other encounter in nature.'

There is no means of weighting or measuring the extent of the fourth type of user of the mountain parks. He is the distant vicarious user who doesn't actually enter the parks, but nevertheless values them as an 'option' — a reminder that in our consumer/corporate-oriented society we can still reserve vast areas of wildland that he or his children may someday visit.

A quick look at the mountain parks would convince anyone that the Park Service has devoted most of its efforts in the past to meeting the demands of the first two groups.

With this gross classification in mind, how do the provisional plans affect and provide for each group?

A glance at the plans will reveal that the tourist and the visitors will continue to be well provided for. Campground sites, for instance, will double to over 10,000 units. (Unfortunately much of the land preempted by campgrounds is also key valley floor winter wildlife range.) A new 25 million dollar village is to be built at Lake Louise which will eventually be as large as the existing Banff and Jasper townsites. But most significant are the plans for approximately 250 miles of new highway made in 13 road proposals. (This does not include the twinning of the Trans Canada Highway through Banff Park.) Adapting to technological change the Park Service also proposes to sponsor guided snowmobile tours in Kootenay Park.

To accommodate the extension of national park objectives a five part zoning scheme which allots over one-third of the total four park area for uses other than wilderness is put forward. It is interesting that this method of zoning follows the system formulated by the U.S. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation to fulfill recreational needs for the total American landscape. It is apparent that by presenting these major development proposals, and by introducing such a liberal zoning scheme, the Canadian conception of national parks is broadening considerably.

The third and fourth user groups, the wilderness travellers and option users will be distressed by the prospect of our mountain parks being progressively more developed to meet the insatiable demands of facility — dependent recreationists. Except for brief reference to the establishment of a 'Great Divide Trail' through the four parks, there is little consideration in the plans of the needs of the backcountry user. Indeed there are some hard questions to ask about the subdivision of the wilderness and the rationale behind the plans.

For instance, with the greatest abundance of the continent's best scenery already available to the motoring sightseer what justification can be given for the new roads? Would it not be more socially desireable to re-direct these funds into alternative projects such as acquiring new parks or paving the Alaska Highway? What of the basic question of whether or not there should be Class V 'intensive use areas' in National Parks at all? Why is there almost no mention in the documents of trail and shelter plans, and no consideration whatever of mountaineering, ski touring, and wild river canoeing in the parks? How is the long-distance wilderness trail envisioned as compatible with plans for highways in the same valleys?

In a larger sense, when the briefs are presented will it be evident whether the Canadian public has fully grasped the meaning and significance of a national park system? Or, in presenting such an array of development proposals, has the Park Service, acting in a sense as our professional agents, misread or mistaken true public opinion? Do the plans suggest that the National Parks by themselves can be depended upon to provide adequate wilderness areas for the future? In essence what do we want — national parks or regional playgrounds?

It is apparent that, to answer these questions, we must go beyond the plans and back to basic premises, for there can be no rational planning without clarity of goals. I would like to examine one of the basic premises of national park planning and suggest a possible solution.

Is the National Parks Act really a dual purpose act? Is there really a trade-off involved between use and preservation? Is use without impairment an irreconcilable objective? My answer is no. As I interpret it, the Act, is primarily a protective statute and provides only secondly for visiting; otherwise this visiting would be self-defeating. Similarly, protection without some visiting is also self-defeating. The key planning issue centres on how to avoid mass visits by controlling and distributing use. The only means to accomplish this and to preserve wilderness simultaneously is to restrict access to non-mechanised travel. With the control of access as the main tool of resource protection and visitor control, the second question becomes to whom and how will park use be limited?

In terms of regional park systems where a hierarchy of public and private recreation lands exist to meet a variety of demands, it is not undemocratic to say that all parks are not for all people. In fact, the real

democratic significance of the national parks may not be in providing access and accommodation to everyone everywhere, but in holding large undeveloped areas for those willing to make the effort to enter and explore them. Herein lies the failure of the provisional plans. Inasmuch as areas of preserved wilderness are already in short supply, the prime function of most of the area of the western mountain parks must be the preservation of the Rocky Mountain landscape. This is primarily a wilderness landscape and should be presented to future generations as such. All remaining wilderness land in the parks should be left undistrubed with physical ability being the selective filter that will limit use. There should be no further compromises leading to the extension of tourist-oriented and visitor-attracting facilities outside those areas of the parks that are already urbanised. Based on this criteria the plans should be re-evaluated to acknowledge only two complementary zones — the man-dominant developed areas and wilderness.

If physical condition becomes the means of governing park use, 'it is clear', as Garrett Hardin has said, 'that many of our national parks . . . should be forever closed to people on crutches, to small children, to fat people, to people with heart conditions, and to old people in their usual state of physical disrepair. On the basis of their lack of (physical) merit, such people . . . should give up all claim of right to the wilderness experience.

This statement may sound callous, but if our society values wilderness in the total landscape fabric, and wishes to ensure the rights of minorities, we must admit that the best chance for the preservation of wilderness is in the national parks. It is a sufficient argument that the remaining 98 per cent of the country is available for other uses.

To conclude: from the standpoint of the backcountry traveller, the western mountain parks are already oversaturated with inconsistent developments and uses. It is time to consolidate, legislatively define, and ecologically manage all the wilderness that remains. Otherwise we will see the national parks dissolve into playgrounds for mass use. Fortunately the master plans are labelled 'provisional', and the Park Service has acknowledged that public input will indeed result in changes. Wilderness preservationists must press for major policy re-directions, based on more long term comprehensive studies and oriented more to backcountry projects such as the Great Divide Trail and a shelter system. Mountaineers everywhere are urged to follow the results of the hearings with a critical eye, and to offer support to the Alpine Club's Conservation Committee in re-establishing an active voice in the development of the national parks.

James W. Thorsell

Garrett Hardin, "We Must Earn for Ourselves What We Have Inherited", in *Wilderness The Edge of Knowledge*, ed. M.E. McCloskey, Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1970

Paul Shepard, Man in the Landscape. Knopf. New York, 1967.

James Thorsell, *Provisional Trail Guide and Map for the Proposed Great Divide Trail,* available for 50¢ from the National and Provincial Parks Association. 43 Victoria Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunset Pass, on the route of the Great Divide Trail, Banff National Park. Jim Thorsell

Nepal

Nepalassitude

In the last few years, North American tourists of various shapes and degrees of unfitness have descended upon the kingdom of Nepal in numbers approaching plague level. They arrive in shipments running from individual wanderers and stray hippies through serious expeditions to bulky commercial cattle-drives in which we cows are, happily, still sacred. This influx has made food scarce in some areas and has driven up prices considerably; in fact hashish is now one full rupee (10¢) per gram.!

Although there is an intricate maze of trails in Nepal, North Americans have dominantly confined their energies to three treks, namely from Pokhara up the Kali Gandaki River, and to Langtang and Everest basecamps from Kathmandu. Canadians have shown a remarkable lack of imagination in Nepal travels, but have been sufficiently numerous on these three tourist routes that the regions have become a drag on the talk-and-slide-show circuit here. In fact, one hell of a lot of Canadians have now done their thing in friendly Nepal, and the only reason that their feats have not been recorded more prominently in climbing journals is that they have not accomplished much worth recording. To this rapidly growing list of aesthetic mountaineering zeroes, I wish to assign one more expedition.

Well, actually we did get one possible first ascent over 20,000 feet between the Kali and Hidden Valleys, and would have had another except that the Japanese were one day ahead of us. There were also some climbs north of the Annapurna Barrier and Tilicho Lk., but someone and his wife had wandered over these before. Sort of high-altitude schlock. Three of us also crossed between Dhaulagiri I and II and descended the Myangdi Khola, which is a most unusual departure from the usual Kali circuit; but no innovation either, and by no means recommended to future parties (that's a rough damn valley).

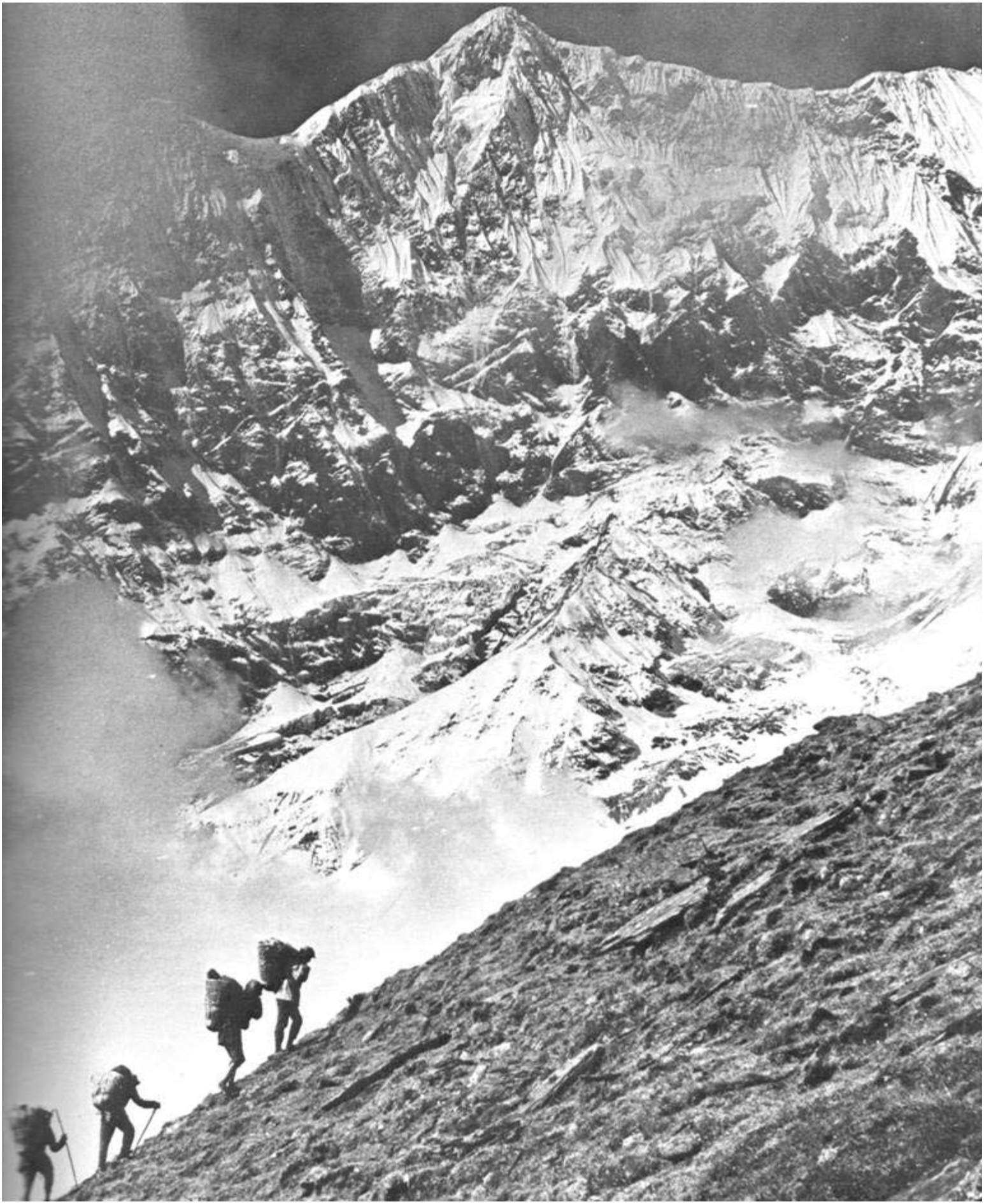
Besides proving that a group of mainly committed climbers could spend 40 days in the Himalaya and enjoy themselves without climbing anything serious, I think that the most interesting aspect of our trip was its organization. We shipped nothing ahead, buying all our food in Kathmandu or on the trail, and some of our technical equipment as well. This allowed us (9 sahibs) to run the entire 40 day trip from Kathmandu (26 porters, 3 sherpas, and food) for only $150 each. Very cheap for such queen-bee luxury. This organization we owe to the efforts and experience of Ray Jewell and Frank Daenzer who had been working on the problem for some weeks in Kathmandu before the rest of us arrived bug-eyed on the scene.

To others hoping to do this sort of thing, I'd advise at least 2-3 weeks to collect goods, papers and a crew. Wherever there is a choice between Indian and Chinese goods, always buy Chinese. Any freeze-dried foods must be imported, but to a reasonable altitude it is cheaper to get canned food or other local stuff and hire a few more porters. Indian canned meat, incidentally, is a disaster.

Our trek team included, beside Daenzer and Jewell, three medical doctors and

Nepalese bridge. Dick Culbert

Porters with Little Tukche beyond. Barry Hagen



their wives (the Sarnquists, the Hagens, and the Liebowitzes), the Hagens and I representing the one third Canadian content. As for doings, we first did the Kali tourist route, and then followed the crowds to Tilicho Lk. north of Annapurna Barrier. Very impressive. The unclimbed (and illegal) Tilicho Pk. was especially impressive. Feats from this camp included two minor summits (one thought to be a first — it wasn't) and a more spectacular production by Frank Daenzer, who was forced to bivouac in a rather ugly blizzard at 18,000 feet without a down jacket. The rest of the party spent that night watching ice feathers build on the tent walls and discussing suitable obituaries, but Frank turned up smiling if a bit sheepish at dawn.

Then it was off to Hidden Valley north of Dhaulagiri on the other (western) side of the Kali. Here we split, with Frank, Ray and I descending Hidden to do some climbs there, and the doctors, wives and sherpas doing Little Tukche Pk. next to Dhampus Pass, before retreating with our ever-smiling Tibetan porters to spend the remainder of the time on the Kali-Pokhara circuit.

We meanwhile crossed French Col, passed between Dhaulagiri I and II, and descended the Myangdi Khola to the Kali River at Beni. This was seven days hard packing from Hidden Valley and included some wild scenery, wild trails, and another spectacular by Frank who poisoned himself on what we thought was a wild cucumber. (Like, we were out of food and there were these things growing on vines — mine tasted fine, but Frank's — Wow!)

In retrospect we all agreed it had been a grand slam trek and Nepal was definitely the place for doing your thing, and those of us whose thing was mountains decided for sure that next time we'd get around to doing one.

Dick Culbert

Last March to Beni

With naif the Milky Way sprawled bare, we woke
Still stiff from chaffing packs, dry mouthed And clammy with the dew.
Coaxed a rapid tea to wash the small potatoes down
Then through the first grey smear of Himalayan dawn
Began our final march.
Upon the flood of day we reached Debang
And caught the haze of breakfast fires, with school boys
Trying out phrases from their English texts, then on
Bruised feet and heavy loads
Along the stoney, dung-strewn river trail.
Ten ragged days of packing now behind — high passes,
Ice, then yak trails on a canyon face.
And now a quiet land, but pressing — two days late for rendezvous
Two whole damn days.
Behind our heavy loads there followed heavy thoughts
Of worried friends .... but they would wait!
Two days they'd wait at least, we'd told ourselves
But three?
And so this march — one day to Beni, one last push.
And with the sun there swept the tropic heat,
Then thirst;
We must have crossed a hundred taunting streams
And wet our hair and licked dry lips
But knew the taste of dysentry too well, and then the fruits
In colored orbs and strange soft shapes up through trail-side trees
Or vines on garden walls.
Still vivid from two days before, the form of Frank
Sprawled in a village square, ringed by staring kids
Clay-white from shock, and dark with grateful flies,
Poisoned, curled in pain, there throwing up his guts
Upon the dirt, and shivering in the noonday heat.
We left the fruits alone.
For lunch there'd be potatoes, eaten whole
With eggs poached in the milk of buffalo:
And so it was, then on into the searing afternoon.
We passed one expedition, Japanese;
A file of fifty porters laughing in their tump-lines
Feet bare, and canvas to their canvas backs
While packboard frames stuck somewhere out behind.
Next past their sherpas, high on rackshi, coming down
From seven weeks of ice, and rich at that.
Out front the sahibs, packed in little groups, decked out
In cameras, and their radios,
Locked in sweet-come-sour thoughts of going home without success
Or accident, or climax — none!
Thank hell we'd set no published goal.
But now the heat and pain were something very real
And personal — with each man half withdrawn to have his back against a wall;
The fields were harvest gold, the houses
Thinas of fairv tales, with ripple marks
And fossils in the rough stone walls — no time
On tunnel vision down the rocky path
All sweat and rags and Frank with tendonitis
Pulling up a foot upon a string each step
To save his ankle flexing — scarecrow downwards
Through the late November gold.
And why not porters?
Half a dozen must have offered — seen our sweat
And stopped to ask us by the trail — but no!
We could not drive a coolie as we drove ourselves, ...
We'd said .....
And yet we could — this one last day at least;
Nor for a hundred porter's pay
Would we have undertaken such a task ourselves.
It's deeper then:
This thing, this trek — ten days of canyons, snow, and sketchy trails,
Ten days commitment to a game, and we
Would finish by our rules — yes, and something else,
Any story, dream — experience — can hardly taste a whole
Cannot breathe deeply, lacking some clear peak,
Some time of urgency or action,
Risk perhaps, or trial by doubt
And sweat enough to be a part of things.
Somehow below the conscious point, this day rung true.
A dozen small shale hamlets — crowded

cysts
Athwart the trail — one street
Just festering with kids,
Eyes clustered in dark doorways, smells;
A stream to cross perhaps, then in we'd stride
And 'Nameste', and 'Nameste', and 'Nameste', and 'Nameste'
And out into the harvest fields again
And on, and on, each in his shell
Each locked in games to shrink the day,
To make his world less real.
Quite suddenly the end.
A final canyon opens on a valley floor,
And Beni — so long a word alone
Unwinds its squalid streets, then laughter
With the calls of friends;
Our porters next — Tibetan-leather faces cracked
In child-like smiles — they must have worried too;
They take our heavy loads and walk before,
Bow-legged toward oblivion.
And with a night of rest how much remains?
The pain, the toil — these memories quickly leak away
Into a common pool that grounds the mountain code.
The game we shall recall in style and outline
Drawing there some spark in calmer days;
Some tidbits from the countryside perhaps, rag-families
Threshing grain by hand, an urchin with a bamboo switch
Driving a dung-caked god across steep slopes;
Oh yes, and then the Kola, green still
From silt of ice-fed streams, still nervous
From the canyons of its birth
There stumbling down a slow, blind, aimless course
Across its last wide valley, golden
With the harvest time.

Dick Culbert

The Langtang Himal

An A.C.C. camp in a Yak pasture? 130 men carrying supplies, camp equipment and even climbers? 18,000 foot peaks completely dwarfed by their neighbours on all sides? Where else but in that mountaineers' Mecca that sits astride the backbone of the world, the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal.

The idea of an Alpine Club of Canada trip to the Himalayas had been germinating for some time, and eventually it was decided to visit the Langtang area of Nepal in October and November of 1970. In order that members with various interests could be accommodated, it was planned to divide the group into two parties, one designated as a trekking party and the other as a climbing party, each to consist of about 15 persons.

One of the advantages of arranging a trip to Nepal was the presence in Kathmandu of Colonel Jimmy Roberts. This veteran of many Himalayan expeditions operates an outfitting service called Mountain Travel, and all of the Nepalese arrangements were made through him. This greatly reduced the work of the trip organizers and ensured us of expert organization of the logistics of the Expedition. Travel to and from Nepal was arranged through Mountain Travel U.S.A. of Berkeley, California, which further reduced the efforts of the organizers.

Although the trip was planned to extend over five weeks, and despite the considerable price tag, there were more applications than there were places available. It was arranged that there would be a doctor with each group, Mike Penn with the trekking group and Cec Couves with the climbing group. The leader of the trekkers was Roger Neave while the climbers had Dick Thomson as general leader with Scipio Merler being in charge of climbing.

The party left from Vancouver on October 23, 1970. The route went by Anchorage, Alaska, where we had fine views of the coastal mountains, snowclad to their feet, in the late afternoon sun. Despite some haze in the distance, Mt. McKinley and the Alaska Range were clearly visible. Westward from Anchorage the plane flew over the snow covered mountains of Southwestern Alaska, some with distinctive volcanic shapes. It was a revelation to most of us to see the extent of the Alaskan mountains.

After brief stops in Tokyo, Bangkok, and Calcutta, we winged our way northwards towards Nepal. For several hundred miles the Ganges Plain unfolded below us, flat brown and featureless, covered with a blue heat haze. Gradually there arose on the horizon above the haze an irregular line of white. As we flew on this line developed into far distant mountain tops, and we had our first view of the high Himalayas. The view was short lived, since the early afternoon cloud welled up as we crossed the southern foothills and began our descent into the Kathmandu valley, and we had to wait several days for our next look at the peaks.

Kathmandu was an adventure in itself. It is an ancient city situated in a broad valley lying between the lesser foot hills to the south and the main foot hills of the Himalayas to the north. Until just 20 years ago it was virtually unknown to foreigners, since tourism was not allowed and communications were extremely primitive. This isolation was probably a major factor in the charm of Kathmandu and for that matter of the whole of Nepal. The architecture is distinctive and very fine. The people, a mixture of Indians from the south and Mongolians from the north, are resourceful, hospitable, friendly and honest. Strangers are treated courteously and casually, much as the Nepalese treat one another. We found no trace of hostility, or of the tendency found elsewhere to take advantage of foreign tourists.

Prior to setting out on the trek, we had a day and a half in and around Kathmandu. We were staying at an hotel which had previously been the palace of an aristocratic family, and were within 15 minutes walking distance of the centre of the city. More distant points of interests such as the university, suburban villages and ancient and interesting temples were accessible in taxis or on bicycles, which were available nearby for 300 a day. Quite a number of members of the party reverted to their childhood and were seen madly pedaling bicycles up and down the local streets.

We assembled early the next morning at the hotel, and were loaded into a convoy of four-wheel drive vehicles of British and Russian manufacture. These took us northwesterly out of the Kathmandu valley on a road built only a few years ago to service a hydroelectric installation. The road quickly rose from the city (altitude 4500 feet) into the nearer foot hills and then wound higher and higher to a pass at 6500 feet. The route lay along steep hillsides which had been fashioned into terraces for the growing of crops. These terraces

were a feature of the mountain landscape for many days, and must have represented many millions of man hours of labour. A number of interesting villages were passed along the way, and as we came over the rises in the road we had fine views to the north of the Ganesh Himal, the range lying immediately to the west of the Langtang Himal.

From the heights, the road wound down again to the Valley of the Trisuli River (altitude 1700 feet). It was very narrow and winding since it had been built to give very easy gradients, so the trip of 45 miles took 3 1/2 or 4 hours, which is faster than most land transport in Nepal, though not much. This is a country of very few roads and transport is geared to carrying everything on the backs of men and women. Pack animals are almost unknown, in fact we saw only a very few in the Kathmandu Valley and none whatever in the mountains.

At the end of the road we met our sherpas and porters. All of our equipment and food was to be carried on the backs of porters, most of whom were hired locally but some of whom were sherpas from the Solo Khumbu area of Eastern Nepal. Each of the parties had a chief sherpa, a Sirdar, whose responsibility it was to organize the staff. Each sirdar had two deputies who ranked just behind the cook in importance. Then there was a personal sherpa for each two members of the party, who carried personal baggage, set up tents and was assigned generally to look after the comfort of his particular sahib. In addition there were a number of kitchen helpers and others who looked after the camp, including quite a number of sherpanis (female sherpas).

This retinue of porters, sherpas and others which met us at the end of the road numbered in excess of 130. The average load for the porters was 80 pounds, which they carried in large wicker baskets slung from their foreheads on a tump-line. A little arithmetic will indicate the quantity of material being transported! As the food was consumed, the local porters were laid off to return to their homes and the overall size of the party diminished as the days went by.

THE CLIMBING PARTY

After 3 or 4 days we began to have fine views of the Langtang Himal. The chief peak, Langtang Lirung (23,771 feet) stood immediately north of the Langtang Valley and was flanked on the left and right by other fine peaks. This mountain has never been climbed although there have been several attempts, but it was not one of our objectives. We spent a day traversing the Langtang Valley, passing Langtang Village (11,520 feet) which is the chief settlement of the area. There had been rumours that the village had such amenities as a post office and a radio, neither of which turned out to be correct.

There was always a considerable delay as we passed through a village, since the sherpas and porters would patronize the local pub where they purchased chang, a sort of beer. There were various other fermented beverages available and some members of the party tried these with no apparent ill effects.

We pressed on past Langtang Village and made camp in a field beside a cheese factory. Nearby was Kyangjin gompa, which crouched in a pocket in the rock beneath the backdrop of an enormous ice-fall coming down off the 20,000 foot peaks to the north. By this time we were in the midst of the mountains with very fine snowcapped peaks standing around in all directions.

The initial plan had been to strike off from Kyangjin gompa to a nearby plateau named Yala at about 16,000 feet from where a number of climbs were possible. However, it was decided to press on farther up the valley to the highest camp site below the snout of the Langtang Glacier and to camp in a summer pasture named Langsissa ('Dead Yak') at 13,300 ft. By the time we arrived we were running into some difficulty. A number of persons had been affected by the unaccustomed food and by the altitude and were feeling not at all well. One member of the party was seriously ill with a combination of bronchitis, pneumonia and a touch of pulmonary aedoema coupled with altitude sickness and severe intestinal upset. A number of other people had completely lost their energy and were not interested in even the most limited climbing.

Hoping that these difficulties would be solved by acclimatization, two days were spent at the Langsissa camp. One or two limited recces were made, but when medical conditions did not improve it was determined to retreat to a camp site about 1000 feet lower and a few miles back down the valley. In any event the recces had indicated that the climbing opportunities for a party such as ours were quite limited. The mountains all around the Langsissa camp site were very large and looked as if they might be climbable. However, the peaks all appeared to be over 20,000 feet and heavily glaciated, and any one would have been a major expedition in itself. It was distinctly frustrating to be amongst such magnificent mountains and yet feel that we were unable to attempt any.

While the climbing party was resting at the Langsissa camp, the trekking group, whom we had not seen since the first day, caught up. The trekkers were not suffering the same ailments as the climbers and on the whole were quite fit.

The retreat down the valley had its problems. The sick man had to be carried on the backs of the sherpas, and there were at least two other members of the party who were not able to make the return trip without assistance. The reduction in altitude of about 1000 feet had the desired effect and the ailing members of the party began to improve. However, it was determined that the member who had been very sick could not manage either to walk back down the valley or to continue on with either of the groups, so it was decided that a helicopter should be called for. Since there was no radio communication in the Langtang Valley, this necessitated sending a sherpa back down the trail for a two or three day march to the nearest radio telephone.

At this stage the trekking party came by on its way down from Langsissa and after consultation four members of the climbing party who had not been well joined the trekking since there was some concern that with camps at higher altitudes their condition might not clear up.

The climbing party was faced with a dilemma. The sick man was too ill to be left without the doctor. On the other hand, it was felt that the presence of a doctor was necessary at a high climbing camp. The only solution was for the whole party to wait at the lower camp (which was beside a primitive airfield) until the aircraft came.

The arrival of the helicopter on the morning of the fourth day was most

The Kali Gandaki Gorge. Rena Hagen

welcome. By this time our invalid was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk to the aircraft and we later heard that upon his evacuation to Kathmandu he very quickly recovered and apparently suffered no permanent ill-effects. As soon as the helicopter departed the camp was struck and we followed paths up out of the valley to the area of Yala which had been previously by-passed.

Camp was set upon a plateau at about 16,000 feet. The sun set quite early in the afternoon behind a ridge to the west, but this was soon compensated for by the rising of the full moon, which cast an eerie and ghostly light on the ring of enormous mountains standing all around the camp. The sherpas, who had been in the area before, pointed out a couple of mountains which were climbable from the Yala camp, and it was determined to attempt Yala Peak (17,800 feet) the next day. A peak of this altitude would be a major mountain in Canada, but here it was no more than a slight bump in the landscape when viewed from the camp site in the rays of the setting sun.

At 7:00 a.m. the nine remaining members of the climbing party and four sherpas set out for the mountain. After an initial walk over moraines and scree for a couple of hours we reached an ice cliff at the bottom of the Yala Glacier. Here we put on crampons and roped up for an initial scramble up the lower face of the ice fall and then up steep hard snow on the south face of the mountain. It was a climb entirely without technical difficulty, but the unaccustomed altitude made for slow going. There was a considerable bergshrund just below the peak, but this was crossed on a good solid snow bridge. An interesting summit ridge with the snow falling off quite steeply on either side, and the peak was reached at approximately 11:30 a.m. Lunch was enjoyed on a rock ledge just below the peak and the return to camp was accomplished by mid-afternoon without difficulty. It was remarkable that one of the sherpas was sick as we finished the climb, as they were generally very well acclimatized and extremely tough and hardy at high attitudes. A number of our party suffered headaches and other symptoms of altitude sickness, but the whole group managed to complete the climb successfully.

The following day was taken by most as a rest day but Scipio Merler and Jane Coble with two sherpas made a successful climb of another of the nearby peaks, Kynagjin-Ri (18,800 feet). They left the camp at 6:00 a.m., and followed the first part of the route of the previous day past the lower ice fall, then proceeding west up the glacier until they were directly under the south face. This was very steep and corniced. In view of this, they started up on one of the flutes leading to a rock buttress east of the peak. Climbing was good on very steep ice, all on the front points of crampons with ice axe in one hand and ice screw in the other.

At the base of the rock buttress, they turned straight up for three leads on badly weathered granite, and then followed the rocky ridge until the west flank of the buttress met the snow ridge leading to the summit.

This ridge consisted of a knife-edge with 2 1/2 feet of powder snow and footing equivalent to walking on roller bearings. The north face of the ridge was particularly loose and the party set off a considerable avalanche as they swam along the ridge to the final steep ice pitch leading to the summit. Snow conditions made it impossible to follow the ridge to the summit so they traversed on the south face, and climbed straight up the face for one rope's length to the summit, where they arrived at 11:30 a.m.

The peak is at the point of intersection of the east, west and north ridges, coming up at an angle of 65 degrees. The party descended to the junction of the snow and rock ridge where they had lunch. After lunch they placed a rappel picket, joined two 150 foot ropes and rappelled down. From the bottom of the rappell the party split into two ropes of two and on continuous belay climbed down the rest of the face. They managed to find a spot where they could slide across the bergshrund and then onto the lower glacier and back down to camp about 4:30 p. m.

There had been a number of other climbing prospects in the vicinity of the Yala camp but upon investigation it was decided that these were too far away and too difficult for the party. It was therefore decided to head for the area on the south side of the valley in the vicinity of the pass, Ganja La. We descended to the familiar camp by the airfield, and the following day

Climbing on North Peak, Dhaulagiri beyond. Barry Hagen

crossed the Langtang River on a crude log bridge and set out through the birch forest on the lower slopes of the Ganja La. Camp was pitched on a bench at about 16,000 feet with magnificent views to the north over the Yala area and to the circle of huge peaks standing along the easterly side of the Langtang Glacier. In the distance to the north rose a chain of enormous mountains capped by Shisha Pangma or Gosainthan (8015 meters) lying well inside the borders of Tibet. This was another camp where the firewood had to be brought up on the backs of the porters and the resulting camp fire was very welcome in this high and exposed place. We had no thermometer but reckoned that the temperature was not far above zero Fahrenheit. Waterbottles froze quite solid inside our tents although we were very comfortable in our sleeping-bags. The nearly full moon rose about 8:00 p.m. and the panorama of valleys, glaciers and enormous snow-clad peaks was truly magnificent in the soft light.

In the morning the final ascent of the Ganja La commenced. There had been a considerable fall of new snow and the footing was quite uncertain. This caused the heavily laden porters much difficulty, particularly so in the last traverse to the top of the pass where the sherpas put in a couple of fixed ropes for greater security. The pass (16,805 feet) was reached at lunch time, and after resting and enjoying the view to the north east for the last time, we descended steep scree (on the south side of the pass completely clear of snow) to a broad flat glacier below. A traverse of this glacier brought us to a series of moraines where camp was pitched on a dry lake bed. There was no vegetation of any sort, only enormous jumbled moraines of glaciers since departed.

A number of possible climbs were reconnoitred and it was decided that the most feasible appeared to be a valley running to the west which was bordered by a number of small but interesting looking peaks. The line of large peaks on the south side of the Langtang Valley (by now these lay to the north of us) looked extremely difficult from this direction.

The next day, November 17, six members of the climbing party plus four sherpas set out at approximately 6:30 a.m. The first two hours were spent in walking along a steep moraine to the base of the glacier

below the amphitheatre of peaks. The route then went on to the glacier and up through an easy ice-fall followed by one which was considerably more complicated and tricky. We then crossed the glacier to the base of the south east face. Here outcrops of rock and scree made the party remove their crampons. Back into crampons for the ascent of some steep ice in the gully below the south west ridge, which was exhausting making progress slow. The summit (18,600 feet) of crusty snow was reached about 11:30 a.m. The return to camp was by the same route and without incident.

The following day Scipio Merler and Jane Coble with one sherpa set out to climb a further peak (17,800 feet) in the same area. They retraced their steps of the previous day until they reached the flat glacier which they crossed in an easterly direction until they came to a ridge leading to their peak. Snow conditions were a bit difficult and the ridge proved tricky, so they moved out into the south east face, which they climbed to the peak, reaching the top about 11:00 a.m.

While this climb was under way, the rest of the party had broken camp and had proceeded a few miles down the valley towards the south. The next day we started the return journey to Kathmandu.

Dick Thomson

The Trekking Party

After the first day's march, the climbing party went on ahead of the trekkers, and we did not see them again until reaching the head of the Langtang Valley.

The trail up the Trisuli Valley is an old trade route into Tibet. In many places the slopes are extremely precipitous, and the trail is often high above the river. The scenery is very fine, with many streams and waterfalls tumbling down rocky gorges or over cliffs, luxuriant vegetation and intriguing glimpses of snow-covered peaks at the head of the valley on the Tibetan border. In the upper part of the Trisuli, Langtang Lirung (23,777) dominated the scenery. Three expeditions to climb this magnificent peak have all failed to reach the summit. Our Sherpa Sirdar, Pasang Kami, was on one of these expeditions and gave a first-hand account of some of the difficulties experienced.

By lunch time on the fourth day we reached the village of Syabrubensi at the junction of the Langtang Kola with the main river. As we ate our lunch the villagers turned out in force to sell us their handicrafts — woven belts, wooden and silver bowls, wood carvings, etc. The pretty Tibetan girls with their lovely smiles did not need to know our language to make sales!

The Langtang Kola was crossed on a very fine suspension bridge, and the route continued up the main valley for half an hour, then climbed steeply for 3500 feet to enter the Langtang over a shoulder high above the river! A long gradual descent, partly through a deliciously cool forest of immense trees (conifers, holly and maple) brought us to the Langtang torrent, beside which the trail continued upwards to our first 10,000 foot camp near Ghora Tabela.

There the forest gives way to low bushes and open yak pastures. Passing through Langtang Village, Pasang bought a lamb, which was led along on a leash to our next camp at Kyangjin Gompa. Next day we had lamb stew for supper. The Gompa is at 12,500 feet and arriving there in a chilly wind forced all but the hardy to make a quick change from shorts and light clothes to something much warmer. The Kyangjin cheese factory was not in operation, as the yak and cattle had mostly been driven lower down the valley for the winter. Since some of the party were feeling minor effects from the altitude, and more were suffering from diarrhea, a rest day was decided on at the Gompa before pushing on to Langsissa, another 1000 feet higher at the head of the valley.

The monk at the Gompa (temple) was prevailed upon to show us the inside of the building, but first each one had to turn a prayer wheel while following the monk in a chanted prayer. There were no windows, and the couple of candles that were lighted did not give enough illumination to do justice to the beautiful murals on the walls and ceiling, the intricately carved beams, the bronze Buddhas and the many ornaments around the altar. As we approached this altar the monk poured holy water in our hands and indicated that we were to drink it. We hoped that its 'holiness' would be an effective substitute for sterilization!

Some of the party turned the rest day into a busman's holiday by climbing a prominent rock point about 1500 feet above camp. Edelweiss was growing in great profusion on the mountain side, and a small blue gentian added a touch of colour to the otherwise brown winter vegetation.

On arrival at Langsissa we found that the climbing party were having problems. One person was very ill, and four others were sufficiently under the weather to put serious climbing out of the picture for them. After much discussion, and consultation with our Sherpas it was decided that the four would be transferred from the climbing party to the trekking party, together with a couple of Sherpas and some additional porters. The seriously ill person would be evacuated as soon as possible, and a runner was sent out for a helicopter.

Langsissa is a most impressive spot. Three large glaciers pour into the head of the Langtang Valley at this point from the panorama of surrounding peaks, which are 21,000 to 23,000 feet in elevation. The higher ones rise 10,000 feet above the valley floor in stupendous cliffs plastered with hanging glaciers or rising in beautifully fluted ridges to spectacular summits. And, down the valley, Langtang Lirung towers in solitary magnificence.

The trekking party left Langsissa and backtracked down the valley to below Ghora Tabela, where an old log bridge crosses the raging torrent of the Langtang River. It is of the cantilever type, which is common in this area, and the logs were so rotten in appearance that even the porters treated it with respect and crossed it cautiously one at a time. This same morning some of the porters were quite slow and far from their usual happy selves. Pasang informed us that this was due to imbibing too much 'chang' at Langtang Village the night before.

After crossing the river, the trail became much more rudimentary as it plunged into exotic rain forests of immense conifers, birches, holly, rhododendron and maple. Many of the trees were festooned with lichen, moss, ferns and orchids, while below were bamboo thickets, ivy and many other types of smaller vegetation. The trail twisted and turned through the giant trees, around huge boulders, across steep dry stream beds and rock slides beside the tumbling Langtang River. Finally we started the long steep climb out of the valley to the Chadang yak

pastures 4000 feet above. But dusk caught us while we were still in dense forest on a steep mountainside. Nothing daunted our resourceful Sherpas, with nothing more than a couple of iceaxes, their kukris and their hands, proceeded to hack out platforms, set up tents, and in short order made a camp and cooked supper for 75 persons!

Once above the tree line the country became increasingly wild and rocky, with magnificent views of the Himalayas to the west; the Garnish Himal, Manaslu, Peak 29, and still further to the west, Annapurna. After topping a ridge of nearly 15,000 feet, we suddenly looked down on the beautifully blue holy lakes of Gosainkund. In summer time this is a busy spot, with pilgrims coming from as far away as India. Now it was completely deserted, except for the Sherpas starting to set up the tents.

Above the lakes was Laurabina Pass (15,121 feet) desolate and rocky, except for patches of snow here and there. By now the party was well acclimatized and crossing this high pass caused no problems. A long gradual descent of 4500 feet on the other side, followed by a climb of 1000 feet brought us to the yak pastures of Thare Pati high on a ridge, with tremendous views of the Himalayan range, both to the west and to the east. Though we arrived here in the late morning, Pasang suggested staying for the night, as it was a spectacular location, and wood and water were readily available. We agreed with pleasure, and were rewarded that evening with an especially magnificent sunset on the mountains.

The normal daily routine consisted of call at 6:00 a.m. with the Sherpas providing the luxury of warm water for washing! We packed our personal belongings, and while having breakfast, the Sherpas took down the tents and made up loads for the porters. They were most efficient and well organized in this operation, and the whole party would be ready to move by 7:00. At 10:30 - 11:00 there would be an hour's halt for lunch, then on to the next campsite, usually reached by three or four o'clock. As it gets dark by six, the nights were rather long. When wood was available we would have a camp fire and occasionally stayed up to the late hour of nine o'clock! One night around the camp fire we tried chang — the local beer. It was not very palatable, and when we heard how it was made it became much less so. It seems the native women chew various roots or other raw materials, then spit them out, add water, and allow fermentation to take place. Alcohol is said to be a good antiseptic, and we hoped that this was true!

The long descent of Rhododendron Hill was through some of the best stands of rhododendron we had yet seen. Some of the largest trees had trunks three to four feet in diameter. Unfortunately at this time of the year none of them were in flower. An incident of interest on the way down was watching a troop of langur monkeys swinging around in the trees. They were large handsome animals covered with long white hair and contrasting black faces. The Malamchi Kola was bridged with typical Himalayan economy — three long slender logs, with no handrails, twenty feet above a raging torrent. The heavily loaded porters had to be helped across by the Sherpas, and a few of the trekkers got down on hands and knees and crawled across, despite the jeers of the spectators.

A fine campsite on a high ridge above the village of Tarke Ghyang warranted an extra day's stopover. Having sampled chang without serious results, we thought we should also experiment with rakshi, the local spirit. Pasang sent a Sherpa down to the village and he returned later in the day with a large plastic jerry can nearly full of rakshi! So that night we had a roaring big camp fire, and the Sherpas and porters joined us around it, while jugs of rakshi were passed from hand to hand. The Sherpas soon started dancing, and before long everyone was joining in with them. It was the shockingly late hour of 10:30 before the party broke up! The climbers, camped down below at the village, missed a good evening of fun!

Our trek now followed along a ridge between the Malamchi and Indrowati rivers, with extensive views over the surrounding country. As we were now at lower elevations, the mountain-sides were extensively terraced and cultivated, with many houses and little villages dotting the landscape. Descending to, and crossing the Malamchi Kola on a long suspension bridge, we followed a tributary, the Talamarang, to near its source. That night our camp was beside a native flour-grinding mill. This is the only type of operation where we saw mechanical power being utilized, but its use for this purpose was fairly widespread in these mountain valleys. The grain is ground between two large flat circular stone wheels, the upper one being driven from below on a vertical shaft by an ingenious water-wheel, turned by a jet of water. Such was the demand for flour at this time of the year after the harvest season, that this little mill was being operated continuously on two 12-hour shifts.

On the last steep climb of this trek, the trail zig-zagged up some 3000 feet from the Talamarang Kola to the villages of Pati Bhanjyang and Chisapani. After living at 10,000 feet and over for a couple of weeks, steep climbs at these lower elevations of oxygen-enriched air seemed ridiculously easy!

The weather was near perfect for the entire trek. A short shower the first day, and one light skittering of snow at Langsissa, was the only precipitation we had. Above 10,000 feet there was usually sharp frost at night, but the days were clear and warm, with the sun shining from a cloudless sky until the middle of the afternoon. Light cloud would then generally drift in around the 10,000 foot level but would clear again by evening. As we were often camped above this cloud layer, some dramatic effects were produced as the setting sun caught the tops of the clouds, and ragged holes would accentuate the tremendous depths down into the valley bottoms.

Nepal is a naturalist's paradise, with the great variety of plants, birds, and butterflies. It must be especially so in the Spring, when the rhododendrons and other plants and trees are in blossom, and the birds are more plentiful. Even so, about 40 species of birds were identified, some of them with the most brilliant plumage we had ever seen.

Our Sherpa gang were a happy and cheerful group, and looked after us very well. One of them, Lakpa Norbu, was detailed to look after the oldest member of the party, who sometimes got into camp rather late. This he did most carefully and conscientiously, leading her by the hand at times, and on the more difficult or slippery parts of the trail, he would take her on his back — on top of his pack! — and transport her to easier ground. (Incidentally, the average age of the trekking party was 50 years, and they turned in a very fine performance.)

Pasang, our Sherpa Sirdar, was a very capable, likable, and obliging person. He was the only Sherpa who spoke English well. He handled the porters with tact, paid them off and hired more along the way, bought such food as was available at the various villages, and kept a watchful eye on the welfare of the whole party.

All good things come to an end, and the ending to this fascinating trek was through some particularly interesting and fine country. Our last camp was in a delightful park-like area among large trees, beside a little clear stream. Half a day's hike the next morning, down a beautiful valley, with the trail close beside a lovely river, brought us back to the end of the road at Sundarijal, where the land rovers were waiting to transport us the 8 or 10 miles back to Kathmandu. After covering between 150 and 200 miles on foot in a period of 27 days, we arrived at the meeting place within half an hour of the appointed time.

Two nights were spent back in Kathmandu, and then the two parties, combined again, flew to New Delhi. The expedition had a kind invitation from the Canadian High Commissioner to India to attend a cocktail party there that evening. Many of us had worn climbing boots onto the plane, and had our persons draped with other equipment, to avoid overweight on our baggage. The plane was very late, so the High Commissioner had thoughtfully arranged a fleet of cars to take us directly from the airport to the party at Canada House. So instead of going to our hotel and getting cleaned up and changed, a scruffy-looking party of Canadian mountaineers was graciously received and introduced to the distinguished gathering, which included members of the Indian Mt. Everest Expedition and other notable mountaineers.

From New Delhi some of the party went on to Africa and other points west, one returned via Australia, while the main group headed back to Vancouver and home. The trekking party: Elmo Demchenco, Geraldine Fish, Joyce Fletcher, Evelyn Gee, Bruce Mackedie, Isabelle MacPherson, Vicci Mondolfo, Lucio Mondolfo, Mike Penn, Ruth Robinson, Eiko Sakamato, Irmgard Weihmann, Ann Wierum, Catherine Whyte, and Roger Neave.

Roger Neave

Afoot in Nepal

In the fall of 1969 my wife Barbara and I made two highly stimulating and successful treks in Nepal. We attempted to see the country from the trails, live off the land, thereby travelling light, and make some interesting sidetrips of an alpine nature. Our principal trek ascended the Kali Gandaki (also known as the Thakkhola) river in central Nepal. This is one of several remarkable rivers which pierce the main range of the Himalayas, thus shifting the main South Asian divide northwards from its expected position along the line of the highest crests. A second trek was made in the Everest area of eastern Nepal. Since the Kali Gandaki valley was described in last year's Journal, I will deal with it only briefly and concentrate on our side trips.

We rendezvoused in early October in the capital city of Kathmandu with two friends, Steve and Lois Bezruchka. There we engaged a young Sherpa named Nima to act as our porter and liaison officer. Generally he only carried certain communal equipment, while we carried our own loads throughout our treks. Although he knew no English and we no Nepali, we eventually acquired a modicum of each other's langauges, and the arrangement proved quite serviceable except under extraordinary situations, as when we were preparing for a side trek. Nevertheless we always managed to muddle through, and as good intentions were rarely lacking, Nima served us very well.

We quickly discovered that travelling in central Nepal, particularly in autumn, was a moveable feast. By day we would walk along trails that were always spacious and safe, and often constructed with astonishing care. Imagine traversing the face of a single ridge that might easily stretch from Banff to Lake Louise, along a flagstoned trail wide and smooth enough to drive a car on. A trail that goes for miles like that, an artery linking dozens of villages to the outside world, a trail that frequently turns and begins to climb, becoming in the process a giant stone staircase, beautifully engineered to last a thousand years and often climbing for several thousand feet. Stone ledges carefully constructed to allow one to escape one's load in such a way that it is never necessary to lower it to the ground or lift it to one's back, appear at intervals so frequent that if a traveller used all of them he would probably never reach his destination. Such trails wind across and over immense ridges that may be fully terraced from top to bottom. Day after day we were astounded by further evidence of the Nepalis' good planning and incredible investment of labour in developing their country.

In the late afternoon we would stop in a village, find a house that was willing to take us in, and spend the next couple of hours poking about the village, lounging around the house, or hungrily watching our dinner being prepared. Here Nima was invaluable, as he knew our needs, and, most important, could assist the woman of the house and thus ease the burden of five new mouths to feed. At night we spread our sleeping bags on the floor and slept alongside the rest of the family; sometimes the house might be extra large and we would have a room to ourselves. We paid only for the meals we took, there being no charge for the sleeping space. The food was plentiful, basic, and highly spiced. Nearly every meal consisted of rice, a sort of bean soup, fried potatoes, boiled pumpkin and tea. Occasionally an egg; on special days a chicken, one of the local road-runners. Although we sometimes longed for more variety we found this diet adequate and easy to take. Besides, at twenty-five cents to stuff yourself, who can complain? And we could supplement this with tangerines, lemons, limes, roasted peanuts, popcorn (honest!), and biscuits from Kathmandu that could be purchased in local shops.

The trip up the Kali Gandaki brought us to Jomsom, as far north as foreigners are permitted. This town is set in the high dry country known as the Inner Himalaya, a land of stark and colourful desert, like Arizona, except for the great ice peaks, in the near distance. In the nearby town of Syang we happened on a dance festival at the monastery, an event drawing people for miles around. We joined the crowd on the roof watching the gaily dressed dancers in the courtyard below, a tiny drama presided over by ice-clad giants on all sides.

After our permits had been checked by the police at Jomsom, and preparations made, we began our side trip to Tilicho Lake, which is the 'Great Ice Lake' which Herzog found at the base of what he called the 'Grande Barriere' during the 1950 French Expedition to Annapurna.

We picked up food and porters locally, and for the next two days ascended a long dry valley beneath the icy slopes of Nilgiri. Dhaulagiri's magnificent pyramid dominated the western sky. Owing to our porters' unhappiness over the glacier pass ahead, we settled on a coulouir with snow but no ice, instead of the true Tilicho Pass. Near the top of this approach, just below 18,000 feet, we faced an incipient mutiny over the snow and the cold conditions. Only by pushing on up to the ridge myself, could I get the men moving by demonstrating how close it was, and that the other side presented no problems. The view of Tilicho Lake and the Great Barrier that greeted me was astounding. Bottle green, about two miles long, the lake lay about 1500 feet below, cradled by glaciers at the foot of a 25,000 foot ridge of fluted ice which filled the southern horizon from Nilgiri N. in the west to Annapurna in the east.

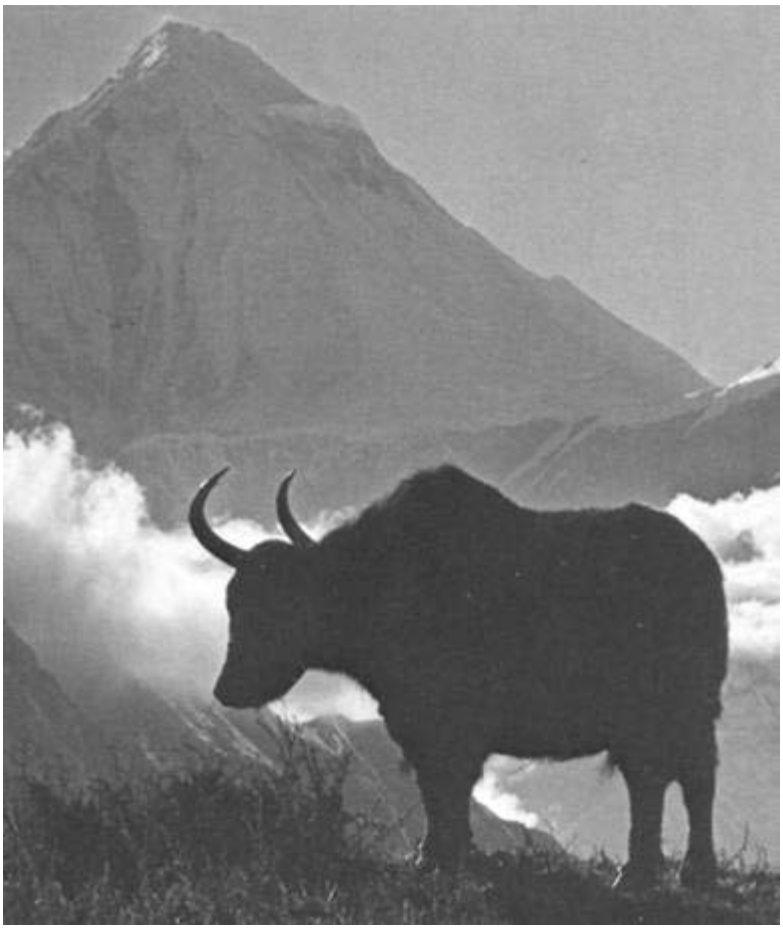
Our porters left us to our fate and we settled in for three days, camped on a sheltered patch of scree. During that time, we visited nearby vantage points and Barbara and I made a visit to the lake below. There I indulged my penchant for high altitude swims, at 16,400 feet shattering my previous record by over two thousand feet. On coming out of the water, my hair, not surprisingly, turned to icicles. That night, we were covered in about 8 inches of snow, sufficient to all but collapse our tent. Next morning we began the descent, this time over snow all the way, the inconvenience of which was more than compensated for by the beautiful face the mountains wore that day.

We then retraced our steps down the Kali Gandaki and over the southern ridges, in leisurely fashion. At the pretty town of Biretante, we began our next side trip. This time it was to be up the Modi Khola Valley, a deep gorge draining the south face of Annapurna. It rises behind Macchapuchare, a spectacular 23,000 foot 'Matterhorn' which, though only an outlier of the Annapurna Himal, dominates the entire southern aspect of that range.

Two days trekking through the Ghurka villages high above the river brought us to the last one, Chhamro. There we chanced to stay at the home of a fine man who, besides supplying us out of his stores, agreed to accompany us up the valley. It was a two day trip through a wet bamboo forest and a long and gloomy gorge which was filled with cloud through most of the day. We slept under natural rock shelters used during the grazing season by the herders. At length we passed below Macchapuchare and came out into the 'Annapurna Sanctuary', a basin of stony glaciers and grassy meadows surrounded on all sides by enormous mountains. The narrow gorge up which we had come was the only chink in this valley's mighty armour. Across the valley, barely four or five miles away, the south face of Annapurna I soared thirteen thousand feet above our heads. To our subsequent astonishment, this face was climbed by a British party about six months later. We lay on a grassy moraine watching frequent ice avalanches pour off an icefall right beside us. It was one of these, just across the valley, that claimed the life of one of the successful British climbers after the ascent. We could also admire the north face of Macchapuchare and parts of the Great Barrier, on the other side of which lay Tilicho Lake. The varying shades of pink on Macchapuchare at sunset provided one of the lovliest sights we saw in the

Nepalese girl. Dick Culbert

Dhaulagiri. Barry Hagen



Annapurna with the Grande Barriere in the foreground. Barry Hagen

Himalayas.

We returned to Kathmandu to be greeted by a cold winter climate and market places bursting with height of season vegetables. There, we made arrangements to take a Cessna 180 flight to a place called Lukla in eastern Nepal. There is a small strip there, high above the Dudh Khosi, the principal river of the Sherpa country. This is the easy though somewhat less satisfying approach to Mount Everest, the alternative to a ten day walk. Marriage vows notwithstanding, when Barbara became ill I abandoned her and went off alone. We decided that she would fly out a week later and meet me.

The pilot was calm as we approached Lukla, an inclined and rolling strip of grass with a plane wreck at one end of it. He had done it many times before, but for my part I was delighted to trust myself to my own two legs again. Eight hours walk up the lovely pine scented Dudh Khosi Valley brought me to Namche Bazar, 11,000 feet, the principal Sherpa commercial centre. The brightly coloured town stands out from the barren land, clinging to the sides of a natural amphitheatre with a volleyball court for a stage. There I stayed the night and found one Sherpa to accompany me, and another to meet Barbara at Lukla a week later.

My companion Ngawang Tensing was the school teacher in Namche and spoke excellent English. We took an easy day to Thyangboche, the famous Bhuddist monastery which commands the approach to Everest. It has a fine temple, and an extraordinarily beautiful situation. We stayed in one of the monks' houses, close under the temple walls.

For the next three days we walked up broad dry valleys dominated by the Everest group, and flanked by outstanding lesser peaks like Ama Dablam and Taweche. We carried food with us, and in the last stages, wood and dung fuel as well. At first we slept in summer homes which had been abandoned for the winter. This was mid-December and the nights were bitter above 14,000 feet.

Eventually we camped at Gorak Shep, sheltered by an enormous lateral moraine of the Khumbu Glacier and just across the glacier from the west face of Nuptse. From here an easy climb to the top of a hill

known as Kala Pattar gave a grand view of the great black rock pyramid of Everest ten thousand feet above. The famous Yellow Band was clearly visible, as was the South Col and Lhotse.

Twice I went up, once on a dull afternoon and again on a glorious blue morning. From there the icefall and the site of Base Camp were in full view, but not the Western Cwm, that deep icy defile separating Everest and Nuptse. Accordingly I descended a thousand feet to a glacier, went two miles up the valley over a series of moraines, and climbed back up a ridge of Pumori to approximately 19,500 feet. What a panorama greeted me there! It was like seeing an old friend, for I had seen the photograph many times. Khumbu icefall, the Western Cwm, Lhotse Glacier, the Geneva Spur, the South summit, the more I stared the more I recognized. My gaze was drifting north and with a shock I realized that I was looking across the Tibetan border at the North Col. Then I saw the north ridge, scene of the brave attempts of the twenties and thirties. First Step, Second Step, Yellow Band, intersecting the ridge much lower down on this side. I drank in the view for as long as I dared, and finally hurried back to camp as the sun was leaving the valley.

Ngawang had tea ready when I came. I sipped it happily and watched the sun's rays trace patterns across the hanging glaciers and colourful dikes of Nuptse's face. I discovered later that I had climbed the same ridge that the 1951 Expedition had used to show that there was a route from the Nepalese side. Their photographs were almost identical to mine taken from a little higher on the ridge.

With my goal achieved of seeing Everest on a good day, the rest was pure holiday. A side trip to Imja basin, south of Everest, a fortuitous encounter with the famous Tenzing Norquay on the trail, (he was accompanying a group of Americans), and a happy reunion with Barbara at Thyangboche Monastery.

We wandered about visiting other villages and temples for four days before returning to Lukla. This time the transition to Kathmandu was final as well as abrupt. We left Nepal feeling privileged and grateful to the country whose superb mountains find their match only in the fine qualities of its people.

David Payne

Notes on Trekking

Many people who love mountains are travelling to Nepal to see the giants. They are not disappointed — eight of the world's fourteen 8000 metre peaks lie on or within the border of Nepal, and a ninth lies a short distance away in Tibet. But Nepal is much, much more than a mountainous land of grandeur and beauty. It is hard to imagine an area of comparable size with more diversity and variety — but this can't be described, it must be experienced.

Many mountain lovers go to Nepal to see Mount Everest. Some journey up between Annapurna and Dhaulagiri. This article attempts to present some of the many other possibilities for trekking, with emphasis on getting near each of the 8000 metre peaks. Alice Culbert wrote about Nepalling in last year's Journal. In addition, a trekking guide to Nepal, written by myself, is now being published. Most areas described here are among those to which my wife Lois and I trekked in 1969-70, with the exception of our trip to Tilicho Tol, described in the preceding article by David Payne.

KHUMBU

The Khumbu region of Nepal is a natural goal, but most people merely travel up towards the Everest Base Camp, and see Lhotse (8501 metres) along the way. The best vantage points for Mount Everest (8848 metres) are Kala Pattar and the south-east ridge of Pumori which are reached in 4 to 5 days from Namche Bazaar, the gateway to Khumbu. Namche Bazaar itself is reached in 9 to 12 days walk from Kathmandu, or in a little over a day from Lukla, an airstrip to the south.

Cho Oyu (8153 metres) can be seen by journeying a few days up the valley of the Dudh Kosi (kosi = river). Views are generally best from the west side. There are yersa or summer yak herding settlements in which you may stay along the way. On the west side of the river are several tsho or lakes. The 5800 metre hill north from the tsho north of Gokyo provides a fine panorama of the area. Cho Oyu was climbed in 1954 from the north-east by an Austrian party. In 1962 Woodrow Wilson Sayre's party travelled up this valley with permission to climb Gyachunk Kang at its head, but crossed the Nup La (la = pass) into Tibet and attempted Everest from the north instead.

One could include this valley on a trip to the Khumbu Glacier-Everest area by heading to Tshola Tsho from Dughla. This lake is the entrance to a valley at the head of which are several passes leading west into a tributary valley of the Dudh Kosi. Two days travel from Dughla should bring you to Gokyo and from here it is another two days to Khum-jung or Namche Bazaar.

The easiest way to see Makalu (8470 metres) when near Everest is to climb north of Dingboche up to Nangkartshang Gomba or higher. The reddish west face of Makalu looms to the east. In fact its uppermost part can even be seen by climbing the ridge separating Dingboche and Pheriche, the latter being one of the yersa en route towards Everest.

The valley of the Imja Khola (khola = river) east of Dingboche is perhaps even more beautiful than the Everest Base Camp area. A day's journey will take one east of Ama Dablam for a view of this peak that is almost as impressive as the classic from the west. To the north is the massive Lhotse-Nuptse wall which may become the Yosemite Valley of some future decade in terms of climbing achievements. There are many easy scrambles up its outlying ridges. This valley can also be reached from Lobuche, en route to Everest, by crossing the Khumbu Glacier, ascending the Kongma La and descending to Bibre before heading east.

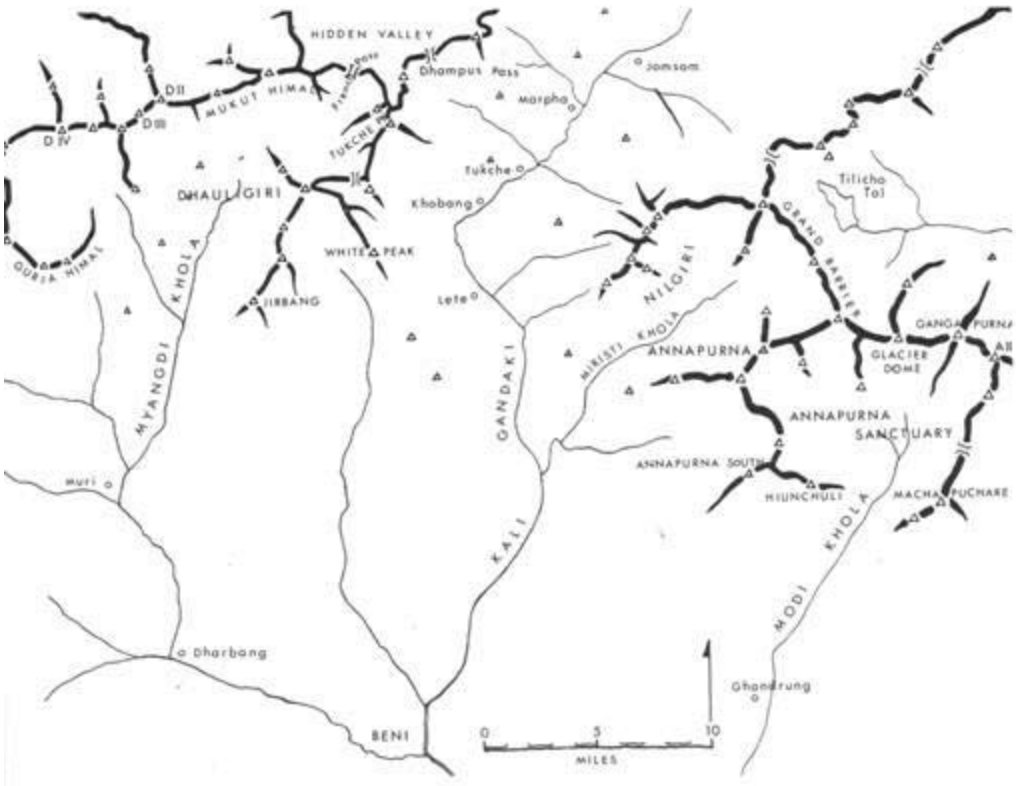
As a glance at the map will show, these are but a few of the many possible trips.

ANNAPURNA-DHAULAGIRI REGION

One of Nepal's most popular treks begins at Pokhara, reaches the Kali Gandaki (gandaki = river) and then ascends it between Annapurna and Dhaulagiri as far as Jomsom. The hospitality shown by the thakkalis, the local innkeepers, makes this trip especially pleasant. Following any of a number of routes out of the valley and into the high country can make this region appear every bit as spectacular as Khumbu.

Dhampus Pass (5200 metres), first

A swim in Tilicho Lake, at 16,500 feet. David Payne



visited by Herzog's expedition in 1950 and later used by the Swiss expedition to Dhaulagiri in 1960, lies north-west of Tukche and west of Marpha. It can be reached in 2 or 3 days from either village. En route will be found many yak grazing areas. Near the pass are the remains of the Swiss plane which crashed during their 1960 expedition. Both Maurice Herzog's Annapurna and Max Eiselin's The Ascent of Dhaulagiri describe this area well.

The north-east Dhaulagiri icefall, reached in a day from the junction of the Ghatte Khola with the Kali Gandaki south of Khobang, was first reconnoitred by Herzog's expedition. In the spring of 1969 an American expedition led by Boyd Everett tried to reach the south-east ridge of Dhaulagiri through this icefall, but was hit by an avalanche which killed 7 members. White Peak, a non-technical climb that can be done in a day from a camp below the icefall, offers a spectacular view of the south face of Dhaulagiri. The successful Swiss ascent of Dhaulagiri (8172 metres) in 1960 was via the north-east arête.

The route that the 1950 French expedition finally settled on for the approach to Annapurna, (8078 metres, and the first ascent of an 8000 metre peak) is worth repeating in part. Three days' walk from Lete on the Kali Gandaki, over the Pass of April 27, will bring you to the valley of the Miristi Khola and their base camp.

The Annapurna Sanctuary, a spectacular irregular amphitheatre bounded by Annapurnas I, III and South, Glacier Dome and Gangapurna, has its entrance flanked by Machapuchare and Hiunchuli. It is reached in 2 days from Ghandrung, a large Gurung village less than a day's journey off the usual route from Pokhara to the Kali Gandaki. The walk up the Modi Khola into the Sanctuary is especially impressive as it passes through lush rain forest to emerge in alpine meadows. The South Face of Annapurna seen here was climbed by a British party in 1970, and represents perhaps the most technically difficult climb yet completed in the Himalayas.

To the west of the Kali Gandaki lies the Myangdi Khola which drains the west and north faces of Dhaulagiri, and a journey up that river follows the approach of most of the early Dhaulagiri

Swing. Dick Culbert

attempts. Further west, one can go through Dhorpatan, over the Hangla Bhanjyang (bhanjyang = pass), through Tarakot and Tibrikot to each Jumla in western Nepal. An immense stretch of the Himalayan chain is paralleled along the way.

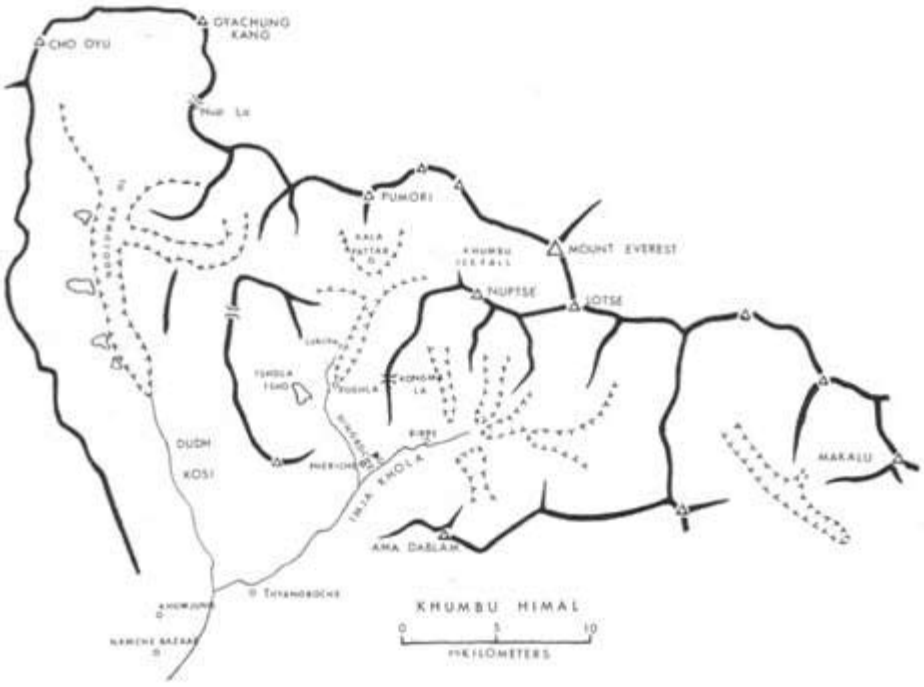
CENTRAL NEPAL

Perhaps the most impressive view of Manaslu (8125 metres) can be had from the west by climbing to the Namun Bhanjyang east of Lamjung at the easternmost end of the immense Annapurna chain. The pass can be approached from Siklis, a large Gurung village 1 1/2 days' walk from Pokhara. A descent to the north from the pass will bring one to the Marsyandi Khola which can be followed south to reach the main Pokhara to Kathmandu trail.

Alternatively, one can follow the ridge north of Chitti on the east side of the Marsyandi. There is a holy lake, Bara Pokhari, near the tree line and good views of Manaslu and Himal Chuli can be had. Manaslu was climbed by a Japanese party in 1956. They approached the mountain from the east, but this region is presently off limits.

Walking from Pokhara to Kathmandu is a great introduction to the typical hill villages of central Nepal. While one is never in the high country along this route, the entire south flank of the Himalayas stretch before you.

The Langtang Valley and the Gosainkund Lekh (lekh = highlands) together offer a pleasant trek close to Kathmandu. In fact if one only has two weeks to spend, this is probably the trip of choice. A circuit would take one up the Gosainkund Lekh, through the northern part of Helambu, over the Ganja La into the Langtang Valley and then back towards Kathmandu. From the Ganja La, Gosainthan, also called Mount Shisha Pangma, (8012 metres), the 14th and lowest 8000 metre peak can be seen in Tibet. It can also be seen from the southern part of the Kathmandu Valley. It was climbed by a Chinese expedition in 1964.



EAST NEPAL

Unfortunately much of north-eastern Nepal is presently off limits to foreigners. However, Kangchenjunga (8585 metres), climbed in 1953 by a British party can be seen from Darjeeling. In addition, one can trek from Darjeeling to the Singhalia Ridge directly south of Kangchenjunga. Alternatively, a trek to Khumbu could continue east to Ham. En route there are good distant views of Makalu and Kangchenjunga.

This summary has concentrated on routes going near the highest peaks of Nepal. But Nepal is far more than a land of high mountains. It is a country of Hindus and Buddhists, of people with both mongoloid and

aryan features speaking languages of the Tibeto-Burman or Indo-European families. Toni Hagen calls Nepal the 'ethnic turn-table of Asia'. The traveller to Nepal will come away with far more than images of great mountains on his mind, for the people with their cultural and ethnic diversity, the variety of life zones and vegetation, together with a bit of Asian perspective toward life, will make the experience much more meaningful.

Stephen Bezruchka

Ridge Country The Battle Range, 1970

After a fine day of snow-shoeing in the White Mountains, we were sitting around the fireplace, listening to Mozart accompanied by the shrill wind outside. When Leigh said "This summer, we've got to take a helicopter trip to someplace that's way out of it," I replied, "Fine. I have just the place — the Battle Range." Apparently Leigh and Genie Andrews were becoming claustrophobic in the atmosphere of a large university — and certainly the Battle Range would offer effective therapy. Immediately, we broke out the guidebook and the appropriate CAJ articles. By the end of the evening, our decision was firm: Leigh would undertake to procure maps and write up an equipment list while I would attend to food lists and contact with Okanagan Helicopters.

Although it is located only twenty miles south of Glacier on the Trans-Canada Highway, the Battle Range remains a virtually untrodden wilderness. A view from Mt. Bonney or Mt. Dawson readily exposes the reasons — a soaring escarpment, barrier ridges plummeting from summits right into the forests, deep Selkirk valleys lush with practically impenetrable vegetation. Accordingly, the region has seen only the hardiest of backpackers and bushwackers — until our party. Prospectors early decided to chip their rocks elsewhere, and the Topographical Survey settled for a minor eminence on the edge of the Range. Even that giant among persistent Selkirk explorers, Howard Palmer, decided at Battle Brook that enough was enough.

But mountaineers with a penchant for flagellation kept trying — and ultimately succeeding. In 1914, Butters, Holway, and Gilmour bashed up a creek from the Duncan River to climb the sharp and impressive peak now bearing Butters' name, a feat which Holway astonishingly refers to as a 'pleasant fortnight'. Brewster and the Kauffmans persevered over several agonizing seasons, finally ascending the highest summit of the range, Mt. Ishmael, in 1947 (CAJ XXXI, 1). The fierce north ridge of Mt. Butters was climbed in 1957 by a Stanford University party; this route remains the most difficult technical climb yet accomplished in the area. Harvard and Dartmouth parties in 1958 and 1959 penetrated from the east to the innermost recesses of the region, climbing several major summits and preparing the first adequate map (CAJ XLIII, 37). However, a multitude of peaks were — and are — left.

I shudder at contemplating what those tough pioneers must think of our dropping, as it were, smack into the region which cost them so heavily in effort and endurance. But, being a thoroughly decadent modern man, I am ever willing to trade physical fortitude for crass cash. In a philosophical vein for a moment, a helicopter fulfills, in essence, the same role as the train which conveyed Mummery to the foot of the Grepon, or the porters on Mt. Everest, or the packtrain which carried the Rev. Kinney to Mt. Robson. Its function is simply to transport the climber and his gear to the point 'where the going gets interesting'. And the bird undoubtedly upsets our currently precious ecological systems less than more conventional modes. But philosophy begins to sound like theology, explanation like justification — so on with the tale!

Our party, the Andrews', my wife Harriet, and I gathered at the Clubhouse in early July, thereafter spending a week in the Yoho to expiate at least some of the excesses of the sedentary life. Then commenced the most anxious part of the trip: trying to pin down Okanagan Helicopters to a firm date. Telephone calls availed not, nor did our first visit to the hangar in Revelstoke. Oh yes, they cheerfully acknowledged receipt of my unanswered letter. But with a persistence the pioneers would have admired, we finally firmed a day and time — and then nearly blew-it socializing!

Meanwhile we ensconced ourselves at a campground in town, along with those other environmental horrors, tourists, trailers, kids, and trailbikes. The campground was owned by a retired CPR man — guess its location?

Naturally, abutting the railroad switching yards. Anyway, the nocturnal crashing and smashing provided splendid training for subsequent thunderstorms. While Genie and I stimulated joy at supermarket check-outs, Leigh and Harriet scoured dumps and filling stations searching for 5 gallon drums with re-sealable lids. "What? For a bearproof?" But Leigh's good-natured and patient explanations resulted in six free drums, into which we stuffed all the food particularly subject to depredation by animals. In the end, the bears providentially never did appear, and all we saw were the ubiquitous ground squirrels and some goats.

On the appointed day, we took the lovely ferry ride across Upper Arrow Lake and drove to Beaton on the Incommapleux River. A marvellous elderly couple, the Lades, showered us with hospitality, agreed to watch over our cars, and finally informed us that the helicopter had already come and gone. But apparently our nagging had paid off, for the machine soon fluttered back. The pilot, smelling vaguely of forest fire smoke, chided us briefly, then sky-hooked Leigh and I up above the Incommapleux Valley, where we were able justly to appreciate the accomplishment of the 1947 party.

'Now, where do you want me to take you?' asked the pilot, thrusting an almost useless 1:250,000 map into my hands. We flew up Kellie Creek at about 9000 feet, distracted by the impressive and somewhat severe mountain topography surrounding us. After some confusion and misidentification we alighted at Oasis Lake in the Westfall Group, depositing a cache containing two weeks' supplies sealed in Leigh's trusty drums. Then around the head of Houston Creek to the hanging valley of Houston Glacier, where we dropped off amidst the morainal debris at about 6700 feet. Half an hour later, the ladies joined us with our supplies for the next two weeks. It's the damndest experience trying to count out money in the wind of idling helicopter blades in the middle of the wilderness!

We were suddenly alone, abandoned. It was unearthly still. The realization that we were totally cut off for three weeks began to register. Warily we surveyed our position, took inventory of our situation. We were located about a mile below the snout of Houston Glacier in a desolate hanging valley paved with glacial till, separated from the greenery of the Houston Creek valley by several hundred feet of cliff. There was no shelter and hardly any plant life, indicating that our site had been very recently beneath the ice. Houston Glacier Camp soon took on form, shape and character, as they say in academic circles, with the iridescent crimson of the Andrews' tent quickly ameliorating the harshness of the scene.

Immediately above and north of the camp lay the rolling Melville Glacier, encircled by a high serrated ridge abounding in granite spires and pinnacles. Looking eastward over the Houston valley, we could see the circle of high summits comprising the Nemo Group. Our view to the south was occluded by a long ridge with several summits about 9200 ft. in elevation — in particular, a double-pronged peak directly above camp. It was a natural for our first climb.

At an exceedingly comfortable hour, we trudged up the dry portion of Houston Glacier, ascending a snow couloir in the peak's north flank to an upper limb of the glacier. Snow, talus, and a neat little rock rib brought us to the summit snowfield and eventually to the col between the peak's dual summits. Since the easterly summit had appeared higher from camp and certainly more intriguing, it was accorded the honors.

We pranced breezily along the ridge, disdainfully surmounting the piddling obstacles in our way, when, rather unkindly, the ridge abruptly changed from garden path to vicious saw-blade. (That overworked metaphor, 'knife-edge', will just not do!) Before hardware had fairly emerged from our packs, a more feasible alternative presented itself. Temporarily we were to be denied the relief of aggression implicit in pounding on Chouinard's expensive iron. Instead, we dismounted down a neat slab to a balcony on the south flank. An ascending ledge system, affording a couple of good moves, brought us to a small amphitheatre.

Casting aside both a sensible route and logic, I clambered up a strenuous vertical chimney to the highest point. But it wasn't! Just over there, via the discarded route, sat the real summit. Rather than admit error and rappel back to the amphitheatre, Leigh and I entered a conspiracy to follow the airy connecting ridge, thereby bestowing upon the ladies the pleasures of the chimney — and covering my mistake. But Dr. Pangloss was once again vindicated, and we soon debouched on the summit. But it wasn't! For away over there beyond the col from which we started, a higher point mocked us.

Nonetheless, our peak was distinctive and interesting enough as a climb to deserve a name, so we dubbed it 'Taggart Peak' after the villain in Melville's Billy Budd. But we didn't even get that straight — so the summit is hereafter to be known as 'Claggart Peak'.

I remind the reader that it was an unusually hot and sultry day. In any event, we did finally manage to reach the principal summit which we denoted 'Mt. Billy Budd'. About a mile further west along the main ridge was a lower (luckily), metamorphic summit which we called 'Vere Peak'. In bestowing names on the mountains of this, the Melville Group, we maintained the practice initiated by the 1958 party of selecting from the literary production of Herman Melville. So one has both consistency and continuity, with a dash of romantic color into the bargain!

From our well-placed vantage point, the Melville and Westfall Groups unfolded in a superb panorama, duly committed to the immortal emulsion. Our interest focused however on the principal Melvillian uplift — a skyline of five 10,000 foot summits interspersed with countless minor pinnacles: Mt. Ishmael on the west, twin peaks we labeled 'Mt. Whitejacket' and 'Mt. Redburn', the sharp spire 'Mt. Benito Cereno', and massive Moby Dick with its four subsidiary summits. Leigh's cup runneth over, as he gesticulates and points out several season's worth of climbing — but in the end we did devise a tentative program.

'Let's take off the rope; it's an awful nuisance', I insisted as we descended over unstable talus. Shortly therafter, we were sliding down a 'snow' slope, myself in front. A manhole cover collapsed, and there I was, staring up through an aperture 20 feet above, wet, unscathed — and mortified. My first crevasse rescue and I was to be the victim! Some anxiety peeked out through Leigh's lush red beard, the rope slithered down, and I was hauled ignominously to safety. As it turned out, the others had been following far enough behind that at first they attributed my disappearance to my going around a corner. But that notion did not hold up long as it became clear the route went straight down the slope. Then the abrupt end of the tracks, the dark exitway — ah, stagecraft. I thought I could imagine their state of mind, but their seeming casualness restored my perspective. Nevertheless the rope thereafter was considerably more in evidence.

During dinner, the muggy weather deteriorated into a sequence of violent electrical storms, establishing an eventide pattern which persisted for most of the next two weeks. Dessert was invariably accompanied by the sensation of hailstones bombarding one's back, no matter how clever one was about timing. Houston Glacier Camp graduated to an institution with tradition! Darkly we suspected the B.C. government of seeding clouds to douse forest fires and thereby preserve its stumpage income.

But even the government can't make it rain all the time! In marginal weather, we made the second ascent of Mt. Moby Dick via the route of the first ascent. Although visibility was poor, we had our initial view of the precipitous north side of the massif — down, just straight down. An impressive mountain, Moby Dick, appropriately named. Captain Ahab was not the only one to develop an obsession!

Accordingly, our next adventure occurred on the long west ridge connecting Moby Dick to Mt. Benito Cereno — although it didn't start out that way. Grinding up the Melville Glacier in unaccustomed sunshine, we were actually heading for the snow slope emanating from the col between Redburn and Whitejacket. More favorable topography lured us toward Benito Cereno, and after a tough schrund and a nasty couloir, we gained the col west of that peak. Over-impressed by the ridge leading toward Redburn, we succumbed to the easy way out; soon we were consuming the first of several lunches on Cereno's airy top. The Andrews' repacious appetite never ceased to appall me — and that is one of

my own strong departments. Damned fortunate that we brought 30 days worth of food for only 20!

The hour was early, the sun warm, and Moby Dick alluringly near — apparently. A pleasurable descent over slabs, with one rappel, brought us to the saddle connecting Benito Cereno to the Moby Dick massif. Seen from a distance, the saddle appears as a horizontal stretch of easy ridge almost 1/2 mile in length. But end-on and up close, the reality is a crest a few feet wide at most, crenellated with gendarmes. And the exposure! A near vertical drop of almost 2000 feet on the north, merely several hundred feet of steep slabs ending in a voracious schrund to the south. To add to the overpowering ambience, across the saddle loomed the 3000 foot northwest face of Moby Dick, an elemental surge of raw granite. For the next several hours, the penalty for failure never stopped staring us in the eye. Harriet soon lapsed into a docile funk, doubtless from overwhelming emotion, and the rest of us became somewhat tense and edgy.

After this buildup of suspense and terror, the reader will be disappointed to learn that the actual climbing was marvellous and generally quite moderate. Not a piton in the place! Oh yes, a traverse on the north side below an overhanging gendarme occasioned some dry mouths, but the technical difficulty never exceeded class 4, even though the psychological meter was frequently saturated. With magnificent instinct, Leigh repeatedly found reasonable solutions to apparently nasty problems. Two hours later at the foot of the west ridge proper, we switched the lead and I was faced with performing as well.

Fortunately, alternatives were more abundant and we soon reached the most westerly of Moby Dick's five summits, which we called Point 5. Obviously it was time for Leigh and Genie to eat again! Then, following principally the crest, we traversed over Points 4 and 3. The actual summit of Point 3 is a striking obelisk some 15 feet high by perhaps 3 feet square, those top eluded us. So far, so good — but the 300 foot face which Point 2 presented to our view appeared more problematic.

Some easy scrambling up chimneys to the top of a buttress, and there it was — a narrow ledge extending across the face to the very northernmost extremity! Just hands-in-pockets, provided one is insensitive to fear. From the north corner — probably the most exhilarating spot of the day — we clambered through a horizontal chimney, delicately traversed mossy ledges, wedged up a groove, hand-traversed a short section of sharp ridge, to Point 2's capacious summit. The ridge connecting to the highest summit provided more of the same airy, moderate, and enjoyable climbing which characterized the whole route. Although it was now 6 pm and our camp was 4000 feet below, we sighed, relief inextricably woven with regret, that it was finished. Fabulous, utterly fabulous! 4 am and foul! What a way to celebrate Leigh's entry into the not-to-be-trusted class, his 30th birthday. Another try at seven, unpromising, but off three of us went to the pass above Houston Glacier, leaving Genie to whip up a birthday surprise. It was hard to imagine the 1959 party camping several days in this barren and inhospitable spot, aptly called 'the wind tunnel'. After slabbing across the glacial basin beneath the imposing walls of Mt. Escalade, we made the first ascent of Mt. Fafnir by the broken blocks of its east ridge. From the summit we could follow, fortunately with just our eyes, the grueling course taken by the 1947 party in their ascent of Mt. Ishmael. Barrier ridge succeeded by barrier ridge!

Later in the trip, we returned to the environs of Houston Pass to climb Ishmael by its south glacier, lying in the narrow, steep cirque between the south ridge and a parallel rock ridge to the west. Another day, we also climbed this unexpectedly easy ridge to its logical culmination in the west peak of Mt. Ishmael, a summit we dubbed 'Harpoon Peak'.

Another late start on another questionable day! Our objective was the broad peak at the end of the ridge forming the east retaining wall of the Melville Glacier — 'Forecastle Peak' for its shape and position vis-a-vis Mt. Pequod. At least we could see this one beneath the scudding clouds! From the glacial basin just east of the peak, we embarked on the apparently straightforward east ridge. But in a region where unexpected reversals of form seem the rule, the climbing offered more interest than anticipated, and by no means was it immoderate. After several rope lengths on delightful slabs, the ridge abutted into a short wall overhung by a cornice of fair dimension. Looking for a more fruitful point of challenge, we traversed out onto the steep, but broken, North Face. An awkward and serious bit of mixed climbing, a mighty, ungraceful heave, and the summit was won.

By this time, the art and ritual of cairn construction had become highly developed, Harriet and Leigh serving as principal engineers. My accusation that they were just trying to outdo Colossal Enterprises only served to goad them on to demand ever-larger building blocks. Although labor relations and brawny backs may have occasionally been strained, the results were often grand — in a neo-Stonehenge sort of way.

Upon our return to the glacial basin, the improving weather encouraged us to climb along yet another exposed but easy ridge to the next summit east, Mt. Typee. Beyond Typee rose two minor peaks which, to maintain the Melvillian, South Seas flavor, we labeled 'Outrigger Peak' and 'Omoo Peak.'

It is fortunate that we soon turned to the Westfall Group, as my Melvillian vocabulary was becoming drained. Farther east along the main ridge dividing the Houston Creek from the Butters Creek drainage, beyond an 8000 ft. pass, were several low but interesting-looking rock peaks. The views from Mt. Typee are especially rewarding, particularly that of the Ishmael-Moby Dick axis — ridges of dark-hued granite leaping from glacier to pinnacled skyline.

On the 14th day, Genie spoke with leaden tone, Tomorrow is the last day; thereafter we starve.' With much on our backs and the thought of little in our bellies on our minds, we made swift progress to Houston Pass and along toward the barrier ridge separating us from the valley of Oasis Lake. Down sloping, loose, ball-bearinged — beastly metamorphic junk instead of granite. A wretched — and nerve-wracking — grunt! An endless side hill of compacted morainal material, etched by remarkable trenches, to the pass at the head of Oasis Valley. Then an absolutely torrential downpour — and finally the maddening stumble down the bouldered valley to the lakeshore. That this was the only backpack of the summer supplied scant solace. In retrospect, however, it was pretty easy.

The Melville Group from Mount Typee, Forecastle Peak in foreground. Bob Kruszyna

The Melville Group from Mount Ishmael, Mount IMI n acket in foreground. Bob Kruszyna

Rain was imminent so we felt impelled to get our tents up. But where? The only soft, level sites were located in shallow, sandy, currently dry stream runnels. Would they remain dry if it rained for any length of time? In any event, we discovered that hot sun melting the glaciers was a more serious menace than a puny monsoon. Our new location possessed a more comforting atmosphere, less harsh and less exposed, although, objectively, the two valleys could hardly be more alike. Perhaps it was the profusion of paintbrush, perhaps the presence of the lake, perhaps the less severe aspect of the peaks.

Our first task was to find a way up into the Wrong Glacier, which gives easy access to the mountains we hoped to climb in the few days remaining. The problem was the sérac-studded icefall that constituted its snout. After a few sneaky plays aimed at circumvention, we confronted the nasty scoured slabs right next to the ice. Some fairly unpleasant climbing brought us up onto the vast flat plateau of the dry glacier. Crossing the ice, we gained the northwest ridge of the peak forming the east retaining wall of the basin. This ridge, composed of large blocks, was followed easily and uneventfully to the summit, which afforded superb views in every direction. Accordingly, the name 'Vistamount'.

On the northern skyline, the Melvilles; to the west, the main uplift of the Westfall Group; to the east, the Nemo Group with the rugged walls of the Iron Ridge. Someone will wear a piton hammer out there someday! To the south stretched the lesser, metamorphic summits of the Westfall Group, an area totally unexplored.

Between Wrong Peak at the head of the glacier and the graceful, symmetrical Mt. Goodrich stands a mountain mass with three summits distributed along a mile of ridge. In honor of the 1959 Dartmouth College party which first climbed here, we applied the names; 'Mt. Dartmouth' to the highest summit, 'Big Green' Peak to its north summit (green is the Dartmouth color), and 'Mt. Hanover' to the distinct third summit farther north (Dartmouth is located in Hanover, N.H.).

But now we had to make good on our brashness! An earlier start than usual, up over the rise into the Wrong Glacier, intricate route-finding through the icefall to the base of Wrong Peak, and the trudge to the col at the end of our intended ridge, the south. Leigh kept chugging away, dragged

us in his wake under a soporific sun.

The ridge yielded to our sallies, in the agreeable and enjoyable fashion we had come to take for granted, in fact, to demand. Until we reached a prominent gendarme, 'the Light Bulb'. Earlier telescopic inspection had revealed that this feature might not so easily bend to our will. Candidly, it proved quite reasonable — but tell that to someone astride a sharp crest who cannot even see where he might land! A congested rappel point, a succession of interesting chimney pitches, and ultimately the summit. Our staff of engineers exceeded themselves, as did our corps of eaters.

We continued to traverse north, over Big Green and then Hanover, to the ensuing col and eventually down to the Wrong Glacier and our up-track. That I write no more does not imply the climbing was uninspiring, only that it lacked sensation and drama. But for us, quiet satisfaction in a magnificent ambience sufficed.

The roar of tumbling cataracts — insubstantial wisps briefly obscuring the hard outline of a peak — a momentary sparkle reflected off the ice — paintbrush shimmying shamefully in the freshening breeze. The sun beat down, inducing an overpowering torpor. And a faint fluttering, gradually intensifying — a speck against the azure horizon, gradually assuming shape — obtruded.

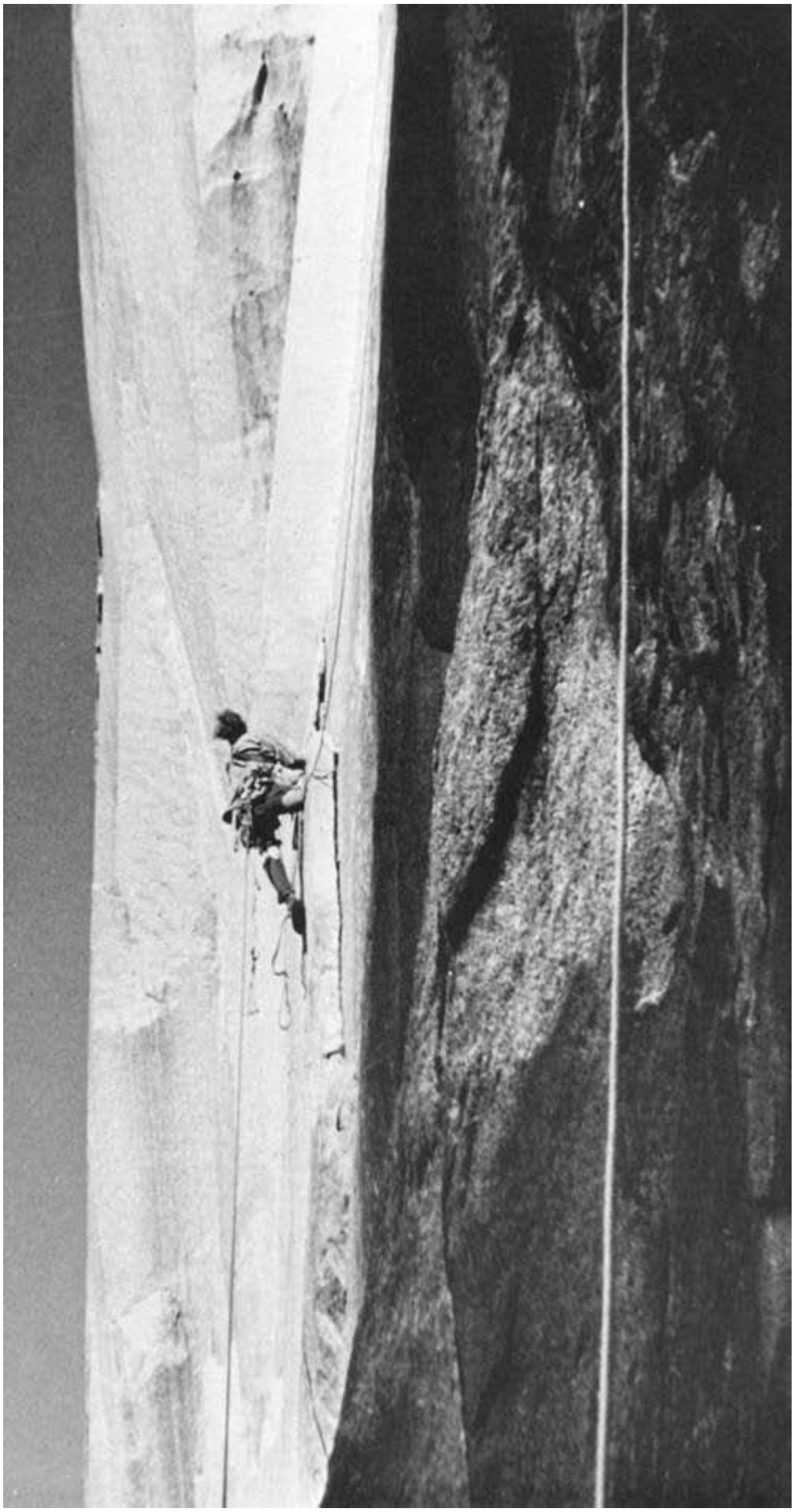
Robert Kruszyna

Yosemite

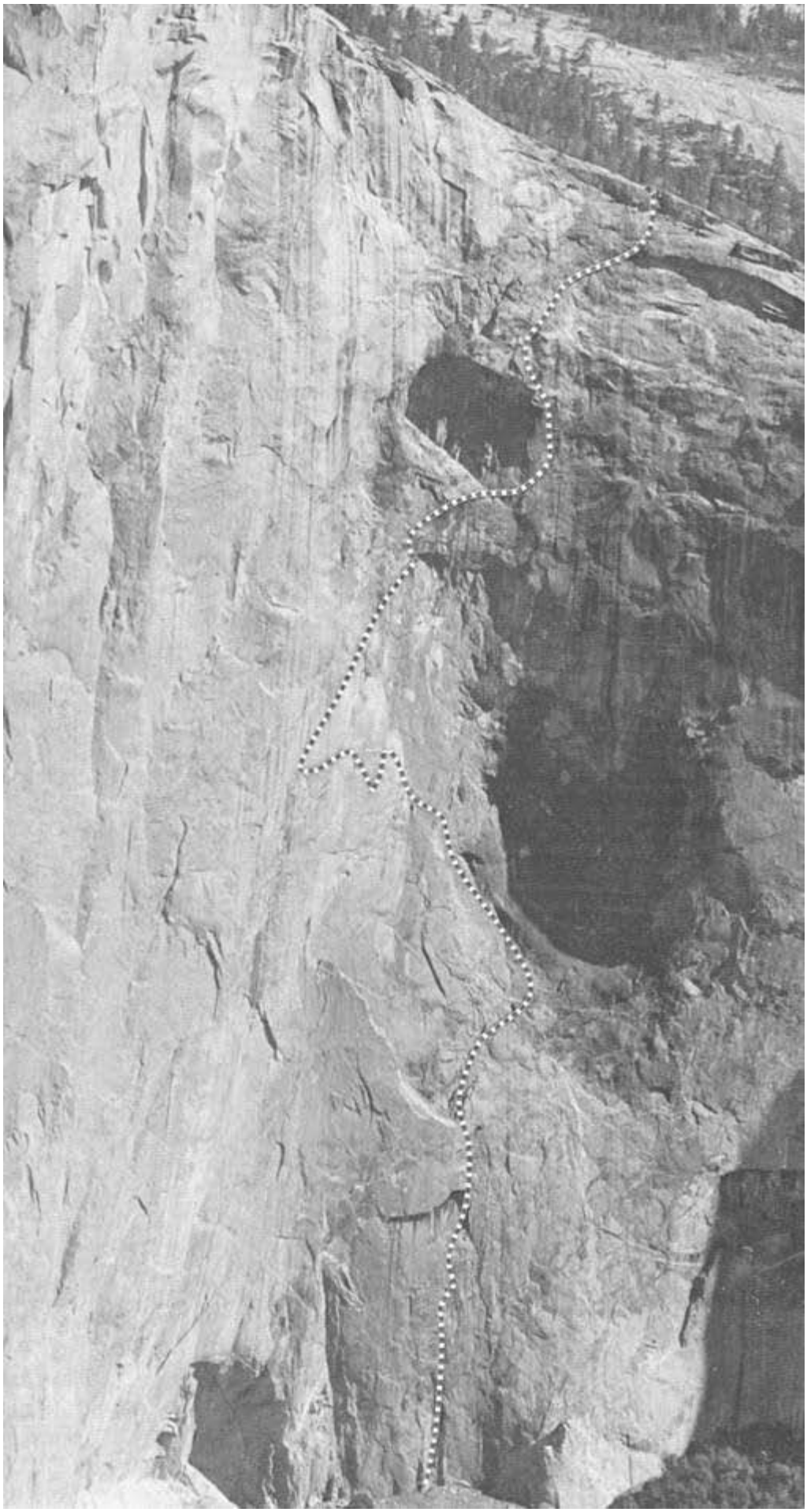
The Quest for the Clean Break

In retrospect most of my life has been spent trying to get myself together to direct my energies towards some worthwhile objective. Most of the time these energies take off on short range, undirected schemes. Climbing a wall allows me to collect all this energy and use it intelligently towards something I want. It's getting yourself together when you say, "Okay, it's time man — do it", and really doing it marks your success at whatever it is. Like I hate those dark mornings just before a climb, or ropes jamming while rapelling in black rain with little strength to do much of anything, or just plain psyching myself up for a hard

On the North American Wall. Neil Bennett



North American Wall. Ed Cooper



free pitch. But when it's over and done with I find I really dug it and not hated it. Before long I'm back for more.

The more I do it the more I realize that I confine myself to climbing only during a limited time — and attempting neat routes that are considered by those who climb more or less 'great climbs'. Most of the time they are just a matter of whacking pins in a wall somewhere and avoiding flared horrors elsewhere, simply because it takes more time than I want to give to get in shape for that kind of stuff. Besides, I'm no crack star. So in that respect I attempt to get with it in as short a time as possible and then split before those certain repercussions of climbing too much in one place smack me on the head.

I guess before everybody got caught up on this new route gimmick I had always wanted to climb the N.A. I remember those times reading journals about the 'great climbs', mixing booze and horror stories about them, and maybe bouldering at their base wiring the first couple of moves. You ever been through that? If you haven't you can't miss. I don't know why I didn't ask Neil in the first place. I always knew he was thinking of it but never saying anything. Kind of like looking back over my shoulder and seeing Neil looking back over his at me — wondering with a puzzled smile on his face. Someone I did ask had V.D. or something. So pocketing an extra rurp and a smashy I got from this guy who quit climbing, Neil and I set off, each with his own thoughts, each waiting for that elusive 'clean break'. Some of those valley hot days really make it uncomfortable if you're not meticulous.

I remember one pitch that reminded me of this fat guy in Grade 3 we called Barrel. He had this queasy habit of nonchalantly tracing the hinges of closing doors with his fingers. Jesus, and he hummed when he did it! Well, one day his fingers got caught and the only way to free them was to close the door tighter and then open it fast. Tighter and tighter and knowing you have to do it and hurting like hell all the time!

But the N.A. is just an aid route. Through different rock, but with a character in black moss you just have to meet. It still has a few boiling bitches and the occasional bear, but less and less each time it's done. A few times you think you are nailing jelly but

most of the time its cake. Neil and I finally used our bunks for the first time ever in the Cave. Up to the cyclop's eye early the next day in time for some block rolling on the pin thieves below. No more searching for the clean break here either, so naturally we were in a good mood hoping to get off the mother the next day.

Man, the route can get vague above here if you are not watching, and at times you can't because you are too busy gritting your teeth on huge rattling gongs poised above your belayer. A hurtling midnight special smokes by me, just missing the ropes, when Neil places a pin behind it. But it happened so fast it couldn't be real.

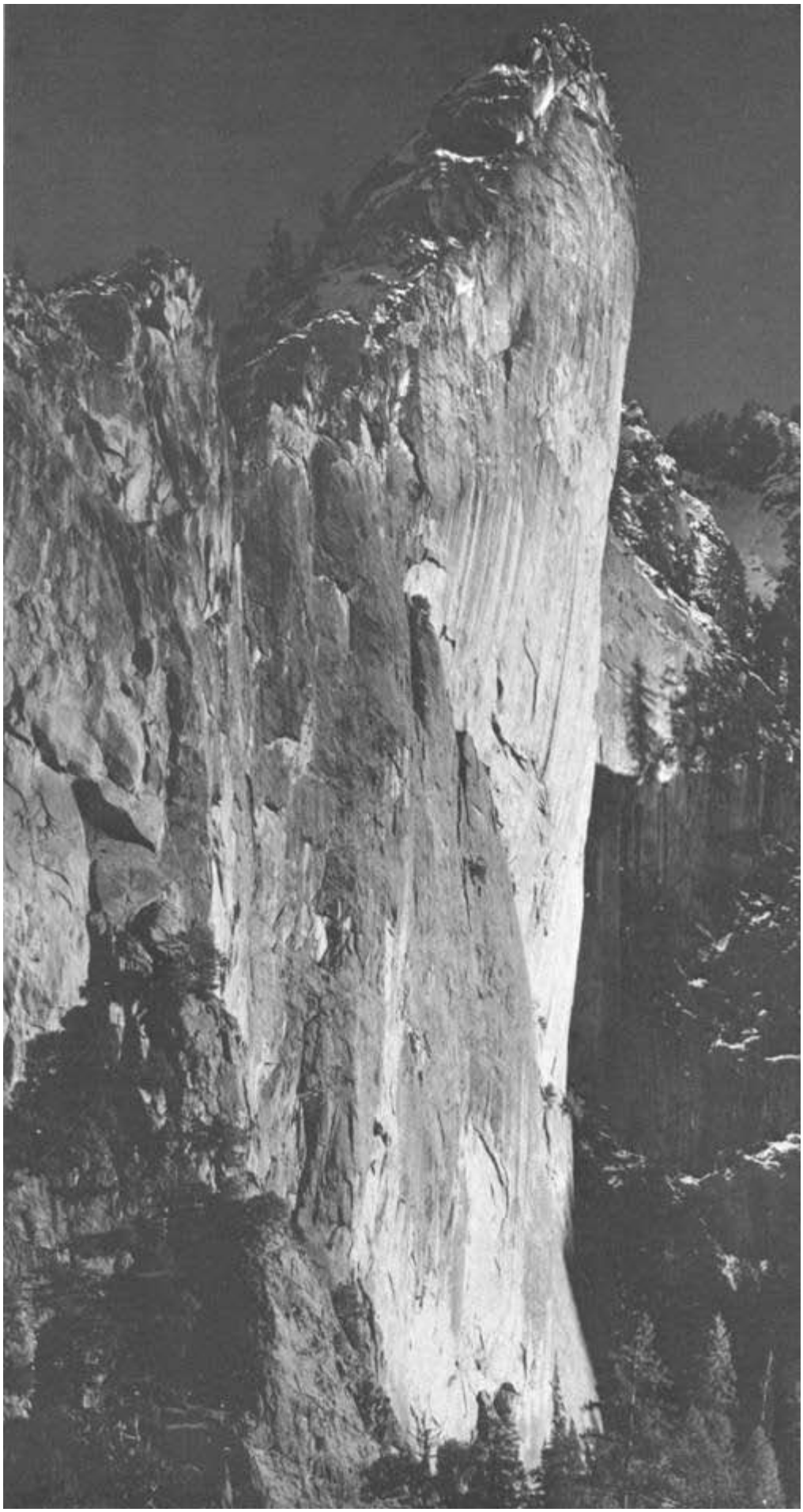
So now we are trying to hustle to get off and put this deal behind us. Hauling frantically hand over hand, throwing this and that in a heap, and finding ourselves in a rage at the smallest blunder just isn't enough to beat darkness. Then the water bottles split open inside the haul sack just after Neil finished the second to the last lead, a 5.6 shuffle. A blind stroll and I reach him. I grope awkwardly amidst equipment clumps taking half of what I need. With a 100 feet left I can't think in organized patterns and my damn eye was swallowed up at 6 feet. Silhouettes talking of champagne and sweet tokens don't help either. I start jamming when the topo says 'nail'. A pin goes in with a smothered thud and I run out of iron that I need. Oh, for a breath of the Orient. What a long strange trip it has been.

After some obscure words with Neil I haul another iron rack up. It snags neatly in the abyss below. A desperate effort springs it loose along with a couple of bombs that were holding it. I begin to wonder if I'll get up this last bit that seems to ooze doom. A couple of pins higher and I think I might as well have packed sand around those last few.

I step into etriers looped on a gigantic flake. Unfortunately it was resting on its way down. It feels like I'm in pine box with the lid clamping down. Somewhat confused as to what our directions are, I jumar back up to the belay, and a while later creep over the lip to our concerned friends.

The N.A. was a plateau for me, maybe because it was something I always wanted, got it, and wondered "what now". Anyway,

Leaning Tower: the West Face follows the right skyline. Ed Cooper



you have to have something in mind God knows, it, and wondered 'what now'. Anyway, you have to have something in mind God knows, everybody tells you, so they beat your head with that club for awhile.

Glad it's over, though most of it was a lot of fun except for that last bit of bullshit.

Gordie Smaill

The North American Wall does not exist. It started to disappear when the first stories were told about it. To those who have not climbed the wall, it is stories and tales, and you can't climb stories. To those who have climbed the wall, it is emotions, memories and maybe some pictures. The wall is made up of days and nights, loose flakes and loose blocks, mud-in-the-eye, a morning tour bus with guide of overhangs, a one-pin bunk with no Carpet to warm your feet, very little wear and tear on the soles of your shoes, black diorite — the best that money can buy and the worst that you can nail, a pendulum from a lizards tail, fabled horror pitches passed by, bruised knuckles, and feeling like an ant under a huge haul bag. In all, good enough for a few bottom of the bottle stories, but ...

Let us not continue to poison El Cap, and our lives, with words. The real enjoyment and learning comes from the silence and experience of the big walls. If you climb the route, you will have a different experience, and thus a different N.A. wall. It's there for the taking, and the effort involved in doing it, and at the end, ask yourself who or what, got conquered.

Neil Bennet

The First Time

So you're going to El Cap eh? What else is new? My cousin Fred from the Burnaby did the Nose last year. Nothing to it. You should be doing free climbs anyway. Emphasis is changing. Nobody's doing the big walls anymore. I mean, I don't want to put you off it, but there's a couple of things I should tell you about. Fred told me.

But you've heard all the horror stories before and its all written on your topo. Now you're going to find out for yourself. C'mon man, you know you're ready. Think about all that stuff you did to get in shape. Like that long overhanging mother . . .

But night is a lonely time, so you go for a walk. Around a fire people are talking. You don't know for sure, but you think it's about El Cap — and you. Paranoia! Can I do it? flashes through your brain. Your mind goes to the previous day — racking the iron. Have we got it all? Yeah. Yeah. Packing the haul bag. Too much weight? 40 lbs. of water — barely enough. Some food. Downies. Good enough. Don't forget the haul bag cover. Its in the top. O.K. There's someone to take it all down to the wall — pins, 'biners, slings (are they the new ones?), rope — you're all ready.

Fixing the first 2 pitches felt good. Just keep it going like this. Premonition, shading to puzzlement, bursting into good feelings. We can do this. One pitch, one pin at a time. We've done it before. Gotta keep the rhythm. Great. Tomorrow, man.

But now it's the night before. You walk over to the lodge and have a coffee and green salad. Couple of good climbers say you're not going to have too much trouble. Just be careful of screwups. You know — rope behind a flake, jammed haul bag, dropping a water bottle. Here, let us help you relax.

4:00 a.m. so soon? Eggs in a flashlight. You' re ready, more ready than you've ever been. Here it is, the big momma. The engine in side you is revving, higher, higher, itching for the clutch. Get in the car. Go. Where are my shoes? I've got my moccasins on. Back to camp. Now go, man — go for the stars. Ain't nothing you can't climb!

Neil Bennet

Yosemite Report

We return. A few more each year. First from B.C., then Alberta, and now even some from the East, making the long journey to California. Several climbers have almost adopted 'the Valley' as theirs, making their fourth and fifth expeditions there this last year.

Our most outstanding efforts have been on some of the big-daddies of the Valley. Involving Canadians: five separate ascents on El Capitan in 1970, three in '69.

In the spring, after climbing the classic Salathe-Steck route on Sentinel, Gordie Smaill (Vancouver) and Ron Burgner of Washington climbed the West Face of El Cap, third ascent of a Bobbins original. Then, to top off their aid climbing achievements, Small! teamed again with Neil Bennet (Vancouver) and climbed the North American Wall, still one of the more forbidding aid problems, in the respectable time of 4 days. (5th ascent).

Other young Vancouver climbers Hugh Burton and Steve Sutton, both 17, arrived in the Valley late in June and promptly began up the Nose Route. Linking up with another Squamish type, Dan Reid of Seattle, the three completed the second Canadian ascent in 31/2 days.

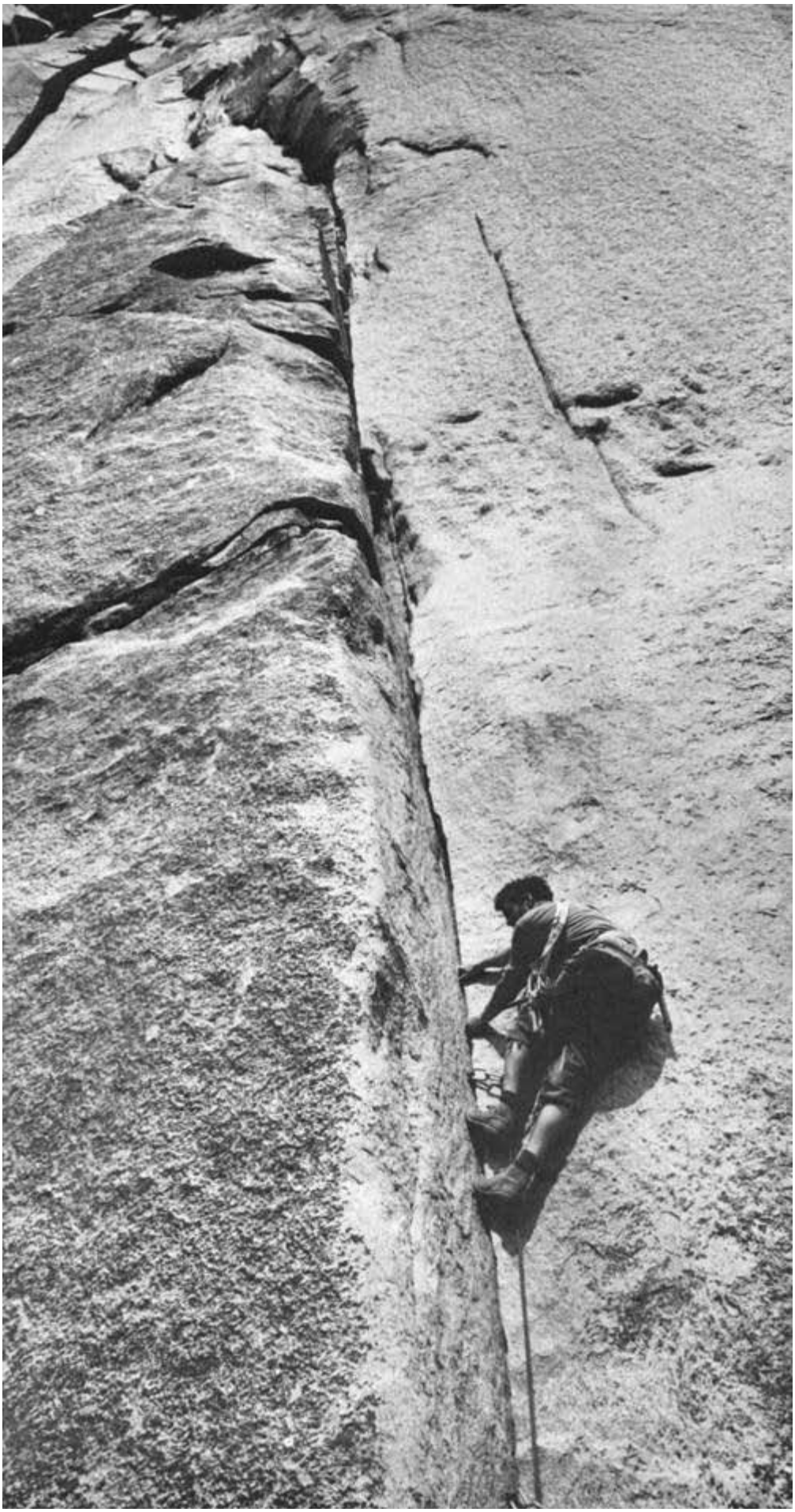
By fall, Dan Reid was again looking for climbing partners, this time for the North American Wall. Up steps Billy Davidson of Calgary, and a day later they embark on the 6th ascent, which will take them a full week of the short autumn days on the sheer face.

A few days later Brian Greenwood (Calgary) and Tim Auger (Vancouver) climbed the West Face of El Capitan in 3 1/2 days. With the autumn days becoming ever shorter and the weather more fitful, Davidson and Greenwood took a final crack on the Nose, reaching Dolt Tower before storms drove them to rappel off after 3 days.

During the season many other notable routes had been climbed. Neil Bennet, after at least four attempts over the years, all sabotaged, finally did the north face of the Rostrum, a steep grade V route, with a friend from New Mexico. Barry Hagen (of Prince George) was on an ascent of the aesthetic north face of Quarter Dome. In the fall Tim Auger, with Berkeleyite Mike Farrel, climbed the long friction slabs of the Glacier Pt. Apron. Auger and Graham Barbour (Vancouver) climbed the strenuous west face of the Leaning Tower, a Grade V, in 2 days. This year the good climbing was shared by a slightly greater number of Canadians. In the spring, Urs Kallen of Calgary even took time to do some filming on the shorter routes.

A feeling seems to have developed, especially among Vancouver climbers whose home cliffs are similar to Yosemite's walls, that the Valley's climbing offers the type of challenge they now seek. Talk amongst them is of the esoterics of pushing

Yosemite rock. Ed Cooper



limits on big routes, of what happens to you, of what you experience on a climb of many days duration. Now push hard free, and push it on the high walls!

Even now more ambitious plans are being prepared for 71. It is a fact that some of Canada's best rock-climbers are 'Yosemite Men'. It is almost inevitable that some of these will soon move on to the even deeper experiences of pushing new routes on Yosemite's big walls. No wonder then that you occasionally hear some Vancouverite hesitatingly ask an older Yosemite hand if he knew Jim Baldwin. Baldwin, way back in the 'golden age' of the Valley, around '62 and '63, put up the Dihedral Wall, then one of the biggest technical climbs in the world. He died in the Valley. He was from B.C., one of Squamish's first climbers. Now, many years later, a new generation of Canadian-Yosemite adventurers is maturing.

Tim Auger

Who can describe that fantastic feeling of your body moving

smoothly on a hard free pitch? Not me. Is this ever a neat pitch.

Good solid pins. Yah, you'll like it when you can lead this kind of stuff.

It's easy, there's nothing to .... Pwang.

A pin pulling out is like having your brakes fail.

Have you ever fallen out of your stirrups? It's a trip.

What do you do when you know that if you try to move up

you're going to fall, if you try and go down you're going to

fall, and either way, you're going to take a 30 footer.

If rock chewed faster, think how much more of your hands it would claim.

Your hammer handle breaking is like having your dog get run over.

The best pitch of a long climb is the second to last.

The grime comes off easily, but the feelings never do.

You float down a steep trail. Pain from tight shoes has

passed to numbness. A tree glides past like you're on an

escalator. More turns, familiar faces, your camp. Dump

the pack. Now you can smile.

What's a climb? A step up to a harder one, a step along to

more understanding, a step down on the ladder to success,
or a step backward to a simpler state.
Have you ever conquered a mountain?

Neil Bennet

Glacier National Park

Looking south from Mount Abbot, Glacier National Park. Ed Cooper

Climbing And Skiing In Glacier National Park, British Columbia: A Survey Of High Country Recreation Patterns And Problems.

Glacier National Park, in British Columbia, has a long and impressive history as a climb¬ing area. The construction of the Canadian acific Railway via Rogers Pass in the Selkirk Mountains encouraged many travellers, alpinists and natural scientists to spend time in the area around the turn of the century. Swiss guides were brought to the park, trails and huts were built, new ascents made, and an international alpine tradition established. Changing conditions in the 1920's led to the decline of the area's popularity so that by 1930 only some 500 people per year visited Glacier. In 1962, the opening of the Trans-Canada Highway via the park caused a sudden revival of recreational activity, with approximately 520,000 vehicles and 1 1/2 million passengers travelling through the area in 1963.

Improved accessibility and the lure of the unknown led to a similar sudden increase in off-road travel, including climbing and ski-touring. This rapid and increasing pressure on a long neglected area has introduced management needs and brought problems for those administering and planning the national park. One basic problem is the lack of information concerning the park's landscape character and recreational usage. Hence, in 1967, the author initiated a study of backcountry use and users.[1] The following information, based on this research, should interest past and potential users of area, as well as park personnel, and will, hopefully, assist in managing and planning the park to the best long term advantage.[2]

RECREATION PATTERNS

In 1967, about 656,000 vehicles with 1,887,000 passengers passed through Glacier Park, a marked increase since 1963. Some 5,000 hikers used the park trails[3] and 890 people registered for climbing or ski touring that year. Although climbers and skiers represent a small minority of recreationists they cover more of the park and usually stay longer than other groups. Climbers and skiers constitute a recreational demand that has an impact on the park and that needs facilities, such as access trails and overnight shelters.

Clearly such a group, especially if expanding, must be understood by those managing the park. What then are the temporal and spatial characteristics of mountain climbing and ski touring in Glacier National Park? Firstly, the number of people for the years 1965-1968:[4]

Skiing			Climbing		
	parties	people	parties	people	Total
1965	63	336	118	326	662
1966	56	264	184	567	831
1967	69	313	161	577	890
1968	67	444	120	369	813
Total	255	1357	583	1839	3196

The figures do not suggest any definite trend but experience elsewhere would suggest that the number of participants in climbing and skiing will gradually increase. Thus, of the people registering with the warden at Glacier 43% were skiers and 57% were climbers, while overnight hikers were virtually absent from the park.

When do climbers and skiers visit Glacier? During the four years 1965-1968, 79% of skiers came in April and May and 76% of the climbers came in July and August. Atten¬dance from October to January is negligible and accounted for under 2% of the visitors. The scheduling of holidays and the weather appear important factors in determining this pattern.

Where do climbers and skiers go in the park? The spatial pattern of high country recreation would seem to reflect the interaction of three factors: proximity to roads, the appeal of certain peaks and glaciers, and the availability of accommodation and access facilities. Thus, we find that the data shows the two most popular ski areas are the Illecillewaet Glacier (43%) and the Asulkan Glacier (12%). They account for over half the

cross country ski activity in the area. The remainder of the ski tours occur mostly in the Rogers Pass area, close to the road, the Northlander Hotel, Wheeler Hut and Illecillewaet Campground. Apart from an occasional visit to Glacier Circle there is virtually no long distance or overnight ski touring in the park. With snowmobiles absent the backcountry is largely unused for recreation in winter.

The areal distribution of climbing in Glacier during one season (1966-67) is indicated on the map. Over half of the climbs undertaken in the park occur in the Sir Donald group of peaks, with the Rogers and Abbott groups next in popularity. Under two per cent of climbers were penetrating to the southern backcountry mountains, like the Dawson group, while the area east of the Beaver River and along Mountain, Flat and Bostock Creeks was similarly neglected. Again, it seems road access, accommodation, and time/distance influence the distribution. Likewise peak appeal and tradition appear as important factors. Sir Donald clearly remains the most popular peak, and although not the most challenging, it still defeats many visitors.

So much for the where and when of high country recreation, now let us consider the groups of visitors themselves. The median size of ski parties was 6 but there was a great range from one to dozens on spring week¬ends on the Illecillewaet Glacier. Climbing parties had a median size of 3 people and the range in sizes was not so great as in the case of ski parties. The size of both types of parties usually was greater when an organised group visited the area, as did the Mazamas in 1967.

Data on the origins of visitors is incomplete but there seems to be a high proportion from Calgary and the coast, with the rest scattered throughout Canada and the U.S.A. Few people came from local places like Golden or Revelstoke, but a number of park personnel were very active. Statistics for several years indicate that people keep returning to the area, a practice that has prevailed since the 1880's — when Glacier House had many returning visitors. Indeed for some people the glacier skiing on certain long week-ends in spring has become an annual ritual.

RECREATION PROBLEMS

Interviews with high country recreationists, park personnel and written travel accounts indicate a number of problems related to climbing and skiing are being experienced in the park.

First, let us consider access and accommodation. There are a number of well maintained trails in Glacier and generally visitor comments regarding such routes are favourable. However, some trails do not go far enough, eg. Flat Creek and Bostock Creek, while other areas, such as Mountain and Loop Creeks are not served by trails. Conditions on some routes, like that in the Beaver Valley, are bad, and rerouting or improvement is desirable. Other trails, such as that to Perley Rock, lack adequate bridges, or, in the case of the loop trail over Balu Pass, are inadequately maintained. Signs and parking facilities are inadequate or non-existent at some trail heads, notably those for Hermit Hut, Beaver and Bostock trails.

The controversy over Twin Falls Chalet and similar places has aroused concern about problems of demand and provision of overnight back or high country accommodation in the parks. Glacier has, since the early years, had a number of such overnight shelters. These include the Alpine Club's Wheeler Hut by the Illecillewaet Campground, the Hermit Hut, Glacier Circle and Sapphire Col huts, plus a few dilapidated shelters, like that at Balu Pass. There is also a system of wardens' cabins scattered through the back-country, but lightly used. If wilderness travel is to be encouraged the number of huts and the standards of maintenance must be raised. Cheap accommodation, open to all, is also needed near Rogers Pass, the focus of the park, as the Northlander Hotel currently does not satisfy this need. In particular, primitive shelters would be useful in such locations as the foot of Sir Donald, in the valley south of Asulkan Pass, at the Beaver-Duncan Divide, and in the upper Cougar and Mountain Creek valleys.

Improvements in trails and accommodation would greatly enhance high country recreation possibilities and would not be too costly to the federal government. The Alpine Club, the C.P.R. and others have tradition¬ally been involved in providing facilities and further cooperation between such groups and the Parks Branch is called for. Past experience in Glacier, and current practice in places like Sweden, indicate that cooperative ventures in facility financing and management are feasible, perhaps sometimes preferable.

carefully planned and coordinated to comply with overall management aims and ecological limitations. [5]

A second problem currently affecting high country recreation, and many other forms of recreation, is the lack of adequate information about the park. At present, there is an old topographic map of the park that does not even show the Trans-Canada highway, a trail brochure giving partial coverage of the park, a few other interpretive pamphlets and a dated climbers' guide to the area.[6] A guide to Glacier Park is currently being prepared by the author but many other types of information are required, eg. climbing route maps and sketches. Guides to the Appalachian Trail and Manning Park in B.C., show the possible coverage and benefits of such works. Information is only useful if available, and a better distribution system is needed in the park. Furthermore, one would hope that future publicity would focus more heavily on high country recreation possibilities, and less on the narrow band along the Trans-Canada. Information in the field, eg. trail and interpretive signs, should also be improved, especially when inaccuracies or discrepancies, in distances, for example occur.

Finally, as comments in the Wheeler Hut logbook indicate, the registration system for back country users leaves something to be desired. Centralisation of administration, including registration undoubtedly has benefits, but also some drawbacks. When people are tired, the hour late, or the weather bad, a trip, especially on foot or skis, from the Illecillewaet Campground to Rogers Pass is not undertaken lightly. Hence we have gaps in registration, and erosion of the safeguards the system seeks to offer. Perhaps a register checked by the campground official at Illecillewaet, or a telephone link, would ease the situation. More details about registrants would also be useful for park management purposes and future research.

CONCLUSION

The research indicates the nature, importance and problems of high country recreation in Glacier Park. An attack on the problems of access, accommodation,

information and registration is called for immediately. The implementation of some of the above suggestions could lead to a more extensive and satisfying use of Glacier's high country. An improved areal and temporal distribution of climbers and skiers will be increasingly important for both ecological and human reasons in future. It is to be hoped that the expanding minority of park users studied here will not be overlooked. They are certainly amongst the most legitimate of park users, and are in a position to cooperate with the Parks Branch in ensuring that the tradition of Glacier as an alpine recreation area of the highest quality is maintained, and its potential maximised.

John Marsh

1. The author gratefully acknowledges the assistance of National Parks Branch personnel, especially Bob Wood at Glacier, The cooperation of members of the Alpine Club; and the financial assistance provided by the N.R.C. through a research grant held by Dr. J. G. Nelson, The University of Calgary.

2. Details regarding plans for Glacier Park will be subjected to Public Hearings in 1971

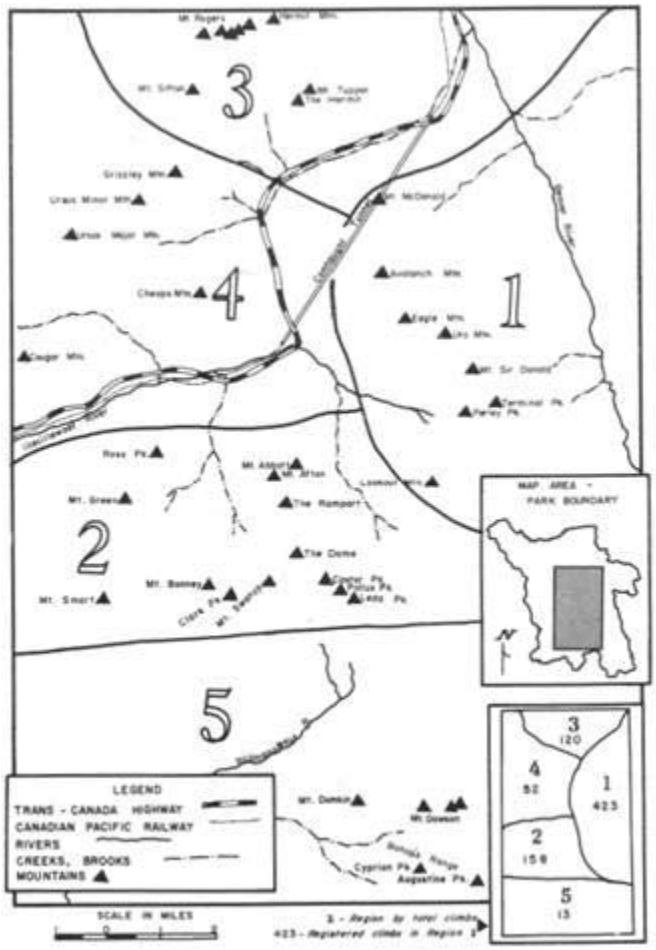
3. Data on trail use was obtained by a system of voluntary registration station s maintained at all trail heads in Glacier Park during the summer of 1967

4. The data on registrations was obtained from the Parks Branch records maintained at Rogers Pass.

5.See: John S. Marsh, Maintaining the Wilderness Experience in Canada's National Parks, in: Nelson. J.G., (ed). Canadian Parks in Perspective. Montreal, Harvest House. 1970. pp. 123-136: also. John Marsh. Wilderness Facilities, the provision of food and shelter in the backcountry of the national parks. Park News. 6 (1), 1970, pp. 15-19.

6. Thorington, J.M. A Climbers Guide to the Interior Ranges of British Columbia, New York,, The American Alpine Club, 1937. (4th edition revised 1963)

Glacier National Park, climber registration May 1966 to April 1967. John Marsh



Can it be Possible?

It is common knowledge that each year, with the rapid development of mountaineering, techniques become more and more refined, even more so in the field of rock climbing than on snow and ice.

Big wall technique, hauling, hanging stations, hammock bivouacs, bat hooks, cliff hangers, A-4 or A-5 placements, tie offs, Jumaring, 5.10, seigeing, stacking, smashies, beat-ons, rivets, rurps ... the list is endless. This article is particularly aimed at those who don't know what I'm talking about.

In May, 1971, I had occasion to visit a rock school at Yamnuska (held by a group that shall be nameless) and left in gripping fear of what they were teaching their novices. Some examples:

— A middle aged gentleman belaying a virtually petrified teenage girl on an over-the-shoulder belay, the stance on the very lip of a 40 foot wall, the belayer not tied in.

— A young girl crying hysterically, trying to get out of a predicament her rope leader had got her into.

— A matronly woman teaching the body wrap rappel and teaching it wrongly.

One is often disgusted by rock schools where the leaders (so called by their respective clubs) continue teaching outmoded, or worse, erroneous techniques. Similar cases are to be seen at Squamish rock schools, and I'm sure at club outings throughout the world. But now it is high time for these organizations to face the fact that these are not isolated cases of the blind leading the blind, but COMMON PRACTICE caused by the lack of participation by competent leaders.

Until June 1967, Glacier National Park had never had a death from a Grizzly bear in it's 57 years of existence. Then, in three hours, miles apart, two girls were killed in separate incidents. WHY? Because poor practice had become standard, accepted procedure. A parallel can be drawn. It is just a question of time before an enterprising young climber tries his new found knowledge on a climb only to find it doesn't work. Is it a question of time, or has it already happened; and if so, how often? It hasn't you say? Think this over. . .

Very recently two novice rock climbers were doing the Red Shirt route on the Yamnuska. Near the top the leader fell. The second, not tied in, was pulled off. Luckily the rope was running through a piton that held. Great! — Unfortunately the chap that took the leader fall CAME OUT OF HIS HARNESS and fell to his death, the harness still attached to the rope hung up in the piton, allowing the life of the second to be spared!

Of course there are those who would say the techniques are just being badly used. Really old boy, have you ever taken a serious fall, say a 50 foot leaders peel out? I don't wish to debate the pros and cons of any specific technique, I only ask if they are applicable to today's standards, or the standards of times long past ... or do you know FOR SURE?

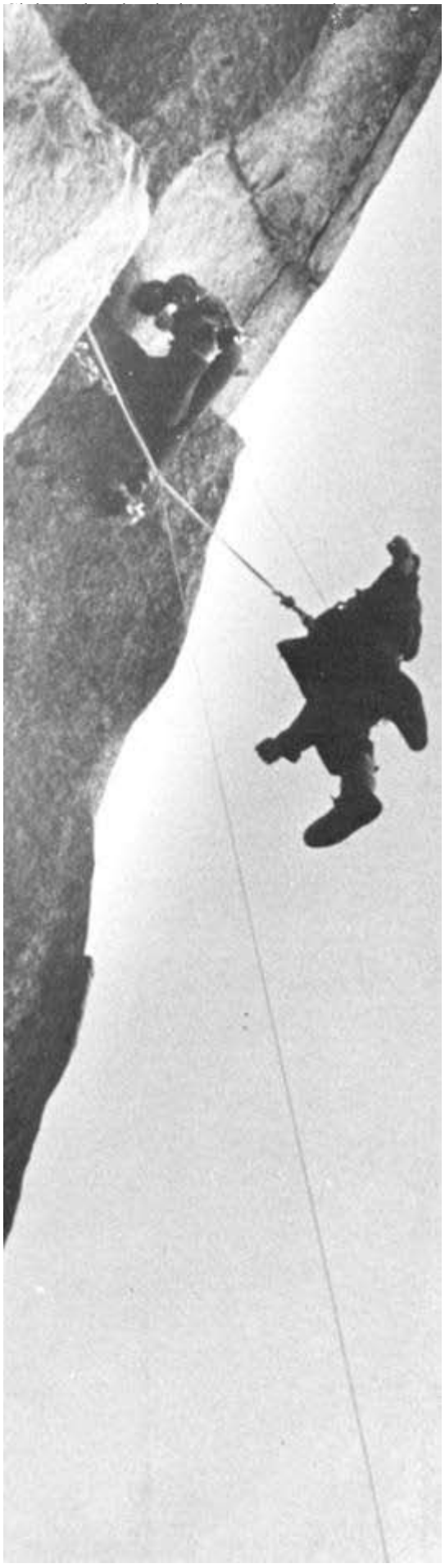
It is not just the instructors, stores selling climbing equipment have a good thing going also. I know of one novice who had a whole string of locking biners sold to take along on his first aid climb. After all, if you don't use safety biners how can they sell them? Have you ever seen an expert's rack? You can count the locking biners on the fingers of one hand — between the thumb and index finger that is.

It's time Club executives took a serious look at their rock schools' programs and instructors, and quit hiding behind the excuse that all they're teaching are the "basics". Tieing in, rappelling and protection ARE the basics, yet year after year clubs throughout the country, yes, your club included, are teaching outdated systems for today's climbing; systems no longer safe by today's standards.

It's time to realize that the very real possibility exists that clubs may have been, or could be in the future, directly responsible for accidents through their outdated good intentions. Can you not visualize a climbing committee deciding on leaders for the next school? "Oh! I'm sure we can get George to do it ... he's been teaching our schools for years."

This article is not meant to do anything but draw attention to what is common knowledge to the active, modern rock climber.

Batman. Dick Culbert



most active members.

Hopefully this article will prompt climbers into taking a hard look at their respective clubs' rock schools, instructors and techniques. Do their chosen instructors in fact lead 5th class rock climbs by today's standards? You can be sure the novice being taught is some day going to try.

A death such as that on Yamnuska is little short of criminal, possibly due to someone's negligent teaching. Can we justify another?

Jim Sinclair

The Romsdal

Although Norway is a vast country, covering many varied and exciting mountain ranges, perhaps the best known area is the Romsdal, lying about 300 miles north of Oslo, the capital city. As a climbing area, it has much to recommend it, being as yet uncrowded and unaffected by the malaise which has spoiled the once serene Western Alps of Europe. There are also a multitude of first ascents still to be made, of all grades of difficulty, and it is difficult to appreciate that the area was largely unexplored by climbers a few short years ago.

I first made my acquaintance with the Romsdal the year following my return from an Arctic Norway climbing expedition in 1964. I was determined to return and in the company of several other members of a small north of England climbing club, set out to attempt the first ascent of the Trolltind Wall ('Trollveggen'), a more or less mythical face which had grown out of rumours of 'Vertical miles' and 'impossible overhangs'. In retrospect, I do not think any of us knew what we were heading into, and I doubt if anyone really took us seriously. However, we did make the climb, after nearly scaring ourselves to death, and I think it is fair to say that we were very lucky that nothing serious went wrong during the ten day ascent.

Upon our arrival in the valley, after the wall had stood for eons inviolate, we were amazed to find a Norwegian team led by Leif Patterson (of Vancouver) intent upon the same ascent as ourselves. It is sometimes amazing how circumstances can occur, for neither team had any knowledge of the others interest prior to setting out. Of course, we were both embarked on different lines, but it was not long before the Norwegian press had taken the story and developed it into a race for national prestige. However, between the climbers themselves there was no competition, each team being interested in its own line and communicating as regularly as possible by way of two-way radios with regard to the difficulties they were experiencing. It was nice to know that there were others on that fearsome, lonely precipice, engaged upon the same pointless enterprise as ourselves. Perhaps we were not mad after all? It was a debatable point.

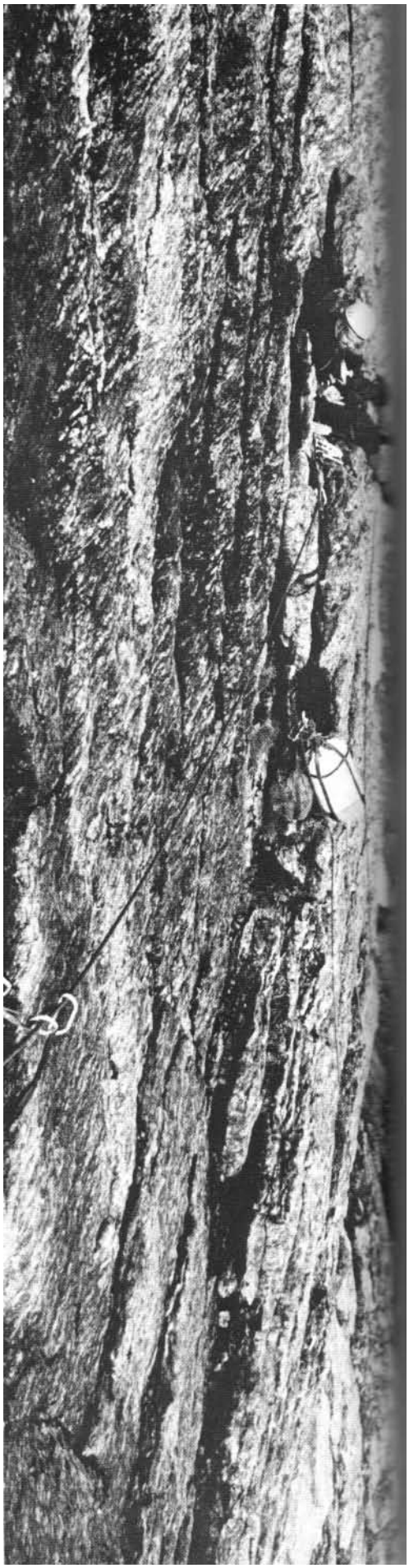
As it was, the Norwegians reached the top shortly before us, and they waited for us to appear for quite some time before themselves setting off down. Have you ever considered how pointless it may all be — ten days of struggle to get up to the summit; two hours to run down the backside to the valley!

It was this publicity, however, which resulted in the prominence now held by Norway in the European climbing scene, but let it not be said that it was the beginning of climbing in that country. In the Romsdal itself, the ascent of the well-known Romsdalshorn in 1827 ushered in the age of mountaineering which was to develop to its present-day high standard of achievement. The ascent of this peak, by two local farmers, was made after 'a dare during a merry drinking party' and they reached the summit by 'alternately pushing and pulling' to build a massive cairn that still stands today.

However, this was the time when mountaineering as a sport was almost unknown. Even the peaks scaled in the Alps at that time were mainly mere tramps in the snow, and it was not until the 1880's that any attempt at systematic climbing was made. About that time, a Dane who was to do more than any other in opening up Norway's mountains first visited the Romsdal. In 1881, he climbed the Romsdalshorn on his seventh attempt and went on to lead the first ascents of Store Trolltind (1885), Bispen, Kongen and Dronninga (1892) and Finnan (1898). All of these peaks now have exceedingly difficult routes leading to their summits.

The first big face route to be climbed in

Baillie on the bivouac ledge, Sondre Trolltind. John Amatt



The 5000 foot Trolltind Wall ("Trollveggen") with: 1. Norwegian Route, 1965, 2. English Route 1965, 3. French Route 1967. H. Sodahl

Trolltind Wall in profile. John Amatt

Baillie cleaning, Sondre Trolltind. John Amatt

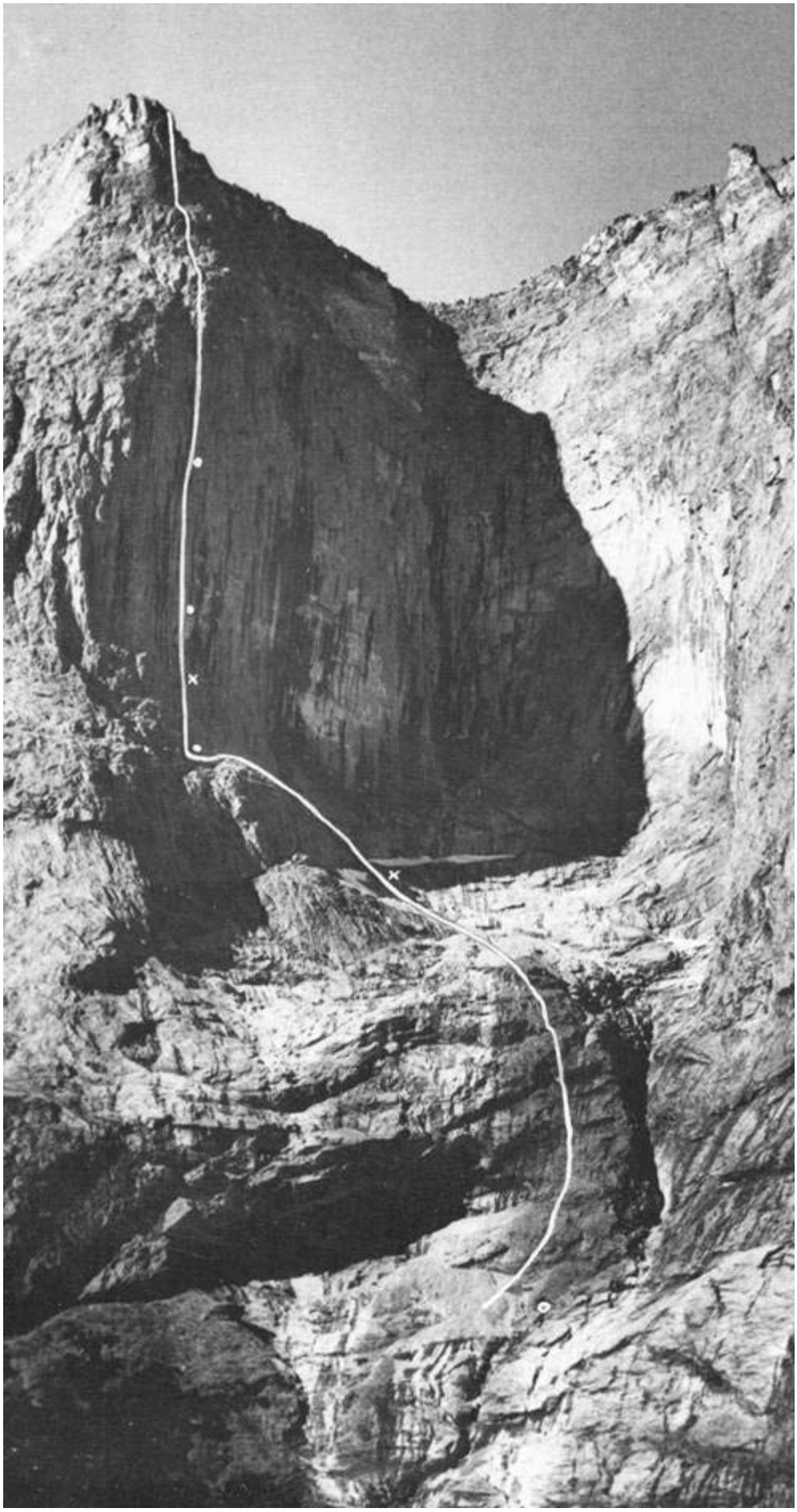
the valley was the East Pillar of Trollryggen, which bounds the left side of the vertical Trolltind Wall itself. As a forerunner to the more difficult ascents to come, it was indeed a magnificent achievement when it was climbed in 1958 by Arne Randers Heen and Ralph Hoibakk, two of Norway's most distinguished mountaineers. Even today, this route will defeat more people than it lets pass, the key being extremely difficult route finding. Heen, who has lived in the valley all his life, has played a leading part in the development of climbing there and he was later to cap a brilliant career in 1968 when he and Hoibakk made their jubilee ascent of the climb (tenth recorded ascent) in a record 14 hours — Heen being 63 years of age at the time.

In the eyes of many climbers, the Romsdal really reached maturity in 1967. The year had started well with the formation of a Romsdal Guides Corps, which went on to make many new ascents as well as conducting a client up the Trollryggen East Pillar route described above. In addition, a very strong French party, led by Claude Deck and comprising many of the team which was later to attempt the South Face of Huandoy (unsuccessfully), spent nearly one month, 2,500 feet of fixed rope and over 600 pitons in putting up the Direct Route on the Trolltind Wall, following an impressive line between the Norwegian and English routes of 1965. Although the climbing must have been extreme, the French must be criticized in adopting the seige techniques which they did in order to forge the climb. In many ways this was a retrograde step in climbing technique, as was shown by an attempted second ascent in 1969, when two British climbers scaled over half the difficulties in only four days before being forced to retreat by bad weather.

In 1967 also, Joe Brown visited the Romsdal in the company of Scotland's well-known doctor, Tom Patey. It was this visit that prompted Joe to write, 'This first ascent (of the Trolltind Wall) ..... must rank as one of the greatest ever achievements by British rock climbers', a quote which I treasure greatly. This was also the year in which Rusty Baillie and I succeeded on the North Face of Sondre Trolltind.

Since then, Norway — and more specifically the Romsdal — has gone from strength to strength, with the influx of continental climbers increasing by the year.

Sondre Trolltind, North Face. John Amatt



Recently, Tony Howard (who was with us on the Trolltind Wall in 1965, and who played a leading role in the formation of the Guides Corps) has published a guidebook entitled, 'Walks & Climbs in Romsdal, Norway'. Perhaps, with this to aid them, the time will not be far off when Canadian climbers will make special trips to Norway, realising at last that the crowded Western Alps have very little to recommend them after all!

John Amatt

Sondre Trolltind, First Ascent

ANATOMY OF A ROCK CLIMB

The North Face of Sondre Trolltind was first climbed in 1967 over a period of ten days and two attempts. During the first attempt, a bivouac was made below the wall and a second some six hundred feet higher. At this point, bad weather forced a retreat, all the gear being taken off the wall.

During the second attempt on the route some days later, the small ledge used for the second bivouac on the first attempt was reached in the first day, and ropes were fixed from here down to the big ledges at the foot of the face where a more comfortable night's sleep could be enjoyed. Benefiting from the previous knowledge of the route, Baillie and Amatt achieved the entire ascent after only three bivouacs, the last being in hammocks high on the vertical face.

Heavily-proofed yachting gear was worn, since the biggest problem faced by climbers in Norway is the danger of being washed off the climb during the rain storms which are prevalent in this area. Since most of the climbs rise from just above sea level to approximately 6,000 feet, there is no problem from the cold, but there is a real danger from succumbing to exposure due to the wet conditions.

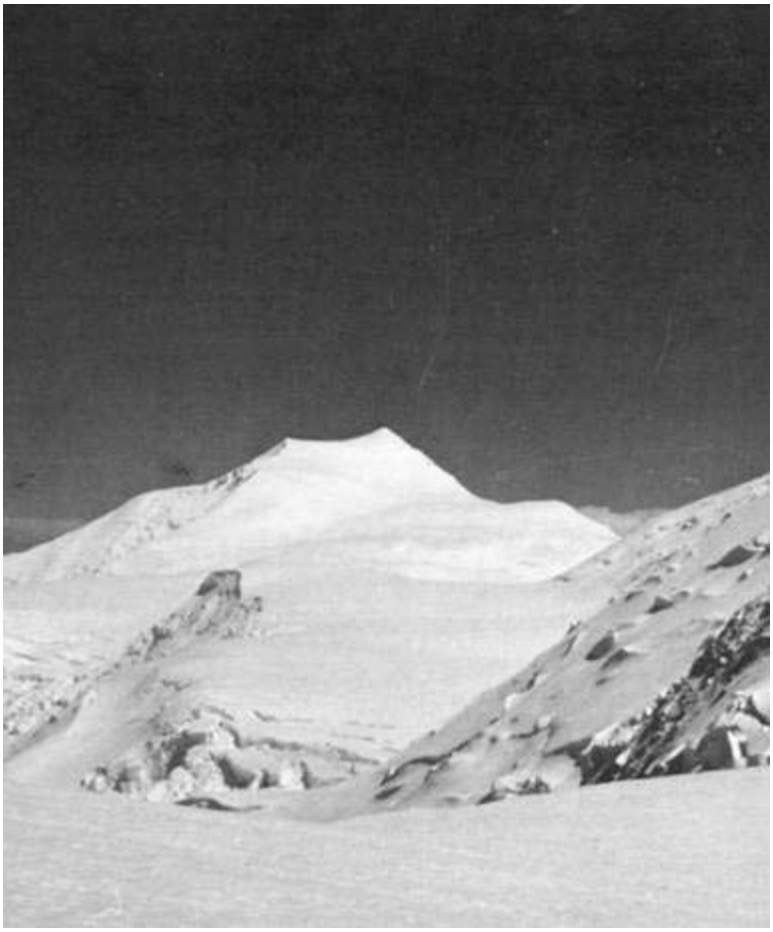
The staple diet on the climb was peanuts and raisins, chosen for its high calorific value, supplemented by cooking chocolate, cheese and boiled candy. All water was carried and rosehip syrup was the only drink taken, the gas stove being used only to take the chill off the water and to raise it to body temperature. In this way, no body heat energy was lost in doing the job — it has been proven that a hot drink has no physical effect on the body; all that is required is a drink of body temperature heat.

The major difficulties were mainly sustained artificial climbing high on the face, American equipment and techniques being used with great success. The climb was graded VI superior continental standard, with individual pitches of A4 and VI. Length 5,300 feet. It has not yet been repeated.

John Amatt

The west ridge of Lucania with the summit visible at far right. K. Sakan

Mount Steele from the west ridge of Lucania. A. Kawamoto



The West Ridge of Lucania

The St. Elias Range is a heavenly reservoir of ice and snow. The great number of vast glaciers, to say nothing of the big mountain masses, are most exciting. Indeed, Japan did have glaciers in the ancient days, but nowadays it has only their remains. Recently several Japanese parties have come to the St. Elias Range and climbed Mt. Logan, Mt. St. Elias, and Mt. Vancouver. But no Japanese had ever stepped into the northern part of the range, such as the area around Mts. Lucania and Steele until 1968.

Mt. Lucania was first introduced to the mountaineering community by the Duke of Abruzzi. But the mountain was located so far away from the site of human activity that it was very difficult to get into the range until light airplanes became available on the glaciers. The first expedition flight to the mountain was flown by the famous bush pilot B. Reeve, in 1937, dropping two climbers, B. Washburn and R. Bates, on the Walsh Glacier. As the following flights had to be abandoned, the expedition had to be completed by only the two of them. They reached the Steele-Lucania Col via the south west ridge of Mt. Steele with extreme difficulty, and succeeded in the first ascent of Mt. Lucania. The east ridge of Mt. Steele, which had been climbed once by W. Wood two years before, was taken for the descent.

In 1967, the Yukon Centennial Expedition flew in to the north side of Lucania and set up a base camp on the Chitina Glacier at the foot of the north ridge. They also made ascents of Mt. Lucania and Mt. Steele via the north ridge, which we later used as the descent route. A Kobe University party from Japan reached the tops of Mt. Steele and Mt. Walsh in 1968, at the same time as we sent a reconnaissance party to investigate the intricate lower part of the west ridge of Mt. Lucania.

After investigation, we decided to try the unclimbed west ridge for our route up Mt. Lucania. We also intended to traverse the mountain chain from Lucania to Steele, descending the north ridge of Steele to the Chitina glacier. Skis were used instead of snow-shoes because they were considered to be more suitable for traversing the snow field connecting the two mountain tops. In fact, the skis enabled us to shorten the traverse time to probably one half of that required with snow-shoes.

The Tohoku University Lucania Expedition party consisted of nine members: Ryoichi Mitsuhashi, Kunio Sakan, Osamu Ujike, Kazuo Sugamura, Yasuo Yamashita, Fumihiko Nishio, Yasuo Akiyama, Akira Kawamoto and Ikuo Abe. All of them were graduates or undergraduates of the University.

We left Japan by boat for Alaska or Canada in three groups early in June, 1969, and gathered at Burwash Landing on the 28th of the month. Nine members and about 1000 lbs. of food and equipment were flown to the base camp by four flights of a helicopter on July 3. Base camp was established on one of the south arms of the Chitina glacier at about the 7000 foot level at the foot of the West Ridge, on its south side. From the base camp one of the terminal branches of the glacier, which had been intended as the climbing route, could be seen. Two icefalls were observed on the branch glacier which rose up to the skyline

of the west ridge.

The climbing started on July 4. The lower icefall was filled and bridged with ice and snow offering a secure route. We could walk up without crampons on the rough surface of the ice and easily went up across it. The upper icefall was about 600 feet in height and a quarter mile in length. It was cut to pieces and appeared very difficult to overcome. The reconnaissance party in the previous year had marked a possible route, which would lead us up to the upper part of the branch glacier. A long narrow protrusion of ice, like the nose of an elephant, hung from the upper part of the glacier down to the middle of the icefall. To reach the lower end of the nose we had to cross several fragile, slender snow bridges, and to climb a steep ice wall, 100 feet in height with a gradient of 70 degrees. The nose itself was 400 feet long, and also steep and covered with unstable snow. After an exhausting climb, we discovered that the nose was not connected to the upper part of the glacier. Thus, the day of July 5 was wasted.

Early the next morning three of us left Camp 1 to find another route leading to the upper part of the glacier. At the same time the remaining six started to carry up packs from the base camp. We first got into the bergschrund on the left-side of the glacier, which was filled with snow in part. We gained about a 1000 feet, and were threatened by towering ice blocks. But their struggle again proved fruitless as the route was cut off by an overhanging ice tower. At midday, the icefall did not allow us to step into it because of its incessant crumbling, which made roaring sounds through the day. They started again in the evening, finding a route on the side of the rock ridge to the right of the glacier, and fixed ropes on it. Finally they reached the upper part of the glacier by this route.

At midnight the sky was gradually covered with a dense, milky fog. As we feared, the next morning broke with heavy snowfall, The glacier was covered with deep, soft snow, which hid dangerous crevasses. Accordingly skis were used on the upper part of the glacier which was above 8500 feet. The glacier turned to the right at the 9000 foot level and crawled up to the 12,600 foot peak, forming a hanging wall. The route was carefully investigated, and found to be free of wide crevasses and not threatened by avalanches from the hanging wall. We changed into crampons and left the glacier just beneath the hanging wall, climbing the steep snow slope to the west ridge.

On July 8, Camp 3 was pitched on the west ridge at the ten thousand foot level in the milky fog. The bamboo poles with fluorescent paint which were placed along the route were the only marks showing the way during the heavily snowy and foggy days. A bright and splendid morning greeted us on July 9. Two feet of thick snow covered the mountain. Almost all of the west ridge, Mt. Steele and the north ridge could be clearly seen from this camp. Three prominent protrusions were pointed out on the upper part of the west ridge; these were at 12,600, 14,300 and 16,300 foot levels respectively. The first job of the day was to cut steps and fix a rope on the steep, knife-edged ridge, 500 feet in length with a gradient of 40 degrees. It was hard work fixing the route on the ice ridge, which was covered with heavy and unstable snow. We had to remove the deep snow from the surface of the hard ice before cutting secure steps. After getting over several narrow crevasses on the ridge, we carefully moved up the steep slope covered with soft and deep snow, so as not to cause an avalanche.

The advanced base camp (Camp 4) was established on July 10 on the protrusion at the 12,600 foot level. The remaining six of us were still busy on the glacier carrying food and equipment up to Camp 3. On the morning of this day bright and feathery cloud began to cover the blue sky. A snowstorm fed by the north wind ruled over the mountain for the following three nights.

On July 13, the high camps were found above an ocean of cloud in strong sunshine. We were all anxious for the assault to begin, but hundreds of bursts of avalanches nailed them up within the tents. At midnight three of the party left the advanced base camp and made their way across the narrow ridge which stretched horizontally ahead, covered with deep and unstable snow. Sometimes they confronted pinnacles and had to cross dangerous snow slopes. One third of a mile of climbing rope in total had to be fixed on the rugged ridge, which was about one mile in length.

A broad and steep snow slope about 1500 feet high with the gradient of thirty to fifty degrees rose up from the end of the ridge to the plateau at 14,300 foot level. Although the snow conditions on the slope appeared favorable as they seemed hardened by the north wind, they decided to wait for night, when the snow conditions were steadier. They returned to the advanced base camp in the morning of July 14 and slept for a while.

On the night of the same day they began to attack the snow slope. Snow conditions were good. On the upper part, ropes were firmly anchored to rock outcrops. They reached the plateau at 14,300 feet, glittering in the rising sun. The top of Mt. Lucania rose quietly to the east beyond the ice wall, the last obstacle which separated the snow plateau from the uppermost snow-field leading to the top of Mt. Lucania.

Meanwhile the other members again cleared the route covered with deep and heavy snow below the advanced base camp, and carried food and fuel up to the advanced base camp. By the evening all members and gear were assembled at the advanced base camp. The route to the top of Lucania was also nearly secured. Now all was ready for the final attack. The fact that the weather had been favorable for these last days, however, made us afraid that it would change soon.

June 16 broke cold and fairly clear. Four members started off carrying food and skis for the attack party. At 6:30 a.m. the attack party followed in the trail of the support party. The leader stayed alone at the camp to watch both parties from there and give them instructions by radio. Around noon, a helicopter came to check our activities and landed on the snow plateau at 14,300 foot level, where both parties had just arrived. So we gave a message for the expedition committee in Japan to the pilot.

The support party did its best to make a route on the south end of the last ice wall. But they could not complete it during the daytime, so both parties bivouacked on a tiny ice ledge during the night. Next day, the support party continued their job of cutting the route for the attack party. When they got to the uppermost snowfield, it was clear that there were no more difficulties ahead. The west ridge presented no trouble above this point and offered a wide and gentle snow slope to the top of Mt. Lucania. The

south-west ridge of the mountain extended to the South Peak of Mt. Lucania and looked extremely rugged with very difficult gaps. They blazed the way through the snowfield parallel to the south-west ridge to the north side of the top of Mt. Lucania. Here the altitude began to tell on all of us.

The summit of Mt. Lucania was reached by the support party at 3:30 p.m. on July 17. A great ocean of ice was everywhere below. The south side of the mountain dropped off precipitously, and a sharp arête shot down for thousands of feet toward the Walsh Glacier. The weather was calm and fair but the thin feathery clouds gradually thickened, covering the sky. The attack party was anxious about the traverse route to the Lucania-Steele Col, although it had been climbed twice before. They decided to take Washburn's route, and after a reconnaissance pitched a tiny tent at noon. Because their packs had to be reduced to a minimum, they brought only one sleeping bag along in case of an undesirable incident, and during their one week trip they slept without sleeping bags.

In the morning of July 18th, the attack party first climbed to the top of Mt. Lucania, then skied down to the Col between there and Fourth Peak from the East Peak, according to Washburn's description, where they changed to crampons. The view began to be restricted by dense fog. They descended the steep snow slope to the north. The slope was so rough and unstable that they often trembled with fear of a collapse of the snow blocks. It began to snow when they reached the snow field at about 14,000 feet stretching to the Lucania-Steele Col. They put on skis again and kept going, being well acquainted with the topography of the area having looked over it from the west ridge. The snowfall became heavier on the next day, so they had to give up all hope of advance. On July 20, the snow let up, but fog still restricted the view when they broke camp just under the north face of the East Peak. They aimed for the head of the north ridge, to make sure of the descent route before climbing Mt. Steele. After finding a possible route on the north ridge, they pitched the tent there, and started for Mt. Steele at 10:00 p.m.

They reached the top of the mountain after about 4 hours climbing up the left hand snow ridge, which was favorable for climbing with skis. The final 150 feet were covered with solid snow and required crampons. The altitude, about the same as that of Mt. Lucania which had severely affected everyone three days before, did not give them any trouble. The time was 2:50 a.m. on July 21. The sky was clear but in the northwest direction the dark clouds were rolling in beyond the ridge connecting Mt. Steele and Mt. Wood.

Lenticular cloud over the top of Mt. Lucania forced them to hurry down to a lower level. Descending on skis at high altitude far away from civilization required extreme care. The snow was so deep on the slope that the trail could be seen clearly with binoculars by the other members on the west ridge at Camp 3 about 6 miles away. We could check each other's activities by radio or with binoculars when the fog and clouds were scattered by the wind. The north ridge, which fell into the Chitina glacier, was really steep but in a good condition. The attack party descended with ease down to the tiny ice flat where the remains of Camp 1 of the Yukon Centennial Expedition were found.

On July 24, they came back to base camp on the icefall glacier via the Chitina glacier. The other party on the west ridge, though they had difficulty with the route in places, returned to base camp to meet the attack party on July 27. On August 2, the helicopter flew into the range to pick us up.

When we got off the mountain and returned to the shore of Kluane Lake, the fire willows were found to be going down, which had burned at their best a month before. The short but splendid summer in the Yukon was taking the leave of the land. After climbing Lucania and Steele, some of us went round to the Alaska Range and the Canadian Rockies. We left Canada or Alaska in four groups, and it was on September 22 when all the members finally returned to Japan.

Ikuo Abe

Calgary Section in Europe, 1970

In this age of economical transportation and shortening horizons, a climber's ambitions can turn to new frontiers. What better way to enjoy a different climbing holiday than to combine it with a European Tour? Consequently a small group of the Calgary Section of the Alpine Club set about organizing a charter flight to Europe for the summer of 1970.

In total sixteen people contracted to fly to Europe. Of this number, the six climbers Jerry Wright, Jim Tarrant, Bob & Marj Hind, John Manry & Ron Matthews, left their families to climb for a week in Grindlwald and Zermatt respectively. While in these centres, we were joined by five other members of the Club, Fran Losie, Eve Turner, Lewis Vermeulen, Peter Verrall and Michael LeCours, who were already in Europe.

Guided and Un-Guided climbs were recorded on the Monch, Jungfrau, Eiger (Mittellegi Ridge) Wetterhorn, Matterhorn, Trifthorn and Mont Blanc. In addition to climbing, the abundance and excellence of interesting trails was almost as rewarding with unlimited opportunities for photography.

The Mittellegi Ridge

In Grindelwald it is impossible to ignore the Eiger. It glowers above the town like a great brooding giant, changing constantly with every whim of the weather; on fine days soaring majestically in fantastic leaps into the blue, or when the weather is poor, remaining aloof in a veil of clouds that drift endlessly along the north wall and ridges, now revealing, now hiding, the features of its hulk. On cloudless nights it stands out darkly against the curtain of stars, with a little square of light twinkling in the midst of the great black wall, pinpointing the location of the window of the Eigerwand station. On stormy nights, with the wind hurling masses of clouds along the wall, the little light from the window is swallowed up and occasionally great flashes of lightning momentarily illuminate the whole wall like a finely chiselled etching.

Hans Aimer (the great grandson of Christian Aimer, who made the first ascent of the Eiger in 1858), phoned us Thursday morning from the Jungfraujoch and suggested if Ron, Gerry and I would like to do the Mittellegi Ridge of the Eiger, he would meet us at the Eigergletscher station with another guide later that afternoon. After scurrying around picking up food and

gear, we got seated on the train climbing slowly up to Kleine Scheidegg directly below the north wall of the Eiger, where great wraiths of cloud spiralled up the face, despite the fact that the weather was quite promising. We spent much of the time trying to recognize the more famous parts of the wall as they appeared through the clouds. Changing trains at Kleine Scheidegg, we continued up to the Eigergletscher station where we met Hans and his friend Uhlli, who was to be our second guide. At Eigergletscher the train enters the long tunnel through the Eiger and Monch on its climb to the Jungfraujoch. However, our destination was the Eismeer station, one station below the Jungfraujoch, elevation 10,368 feet. Alighting in the tunnel we watched the tail lights of the train vanish up the track. A window through the tunnel wall looked out over the Fieschergletscher, a jumbled maze of ice which fills the basin on the south of the Eiger between it and the Fiescherhorn. We roped up in the station (one rope of three and one of two), and then groped our way down a side tunnel for a few hundred feet. It was cold, wet and windy, and finally we heaved open a door at the end of the tunnel (held shut by the difference in air pressures), and found ourselves standing on the glacier in the cold shadow of the south wall of the Eiger.

Our way led slightly down through a maze of crevasses and then contoured along the ice well away from the base of the wall on our left. After threading our way through a tangle of crevasses, we climbed steeply up the snow to the base of the wall and after a rock pitch of less than a rope length, found ourselves on a very fine ledge system that contoured along the south wall, an absolute highway. After following this for some distance we descended steeply into a gully for about 50 feet and after crossing the gully began easy scrambling diagonally up to the Mittellegi Ridge where we could now see the hut just a few hundred feet above us, perched on a flat spot on this very narrow ridge at 11,000 feet.

On arrival we stashed our packs and looked around. Grindelwald lay more than 7000 feet below us to the north. To the north and northwest lay a vast expanse of green forest and lush alplands, but to the east and south stretched a wild jumble of ice and great peaks, the Wetterhorn, Schreckhorn, Finsteraarhorn, Fiescherhorn and Monch being the giants. To the west the view was completely filled by the magnificent knife edged wedge of the Mittellegi Ridge, falling away sheer on the south to the Kallifirn of the Grindelwalder Fieschergletscher, with an appallingly steep snow slope to the north. The ridge soared off into the clouds reaching for the unseen summit still 2000 feet above.

The guides woke us at 3 a.m., and after a quick breakfast and a hot drink we packed our sacks and roped up.

The climbing started a few yards from the hut. The ridge, always narrow, ascended in a series of steep towers with intervening gaps. The rock was generally sound, with only a few places comparable to the Rockies. Always on the left the South Face fell away in a sheer drop to the Kallifirn, and on the right the far greater drop (though not so sheer) down the North Face. Hans cynically remarked that no one bothered to climb the South Face very much, as opposed to the north wall, as there were no conveniently located hotels or vantage points on that side from which spectators could watch the climbers' progress.

Tower followed tower in a seemingly

Nearing the summit of the Eiger from the Mittelegi Ridge, Wetterhorn beyond. R. Matthews

unending series. After the sun rose the rock was warm and pleasant. The climbing, though for the most part not overly difficult, was exhilarating and always interesting. Our guide lavished attention on us and exhorted us not to hurry but to take things at an easy pace. Some pitches were equipped with fixed ropes if you wanted to use them, and the towers continued in endless array. The ridge was always narrow and is climbed right on the crest, with occasional moves out onto the South or North Faces.

Eventually we came to the last of the great steps, the one which stands out so clearly from Grindelwald. A truly imposing sight, rising almost vertically for over 300 feet, with all the holds sloping the wrong way. I found this section very strenuous, and at one point half way up the wall got into a predicament with a fixed rope which I should have crawled under, but instead went over, and so got my rope fouled around the fixed rope and had to extricate myself by climbing back down and executing the move properly.

Arriving at the top of this section, almost completely out of breath, I was pleased to see that the angle of the ridge now eased off considerably and found Hans' suggestion of a short breather most welcome. So we sat down for a short rest and put on our crampons while we waited for Uhlli and Gerry to arrive. From here we trudged up a beautifully curving knife edge of snow and soon arrived on the first summit. A slight depression was followed by another gracefully curving knife edge of snow. Almost on the summit we passed a number of large stakes planted deeply into the snow, Hans explaining that these were remnants of the last rescue operation carried out down the North Wall.

At 9.45 a.m. we reached the summit (13,026 feet), and after a round of handshaking, sat down for half an hour to rest, eat and enjoy the breathtaking panorama which was laid out all around us.

The guides were anxious to get moving, as we were planning to descend by the northwest ridge, thus traversing the mountain; and we could see our destination, the Eigergletscher station 5,400 feet below us. The conditions were fine at the outset, but soon gave way to hard ice overlaid with a layer of mushy snow. We progressed steadily, regularly getting awe-inspiring glimpses across the north wall where some brightly colored tents and sleeping bags (abandoned by the last party to ascend this route) could still be seen tied to the face.

After what seemed hours, the snow gave way to cliff bands with always convenient ledges of scree snaking through them. At the base of the cliffs on a great flat spot we sat to rest, and removed the rope. Then followed scree slopes down which we ran, and a final long snow slope down which we were able to glissade. A short trudge across more scree and rubble and we were at the Eigergletscher station. Here we relaxed in the restaurant with our guides, drinking a concoction of tea and red wine which they recommended as a great thirst quencher.

Finally the train arrived and said our goodbyes. I think it would have been hard to find three more satisfied and happy climbers than the three of us sitting quietly there, as the train rattled down through the upper alplands and forests below the Eiger, each lost in his own contemplations of the tremendous climb we had all shared.

J. F. Tarrant

A Club Trip

There were 10 of us at noon Saturday to pick our way through the gaggle of cars, jeeps and wagons strewn higgledy-piggledy down the logging road from the parking lot — a logging road which bore the ribbons of surveyors' tape on either side, and an occasional lone bridge, all spanking new but minus its road, tucked away to one side. Looks like a 6-laner to me! I wonder if it will go all the way to the col, or stop at the Black Buttes?

Along with the jumble of cars, the odd Mountain Rescue track with antennae waving, serious semi-military clad types were going about their practice. At the Kulshan cabin the area was dotted with tents, bodies and all the trivia of mountaineering clutter.

Squint the eyes a little, focus out the snow, and it was our advance post in Cambodia. Our stealthy 10 crept silently like the Viet Cong through the village and on up the glacier.

The steady, monotonous walk was made bearably interesting trying to examine the North face through sweat-smeared, heat-steamed sunglasses, and silently cursing the snow, weight, sun, mother, wife and kids, and anything else that drifted by the brain in the 3-hour slog.

We camped just short of the Roman Wall — it was quite detectable. By early morning the snow was hard, and the short stroll to the foot of the Wall was easy. We lost 2 members of the team at the first pitch. Margaret and Ross, helmet-clad like Eiger tigers and impatient for action declined the ice wall and headed off alone, meandering up the snow couloir towards the peak. The ice was in good shape, most climbed fairly well, considering they don't train. There was the odd pitch which made the climb interesting, but with the occasional piton here and there, always safe. The higher one ascends the Baker North Face, the more locked in atmosphere there is to the climb, with little escape to left and right, and up as the only real exit.

The last several hundred feet of steep hard snow mixed with ice, with no possibility of serious belay, provided a challenge which all responded to. It was made all the more interesting by the whining and odd stinging stabs of ice which swept down from above, sent on their way by our errant ex-team members far above, who now appeared determined to hack the hell out of the last section of wall before we could get up there to climb it! At least it was a spur to action, the faster we climbed and the nearer we approached them, the less ferocity in the missiles.

The gentle easing of the angle at the top of the wall was both a physical as well as a psychological relief, with the leg muscles just a little taut after so long standing on the toes. The sun doesn't penetrate the North Wall, with its green blocks of ice, until 11:00 a.m. in late May, and then at a cold slanting angle, so we had the pleasure of cold crisp snow and ice for the whole climb.

Off the top and down the main drag on the south side was another story. It was boot-packed rather like a downhill race course during preparation. And the heat — yes, I'm sure it could make the eyebrows crawl! Those Sahara type movies come back from the past, 'Beau Geste' — 'Three Feathers', and all the same theme — waterless, sun-scorched souls plodding

on under violet-black skies, with watering eyes and parched throats, oasis dancing in mirage, and always rescued at the crucial last minute by friendly Bedouin tribes. We were rescued at 4 p.m. by the Innkeeper at the Glacier oasis who served us ice-cold Olympia beers, but not a harem in town he said!

Some of the more stoic members of the party insisted on doing the 'on to the summit' bit after the climb. Old Smythe's traditions die pretty hard. For the rest of us, our half-galloped, half-slid descent down the troughs of previous climbers would have done credit to the Canadian Bobsled Team. All in all a pleasant trip; one observation I should like to make after 15 years or so of the odd Alpine Club trip though. I don't believe the standard of technique, or ability to actually climb, has improved at all on club trips in that period of time (although it certainly has in general!) That's apart from ability to walk, carry packs and find the way through the mountains. I'd suggest a serious course on technique, on physical training for climbing, on swift belay changes at stances, on how to use 12-point crampons so that step-cutting is almost obliterated, on light packs and quick clean forays, rather than cumbersome caravans and medieval seiges.

While on things medieval, how do you feel after voting to describe the Club as 'stuffy', being told by your executive that the majority are off course stuffy, but its still okay, they like it thank you, and to hell with you! Sounds like Marie Antoinette. Cake anyone? I'd like to suggest another course, one in parliament democracy for the membership, to help it get rid of its leadership; failing that, one in revolutionary guerilla warfare to do the job!

P.S. — for 'stuffy' please read conservative, old fashioned, out of it, or just plain bloody reactionary! Happy climbing trips.

Les MacDonald

On Ten Years After. Dick Culbert

Ten Years After

'Ya — I wouldn't doubt if it would go.'

The words came from Dick as he meticulously caressed the Chief's face through binoculars. Only a hundred feet to the left of the Grand Wall — the hundred bolt error? No, they did it ten years ago at the beginning of the Big Wall era. No error. Ten Years After would follow the first two leads of Uncle Ben's, and then deke off right to a misplaced face crack near the corner of Ben's hangover. Then it would follow flake systems very close to Dance Platform and meander through Dance's base.

We fixed the route halfway. FIXED IT SO FAR! DIAGNOSIS — school, son, and work. RIPOFF!

As usual, the night before a climb — Aah, those sacred ritual Friday nights! — we find ourselves doin' up draughts at several Gastown thirst-slaking establishments. We manage to figure out that it's late, real late; gotta hitch to Squamish — eleven thirty at night! Feeling ripped we leave our friends, gather our heads, and swear at the seemingly heavy and awkward packs.

Two rides and we stumble to that familiar crash site at the Chief — find our sleeping bags and relinquish into a fantasy of sleep, occasionally interrupted by a stray rush from earlier in the evening.

Hey! That noise. That gross noise! A car? Hugh dresses, I squish my feet into my klets. Hugh discovers he can't find his glasses. It's Dick out there. Hugh's head isn't so agreeable either — damn, another Friday night! Total sleep — four hours — the kind that leaves you wanting, unsatisfied in the morning. Again ripped off — only us to blame. Dick is anxious to start. We rack the iron. Hassled by the usual shortage of knifeblades and horizontals, we pack the haulbag and ponder on another belay seat bivvy. The water bottles . . . The water bottles . . . Where the hell are they? Staring at each other, presenting somber smiles we meander to the car and hit the Chinese grocery store in Squamish — 'Three cokes please'.

For the third time we jumar up the 200-foot fixed line. Quarter inch polypropylene. Several minutes of

jumaring and the stretch comes out. God, that rope seems awfully thin! 'Borderline'? You don't want to think about it. Dick reassures us of its reliability as the sound of crinkling paper comes from biting jumars. One consolation — this fine bright yellow rope has excellent photogenic qualities.

We arrive above last weeks' tension traverse off loose flakes and the misplaced face crack. Dick indulges in the first new lead of the push, climbing huge solid flake systems. Everything goin' O.K. Hugh and I dig our belay spots — it's steep, the inlet clear of Woodfibre's repulsive spew. Dick is way above, exactly overhead, lost in a world of concentration. Immediately we tear out the joke book. Really diggin' it. Hey man! get ready for this one — 'A young lady in distress . . .' — 'Hold'! Dick sails down a pin. He is cursed for interrupting the reading session. What's the problem? He's up again —'Hold'!, sailing down again. Once again, up, this time a clog rather than a lost arrow. Holds his weight. 'A young lady in distress . . . Hold! Hold!' Expanding flake problems. We're amazed that a big mother like that moves. He continues nailing across under the down-hanging flake. We jumar to his mediocre bolt station. Next lead up a left facing snake-like sickle. Observe it first. Thick, solid. Again amazed and into another dilemma like Dick's. A bomb proof knife-blade and up on it. Next placement the same. Smash it a bit — the one you are on starts pulling. Don't dare hit it anymore, yet it seems lousy. Up anyway. Lead ends on a four bolt ladder.

We bivvy. A long uncomfortable night in the belay seats. One above the other. Like monkeys on a pole. All night sounds of repositioning climbers with aching butts.

In the morning we review the situation, don't make Dance today — must be off tonight. Close to the Grand Wall bolt ladder leading to the flats. We'll make headway on the next pitch as far as we'll still be able to reach the bolts.

Hugh's lead. Can't see too well — without his glasses that is. The next obvious placement will dislodge a large flake. A long reach and he places a poor knifeblade around the corner of a flake. He nails a seam-like crack on tied off blades to the epitome of the perfect bong placement. Time to head for the Grand Wall. Hugh tensions off the bong for bolts he can't see. Shiny hangers obvious to us. Still can't see. Tensions within several feet of a bolt and leans near impossibly over to reach it.

Next we're gawking at the monster bolt at the flats. We climb quick on easy familiar ground again, and exit across Bellygood. Down on the road we gaze at the route. In spring when the weather gets good it will be finished.

We're hungry, thirsty — 'Three cokes please.'

Paul Piro

James Baldwin on the bolt ladder of the Grand Wall. Ed Cooper

On Ten Years After. Dick Culbert

The Grand Wall, Ten Years Later

The rapidity with which climbing standards on the Chief have risen is astonishing, though not surprising. When Jim Baldwin and I first approached the Grand Wall early one rainy and overcast morning in May of 1961, it was with somewhat of a sense of history — we knew of the developments that had taken place in Yosemite. Jim and I often speculated that within ten years there would be large crowds of rock climbers around Squamish every weekend. It was a natural — being so close to a major population centre. Yet when we were there, it was a rare event to see other climbers, and if you did see them, you knew them.

The main barrier to big wall climbing at that time was psychological — there was a sort of big wall terror that accompanied us when going up our ropes to reach our previous high point. Manoeuvers that were easy enough on practice climbs seemed much more difficult on a big wall. Just as then it was hard to believe that in 1948, the first ascent of the Midway Route on Castle Rock in Turnwater Canyon, Washington, wasn't made until the second attempt, and then a fixed rope was used to the top of Jello Tower, and 13 pitons above it (by 1961 it had been done in only five minutes for the entire route), now it is hard to believe all the effort we put into the Grand Wall, when it is so handily done.

The scariest part of the climb to us was the Sword of Damocles flake; when we hit it with a piton hammer an incredibly scary sound resulted; it seemed almost like hitting a large suspended gong. We had visions of a several ton chunk of this flake breaking off suddenly. We actually stopped climbing here, until we decided a day later that we would go over it anyway.

At the time we did the climb, it received a lot of publicity in the Vancouver papers, and several

weekends in May traffic backed up for 2-3 miles with people attempting to view us — one enterprising young man even set up a telescope and was charging people for a look.

Ed Cooper

But all in all, it was an exciting time to be there. There was a freshness and newness which affected the spirit. One might compare this with the present state of affairs in Yosemite, where almost everything has been done in the way of climbing new lines. The serious climber must now search for more and more obscure lines if he wishes to do something new — or try and establish some record or other on existing routes — such as doing it solo, or in winter, or both; or having the fastest time, or having done a portion of the route 5th class that had previously been done only with aid. Perhaps the Chief too — if not now then in a few years?

A footnote:

Cesare Maestri and team reportedly drilled 1000 holes and placed 1000 bolts before they reached the summit of Cerro Torre, Patagonia. On the way down they dumped their bolt gun and chopped the bolts.

Reflections On the Death of a Friend

Ask anyone. He'll tell you that mountaineering is dangerous — look how far you might fall! We mountaineers on the other hand, scoff; we know that our sport is basically safe, provided one follows the rules.

We all know about rockfall, avalanches, and lightning; we even think about them and take reasonable precautions. We try not to think about some of the close calls we have read about or heard of second hand.

Fortunately they happen to the 'other guy', but we still keep on our toes.

But there is another problem. What about ourselves? What if we make a mistake? an error of judgement? How about those 5.1 leads we do 3rd class? What if one of those jugs was a big loose rock? Just when does a steep snow slope become so steep that you must belay? What if you can't belay?

No matter how careful we are, somewhere along the line we take a calculated risk — many times there is no other choice — and assume that a happy ending will occur.

A typical summer climb might begin early in the morning — the sun shining, the temperatures cool, and the peak just beckoning, daring us to come. We don't anticipate any problems — the peak is rated only 3rd class— and we have even brought along some promising beginners. We get a late start, but it doesn't matter because the day is long and everyone is moving well.

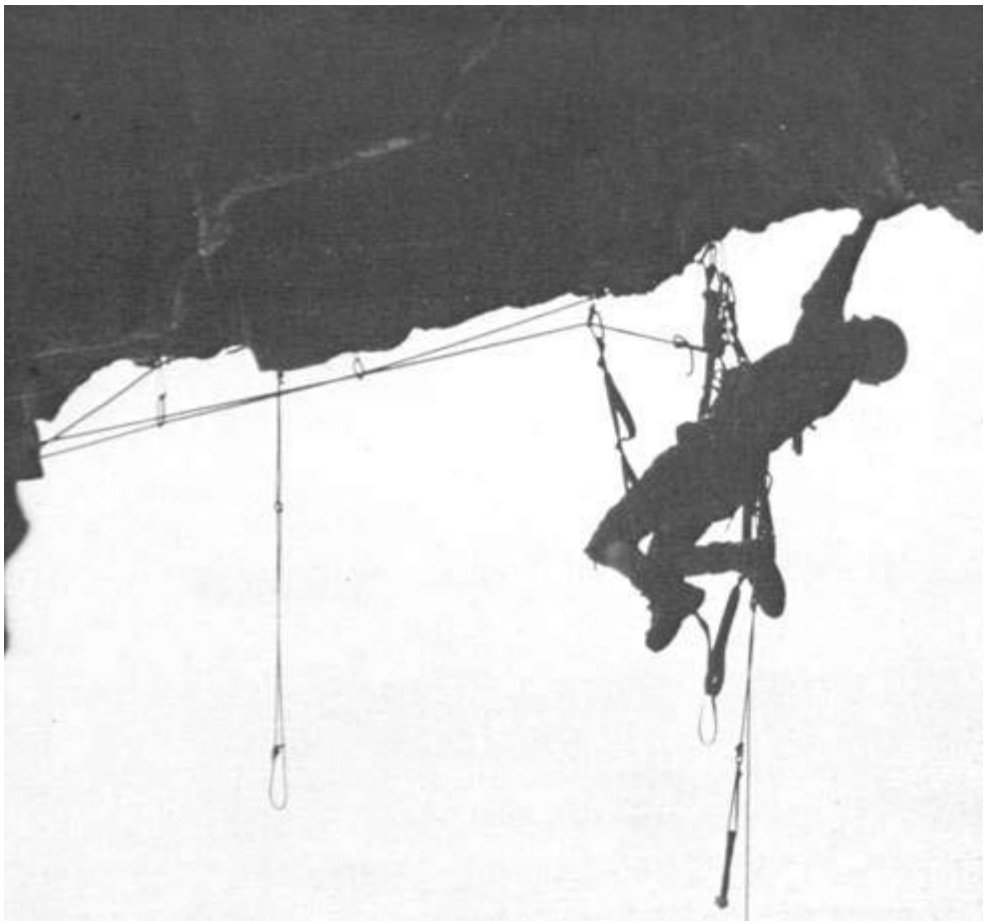
Six hours later we are on the summit. It was harder than we expected — over 10 leads of continuous 3rd class and one of fourth. The day is still glorious and the party competent. But we must leave, so down we go. Realizing that going down is basically harder and more dangerous than going up, we string hand-lines or set up rappels for all but the easiest pitches.

We get down the main face with reasonable ease. We have reached easy ground, but there is some more 3rd class ahead. Eryl and I coil ropes while the others move on. We are relaxing because the worst is over and there are at least 3 hours of daylight left. We look over to Slesse and remember last weekend's climb — three days on its great Northeast wall — and we talk with keen anticipation about our imminent departure for the Stikine and its virgin peaks.

The sun is beginning to go down and in the shade of the rocks things are beginning to cool off. We catch up with the others. The snow slope has steepened and it has hardened somewhat in the shade. They are waiting for our ropes so that another handline can be set up. We give them one and then decide to continue down the slope, not waiting for the handline, because there are more pitches below and speed is becoming more important. Besides there is plenty of room to self-arrest.

But here the story takes an unexpected turn— Eryl slipped and couldn't arrest.

Eryl Pardoe climbing near Three Cliffs Bay, Wales. Paul Starr



I don't know why; he tried at least three times, but each time the surface texture of the snow prevented his short ice axe from penetrating. He fell over a cliff and into a moat. He died instantly from head and internal injuries, his hard hat broken.

Forty-five minutes later, we managed to pull his body out and then we had to hurry off the mountain before dark.

Eryl Pardoe was my friend. We had done some great climbs together and we got along really well. He was a small, rather thin fellow, but he had limitless energy, a tremendous sense of humor, and could climb circles around practically any climber I ever met. Watching him climb an over-hanging hand jam was a real lesson in grace and balance. He had started climbing at the age of twelve in Wales — his home ground — and at 25 his experience and ability were unquestioned.

Yet he died in an improbable (maybe not improbable, but certainly infrequent among experienced mountaineers) accident, one which could conceivably happen to any of us.

His death affected me and everyone who knew him, and caused many of us to reassess our attitudes toward mountaineering. None of us can ever forget how a beautiful sunny day can be instantly transformed into a dark numbing horror.

Paul Starr

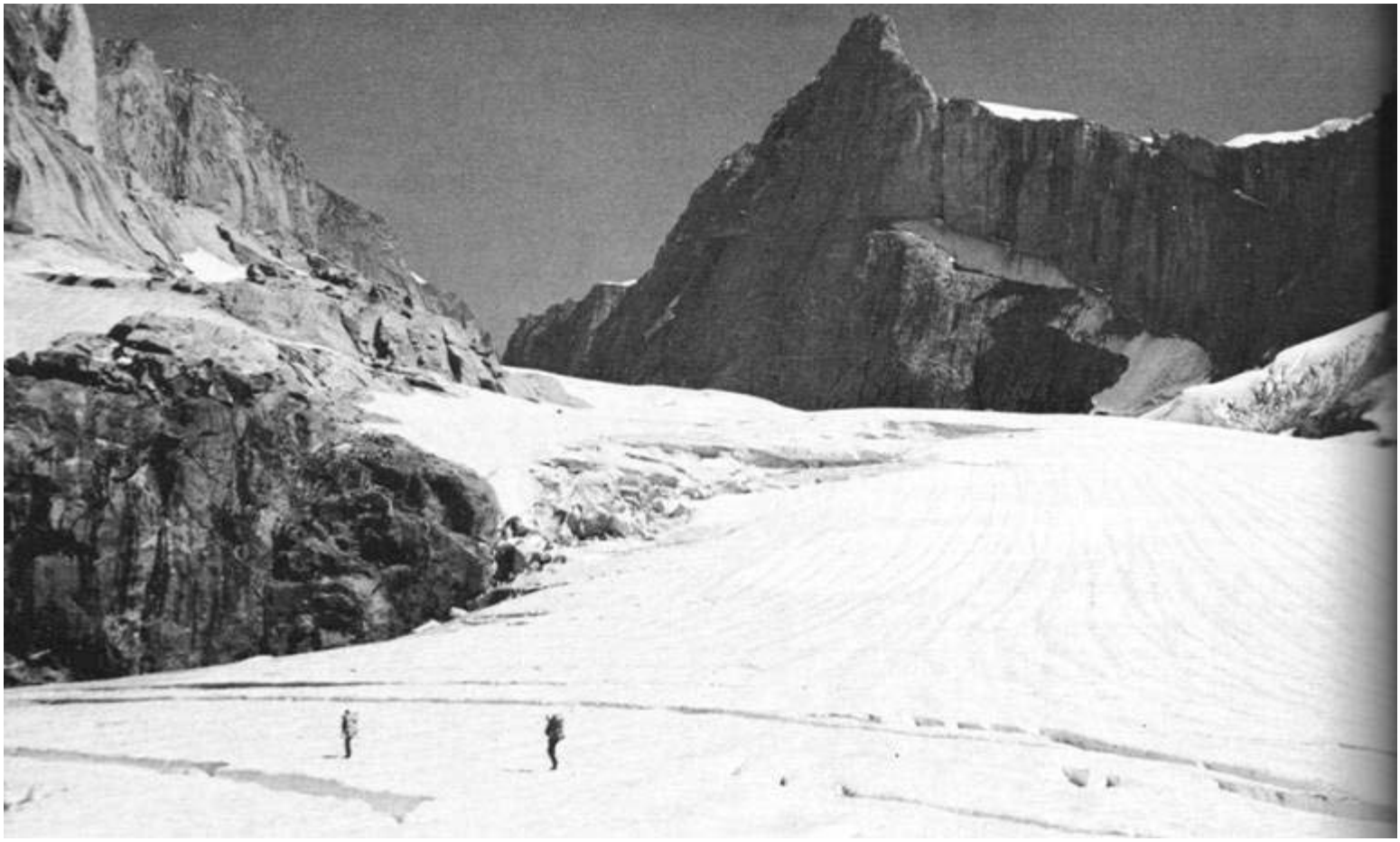
The Short Axe Syndrome

It's about these short ice axes — northwall hammers and the like. Very convenient, it must be admitted, and becoming quite fashionable — the sign of a serious climber, the North-Face breed. Eryl was carrying one when he fell on what looked a reasonably innocuous slope. It is reported he dug it in three times in attempted arrests, and was flipped on his back each time. He didn't get a fourth try, and many situations don't give three, so let's think for a moment about arresting with a short axe.

To be effective in an arrest on hard snow, an axe must have a hefty force down on the head. This is largely gained by lying on the handle, and is part of the reason behind the rule of keeping the head close to the body. Sometimes that isn't easy, and it is especially difficult to stop a shaft from being yanked free when it is short. Even if the arm to the head of a longer ice axe is drawn up most of the way to full length by the strain of an arrest, the climber still maintains control of the axe, has part of it pressed beneath his chest, and has his elbows out and bent. With a short job, once the shaft pulls free of the body, the climber winds up stretched out full length with no downward force on the head and nothing sticking out for balance. This business of elbows out may sound like a red herring, but it turns out to be important. Each time Eryl attempted arrest his arms were pulled up full length and he was flipped over. A lot of energy is being fed into a guy falling down a rough surface, and a body stretched out vertically is damn easy to flip. Lots of people have arrested with a short axe — or a geological pick or a piton hammer for that matter. But it's harder — and the margin of safety goes down. Something to think about.

Dick Culbert

The west face of Adamant and the Blackfriars from the Austerity Glacier. Dave Whitburn



A Traverse Of The Northern Selkirks

The end of the General Camp at Moat Lake and a decision to make. Dave Whitburn was fed up with the Rockies, so I suggested a visit to the Selkirks. Back at the clubhouse in Banff we found a third interested person: Gray Nourse.

To begin with a visit to the Dawson Group was suggested, but somehow we decided on a grand traverse of the Northern Selkirks from Albert Canyon to Mica Creek, a ground distance of about 175 miles. Sections of this traverse had previously been done with the notable exception of the area between the Adamant and Trident groups.

The traverse began at Albert Canyon, following the Tangier River for 21 miles on the newly completed mining road. A detour was necessary through brush and alder to bypass the third and fourth bridges, victims of the spring runoff. At the end of the road we took to the old wagon trail, now mainly obliterated by the Selkirk bush and causing considerable problems in route finding. Just before Tangier summit we camped in heavy timber.

The second day was spent bushwacking to the high alpine country above Tangier summit. Although the guide book mentions that the meadows are broken by cliffs we had decided it was easier than fighting alder and snowbrush. The major difficulty of the day was experienced in crossing a creek. Camp was pitched just below the summit of Sorcerer Peak.

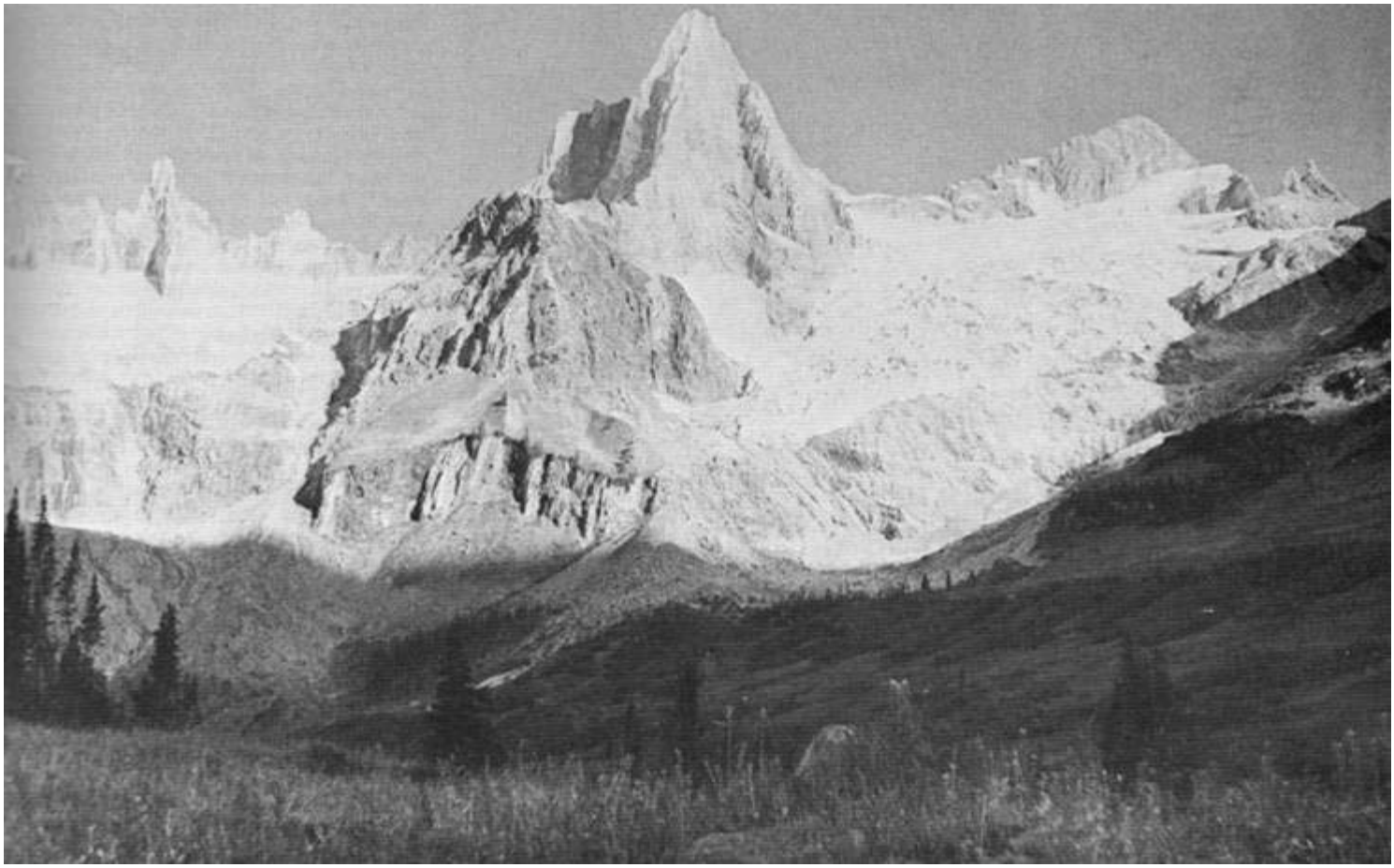
Day three and a new route on Sorcerer Peak via the W-SW-NW ridge, notable not only for the rotten rock, but also an excellent panoramic view. A quick descent and a traverse of the lower slopes brought us to the lovely Sorcerer pass at 2 pm. Since it was still early we continued on to Bachelor pass. This involves a long hike across a very broken glacier of the Alphabet group until one reaches Sickle Bar Col and Easy Glacier. Thus 8 pm saw camp erected at the east end of the pass, near a small lake.

The weather was superb, but beautiful clear nights made it chilly. Our night in Bachelor Pass was quite frosty, so we lost no time in getting under way the following morning. We followed the normal route along Pyrite Ridge, descending to Moberly Pass by 3 pm. Still early with lots of time, so a long push to the Sir Sandford Hut.

Approaching the Goat glacier from Moberly pass, we surprised the first wildlife of the trip; three goats, which quickly disappeared over the ice. Negotiating the Goat Icefall we experienced our first major difficulties due to extensive masses of séracs. Finally we found a route on the north side of the icefall, which gradually traversed to the center as we gained altitude. We reached the crest of the icefall as the last rays of the sun cast a wonderful glow on Mt. Sir Sandford.

Darkness enveloped us rapidly as we made our way down the Sir Sandford Glacier, over Palisade Pass and down the Haworth Glacier. The latter was crossed with the aid of a headlamp until the rising moon made it possible to see our way. What a welcome sight to see the roof of the Great Cairn Hut glistening in the moonlight

Unclimbed peaks in the Remillard Group at the head of the east arm of Windy Creek (untitled). Dave Whitburn



at 11:45 pm! Time for a celebration and a good nights' sleep.

The following day was designated a day of rest and repair — my new pack frame was in several pieces due to the heavy loads. Beautiful weather for washing in the shallow pools around the hut. An attempt on Mt. Sir Sandford was contemplated but the ice conditions were terrible and the bergschrunds enormous. Besides, we were enjoying the weather so much it was decided to push on to new country.

The sixth day started out painfully — like wading a glacial stream at 6 am. It was so cold we almost cried. This was followed by a rather quick ascent of the Silvertip Icefall to Silvertip Pass. For the first time we could gaze on untouched country — and where to find a route?

After examining the map and the lie of the land, we traversed NW from the pass to a double couloir, ascending the most westerly of the two to gain the Austerity Glacier. From the glacier we examined a tremendous sight

— the sheer walls of the Adamant batholiths

— pure granite and a climbers paradise.

The route continued in a northerly direction across the Austerity Glacier with a descent of the icefall at the junction of the ice and containing rock wall. Here we rappelled with 65 lb. packs to gain the moraine, but our difficulties were far from over for the day. We found the moraine so steep that the only judicious method of descent was another rappel. This was quickly followed by another agonizing wade through icy water, giving access to the easy slopes of Austerity Pass and finally our campsite in the valley of Stitt Creek.

The following day we ascended Stitt Creek to near its headwaters, and then turned north to gain access to the drainage of Windy Creek. This was easier said than done. For four hours we struggled with a knife edged ridge which barred our progress. Finally we surmounted the ridge but not until we had used pendulum rappels and had to move au cheval with 65 lb. loads.

This placed us in the drainage area of the east arm of Windy Creek in luxurious alps. A short walk up the west arm of Windy Creek to gain the pass north of Remiliard peak and time for the day's stop. All around us were magnificent granite spires, climaxed by the tremendous 2500 foot sheer face of Remillard Peak, easily a rival to the Adamant uplift.

This whole area is apparently unexplored and unclimbed, and while there are no high peaks — the maximum elevation being 9500 feet — there is a bountiful supply of interesting routes to be done, some of considerable difficulty. We considered trying to climb Remillard peak but a lack of time and no obvious line of ascent decided our continuation northward to the Trident group.

On the ninth day, we started heading north, looking forward to seeing the Trident Group. Unfortunately, while crossing the first glacier, Gray snagged a crampon and fell about 10-15 feet off the glacial lip to the bedrock, injuring himself. Besides a severe shaking up, he sustained a bruised cheek and black eye along with severe lacerations of his right hand. We gave him first aid and moved to a nearby grassy knoll and set up camp. Most of the day was then spent in resting although later in the afternoon

we battened down our plastic tent in preparation for the threatening storm. That evening we enjoyed a fantastic spectacle of dancing lightning from our perfect vantage point.

The following morning it was decided to take the easiest route to civilization in case of infection in Gray's hand, and because he was having some difficulty seeing. Accordingly we retraced our steps over the glacier to the pass north of Remillard Peak and then descended the avalanche slopes into the basin of Norman Wood Creek. We intended to travel in a westerly direction across the French Glacier, Groundhog Basin and thence down the Goldstream River via the old mining road.

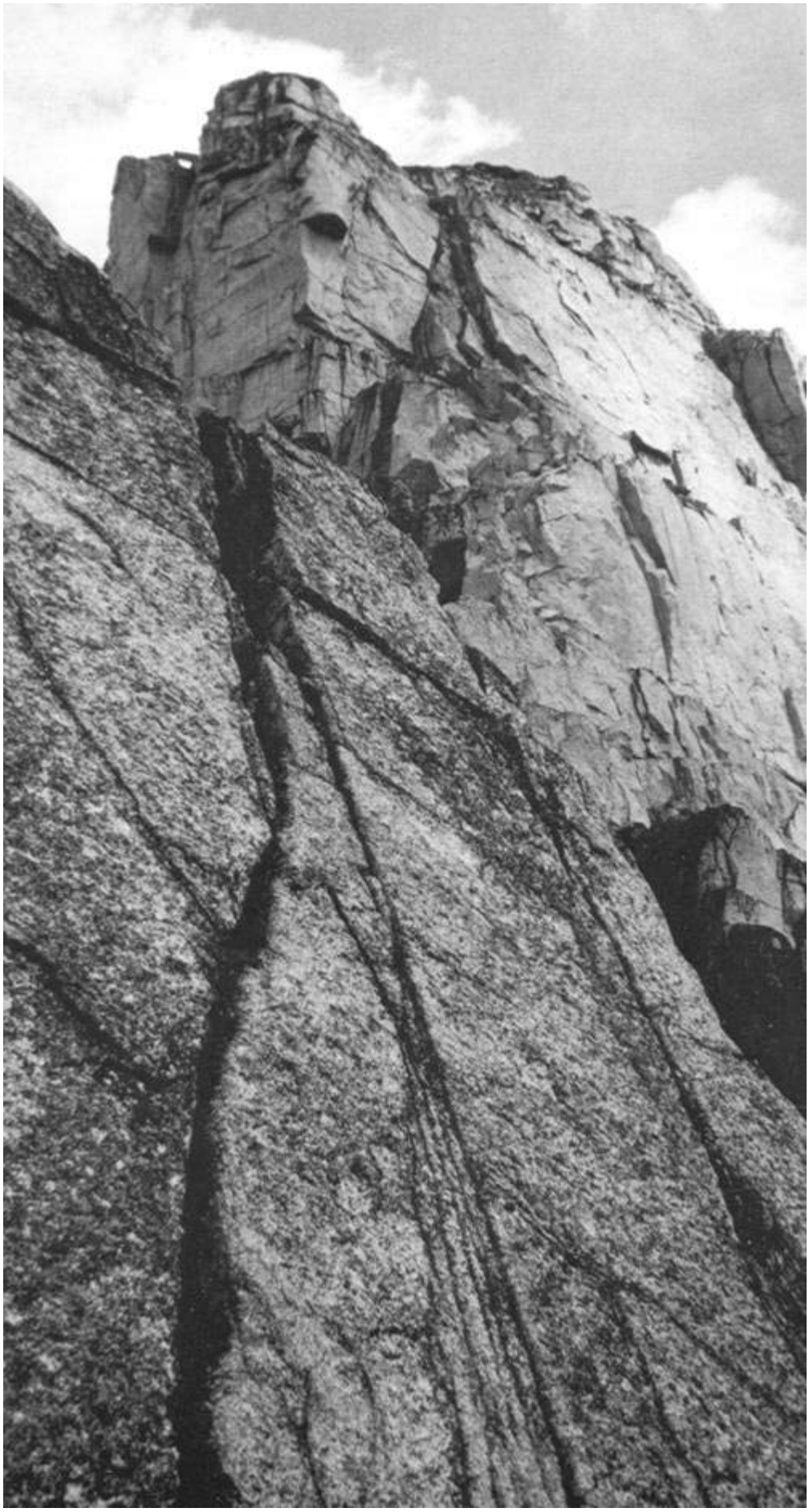
Unfortunately this portion of our trip was distinguished by large amounts of slide alder and devils club along with deteriorating weather. Several times we found ourselves hiking along ridges completely enveloped in mist and cloud. To further complicate matters, Dave Whitburn managed to get an infected foot. I lanced the area and applied antiseptics and antibiotics, but it made for painful progress.

On arrival at the roadhead, I left Gray and Dave to make a fast trip to Revelstoke for help if they couldn't get out on their own. Fortunately both managed to make it out to the highway without assistance, and hitchhike into Revelstoke.

Thus ended a potentially disastrous trip after 14 days. We had covered over 120 miles and had discovered a new climbing area — the granite spires and faces of Remillard. But during all that time we only saw six goat and one grizzly bear. Where are all the animals these days?

David Jones

The southwest face of 'Mount Donard'. Curt Wagner



Treasures of the Starbirds

Intrigued by Bob West's slides and descriptions of the granite peaks of the Starbird Ridge area in the Purcells[1], we decided to visit the area in the early summer of 1970. My wife Gretchen, our 14-month-old daughter, Kara Marie, and I were joined by Bruce and Sue Magnuson from Seattle. Taking a chance on early July weather, the five of us drove up the newly improved Forster Creek road to the Johns-Mannville mining camp at Mile 201/2, where we camped on July 1. In beautiful weather the next afternoon we loaded food, diapers, and pitons into our packs and hiked up the road about % of a mile to 'Irish Creek' crossing. A short distance beyond this point we left the road and headed up along the west side of Irish Creek towards some slash-burns above. After crisscrossing the stream, we ended up on the west side again in a large cleared area at about 5100 feet. We decided to pitch camp here for the night so that Bruce and I could work out a route up the steeper part of the valley above. We flagged a route up along the east edge of Irish Creek to about 5500 feet, where we fashioned a crude log bridge across to the west side. The slope eased off there and leveled out at about 5800 feet. The next morning Bruce and I relayed loads to the 5800 foot level and then returned to break camp and gather families. At the 5800-foot clearings we repacked the loads and all five of us continued up the valley through alternating sections of talus slides and forest. Arriving at 7 pm at a small lakelet which we thought was the 6100-foot lower lake, we decided to pitch camp. The vicious attacks of swarms of biting no-see-ums quickly drove us to our tents. The following day was spent partially in the tents as intermittent rain showers passed over the area. But then July 5 dawned beautifully clear, so all of us hiked up the lower valley to explore. Fifteen minutes later we came out at the beautiful, turquoise lower lake, a jewel in a setting of contrasting peaks, lush forests, and a 700 foot wispy waterfall dropping over smooth granite walls. To the south rose an imposing granite spire, with open areas of talus slides promising easy access to the upper valley. Overjoyed by the ruggedness and beauty of the spot, we immediately moved camp up from the gnat-infested 'Scrog Pond' to a lovely, isolated grove of gnat-infested evergreens at the NW edge of 6100 foot Tara Lake'.

On July 6 Bruce and I set off at 9 am to explore the upper valley and possibly climb a peak. The granite slabs beyond the waterfall were much better suited for practice climbing than for an access route, so we angled southeast and then followed a long forested ridge which led westerly from the head of the lower valley. This brought us out at 11 am about 100 feet above the 7200 foot upper lake, with a spectacular view of Mt. Sally Serena and the upper cirque. It was apparent we would need more time for Sally, so an hour later we decided to rejoin the west ridge we had been on and climb the series of spires northwest of the lake. A scramble up the ridge to a prominent granite tooth gave us a view of the first of 3 granite towers, which we called the 'Eire Spires'. A traverse around the East Face of the first tower on two ledge systems joined by a hard fourth-class lead brought us to third-class climbing on the North Face. We bypassed the lower two towers and climbed the higher tower, 8900 foot 'Higher Eire Spire'. Here we discovered that there was a fourth and higher tower separated by a large gap. After building a cairn and leaving our first-ascent record, we dropped down the north side to below the gap and traversed around the northeast face of the peak, where third-class ledges on the north side led to the 9000 foot summit of 'Dublin Spire'. This centrally located peak (#21 on West's map, which is mislabelled; Galway Peak is #17) gave us an inspiring panorama of all the jagged 'Irish Peaks' surrounding it. Leaving another cairn and record, we climbed down the South Face into the most westerly of two steep couloirs angling across the face. After negotiating several tricky drops we scrambled out of the couloir, trudged over the moraine and tongue of the 'Shannon Glacier' to the upper lake, and returned to our Tara Lake camp by 8 pm.

After a day of rest, Bruce and I again set off for the upper valley on July 8, only this time we left at 6 am and followed a more direct route. About 1 1/2 hours later we were resting on the southeast shore of turquoise 'Shannon Lake'. A more beautiful setting would be difficult to imagine: waterfalls of Irish Creek below its outlet to the east; the jagged needles and horns of 'MacNamara's Band' above granite buttresses to the south: the glacier-hung north precipice of Sally Serena; the rock-strewn tongue of the Shannon Glacier west of the lake and expansive Yosemite type granite walls rising sheer from the very edge of the lake to the north. We pulled ourselves away from the panorama and scrambled around the south shore of the lake. Just beyond the lake we headed up a prominent steep snow couloir which leads most of the way up the North Face of the Sally Serena massif about 1/2 mile east of the North (main) summit. About 250 feet below the col the slushy snow conditions forced us to exit right (west) onto a prominent rock rib leading to the col. Two hard fourth-class leads on good rock then brought us out on the 8700 foot saddle, with spectacular views of the Farnham Group and the Irish Peaks (3 hours from the lake). Donning rock shoes and hardware, we climbed eastward over third- and fourth-class granite to reach the tiny, pointed summit of 8950 foot 'Leprechaun Spire' about 15 minutes later. We tucked our first-ascent record into a tight crack, then continued climbing eastward down into a steep notch, then up a long chute to the base of the final 30 foot summit block of 9000 foot 'Banshee Tower' (15 minutes). The smooth vertical walls of this unbelievable granite monolith ended in a flat top with a sharp horn on one end (too high to lasso!). But unfortunately we had only a few bolts, so we could only gaze longingly at that summit horn and hope we could return someday! (These two spires constitute peak #28 on West's map).

We returned to the col by 1 pm and prepared to attack the east ridge of Sally Serena. Almost a half mile of easy snow and rock brought us over a 9400-foot bump to a slight col. We climbed another 150 vertical feet up steep, soft snow before the deteriorating conditions forced us to stop. As we were returning, Bruce's steps gave way and he started sliding down the steep North Face. Luckily he threw himself on the only outcropping of rock around and stopped his own fall. Shaken but not hurt, he climbed back to me and we took time out for a late lunch and a much-needed rest. We then retraced our steps eastward to the 8700-foot col, but fearing similar rotten snow conditions in the snow couloir on

1 Robert West. '*The Starbird Ridge: A family expedition in the Central Purcells'. CAJ* 53, 34-35 (1970).

the North Face, we decided to descend the talus on the south side for about 500 feet while angling eastward. A short section of climbing put us on the 8400 foot saddle between Banshee Tower and 9000 foot 'Mt. Cuchalainn' to the southeast (#29 on West's map). It was already 6 pm, so we dropped down into a high basin to the east and descended over alps to 'Irish Creek' at the 6800-foot level, returning hurriedly to camp by 9 pm.

Late on the morning of July 10 Gretchen and I left Kara with Sue and set out to find a route up to the picturesque lake above the 700 foot waterfall southwest of camp. We climbed up a long talus slide near camp to the base of some broken cliffs, then angled left and up across some slabs and a brushy couloir, and finally climbed up a steep wooded section to gain the northeast edge of the high basin above the waterfall. We hiked up the basin over talus and meadows, arriving at 7700 foot 'Shamrock Lake' in a little over 2 hours from camp. After lunch I decided to solo 9300 foot 'Donegal Peak' north of the lake while Gretchen rested. I scrambled up the easy southern slopes to the third-class rock of the east ridge (45 minutes), which I followed over a flat false summit, down into a notch, and up to the small true summit (30 minutes). Leaving a cairn and record, I descended to Shamrock Lake in 45 minutes. Gretchen and I then dropped down to camp in another 2 hours. The next morning it appeared that our fantastic luck with the early July weather was about to end, so we broke camp. To our surprise and continued luck, someone from the Johns-Mannville camp had cut out a wide trail up the creek along our flagged route, so we were able to descend to the cars (by remaining on the east side of Irish Creek below about 5500 feet) in only 3 hours, the baby notwithstanding!

After a week of somewhat unsettled weather, Bruce and I decided to return to the Irish Peaks to try Sally Serena again. On July 18 we drove my Rambler up the Forster Creek road, this time all the way to the Irish Creek crossing at Mile 211/2. At 5 pm we began the pack in up the now-familiar route, reaching Tara Lake in only 2 hours and Shannon Lake 2 hours later (a distance of 3 miles and 2400 feet up). The next morning we set out from our high camp on the southeast corner of Shannon Lake and hiked about 1 1/2 miles west over the gently rising Shannon Glacier to the 9000 foot col northwest of Mt. Sally Serena. From this spot we studied the formidable looking North Face and sheer west buttress of 9800 foot 'Mt. Donard', the west Peak of Sally Serena (#25 on West's map). After exploring below the southwest face we climbed to the base of the west buttress where we found a system of ledges and chutes traversing the base of the southwest face. This brought us out near the top of the main southwest couloir, which we followed to the ridge crest. A short scramble west and we were on the summit of Mt. Donard, where we found a small, collapsed cairn but no record. This peak was probably climbed first from the Starbird Ranch to the south in 1915 by the MacCarthy party.

Leaving, we headed east toward 9900 foot Sally Serena over a broad false summit of Donard. There we got our first view of the abrupt drop to a 9600 foot col followed by a sharp, steep rock ridge leading to the final summit pyramid of Sally. By now it was late afternoon, so we decided not to even attempt that ridge. We surveyed the steep granite western faces of both the north (main) and south peaks, but could not see any connecting ledge systems. The steep, narrow ridge between the two peaks and especially the south ridge of the south peak (visible from the Horsethief Creek road) appeared to have only highly difficult, technical rock routes. Puzzled as to how MacCarthy could have soloed those faces and ridges in 1915, we turned back and retraced our route back to the northwest col. Tired and frustrated again, we descended from the col and trudged back to highcamp.

The next day the weather was unsettled again, I developed a severe case of diarrhea, and Bruce got some splitting headaches. After a restless night, with a midnight thunderstorm depositing some fresh snow, we awoke to sunny skies. For awhile we lounged around the highcamp area, photographing the spectacular granite walls and spires, the emerald lake, and the cascading waterfalls and glistening pools below the outlet stream. Feeling no better we decided to heed the numerous signs and warnings of the Banshee towering haughtily above us and pack out. This time we followed Irish Creek from the Shannon Lake outlet down to about 6800 feet where we rejoined an earlier route back to Tara Lake. Hurrying down in light rain now, we felt the Banshee's curse upon us, but we vowed to return another year and attempt both Sally and the Banshee once again.

Curt Wagner

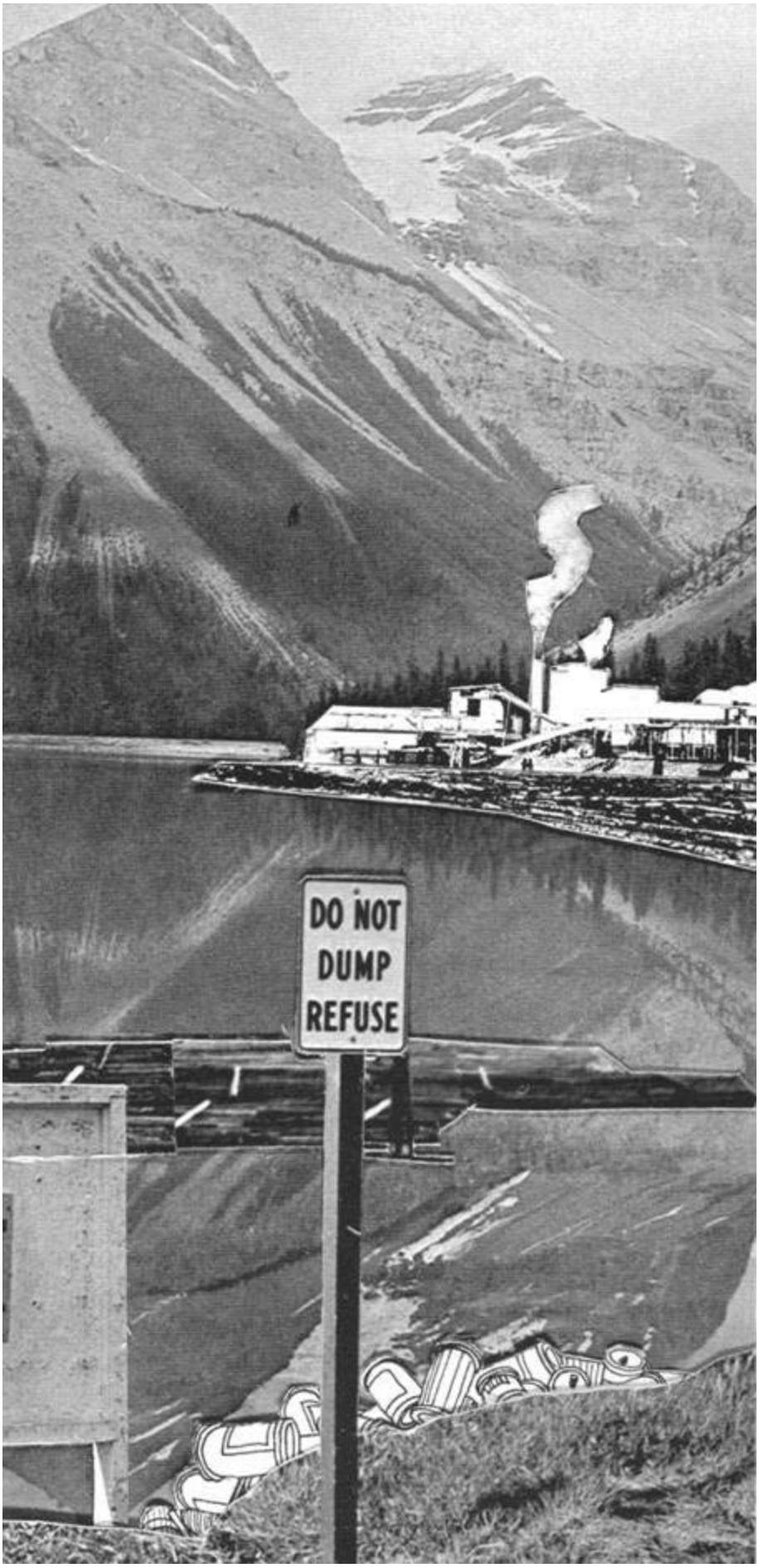
Conservation, Preservation – Same Thing

PART I. ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time in a country on the continent of techno-quick-fix there were some mountains. These mountains were very beautiful, and they were surrounded by equally beautiful valleys. These in turn were surrounded by lowlands where most of the people lived. At first only those people with many material resources and much leisure time were able to visit the mountains. Some came to enjoy the view and others came to bag the peaks. However, most people were involved in cutting the trees in the valleys, to sell, to buy food, to eat, to sustain themselves, so that they could cut more trees, etc.

The beauty of the mountains and many of the valleys was preserved because few people went there— besides everyone knew that the supply would go on for ever. Later on when some far-sighted people said that this might not go on forever, the people and their representatives saw fit to draw lines on the map and write: 'Do not extract material resources on this side of the line.' And then everyone was happy again.

The number of people had increased, and so had their leisure time, for they no longer simply sold the trees. They now made things from the trees (and other materials too) to carry their food and to carry themselves. When the things for carrying wore out or the people tired of them, the things were thrown away, because the supply of new materials were almost limitless, and besides the beautiful square on the map was preserved. Through all this, those who went to the mountains to bag the peaks continued to do so. Some said that it was because they went there to escape the situation they had helped create in the valleys and the lowlands; besides no one else ever worried about how one square on the map affected another square on the map.



Through all this, it became more clear that something was not quite right. The things that carried people did not last like they used to, and it became harder to escape the mess from all that was thrown away. But the peak baggers went on bagging. Strangely though, more and more people seemed to be taking in each other's washing to be able to buy food and things and stuff, etc. It was even rumored that all the light bulbs in the whole land were made by one man and a machine. But the peak baggers went on bagging.

It became known that in their square on the map the natural beauty had been preserved and many more people came to enjoy the view and to climb the mountains. Things were not quite the same for the peak baggers. The new people that came did not appreciate the same aspects of the mountains and had somewhat different values (when in the outdoors at least). The new people used more machines and other city comforts when in the mountains. And there were those who were glad to provide the necessary technology. In fact many people said: 'technology is a good thing' and 'if it is possible let's by all means do it.'

There were other people that seemed to be somewhat like the peak baggers, for they also enjoyed the outdoors for the view, except that they were more interested in the flowers, or in catching fish, or in hunting animals. But the peak baggers and the naturalists and the wildlife catchers did not talk to one another.

In the cities there were yet other people that did not seem quite like the multitudes that were throwing things away. And there was talk of new values and green power and politics. It was suggested that the need for trees was increasing so much (because of something called exponential growth) that those trees in the preserved square on the map must be used too. It was also occasionally suggested that because of all this growth the materials in the rocks in the mountains were needed to produce things, and to produce energy to make things (to throw away). But the peak baggers just went on bagging peaks as before, even though their mountain area was steadily growing more crowded. Some of the crowding seemed to be due to the tree growers saying that the peak baggers and naturalists and wildlife catchers would

hurt the trees if they got into the squares on the map reserved for tree growing. It was also suggested that play is sinful and as little energy as possible should be used to provide for it. But the peak baggers were undaunted and continued to bag peaks.

How will the story end?

PART II. THE MOUNTAIN CABIN

(This is a possible continuation of Part I.)

Once there was a mountain cabin. It had received much use. Sometimes people took pieces of the walls and roof to whittle in the evening. The shavings and eventually the carvings were thrown out in the snow. Sometimes people even took pieces of the walls and roof to keep the fire going. One night there was a storm outside and an exceptionally large number of people in the cabin. The snow was blowing in through the holes in the building. A bright, bold, young, newcomer said: 'Why is so much snow coming into the building?' Everyone replied at once: 'Shut up and get busy, we need some more shingles to put in the fire and for whittling.' But he would not, so they made him stay outside that night.

PART III. CLUB BUSINESS AS USUAL

I would now like to suggest some aspects of club activities that could contribute to the preservation/conservation effort. My fundamental point is that the more people who know and appreciate the natural beauty of the mountains and other natural areas, the greater will be the likelihood of these areas remaining beautiful. These suggestions imply a larger percentage of our total energies used in this direction, but that is about all there is standing in the way of 'technological progress', and besides who can better act as a host and initial guide to those would join us. Specifically I suggest:

a) An expanded publishing program to show what beauty there is, and how we can and are losing it. I urge a decided emphasis on the first aspect — you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar

b) An expanded program of highly publicized trips and outings.

c) An expanded program of hiking/climbing schools and seminars.

d) Publishing how to do it and how to get there type books.

e) More trails, shelters, and campsites. Let us try to get the appropriate government to do it, and/or do some (more) ourselves.

f) A planned program of co-operation with other groups who use the outdoors for recreation. If we can resolve some potential conflicts over the use of a given area before going to a government body, we will present a much larger and more effective voice.

PART IV. EXPANDING ON A THEME

Mountaineering provides a contrasting life style, and suggests happiness associated with the quality of experience rather than the consumption of material things. The conflict, of course, is not limited to life style, but also involves the types of recreational use in a given area and the 'need' to use an area to extract resources. Of course this 'need' for more material resources takes us again to life style and to population growth. It is time to formulate the ways in which resource demand and use will affect 'our square on the map' and then decide a broadly based club policy on resources. The same goes for population growth.

In the short run recycling waste (paper, tin cans, and used goods generally) seems very far from mountaineering, but in the long run such considerations will help determine how much space is spared for recreation after material resource and energy production — for a given population level. Let me add that we also need to ask the question the other way around: How much open and natural space do we want, or are we likely to need in the future? We will need to get the governments working on that one too. The information will allow us to then choose between amounts of natural area, and amounts of material goods.

PART IV — CLOSING

In spite of the gloom that has filled much of this article, I am really very happy to hear of the excellent work that the Conservation Committee of the Alpine Club is doing. While I was a grad student at the University of B.C., the B.C. government announced a proposed parks act that talked about mining and logging in parks. My initial response was to start forming a conservation committee in the outdoor club on that campus. From a club membership of 200, two other people stepped forward when I made my initial appeal for committee members. Unfortunately the Alpine Club seems to be at a similar level of operation now.

In closing I include the following quotation from the report of the August, 1970 general meeting of the A.C.C. Please think about it and then write your own ending to Part of this story.

'Conservation is, broadly, the wise use of the world's resources having regard not only for immediate needs but also those of future generations, and not only for the material aspects of our lives but for everything, including many intangibles, that contribute to the quality of our lives. It is currently a subject of much popular interest, and many groups are working to minimize pollution, to repair the damage done to the environment by our civilization, and generally to make people conscious of the growing need to operate the world as a steady-state closed system with a stabilized population and intelligent recycling of waste materials. The part the Conservation Committee and the Club will play in this broad movement will ultimately be determined by the wishes of the membership. The present committee has chosen to concern itself primarily with the alpine environment with emphasis on the preservation of wild areas in the mountains as being a significant and important part of the total conservation effort.'

Dan Phelps

A Camp Letter

Dear Pat:

Regarding the baggage fees for the 1970 camp, we attempted to pay same to John Tewnion while in camp and were advised that our account was o.k. As a matter of fact, in hindsight, the shoe may be on the other foot. Also in hindsight, I regret that it was not on the other horse.

To recapitulate, the trend of events went something like this. Enroute to camp we took our baggage and dumped it in the vicinity of the horse corral at the appointed site. The packers were notified that we intended to walk in by the alternate route — Edith Cavell, etc. During the discussion a nasty looking cayuse sidled over to where we were talking, eyeing us balefully with mean, red, pig eyes. He'd a big roman nose, slit ears laid back, and humps on his back hinting that his ancestors may have spent more time in the Sahara than the Rockies!

Although it escaped my attention at the time, I recall quite clearly now that he

listened slyly to our conversation until the word got out that the horse route was not good enough for the snobs from B.C., then gave us a sullen leer and insinuated his way among his kind, occasionally casting sidelong, spiteful glances in our direction. Under normal circumstances I would have been alerted to the danger signals, but alas — the exuberance of the moment had overshadowed normal caution.

The trip in was glorious, despite the trail losing itself on a few occasions, and we arrived at camp in high spirits. Exuberance was short lived. We were greeted by a mob of natives in a high state of agitation, babbling in some foreign tongue; like a rural cocktail party — everyone talking and nobody listening. Through an interpreter it was learned that Diabolo, for such was his name had succeeded in seizing our personal effects and insisted on hauling them up the trail. Waiting warily for an unusually swampy sea of mud, he had proceeded to kick our outfit into orbit, tearing the duffle bags to bits, shredding my sleeping bag to ribbons, and having emptied his bowels in the battered remnants, trampled the remaining gear in the mud and disappeared up the trail in a halo of hoofs and feathers.

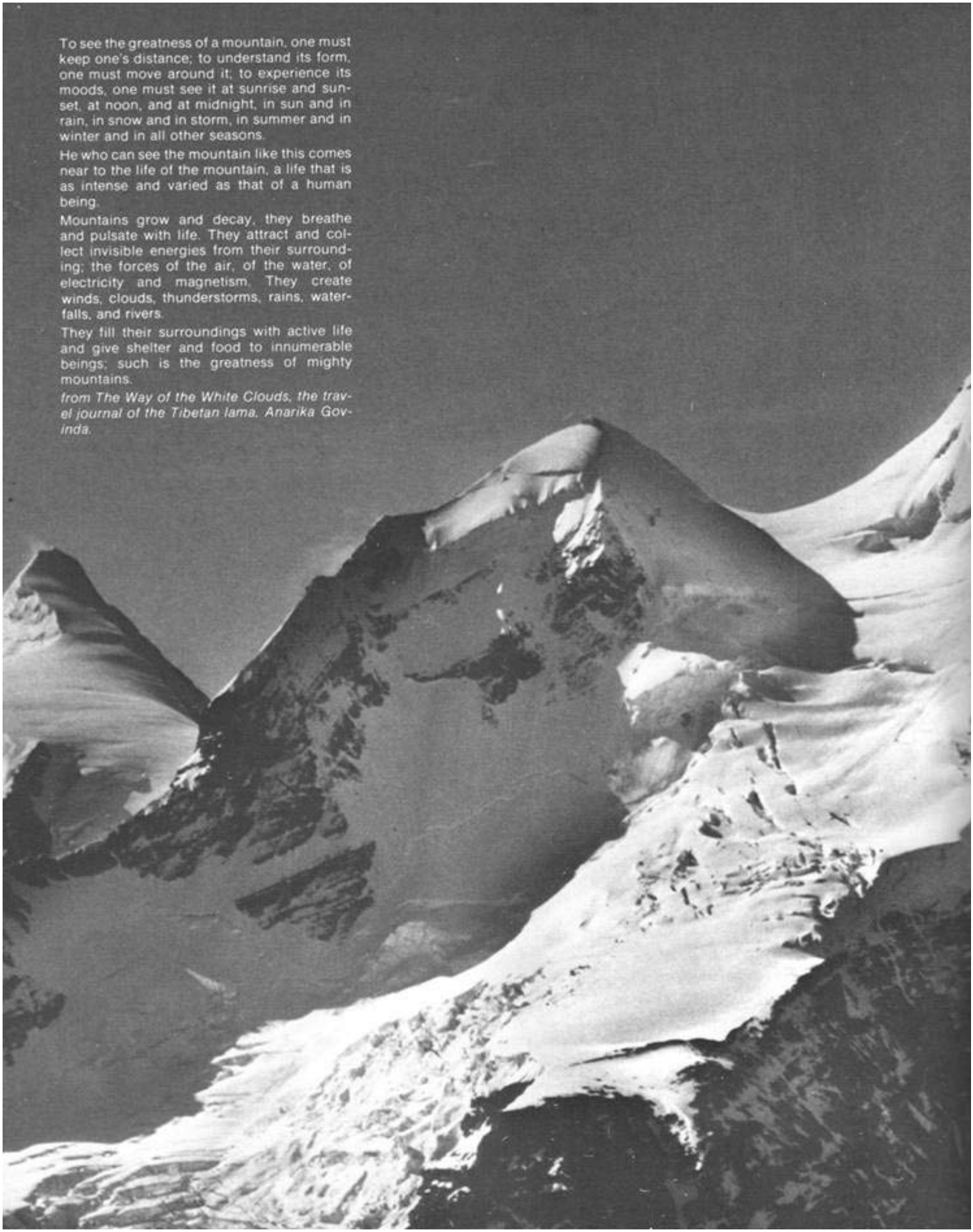
However, the run-around had just started. John Tewnion confided that I should see the packer about temporary bedding and restitution of the old; the packer advised that he would contact the outfitter who had discreetly disappeared, Tewnion and the packer agreed that the outfitter was the guy to see. After camp, en route home in haste, I dropped in to talk to the outfitter who mumbled something about seeing the Alpine Club and the insurance company. My wife advised me to communicate with the Divine and to get the hell out of there. Now I ask you, who owes what, and to whom?

Incidentally, if you hear of anyone who is looking for an extra light sleeping bag (light on feathers and heavy on patches), please let me know. Also, there is a duffle bag, used and in poor condition, distributed evenly from the highway to Moat Lake, which is available for the taking.

Yours affectionately, another horse fancier.

Bob "Hoss" Hammond

Mt. Robson



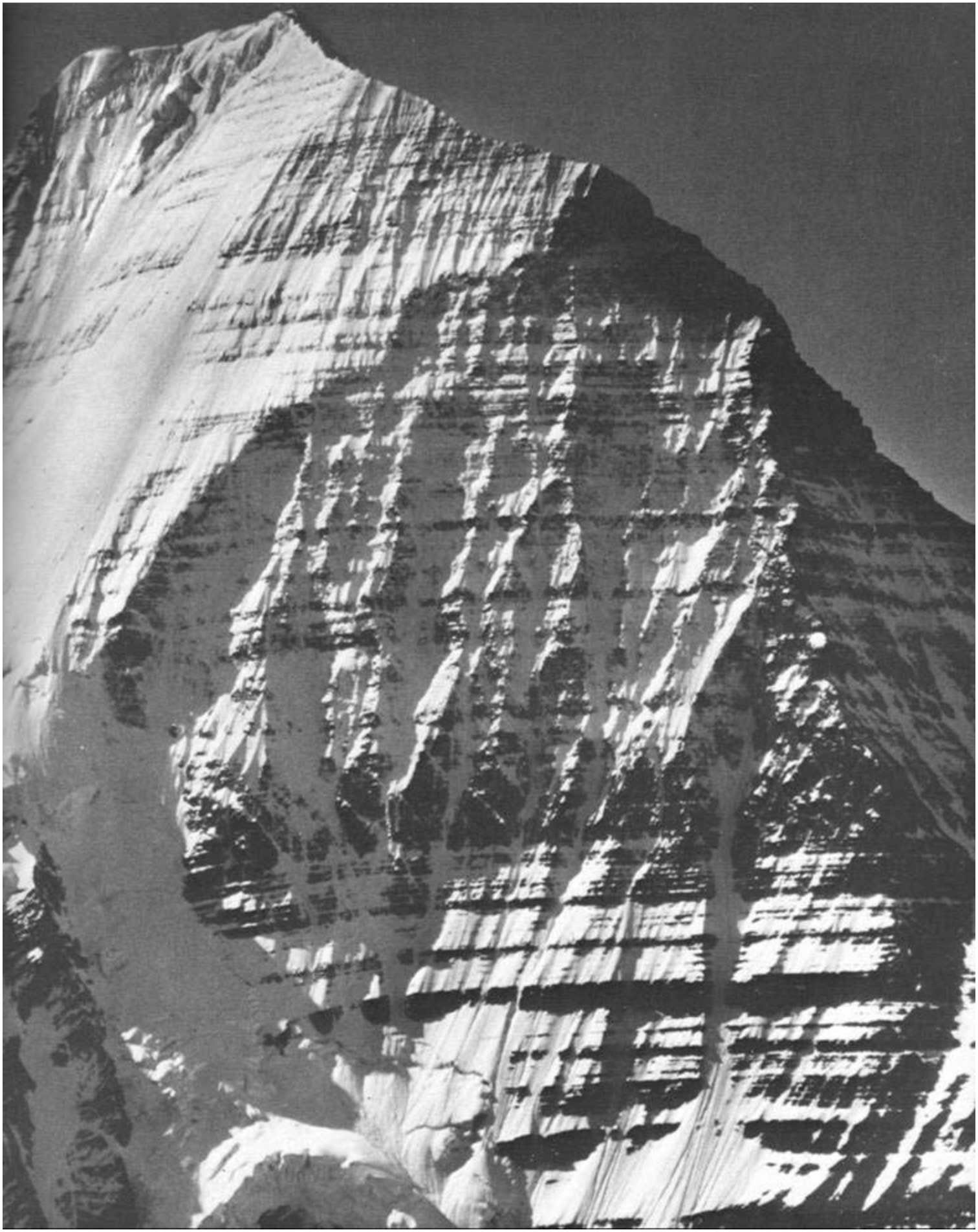
To see the greatness of a mountain, one must keep one's distance; to understand its form, one must move around it; to experience its moods, one must see it at sunrise and sunset, at noon, and at midnight, in sun and in rain, in snow and in storm, in summer and in winter and in all other seasons.

He who can see the mountain like this comes near to the life of the mountain, a life that is as intense and varied as that of a human being.

Mountains grow and decay, they breathe and pulsate with life. They attract and collect invisible energies from their surrounding; the forces of the air, of the water, of electricity and magnetism. They create winds, clouds, thunderstorms, rains, waterfalls, and rivers.

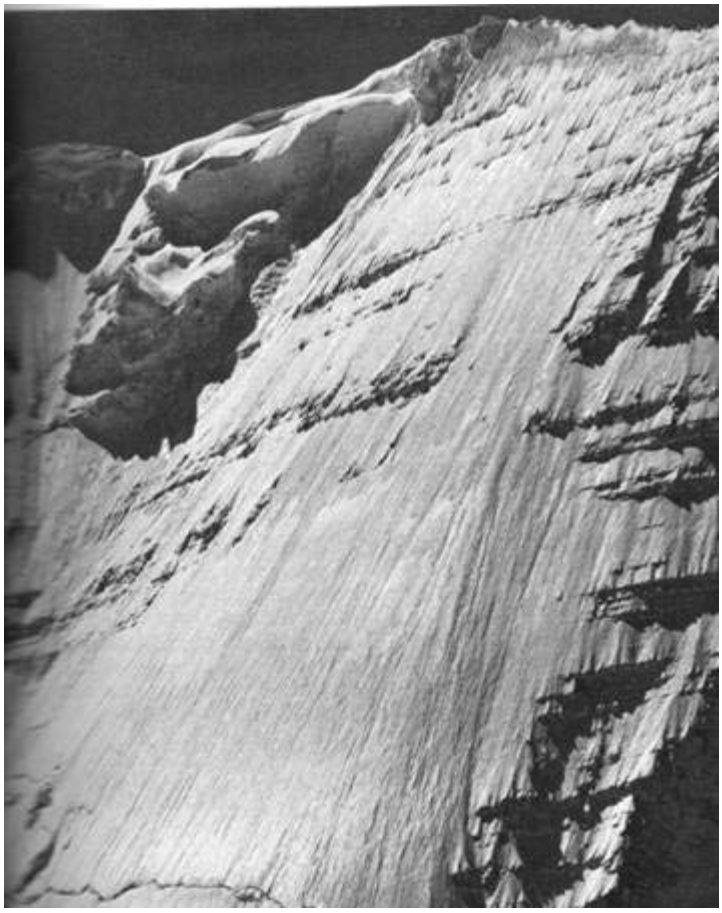
They fill their surroundings with active life and give shelter and food to innumerable beings; such is the greatness of mighty mountains.

from The Way of the White Clouds, the travel journal of the Tibetan lama, Anarika Govinda.

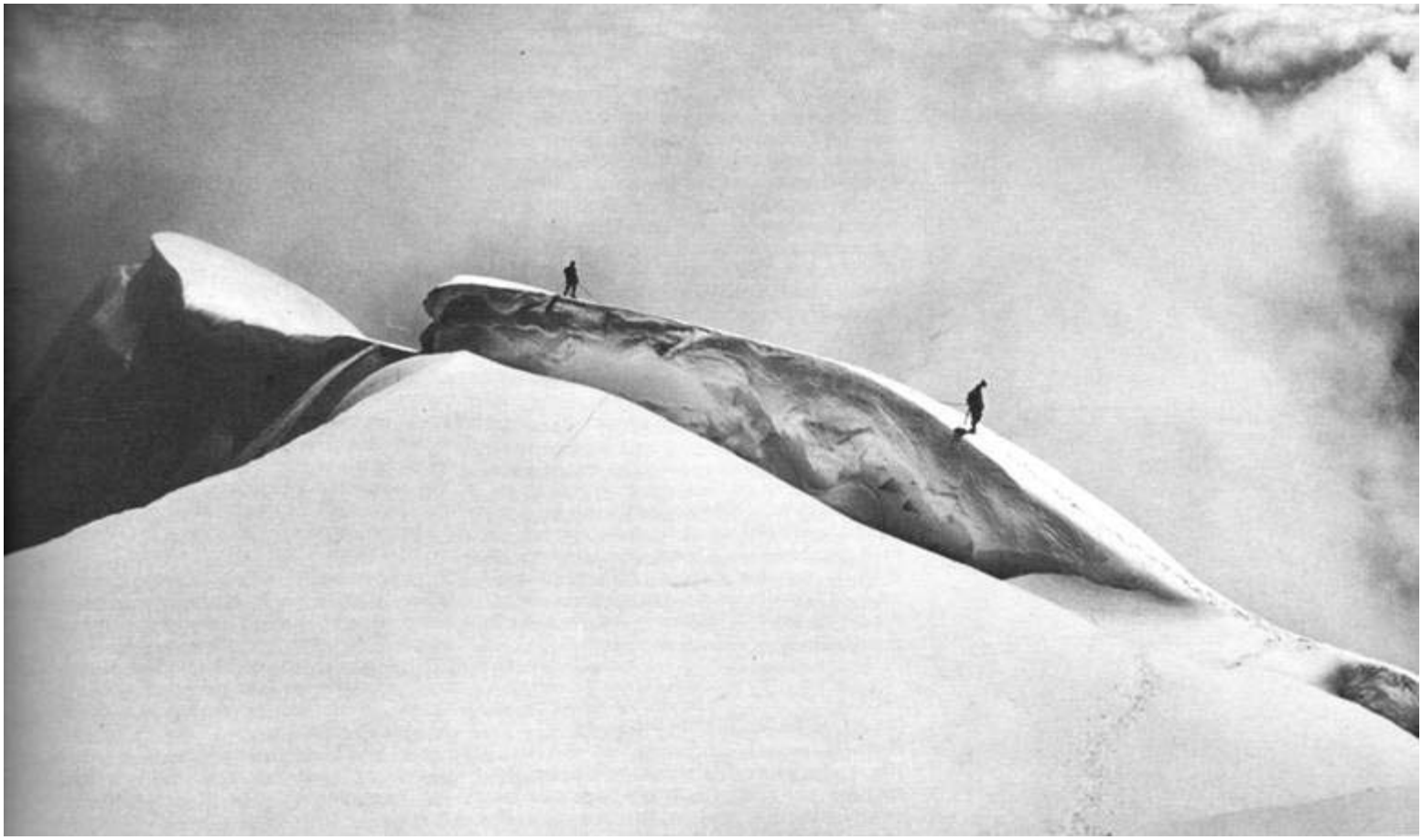


The rock face on the north side in mid-July. Ed Cooper

The North Face. Ed Cooper



Mount Robson from the east. Ed Cooper



Cornices. Ed Cooper

Book Reviews

Challenge Of The North Cascades

Fred Beckey The Mountaineers, Seattle. 280 pp.

So Uncle Fred has finally started on his memoirs. Not surprisingly, he has run out his strongest suite, the Northern Cascade Range, where he was first ignited and where he is still the leading pyrotechnist. Much of Beckey's reputation stems from his longevity and sheer quantity of climbs, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the North Cascades.

To present such a history to readers in a captivating manner is an impossible task for any book, there being no way that even an exceptionally skilled author could get readers sufficiently involved in each climb so that its conquest is a meaningful event.

Allowing that a purely climbing approach would be indigestible, Fred likely chose the best layout. Instead of stringing out a series of trip reports, he has embedded the climbs in a matrix of historical notes, natural history and random observations, and further padded the climbs with incidentals and reminiscences of the sort pandemic to mountaineering. This was a good approach — mostly. It does, however, get a bit chaotic at times, and lacks cohesion or direction. Beckey the historian and natural history buff comes across quite well, either he has a wide range of interests or he has done his homework. Beckey the philosopher and descriptive writer is very direct and will be a bit flowery for some people's taste. He lacks subtlety. Fred's memory for details is impressive; either that or he has a good imagination. Finally, Beckey the climber comes across very differently than in the familiar climbing reports. The greater freedom of book-form gives the man more dimension, and the advantage of retrospect seems to have given him a more balanced view of the relative importance of his various climbs than has been conveyed in year-to-year write-ups.

One of Fred's more contentious cracks is that Canadian climbers were still "dabbling in water colours" back in 1962 when it came to doing big routes. Although not calculated to win friends north of the border, this is a painfully valid generalization, and it hasn't been until the last few years that we have produced more than a scattering of individuals who were big-wall material. This comment was made in conjunction with the first ascent of the north-east ridge of Slesse, and it is as good an example as any of the fate of most of the routes Fred describes in his book. Boasting 25 class 5 leads, this ridge is still the classic free climb of the Vancouver area, and has been repeated only twice. Like Slesse, most of Beckey's routes have never become recognized because he had the audacity to climb on mountains instead of (or as well as) road-side walls. To the modern generation of climbers, the routes and events Fred discusses are a foreign country, and it is likely that the Cascade hikers will feel more at home with his reminiscences than the jumar set will. Slesse! — where's that?

Dick Culbert

Introduction To Backpacking

Robert Colwell. Stockpile Books, pp.191. $5.95.

This book, as its title suggests, is intended for beginners and as such will have little interest for the average Canadian mountaineer who must regard backpacking as a major part of mountaineering. However, for those that do fall into the beginner category, the book can be recommended as a reliable document.

The importance of weight reduction and discarding everything except bare essentials is rightly emphasized. Unfortunately the dilemma of the prospective and very occasional backpacker is the high cost of lightweight equipment. It

is presumably for this reason that boys' groups can so frequently be seen on the trail inadequately clothed and straining to carry a bulky over-loaded pack.

The book, if closely followed, would quickly turn a beginner into an experienced hiker since it contains good descriptions of equipment, food, cooking and comfort at night. A list of trail information for the United States of America, together with other reference material will also help the beginner to locate suitable equipment and provide suggested hiking areas.

The question of physical fitness is referred to but cannot be too highly emphasized. An individual who is unfit for short uphill hikes is unsuited for backpacking, even the relatively light packs recommended by the author. If one's lungs and muscles are in reasonable trim, then the purchase of this book is recommended as the next stage for the would-be backpacker.

Normal Purssell

The Complete Walker

Colin Fletcher, 353 pp. $9.50.

The book by Robert Colwell is essentially a handbook on backpacking to be referred to as required but not necessarily completely read. Colin Fletcher on the other hand has produced a book which is twice as long and almost twice as expensive, but written in a style which makes interesting reading from cover to cover. He includes many anecdotes to liven the reading. His judgments are those derived from personal experience, but where his experience is lacking he says so, and usually he gives the source of any opinion he may have.

Every type of terrain except snow and ice of the high mountains is covered and much of the philosophy that goes with this form of individual exploration is examined in detail.

It is difficult to take exception to advice which is based on long experience and considerable experimentation, but in a recreation as individual as backpacking the likes of one man can easily be the curse of another. For example, few hikers of today's generation in coastal British Columbia would choose caulked knee boots for their footwear! Mummy type sleeping bags are certainly the warmest on a per lb. basis but they are not the most comfortable and for most backpackers the slight extra weight of the barrel shaped full length zip bag may be the best buy.

Sleeping with the sky for a roof may be satisfactory in the dry South, but it cannot be recommended in those parts of the country where heavy dew is a common nighttime occurrence, or where it's a rash man who will predict the weather more than six hours ahead.

Camp footwear is another area where the author does not appear to have come fully to grips with the problem. With most light footwear, including moccasins, the usual quota of damp ground and underbrush means wet feet. A better solution is something light and waterproof, and a very satisfactory example is the light plastic overboots which can be found in the ladies shoe department of most stores. A thin Ensolite insole will keep the feet warm and comfortable for camp chores.

Norman Purssell

A Climbers Guide To Yamnuska

Brian Greenwood and Urs Kallen. pp. 24.

A concise and up to date guide book to the most developed rock climbing area in the rockies, complete with detailed route descriptions, photographs, and a panorama showing major routes on the cliff. Privately published, obviously a labour of love. Excellent.

Andrew Gruft

Hiking The High Points (Revised And Enlarged 2nd Edition)

Roland Neave, Kamloops Outdoor Club, pp. 63.

The 1970 edition of this little book contains a lot of information in a compact form, including 24 trip descriptions. The region covered is centred around Kamloops, and its usefulness was demonstrated when the first edition sold out in a month. Despite the catchy title, the emphasis is definitely on the word 'hiking' rather than 'high points'. This has become more obvious in the new edition, which includes data on Glacier and Wells Grey Parks where the hiking and the high points are more distinctly separated. The treks and trails described appear to be treated adequately, and there are several tricolor fold-out sketch-maps. These are rough and could likely be condensed without losing information, but are a refreshing innovation. Some introductory remarks about terrain and tactics in this region might assist outsiders.

Hiking the High Points is an unpretentious book, and the inclusion of some quite distant hikes has emphasized the somewhat spotty nature of the coverage. Roads radiate from Kamloops in a manner which gives it access to a considerable chunk of wilderness. It is apparent that the Kamloops Outdoor Club is recording as they explore the hiking possibilities of their territory, and there seems every reason to hope that successive editions will develop along with their knowledge of the area.

Dick Culbert

Exploring Manning Park

Robert Cyca and Andrew Harcombe, Gundy's and Bernie's Guidebooks, Vancouver, pp. 96.

With a glossy color cover and about 50% photographs by bulk, this book comes across somewhere between a trail guide and a tourist brochure. Manning Park is portrayed in glowing terms, and the level aimed at is clearly family entertainment; an aim quite in keeping with what the region has to offer. The text breaks down into circa 16 pages of history and introductory descriptions, 11 pages of family recreation (gold panning, picnicking, horse-back riding, et al), 25 pages of natural history, and the remaining 40 pages detailing treks. Most of these trips seem described adequately and in an inviting manner. With very few exceptions these are trails, and perhaps for this reason the presentations are dominantly in the Pinewoods Lodge — Gibson Pass region, although some larger circuits are described, and a few valley trails west of the park are included.

The photographs are a mixed bag, generally adequate but occasionally inspired. The wildlife shots are especially commendable and the idea of fun-for-the-family comes across well. Most of the scenery photos lack bite, but Manning Park terrain is a bit retiring in its style anyhow.

Climbers may feel that the mountains were given short-shrift, but then the region was endowed with rather anaemic peaks,

and the authors did travel south of the park to describe the more inspiring north peak of Hozameen. Skiers are likely to feel left out with more cause, as there are only four lines devoted to mentioning that Manning Park also has a Winter season. Being of reasonably gentle and open nature, served by an all-weather highway, and lying beyond the worst of the coast weather, this area actually deserves considerable attention from ski-touring and snow shoeing enthusiasts.

All in all the book is a good piece of salesmanship, and will hopefully help to wean families from their automobiles into one of the more friendly pieces of semi-wilderness available in the west.

Dick Culbert

Why Wilderness: A Report On Mismanagement In Lake Superior Provincial Park.

Edited for the Algonquin Wildlands League by Bruce M. Littlejohn and Douglas H. Pimlott. New Press, Toronto. 1971. 108 p. $2.50.

From the day Niagara Falls was viewed as a 'commodity' rather than an 'experience', Ontario has fumbled its responsibility in setting aside wilderness areas more than any other province. Although two large wilderness parks have recently been established in the far north, there is extreme reluctance to accept the concept of wilderness in the southern half of the province.

Except for a few square miles of uncut hardwood forest in Rondeau Park, all semblance of the frontier as it was in south-western Ontario has been obliterated. Three token national parks in the province add up to only twelve square miles and are not much more than camp and picnic grounds. Algonquin Park, perhaps once the finest canoe park in the world, has been quietly but repeatedly violated over the years under the shibboleth of 'multiple use'. Quetico, Killarney, and Gatineau Parks are similarly being managed and 'improved' for 'higher' uses than wilderness.

Why Wilderness chronicles another tragedy in the Ontario Park system — the sacrifice of a major portion of Lake Superior Provincial Park to American timber interests. The main objective of the book is to present the results of a one week Algonquin Wildland League sponsored task force investigation of resource extraction practices in the park. Mismanagement of timber resources from an ecological, aesthetic, and economic point of view is convincingly outlined and illustrated. In the case study of Superior Park the core problem of wilderness preservation in Ontario is suggested — the Parks Branch is administered by technical foresters of the Department of Lands and Forests, who have a pathological obsession for multiple use and against preservation.

The second half of Why Wilderness presents four background papers which aim to explore the fundamental question of why the Ontario people need wilderness. It is admittedly difficult to argue that there is a biological and psychological necessity for wild country for a population, most of whom apparently get along quite well without it. The following comment by S.P.R. Charter suggests the weakness of this section of the book:

"Eloquent pleas are frequently offered by individuals and organisations dedicated to the conservation of Nature, but these, while valid, receive only transitory responses. While they momentarily capture our emotions they do not engage our reason, because so many of them are not based upon the question of need, of why Nature should be preserved. If we do not possess an articulated organic need to preserve Nature, very likely it will not be preserved."

The Algonquin Wildlands League is to be encouraged in this effort at public education, and the Eaton Foundation congratulated for subsidizing the publication of the book. For those of us interested in preserving what is left of the Ontario wilderness, let us hope it receives a more than transitory response.

Jim Thorsell

Climbing Reports: The Coast Range

Coast Mountain Doldrums

1970 was a drag! With the exception of Squamish area, damn little new was accomplished.

Most of the guidebooks being written for parts of the range and sister areas are still in the labour stage. Two cabins were erected in the Vancouver area in 1970, both by the B.C. Mountaineering Club. One of these is on Mountain Lake near Mt. Sheer. This is south of the Sky Pilot massif, and easily accessible via the new road from Britannia Beach to Utopia Lk. The structure is on land owned by Anaconda Co., and the agreement held regarding use of company roads does not allow this to be a completely open public shelter — permission for use and key to the road must be obtained from the club. Its erection was mainly with weekend hiking in mind, as a considerable region of lakes and meadows is available. The second new cabin is at Wedgemont Lk. between Mts. Wedge and Weart, the two highest summits in Garibaldi park. This was constructed late last fall, and a winter recce has revealed that the shelter is making a run for the lake, presumably under the influence of high winds. A rescue is under way, and if successful, this will be a public shelter.

The various club schedules were well attended, and the 100-man Spring Training Course was extremely successful. The only thing really lacking on the scene was originality — for some reason the same old things were flogged by successive parties. There were, of course, a few innovations — but as the following list of reports will show, they were rare.

Dick Culbert

The Northeast Buttress of Slesse

One of the hardest and most enjoyable climbs in the Vancouver area (outside of the Squamish Chief) is the Northeast Buttress of Slesse. This route flanks the north side of the great unclimbed east wall of this mountain and has had only three recorded ascents: Beckey, Bjornstad, and Marts in 1963; Baer and party in 1965, and finally ourselves (Eryl Pardoe, Ian Patterson, and Paul Starr) on June20-22, 1970.

The approach takes two to four hours depending on whether one gets lost in the slide alder or not, beginning at the end of the logging road up Nesabwatch (Middle) Creek, and ending in a huge glacier cirque which underlies the whole eastern exposure of the mountain. One must cross a small pocket glacier to get to the base of the buttress, and there is some danger of falling ice.

The route can be graded V-VI, 5.8, A2 and follows the main line of the buttress. It is approximately thirty four 150 foot leads long, of which over twenty five are 5th class. Beckey's description (AAJ, 1964, CAJ, 1964) is accurate, but we made some major variations.

The climb can be divided into three parts: the lower part is primarily glacier gouged and is very smooth: it is here that the majority of about 30 aid pins are placed. This section also has most of the 3rd and 4th class, and abruptly ends when the buttress steepens. It appears that Beckey traversed out into the north face here, and climbed a ramp. We stayed right on the crest of the buttress, always taking the left-hand variation if a choice of routes presented itself. A bit of 5.8 and a few aid pins took us over the second section. At this point, the buttress becomes relatively flat, affording an ideal bivouac site because snow collects there. The final section of the buttress is about 700 feet high, and although very steep and broken, is surprisingly solid. The rock abounds in handholds and nut-cracks, which reminded Eryl a great deal of his native gritstone in Wales. Beckey traversed out into the middle of the North Face and encountered some difficulty, however it appears that both Baer's party and ourselves kept very close to the crest of the buttress, and encountered very enjoyable climbing which rarely exceeded 5.7 with ample protection and adequate belay stations.

For retreat from the summit one has the alternative of two routes. Both initially mean rappelling down the normal (west face) route of Slesse. One retreat route then involves descending to a large clearing at the top of a buttress at tree line. Here there is a trail leading down to Slesse Creek, followed by seventeen miles of logging roads to get back to one's car at the head of Middle Creek.

The other alternative traverses north along the west side of the mountain until able to reach the ridge crest again. About a mile north of this, one can descend scree and snow back into the glacial cirque at the base of the East Face.

The climb will take at least two and a half days, if one includes both the approach and the retreat. Adequate bivouac sites are frequent, and if one goes early in the year snow patches abound for the replenishment of water supplies.

Paul Starr

First Ascent of Mt. Crerar (8000 feet)

Mt. Crerar is situated near the head of Jervis Inlet, about 65 miles northwest of Vancouver. In August Barbara Handford and I approached from Sechelt by floatplane to the mouth of the Deserted River, site of an old abandoned Indian village. From here an obscure trail was followed along the river to a point just past Tsuahdi Creek where our route swung southeast. Cliff bands rose straight from the valley floor and made route finding difficult for the first thousand feet. No water was found for the next 5000 feet of steep bush, but finally a small meadow with a tarn provided a camp just after dark.

Early next morning we headed for the peaks of Crerar by hiking along the crest toward the northwest peak — the lower of the two and our first objective. We were fortunate with the weather up to this point, but clouds were now boiling up from the valley to about 4000 feet. The blocky northwest ridge of the first peak provided good class 3-4 rock, but its summit revealed that the main peak was still some distance away. The class 4 northwest face of the main peak was gained by dropping south from the crest and skirting the main divide. The peak, a sharp crest at 8000 feet, gave a great view of the mountains northwest of Squamish, and those near Mt. Tinniswood.

Stormy weather slowed our descent, so by nightfall we had only dropped to 6000 feet, where we camped in heavy mist and

rain. Next morning, our third day, the long descent to the river was made difficult by persistent cloud and cliffs. An extra day was spent at nearby Stakawus Creek logging camp waiting for our plane back to Sechelt.

John Clarke

North Face of Castle Towers Mountain

In the unsettled weather of June, the first ascent of Castle Towers' north face was made by Tom Hall and myself. Following a day of bad weather at a camp in Gentian Pass, we climbed the north face glacier in 2 1/2 hours to the bergschrund. This could have been bypassed, but was crossed directly as a sporting alternative. The far lip overhung, and after an ice piton pulled out, breaking an ice axe in the ensuing belay, the schrund wall was turned using snow pickets for aid. Four leads of steep (50°) going on surfaces varying from ice to deep slush took us to the base of the rock below the main summit. This rock provided 1 1/2 leads of class 3-4 and led to peak. Some confusion in returning resulted in a bivouac near Garibaldi Lake. Next day we picked up what a hungry bear had left of camp and packed out.

Colin Oloman

The South Peak of Mt. Elkhorn

Mike Walsh and I left camp at the lake below the face of Mt. Colonel Foster at 7.00 a.m., and descended about 400 feet into the Elk Valley. Opposite the first large gravel bar we came to, we started up a narrow timbered ridge. The ridge ended in small bluffs at the edge of alpine, but there was no problem finding a route through and around them. At 9:50 we were at the col between Elkhorn South (6526 feet) and the South Peak of Elkhorn (7000 feet). We then proceeded up the south ridge which is quite difficult and narrow, with a lot of exposure. Part way up the first part of the ridge we found a piece of rope that had been left by a previous but unsuccessful attempt. The climbing was excellent, mostly very exposed class 3 plus and class 4, with the odd pitch of class 5 near the summit. We shared the lead on the class 4, but Mike led the class 5. We were on top of the South Peak of Elkhorn at about 3:15 p.m. and built a small cairn. An overhanging rappel and a smooth slab requiring the odd direct aid piton appeared to be the only difficulty that separated us from an easy class three ridge that led to the main summit (7190 feet). A quick check of supplies showed that we lacked the iron to continue, so we turned back, descending by the same route as the ascent. We arrived back at our camp at the lake at 8:10 p.m.

Tom Volkers

'The Needle'

FIRST ASCENT BY M. WALSH AND T. VOLKERS (1970)

The Needle is a spectacular tower located on the eastern end of a ridge south of Rambler Peak, near the head of the Elk River. From a snowfield between the objective and Rambler Pk. climb 100 feet up the east ridge and traverse to the South Face. Follow a crack system up as it becomes a chimney and then a corner. From top of the corner, the summit ridge is easily accessible. Hanging on to ridge crest, traverse up and left to the summit block, which is of a size more suited to holding than standing on. First Ascent by M. Walsh and T. Volkers (1970) 6600 feet, Class 4.

Tom Volkers

Byamee and Vishnu

Vishnu and Byamee — visions of the mysterious East, Nirvana, the Taj Mahal, clicking prayer wheels, a long line of porters trekking towards distant giants of the Himalayas? Yet our Nirvana is much closer to home; a high and wide pass open to the wind, forest fringed meadows studded with tarns and a score of austere mountains guarding its solitude like gods — the first climber to camp there felt transported to an earthly paradise; Nirvana Pass he named it, and the mountains the Pantheon Range.

More prosaic thoughts fill our minds as we carefully scrutinize the unclimbed summit tower of Mt. Byamee from the shelter of our tent on a small meadow in the blocky moraine of the upper Twist Creek Valley. Our keen interest in the mountain makes us forget our wearyness from a two day bushwhack, including endless tangles of blowdowns liberally spiked with devil's club, and frustrating mountain rhododendrons aptly called mountain misery.

Next day the serrated ridge of our mountain is silhouetted by a fringe of whirling clouds lit by the early morning sun, as we approach the steep gullies leading to the south ridge. Happiness is hard snow for excellent cramponing, some high grade firm rock and an easy scramble over two gendarmes to the summit. Looking north Mt. Vishnu looks sinister, and the rotteness of the lower north peak of Mt. Byamee is well remembered from the two unsuccessful attempts four years ago. But the view southward to the impressive Mt. Waddington massif brings back fond memories of many fine climbs, and we imagine that we can almost see the shiny aluminum roof of the Plummer Hut on the upper Tellot Glacier. On the descent softening snow requires careful belaying, the gully seems endless, the rocks fractured, nerves get frayed — the tent in the valley a peaceful oasis after a 16 hour day.

True to tradition we move camp on our rest day to a well protected spot in the last clumps of trees on Nirvana Pass. It is a dull, blustery day and our preparations for the big climb are half hearted. Maybe the weather-god is taking it out on us, no peak in the Pantheon has been named after him!

Next morning there is no improvement, shall we go? We purposely drag out breakfast, but finally the thoughts of worse weather on the morrow and only two climbing days left end our shilly-shallying. Again we take advantage of a series of hard frozen snow gullies which lead steeply to the crenellated west ridge. It is windy up here and a light snow fall adds extra hazards to the exposed lichen covered rocks. We lose track of the number of gendarmes we climb over or around before reaching the fogshrouded summit. On the way down we avoid some of the gendarmes by traversing on rubbley ledges in the north face, and rappel over the most difficult part of the ridge. Suddenly the sun appears behind our backs and projects our huge shadows on the receding cloud layer below — the famous Brocken spectre! The descent from the notch seems like a repeat performance of two days ago, only slower, more tedious, interminable!

Our dreams fulfilled we spend a pleasant day lazing on the heather. A final morning dash to Mt. Pan, a small peak just across the pass, lets us appreciate the beauty of the two mountains we came to climb.

Martin and Esther Kafer

The southwest face of Mount Donard. Curt Wagner

SUMMARY:

Ref. CAJ 1965, pp. 11-13, CAJ 1967, pp. 4-14.

Mt. Byamee. ca. 10,000 feet, via west face and south ridge grade 3 - 4, June 29, 1970, David Boyd, Martin and Esther Kafer.

Mt. Vishnu, ca. 9,900 feet, via southwest face and west ridge, grade 4, July 1, 1970, same party.

Mt. Pan, ca. 8,000 feet, July 3, 1970, Martin and Esther Kafer.

Ape Lake Region

During the summer of 1970, the California-based Mountain Travel (USA) organization conducted a series of expeditions and excursions to mountain areas throughout the world. One of these trips took me, in the dual capacity of mountain guide and babysitter, to the Ape Lake Region of the Bella Coola mountains (Jacobsen-Monarch complex) of the B.C. Coast Ranges. This area is well described by Barry Hagen (C.A.J. 1966, p. 71) and is covered in section N-1 (Monarch-Bentinck) of the 'Climber's Guide to the Coastal Ranges of British Columbia', by Dick Culbert. Accompanying me in my dual role were Gary Colliver (leader) and Bob Cuthbert (deputy leader), while Gary's wife Reva came along as cook.

We flew in from Nimpo Lake on July 19th and established a base camp on the shores of Ape Lake. At that time, the party consisted of some twelve American climbers in addition to the four staff, each of whom had paid some $460, plus the cost of their personal travel and equipment, to attend.

During the first few days of unsettled weather, the party made mass ascents of Musician Mountain (est. 8400 feet) and 'Throwback Tower', which are easily reached from the lake, as well as having several excellent practice sessions in the deep crevasses of the Fyles Glacier. Brightening skies during the second week saw the establishment of a 'high camp' on a rock island situated between the Fyles and Ape Glaciers, where we were surrounded by some magnificent mountain architecture, while still having the comfort of a heather terrace on which to sleep. From this camp, we made an ascent of a northern subsidiary peak of Mt. Fyles (est. 9000 feet), on which we placed a cairn, having missed the main summit during a misty climb in extremely deep and tiring snow through the icefall above the Ape Glacier. The following day, ascents of two minor peaks on the Jacobsen-Mongol Col were accomplished, from which excellent views of the Monarch Icecap were enjoyed.

The entire party climbed the eastern Mongol peak by an extremely arduous ascent of the north side of the col between the eastern and central peaks — the first ascent direct from the Ape Glacier. Following this, the highest point on the ridge between the central Mongol and Mt. Fyles was climbed by the entire party (first ascent). This involved a short rock pitch above the bergschrund leading to the col north-west of the central Mongol peak, followed by class 3 scrambling on the S.E. ridge and East Face of the objective.

The trip was climaxed by an ascent of the highest peak in the area, the East Peak of Jacobsen (est. 9500 feet), by the route of the first ascent in 1958. No difficulties were encountered, although there was need for ropes on some sections of the class three climb above the col. This resulted in a rope of ten (myself and nine clients), since both Gary and Bob had remained in camp having succumbed to the variety of nervous and mental disorders which develop amongst

The hidden pitch on Hagwilget Arete. Dick Culbert

the leaders of 'mountain holiday camps' such as this.

John Amatt

The Hagwilget Arête

The aesthetic looking arête which rises from the outskirts of Hazelton onto Mt. Roche de Boule has caught the eye of several climbers driving Hwy 16, and has even been tried a time or two. Barry Hagen had carried out a recce with his wife Rena the year before, so when I joined him and Frank Sarnquist on an August afternoon bush-thrash to the base, we had a pretty good idea of the approach.

Actually, the lovely line of the ridge as seen from Hazelton degenerates somewhat under side view, showing two major steps separated by easier climbing. Nevertheless, it was still a classic structure in a way, so there we were, bivouacing under the first step. With the dawn we neatly sidestepped most of the initial difficulties on the left, then several hundred feet of scrambly stuff led to the second and dominant vertical section.

The rock was reasonably good, and two leads of sporting class 5 (mainly just right of the skyline) put us on easier ground above. More class 3 & 4 scrambly stuff ensured, but just as we thought it was all over there was the cutest little hidden notch and one more very enjoyable pitch of 5. Another thousand feet or so of easier terrain and we were eating a late lunch by the cairn. Descent was to the east. The natives of Hazelton call this peak Hagwilget, and so did we — a fun route if you should be passing by.

Dick Culbert

The Cassiar Mountains

During our 18-month stay in the Cassiar townsite from April '69 to September 70, my wife Jolanta and I did some hiking and climbing in the surrounding country. The Cassiar Mts. are the northern part of the Stikine Mountains, situated west of the Rocky Mountain Trench and extending northwesterly from the vicinity of Fort St. James to the Yukon border. These mountains are composed of volcanic and metamorphic rocks, with several batholitic (granite) intrusions scattered through the area. These intrusions form several groups of peaks of a typical alpine character located mainly along the Watson Lake — Dease Lake road, known locally as the Cassiar Road. Average elevations are from 6000 to 7000 feet with a few peaks reaching 7500 feet. On the north faces of some peaks there are still sizable hanging glaciers left, providing the opportunity for enjoyable ice climbing in summer.

The most interesting, and what is most important, accessible groups of peaks are located in the Cassiar Moly Valley, a few miles west of the Cassiar townsite crossroad. Another is the Mt. Pendelton group, just south of the old mining camp at Centreville. Its nearly vertical North Face is about two miles long and from 2000 to 3000 feet high. In these and a few other locations the access is facilitated by existing old mining and exploration roads. Other groups of fine peaks, such as the one a few miles west of the Cassiar townsite, are only practically accessible in winter on skis or snowshoes. This country is especially suitable for alpine skiing activity, as its snow cover is abundant and absolutely dependable, best conditions existing in late March or April.

While there we made several ascents of uncairned peaks, usually following the most accessible ridges, but in same cases, especially in the Cassiar Moly valley, climbing rock faces up to 2000 feet high. Our most enjoyable climbs were made in winter, when after a long trek through the valley we would hike up the snow slopes following only the frail patterns of ptarmingan tracks. Once on the summit, there was nothing but snow clad silent mountain ranges in all directions as far as the eye could see.

After our experiences we can only recommend the Cassiar Mountains as virtually unknown and untouched skiing and climbing country, which we used to call 'mountains unlimited'.

Marek Jarecki

The north side of Mount Garibaldi from the air. Bill Tupper

Garibaldi Park Ski Mountaineering Camp

We left Banff on the Thursday so that if, as usual, we had forgotten something we could pick it up in Vancouver on the Friday afternoon prior to Camp. Mistake number one. Friday was Good Friday, and Vancouver was closed down completely. Poor Norm Purssell! Saturday morning early, the group congregated at his house —and begged, borrowed and stole everything in sight so as to be fully equipped for the ordeal ahead.

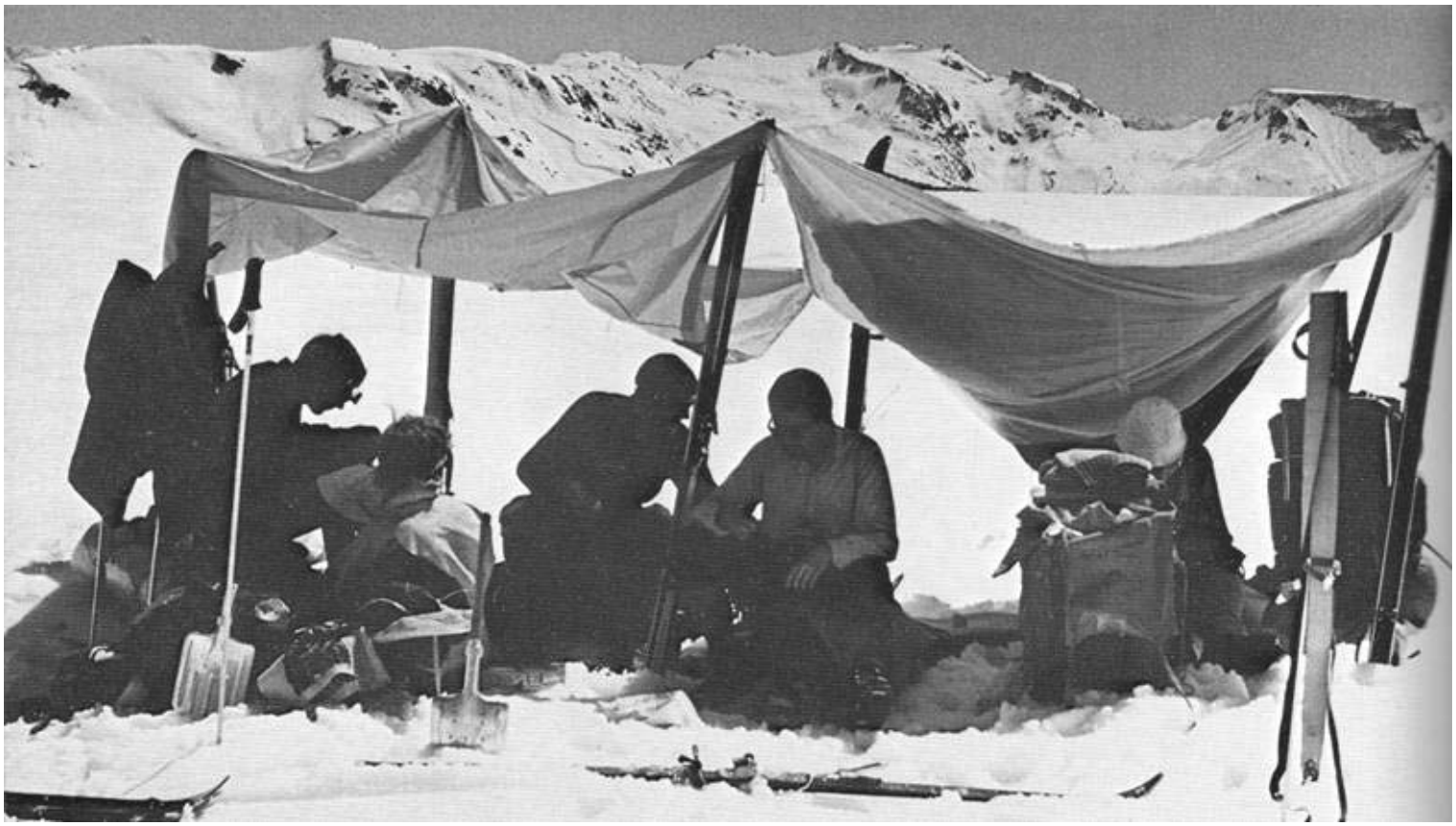
Having been chosen for the Sphinx Glacier group we took off for the road to Black Tusk. After the turnoff, the road was good for about 50 yards, but then a ten mile 'hike' up to and across Garibaldi Lake. The lower trail had to be negotiated with skis on our backs. That's one way to break the straw on the proverbial camel, but all managed to survive the 3000 foot ascent..... skis on for a frustrating two hours of sidehill gouging up the 100 degree slope beside some creek or other and we were at the lake .... skins off and away we go .... the weather broke .....we broke .... but then the glorious sight of the Varsity Outdoor Club's hut at the end of Garibaldi Lake (or as rechristened on this trip — Never-Ending Lake), with Bill Tupper ladling out gallons of tea, soup and food was a cheerful reward for our efforts.

Next day dawning not so clear but mighty cold had the intrepids — Norm, Jack Cade, John Rucklidge and Dick King — off and running up the Sphinx Glacier. Bill Tupper, Ed Little, Steph and I went for a shorter and easier jaunt. They made it, or so they told us — we couldn't see on account of the blowing snow. Finally we glimpsed them coming down and this gave the lie to the glorious skiing we had promised ourselves. The B.C. sun (they do have it in B.C.) had been softening up the snow for days — now the cold had taken over and there was a hard crust .... not too hard mind you .... just hard enough that when climbing the skins wouldn't hold, but just soft enough that when you skied down you went through it when attempting to turn, or slow down, or whatever. There isn't much tougher skiing in the world.

The area was magnificent — glaciers all round, lovely long runs, BUT it wasn't our year. Out we went every day, (it was too cold in the hut to stay behind) after a hearty breakfast prepared by Norm. Glorious weather, glorious views, crusty snow. But we had fun and the camaraderie was great.

All the while we wondered what the other folks were doing in their luxurious surroundings. Tuesday night told the tale. Lutz Dannenbaum with wife and friend Eiko Sakamoto were seen coming across the lake. The others? Sopping up the warmth of Diamond Head Lodge. The great switch was off. The ones at Diamond Head were supposed to have done the great traverse to Sphinx and we to Diamond Head. However, several of our group decided to try the traverse from our side anyway. Not me — rapid decision Boswell kicked his wife and said she'd never make it, we would have to go out the way we came in. (I had been one of the three who had done half the traverse the day before, and believe me half was plenty!) My decision was somewhat vindicated as the weather

Lunch on a crossing of the Anonymous Icefield. Alice Culbert



on Wednesday was poor, and the intrepids got caught in a white out, not arriving at Diamond Head until 11:00 p.m., having set off at 6:00 a.m. However Steph and I didn't fare all that much better, getting thoroughly lost on our way out and thrashing around boulders and streams for several hours.

Having enjoyed the luxury of Squamish for one night, we headed up to Diamond Head, where a snowmobile took us the last seven miles in to that beautiful lodge. Now we knew why the others hadn't left. The food was excellent and the comfort of heat, hot and cold running water, sheets and blankets just too much.

Ed Little, our 72 year old youth, had made the traverse, using his brand new 1936 skis and his special downhill technique. (The technique is ideal for crust on steep slopes: lean forward as far as you can, with uphill arm outstretched; clench fist, let it run on the snow as a third ski or break, whichever suits you.) We were concerned about his going, but delighted and proud that he had made it.

With all that excitement over, we took to the more gentle skiing at Diamond Head and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We still had a little of the tiger in us so early on the Friday morning we took off to climb up Little Diamond Head, traverse over the big icefield and climb Garibaldi. The crust, luckily, slowed us down, as skins were useless and it was steep, steep edging for the last 500 feet of Little Diamond Head. When we got to the top we knew the crust problem would make the long traverse very difficult. I said luckily because, had we negotiated this part, we would really have been committed, and now the weather turned bad. We retraced our steps, and by the time we got back to the lodge we were in a blizzard. We would have been benighted as the storm didn't let up until Saturday afternoon, when we had to depart. Two feet? Three? I don't know, but it was somewhere around that amount of snowfall, and so heavy that you couldn't move downhill on your skiis.

Looking back, the unique experiences encountered at Sphinx and the fact we were our own little party there made that the best part of Ski Week. At Diamond Head Lodge, cozy and charming as it was, we were just part of a larger group of people in a ski resort.

Pat Boswell

Some Things That Need Thinking About

In recent years the B.C. Mountaineering Club has up-graded its climbing program. The annual schedule, as presented to us now, features a range in activities from naturalist walks to class 5 rock and ice climbs. Club trips are ambitious, relatively free of red-tape, and definitely not something you go on only when you can't find anything else to do. This has been made possible by the general rise in the standard of climbing in the Vancouver area, the availability of more leaders, and the hard work of climbing chairmen and other concerned persons.

Along with these favorable aspects I feel there are some bad ones. Experiences on the Castle Towers trip prompted me to write this. Although the outcome of this trip is not necessarily representative of club trips in general, the attitudes that caused it are.

Twenty of us met at the Black Tusk parking area Saturday morning. The plans were for a two way assault of Castle Towers; by the normal route and the unclimbed North Face. As usual it was a mad dash to see who could get up the barrier the fastest. By the time everyone reached the ranger's

cabin in the Black Tusk Meadows it had started raining, and soon thereafter a strong cold wind was blowing and visibility was down to a few hundred yards. While the group were randomly discussing the next move, nine people, of their own accord, upped and left. Of these, two couldn't manage the pace and fell behind. They were, to put it bluntly, left and forgotten about. They took a wrong turn and spent the rest of the day wandering in the clouds never to find the others again.

One of the persons remaining at the cabin returned to the car park. Another three left later and, with difficulty, followed tracks and joined the first group at their campsite in the col between Castle Towers and Gentian Peak. This left seven, four of whom knew the way in and three who did not. The four parted as a group leaving the other three also to wander, lost for the rest of the day.

Sunday dawned clear. Those who never reached camp eventually found each other and returned to the cars by late afternoon. The others, rather mixing priorities, concerned themselves that day with bagging the peak.

Are we so completely unaware of the potential danger of such action, or has the rising standard of trips produced a sense of competition so strong that club trips have become a contest of physical fitness with all else lost? If it is really so important to us that we not be hindered in our race for the top, then we should confine ourselves to the company of a few well tested buddies. And if the only way we know how to enjoy the outdoors is by proving our prowess, then maybe we should try broadening our appreciation rather than just getting irritated. That slow person just might be an interesting guy if we had the intelligence to judge him on a little more than how fast he can walk.

Everyone at one time or another has had the experience of a trip ruined by some slow bugger who was completely out of his element. That's life. At the same time, no amount of trip organization and screening will ever completely eliminate some degree of spread in the speed and competence of those going. Wouldn't it be reasonable to say that once a trip has started the people along define it?

Is not the basic challenge in climbing man against nature and man against himself, rather than man against man? Is not this the essence of its appeal to us? Are we going to carry the sense of competition that we accept as a part of everyday life into the mountains with us? Can't we be good climbers, do tough climbs, and uphold a good standard of climbing but still be considerate human beings as well? Are club trips to become everyone for himself? Can we, with a clear conscience, operate as a climbing club and invite people to share the mountains with us, if we are going to abandon them, or in any event make them feel like skunks if they bloody well make us wait for them?

If this article causes the stir its supposed to, then everyone will probably resume arguing about the same old things until they are blue in the face — how to organize trips to safeguard against this sort of thing, and so on.

But I feel that whatever policies prevail concerning the structure and conduct of climbing trips, they are the natural expression of our attitudes and feelings about climbing itself. Let us, both as a climbing club and as individuals, ask ourselves the old question. What is our motivation for climbing? If we cannot find more of a feeling of comradeship than now exists, then a mood such as that which existed on the Castle Towers trip is inevitable, regardless of what rules are written on the books. This is what separates parties. This is what makes someone hesitate to ask for a rope when they otherwise would. It is in some cases a source of accidents, and in every case a source of hard feelings.

Can we find the awareness and responsibility to maintain trips at their present level?

Tom Hall

Climbing Reports: Squamish

Even as I wrote last year's Squamish Report, several new routes were being pioneered on the Chief. So, as I was commenting on developments in 1969; a greater number of climbers trying the big established walls, several climbers preparing more difficult first ascents.

In February, Washington climbers Al Givler and Mead Hargis climbed the Black Dyke. This route follows a freakish natural line, a black basalt dyke which appears laid out on the face, going almost straight up and cutting directly through three massive roofs, on arches which lie across the right side of the grand wall. The ten sustained pitches of the climb took nearly five days to complete. It is undoubtedly a challenging route in which the limits of technical climbing have been adventurously and imaginatively tested.

Hugh Burton and Steve Sutton, both young Vancouver climbers, began a successful season when they finished the first ascent of Uncle Ben's, a grade V route on the smooth vertical face between the University and Grand Walls. They employed cliff hangers, bat hooks and a large quantity of beer to surmount several steep blank sections on the route.

The attitude at Squamish toward the bigger walls is to a certain extent influenced by increased trips to Yosemite. In fact with some climbers it is difficult to separate their Squamish and Yosemite efforts. The extensive cliffs of Yosemite easily draw our climbers up onto big multi-day routes — no wonder the big home cliffs are being taken on so readily.

Both the Dyke and Uncle Ben's were quickly repeated; the Dyke by John Marts and Dan Reid of Seattle. However, their first attempt on the climb ended when another climber, Dave Rogers, was injured by a block which fell out on him. Their subsequent time of five days on the route seems to confirm its difficulty. John Burton, brother of Hugh, and Paul Piro of Vancouver made the second ascent of Uncle Ben's.

Hugh Burton, Paul Piro and Dick Culbert followed more cracks between Ben's and the Grand, eventually penduluming to the

upper bolt ladder below the Flats. They hope to finish this line, which they call Ten Years After, through the overhangs to the Dance Platform.

During the summer Sutton and Hugh Burton made the second ascent of Zodiac Wall, on the north face of the Chief, in 2 1/2 days. It is reported a good route despite the approach. Dick Culbert and Paul Starr repeated another Beckey route with the second ascent of the Western Dihedral, in 1 1/2 days.

Among the shorter climbs at Squamish, Dick Culbert reports a new route, Mayday, he and Barry Hagen climbed on the left side of the Bullethead Buttresses, which consists of five pitches of mixed free and aid, and also Clooch Buttress on the Squaw, which consists of four leads of clean aid toA4on the upper buttress.

Mike Wisnicki and I climbed a face crack system left of Western Dihedral. Slow Duck, as we called this air problem, climbs up to and past the prominent flat edged roof, and is rated 5.7, A4.

Among the numerous ascents of the older routes, Jim Sinclair, longtime Chief disciple, finally climbed the Grand Wall with Neil Bennet.

In a late burst of enthusiasm, ambitious Vancouverites Sutton and Hugh Burton attempted the third ascent of the Dyke, being disappointed just short of the top when heavy rain drove them back down to the cave bivouac. After three nights on the face, they accepted a line from above. Theirs would certainly have been a fast ascent.

Tim Auger

Black Dike

Al Givler and I completed this climb in three weekends in February. We climbed on the first two weekends in the rain, fixing three ropes on the first five pitches in a total of 18 hours of climbing. On the third weekend it dawned clear as we started the final push, which took a day and a half with a hammock bivouac at 650 feet. The climb consists of ten pitches, and follows a very prominent black dike of basalt which divides the Squamish Chief. The crux pitches were the 4th, 5th, 8th and 9th, all of which had A4 piton placement. NCCS VI, F8, A4 or UIAA VI-A4. Technical equipment: 1 x 2", 2 x 1 1/2" 4 x 1", 6 x 3/4", 8 babies, 20 horizontals, 3 knifeblades, 2 or 3 rurps, 2 cliff hangers, 5 climbing nuts, 40 tie-off loops.

Mead Hargis

Slow Duck

The route is located between Crap Crags and the Illusion Route. Ascend a bush ramp for about 100 feet until level with a tree in a left-facing corner. Traverse left to this tree, and then nail up the corner to a bolt station (5.7, A1). Continue up the corner to its end, then pendulum left into a large corner and scramble up it until cracks lead up onto the face again (A2). The next lead follows the crack system out onto the face until its end (A4), and then bolts and bathooks lead to the left side of a prominent roof. Nail up the left side of the roof, then left under a large flake. From the left hand edge of this flake pendulum into a corner and ascend it to overhangs, traverse right over top of them, then up into an alcove at the base of an ugly chimney (A3). This puts you on Trichome Ledge, and the last two leads of Crap Crags take you to the top. IV, 5.7, A4. First ascent — Spring 1970, M. Winsnicki, T. Auger.

Mike Wisnicki

Zodiac Wall

Stumbling up the North Gulley trail we just barely managed to dump our not quite big enough load of supplies on a huge boulder at the base of Zodiac Wall. Staring into the darkness and leaning over backwards, we could see nothing but the summit rim. It didn't matter. We didn't know where the route went, only where it started. We figured it would be obvious. Knowing nothing about a route is like the first ascent in some ways; there's no apprehension about hard nailing and unprotected free climbing. You take everything as it comes. The first ascent party (Fred and Leif and others) called it a six.

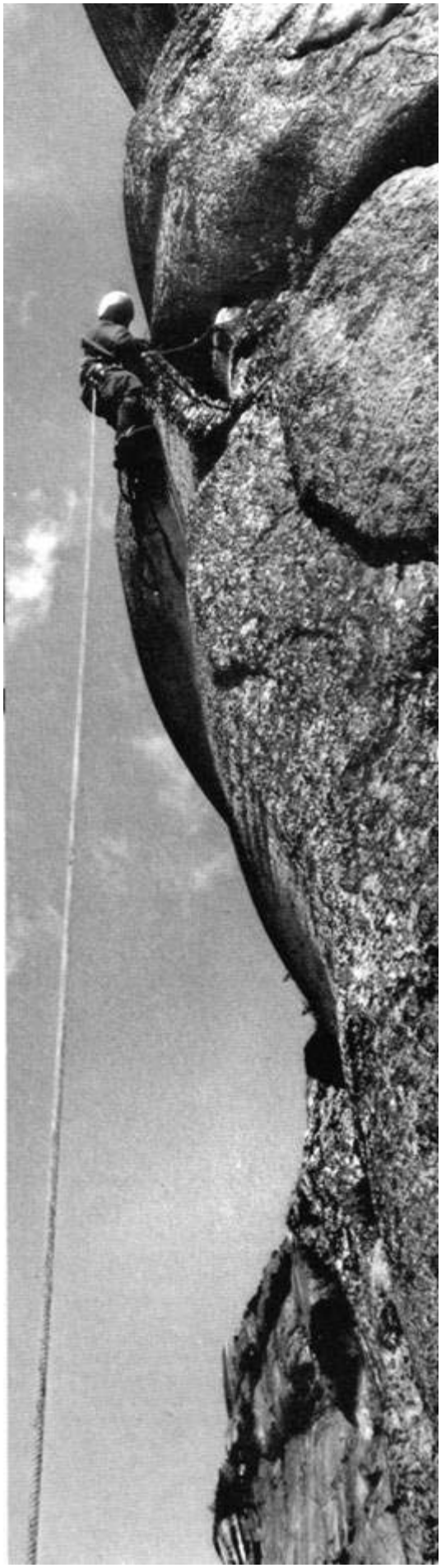
Rumors of expanding blocks in roofs and overhanging leads on tied off roots flashed through our minds next morning as we again stumbled up the trail, looking up instead of down. An unnecessary bolt fifteen feet off the ground confirmed that we were on route. Enjoyable free up a flake system ended at a ledge. Fantastic! A gallon of water from the first ascent to add to our one. Hesitating for some strange reason, I glance down at the mouse floating belly up therein. No longer thirsty, almost sick, I fire it off into the gully. It explodes on a flat topped boulder and shatters the ominous silence.

Steve works up and left in a huge awkward downward hanging flake system. After several strenuous mantels onto moss ledges he reaches the end of his rope. Leaving his station in a steep corner, a well formed crack led left under the ten foot triangular roof above. A couple of hook placements, a few bolts and then a beautiful system of thin face cracks leads into the first bolt ladder.

The sun pierces the damp clammy gully. It comes closer and closer until its warmth flows over us. The peaceful valley of the Squamish River is a welcome change from the usual view of town and mills so familiar to Chief climbers. Steve leads on; strange free climbing-ramps, small grassy ledges. A small grassy nook marks the end of the lead. We laze in the sunshine — peaceful and quiet.

Carving of climber near the base of the Squamish Chief, Sculptor unknown. Dick Culbert

The last lead of Mayday. Barry Hagen



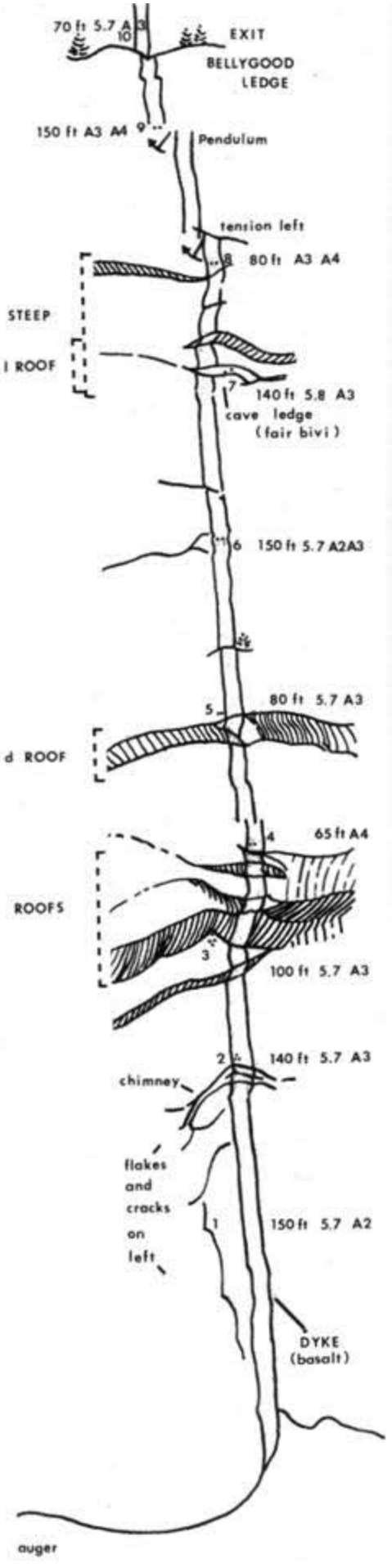
But again it's time to move. Iron rack cuts into shoulders — climbing quickly (another bolt ladder). Mantel off the bolts into a cold eight inch crack. After thrashing around for a while, bongs in lengthwise get me started. More jamming until the rope stretches tight behind me. Thirty feet of easy free gains the monstrous Astro Ledge.

It was unreal. Huge pine needle and sand beds and a gallon of good water greeted us. A warm breeze swept the wall, the pine trees swayed and we were very much at ease. A hundred feet right of where we had gained the platform, a large overhang served two purposes — a roof for our bivouac and a way to the top. Up its inside corner, a series of stumps marks the route. The dead stumps were uselessly loose now, the rock fractured, and several stumps on the ledge awaiting Steve's fall as he tries to pass the section. It didn't come, and in thirty feet the crack became bombproof once more.

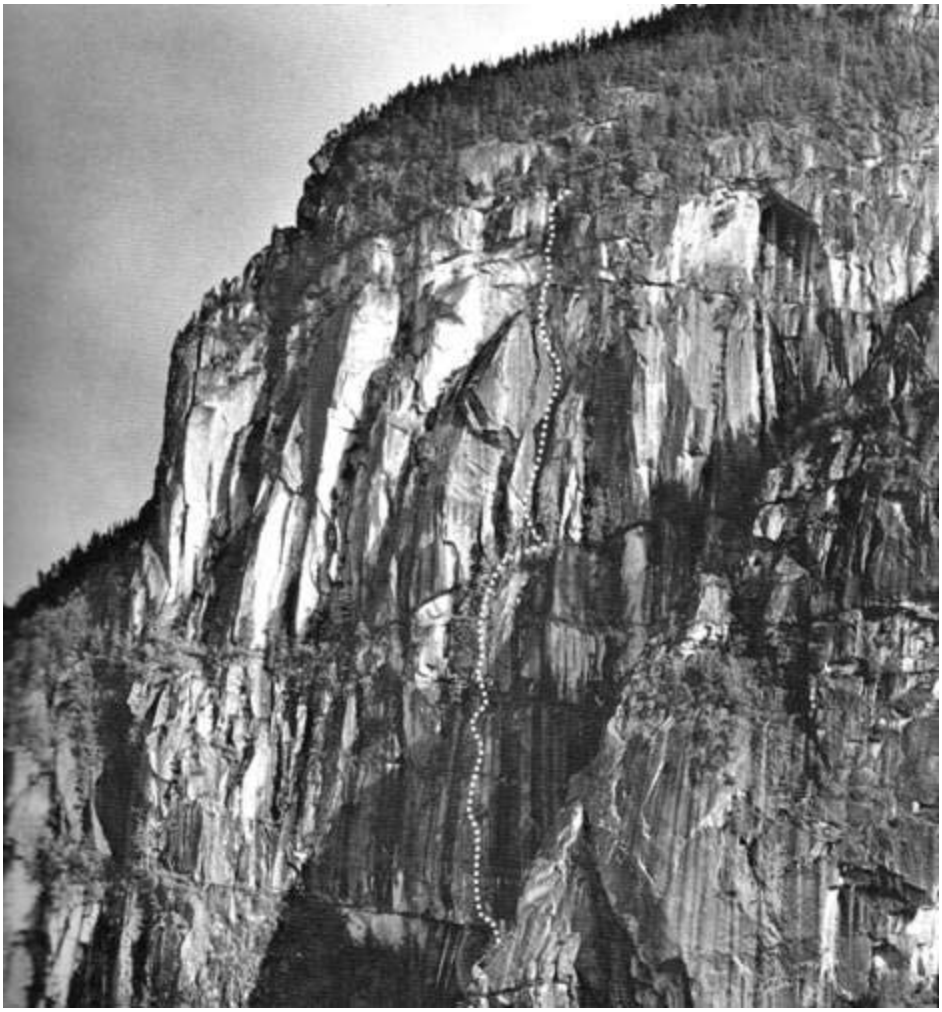
The sun now setting, the brilliant red sky beckoned us to watch. Back to the ledge. Our new system of bivouac food, proven in the Valley a few weeks before, was again put to the test. Bags of popcorn, chips and Coke flooded from our haulbag. So confident at our progress the first day we left one chocolate bar, a bag of popcorn and some water for a summit refreshment. Darkness swept the valley as we did our dessert.

Another cool quiet crystal clear morning dawned quickly. Steve continued his lead around the lip of the overhang as I half-belayed, half-packed the haulbag. Suddenly he was flying toward the ledge. I grabbed the rope and stopped him forty feet from the ground. A phenomenal mantel onto a moss ledge was finally accomplished. Passing his bad belay, a huge low angle groove led on. It was really thick, like a steep jungle. Huge soft ferns grew in the back. Chimneying, jamming and easy nailing led to a bolt halfway. Steve continued, a similar pitch ending in a squeeze chimney with some pins

Topo: Black Dyke. Tim Auger



Zodiac Wall. Ed Cooper



The Apron Squamish Chief. Ed Cooper

placed in a huge tree root.

Constantly joking until now about the lush vegetation and route markers (stumps), two cracks shot off in different directions over a huge overhanging wall. No stumps visible, they were beautifully clean. No pin scars — no way of telling which way. Following our usual procedure, we followed the easy looking one. Sixty feet up and left, it became obvious it was the wrong choice — the crack petered out. Lowered off my top pin I hung and swung by my waist in mid air. Finally I was able to touch the rock, and got a pin in another system. Ten feet later, several good pins marked the end of the lead.

Steve passed me, and nailing discontinuous cracks was soon twenty feet above. While placing a pin in an expanding system of flakes there was suddenly a horrifying explosion. Spurred on by the thought that my station might be falling out, he was up another twenty feet and onto a tiny ledge in about fifteen seconds! Looking to his right, in the direction of the alternate crack system, a beautiful line of bolts rushed towards us ending in a small pendulum to his stance! A beautiful jam-crack to a sloping shelf ended his lead.

Sun setting and no edges. Fearing another belay seat bivouac I started to lead through the maze of overhangs and corners. Slings on spears of rock led around a roof and onto a small ledge. Darkness pressing, but we knew this was the last lead. Passing a fixed pin confirmed we were on-route. Ten feet later I was lost. Tying off a huge root that was hanging down, I followed it fifteen

The Apron Squamish Chief

A. South Arete (Squamish Buttress)
B. Vector
C. Grim Reaper
D. Snake Route
E. Unfinished Symphony
F. Band Wagon (Blood lust incomplete)
G. Deirdre
H. Sickle
H. Fickle
I. Banana Peel
J. Slim Pickins
K. Slab Alley
L. The Groove
M. Amphitheatre
X.X. Broadway (exit right)

feet to the tree it belonged to. Cleaning a little moss away revealed a standard angle crack.

Disengaging myself from the wretched tree after a ten foot fall I came to the conclusion that the crack expanded like all shit. Chock-stones became a necessity and soon I had twenty feet, another twenty to the top. Everything blanked out here, partially because it was pitch dark by now! Ropedrag created an impossible situation. Just pulling up slack provided enough extra force on my pins that they started shifting down. Tying off the haul-line and checking the rappel three or four times, I did a bodywrap rappel in my T-shirt, totally overhanging in the blackness. Fortunately I hit the small ledge.

Steve did a spooky overhanging jumar. The ledge was really small — no room to put the haul bag. Removing our summit refreshments, we ate the little that was left. Some more dessert and again everything seemed pretty adequate. Cleaning the ledge of some of the larger more exciting boulders we confirmed that 'Zodiac Wall is a one-bouncer'.

As the tremendous crashes subsided, we again felt very alone. The peaceful night passed very slowly, both of us sitting up, legs dangling, totally exhausted and content. Tremendous white columns glowed eerily in the darkness scarcely a hundred feet away. Thankful for our small sanctuary we rested easy until the very first hint of dawn.

The weather was rapidly deteriorating. I quickly packed the bag as Steve cleaned the pitch to the ledge. After jumaring back to the highpoint, a couple of unlikely moves to the right and up gained a huge ledge. And what a place! Huckleberry bushes fully ripe greeted our thirsty throats. But no need — it had started to pour!

Two mostly third class pitches up and right and we were on a huge forested ledge just beneath the summit. Walking through the waist-high bushes soaked us to the skin. Finally we were up — on the spongy carpet of moss crowning the Chief, with clouds swirling all around us.

Hugh Burton

Climbing Reports: Interior Ranges

Rock Climbing Near Kamloops

We note with interest that more and more of the Lower Mainland fraternity have seen the light and are coming to sample the Interior rock. The cliffs of Marble Canyon are a particular attraction, and at times they have been well bedecked with ropes and pitons — the latter being most acceptable to the poor country cousins. I would particularly like to thank the public benefactor who pounded in the answer to an abseiler's prayer on the head wall of the Great Gully of Marble Canyon; on an ice-glazed face it seemed to have all the attributes of a large armchair.

Many of the rock outcrops around Kamloops would delight the heart of a Welsh gully addict, that is if he is willing to substitute a hard hat or a hard head for webbed feet. There is an amazing profusion of chimneys and gullies with an overall protection plan of gigantic chockstones, and in some cases, inner recesses that mean the climber is ascending in complete darkness. Much of the rock is loose, but the virtue of the chimney technique is that it keeps the rock in place. Some good climbs on solid rock have also been pioneered in the area. However, there is a grievous lack of climbers.

Hugh Neave

The Pinnacles Area

A short back-packing trip was made by six members of the Kamloops Outdoor Club on August 1-6, 1970 to the area of The Pinnacles in the Gold Range.

The approach was by the north fork of Cherry Creek, thence up a recent logging road between it and Severide Creek to an altitude of about 4000 feet. Next morning, we climbed the ridge through open timber to the high alpine country. There was no trail but the going was good, though steep. Having heavy packs, and lacking water, we did not reach our destination, two very pleasant small lakes on the watershed, until nine hours later. However, we covered the five miles out in four hours.

An hour's hike from our campsite over a 500 foot ridge and down an equal distance on the eastern slope brought us to a 6600 foot plateau containing some half dozen lakes, all within a square mile. Southwards along the crest of the ridge it was possible to hike two miles to be within what we estimated to be) a couple of hours easy climbing of the top of an 8200 foot glacier-decked summit. Beyond this, according to the B.C. Sugar Lake map, there is a steep drop before reaching the main group of pinnacles. We understood from the forest ranger at Lumby that these might be better reached by a road that climbs out of Railroad Creek. The latter area would offer more for rock climbers; our site, with just enough talus and grassy slopes to make it interesting, would be better for the meadowland wanderer.

J. D. Gregson

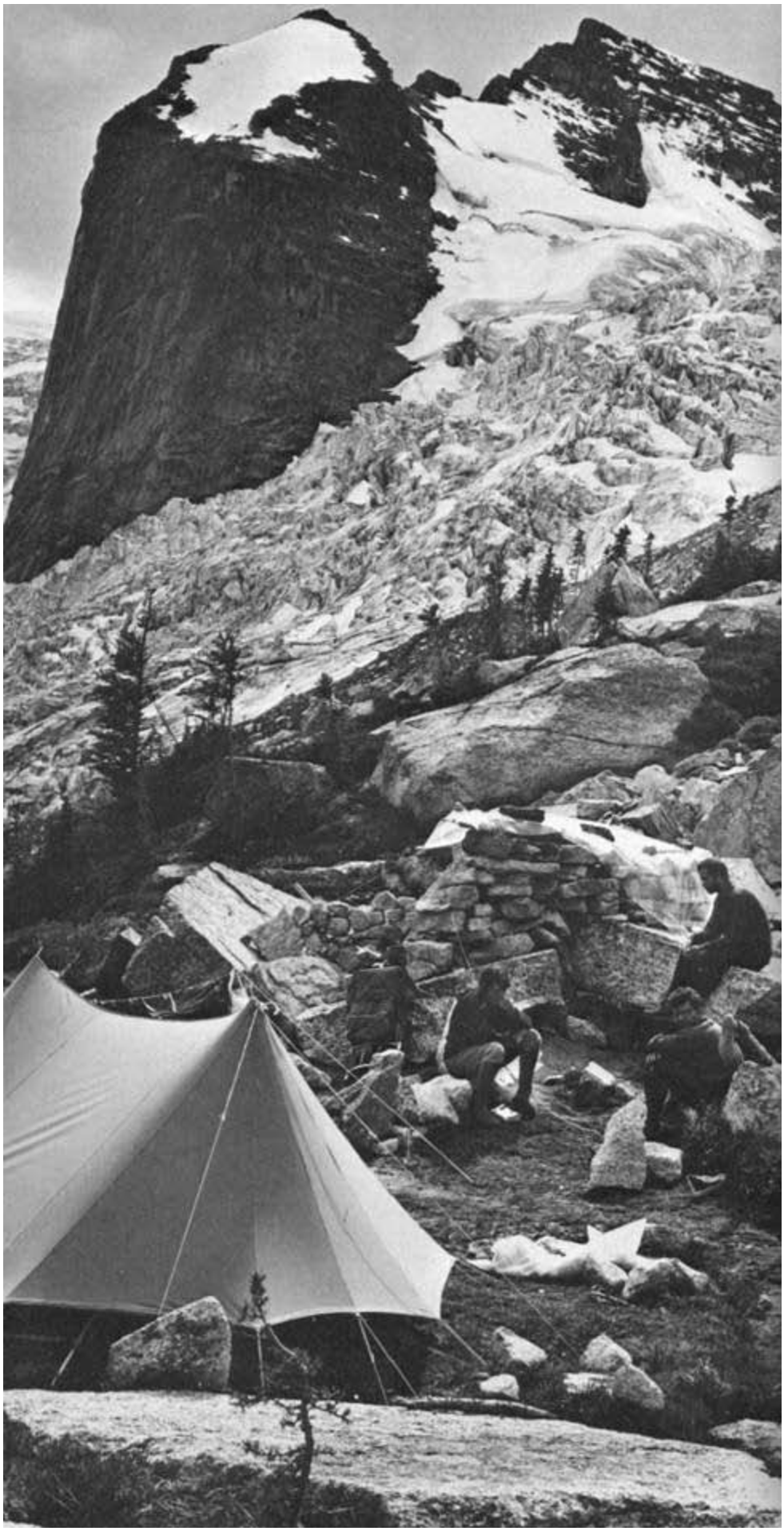
Access to the Gold Range

The Gold Range, a segment of the Monashee Mountains located south of Revelstoke, contains several peaks which provide interesting climbing on high grade metamorphic rock. The area is seldom visited, but recent construction of logging roads by Columbia Cellulose has facilitated access from the new Highway 23, on the west bank of the Columbia River. Each of the four main peaks, Cranberry Mountain 9740 feet, Gates Peak 9115 feet, Mt. Thor 9673 feet, Mt. Odin 9751 feet, is within a few days walk from these roads.

Approximately 17 miles from Revelstoke, and 4 miles past the Cranberry Lake Power Dam, the Coursier Lake road begins. Care must be taken to stay on the main route as there are many intersecting roads. Prior to visiting the area, the Celgar offices in either Revelstoke or Nakusp should be contacted to obtain up to date information and permission to use these roads.

Bruce Haggerstone

Boulder camp in the Bugaboos, Marmolata behind. Ed Cooper



Mt. Adamant — North Ridge

The north ridge of Mt. Adamant was climbed from the Fairy Meadow Hut, requiring about 13 hours to the summit and 22 hours return. The main rock buttress which forms the lower part of this route had been ascended in 1962, apparently with the assistance of 42 pitons and several bolts. It was found to contain pitches to class 5.7 difficulty and sustained climbing at the 5.6 level, but required only four pitons. Above this an ice field and rock rib lead to summit. The normal route on Mt. Adamant is now likely to be very difficult because of ice retreat. Grade IV.

First complete ascent (1970) — Chris Jones, Gray Thompson, Bob Cuthbert, Gary Colliver.

Bob Cuthbert

Pioneer Peak

During the last part of August Gary Colliver, Bob Cuthbert, Gray Thompson and I spent a few days based at the Fairy Meadow cabin, on the north side of the Adamant group. On Adamant itself we climbed the elegant north ridge (see above), and Pioneer Peak also attracted our attention, where a fine ice face glinted at us from just left of the northern summit. The others having left, Gary and I climbed this face on front points and strong nerves in about three and a half hours. Grade III.

Chris Jones

The North Faces of Mt. Rogers and Mt. Sifton

The evening of June 30 saw Bruce Haggerstone and myself hiking the Hermit trail in Rogers Pass en route to the now familiar Hermit Hut.

We sacked out early, planning on a good rest and an early start, but the local inhabitants had other plans. We first had to cope with the mosquitoes. Having dispatched them, we thought we could sleep when we were aroused by a great deal of scraping at the door. Further investigation with a flashlight revealed two eyes at the door — a porcupine coming for a midnight snack on the plywood. Finally after chasing porky away we settled down to sleep, but the

The north face of Mount MacDonald. Ed Cooper

alarm went.

Leaving the hut just after 5 am we made good time over the Hermit Meadows and Swiss Glacier, ascending a steep snow couloir between Rogers and Fleming to about 10,000 feet where we then descended easy slopes to the foot of the north side. The weather was cool with a brisk wind, and the clouds were clearing.

Upon reaching the foot of the North Face around 9:30 am, the first obstacle was a large bergschrund. I put in a couple of ice pitons and climbed up in etriers and crampons, moving over the lip of the schrund by jamming in a crack in the ice. I brought Bruce up and together we examined the face. The actual face is less than a thousand feet with a maximum slope of 55 degrees, although it looked tremendous, rising directly above us with seemingly no end in sight.

We started cutting steps and front pointing, slowly at first but soon found our pace. Near the top the going was faster due to about one and a half feet of compact snow, which thankfully was stable.

The weather was closing in as we gained the summit, (10,546 feet) so pausing only to check the register we beat a hasty retreat to the highway.

This is a good ice climb which would be better later in the season when it is all ice, as was the case when Willy Pfisterer, Bruce Haggerstone and myself made the direct ascent of the North Face of Mt. Sifton (9653 feet) a few weeks later.

David Jones

Retreat off the North Face of Mt. MacDonald

Often, while driving through Rogers Pass, we had looked at the North Face of Mt. MacDonald, but for a long time it was beyond us. Its imposing mass of rock rises directly above the highway, just east of the summit of Rogers Pass, and was first climbed by Fred Beckey in 1965. This year we decided it was high time that we made an attempt, and accordingly on the evening of June 20 we pitched our tent on the roof of the snowshed opposite the face. Our camp was established so that no one could see it from the road, in fact to discover it one would have to climb onto the roof.

Under clear skies we got a good start, although some trouble was experienced in crossing the creek until we found a log to effect the manoeuver. We then made good time through snow and brush to the actual base of the rock face. Our first problem was to cross a snow gulley, so I found a belay spot and Bruce started across. He first had to surmount a ridge of snow, and had just climbed to the top when his footing gave way and down he went, the rope preventing a 1000 foot fall. So much for the nerves!

He tried again, this time successfully crossing to the rock face. I quickly followed, and none too soon, as several large rocks rolled down the gulley, ricocheting directly into the seat of my previous belay. We continued rather cautiously, and things were going well. We passed the lower bands of rotten rock, and were starting to enjoy the climb on solid rock when an unexpected storm rolled around the corner. At first it didn't look like much except for a few drops of rain, but all of a sudden things changed — with that sickening sound of falling rock, loosened by the wind and rain.

The volume of debris increased quickly, and it didn't take much reflection to tell us to get off the face. Spurred on by whining rocks, I hastily placed a piton for an anchor — I was in a relatively sheltered position — and belayed Bruce down to the protection of an overhang. A large volley of rocks made it imperative that I get out of there. Small stones rattled on my helmet. A lapse in the volume of rocks. I made a mad dash — if that's possible on a face — to the shelter of the overhang to join Bruce. Even under the overhang we were still susceptible to flying rocks — like the fragment that brushed Bruce's nose and lodged itself in my pack.

As suddenly as it began, the storm ceased, and so did the falling rock. But down below the clouds lifted, and we could see someone climbing up the roof of the snowshed to our pitched tent. In the tent were two down sleeping bags, a 35mm camera and other equipment. We had visions of finding an empty tent, particularly when the person made a second trip to the camp!

Hastened by the sight below, we charged headlong down the mountain, arriving at the highway in record time. Running across

The Howser Towers from the east. Ed Cooper

the road and up the bank to the snowshed I found the tent partially collapsed. My hopes sank as I called to Bruce and fearfully went to search the tent. But everything was intact and instead of finding our equipment stolen, we found a piece of paper with the following poem:

And we climbed
to the top of the glacier
showered in the cool waterfall.
drank the mountain
thought of you
perhaps above
with love
the sky blue
followed wires
hope you're ok.
suppose you are
anyway
to die on a mountain
is to live fulfilled
(Signed) Randy Sargent
David Jones

Uto Peak

July 18, and on the trail again, Bruce Haggerstone and I heading for the North Face of Mt. Sir Donald. Making our usual good time, we paused for a rest on the meadows below the West Face. Here, we were greeted by the friendly marmots. One in particular came running over the alp without the slightest fear, and with only a momentary hesitation began to chew on my boots and jeans. With a short interlude to photograph and collect water, we continued over the scree to the bivouac site on the Uto/Sir Donald Col. A pleasant night was spent under clear skies, although we were plagued by large, persistent pack rats.

Early the following morning, the weather was not overly promising, particularly for tackling the North Face. As if to strengthen our convictions there were several large rock falls just west of our proposed line of ascent. Accordingly we turned our attention to Uto Peak, and decided on an enjoyable climb on the S.W. ridge, arriving at the summit (9620 feet) at 6:15 am. We are of the opinion that this is a finer route than the N.W. ridge of Sir Donald, due to the variety of climbing, but not as demanding as either Sir Donald or Mt. Swanzy. (Bonney group)

Back at the col; a dilemma. Too early to return for the day, but unfavorable conditions for the North Face. We had often discussed Uto Peak and its faces, so upon examining the South Face, several interesting lines became evident. Wasting as little time as possible we gathered our equipment and descended the Uto Glacier until we reached the base of a rib forming the east side of the diedre.

The new route on the face begins in a 150 foot chimney and crack. When inside the chimney it appears that there is no exit due to an overhanging roof, but on arrival at the top one finds a small hole just large enough to allow exit onto the face.

From the ledge at the exit hole, one continues up the rib, bearing onto the face of the diedre. Severe difficulties are encountered in the overhangs, and the route is generally a friction climb, with small knobs of rock a great help. The rock strata on the face slopes out and down making the finger tips sore from the friction holds. The route is straightforward and exits just east of the summit, requiring 4-5 hours for completion.

After the second ascent of the peak in one day, we retraced our steps down the S.W. ridge to pick up our gear, then down the trail in deteriorating weather, satisfied with another great day in the mountains.

David Jones

Bugaboo granite. Urs Kallen

Mt. Pool, Badshot Range

On August 18 my wife Gretchen and I drove from Argenta to Beaton, and then along the Incomappleux River to Camborne at 1800 feet. We packed up a jeep road along Pool and Mohawk Creeks for 5 miles, camping at 5800 feet (4 hours). The next day we hiked to the abandoned mine at 6500 feet and scrambled up (triangulation) Peak 8593 in 3 hours. After crossing the large icefield east of the peak, we decided to climb directly up to the ridge east of 9200 foot 'Beak Peak', the second peak west of Mt. Pool. Several enjoyable leads up the South Face to the left of a narrow, steep gash brought us to the gash itself. A short chimney, followed by scrambling, put us on the ridge. Ahead lay a glacial col and a steep, rotten-looking buttress leading to 9200 foot 'Goat Tower'. Although the lower third was bad scree, the upper portion was pleasant face climbing on firm rock.

We reached the summit in 2 hours from Peak 8593. Beyond lay a moderately crevassed glacier rising gently to the final summit rocks of 9400 foot Mt. Pool, which we reached in 45 minutes. After building a cairn and leaving our first ascent record, we returned to the glacial col, from which I climbed Beak Peak by its southeast ridge (15 minutes). I rejoined Gretchen at the col and we descended the south glacier to a bowl, exiting on the slabs west of the snout. Another hour of mixed travel brought us back to Peak 8593, and 2 hours later we were back in camp.

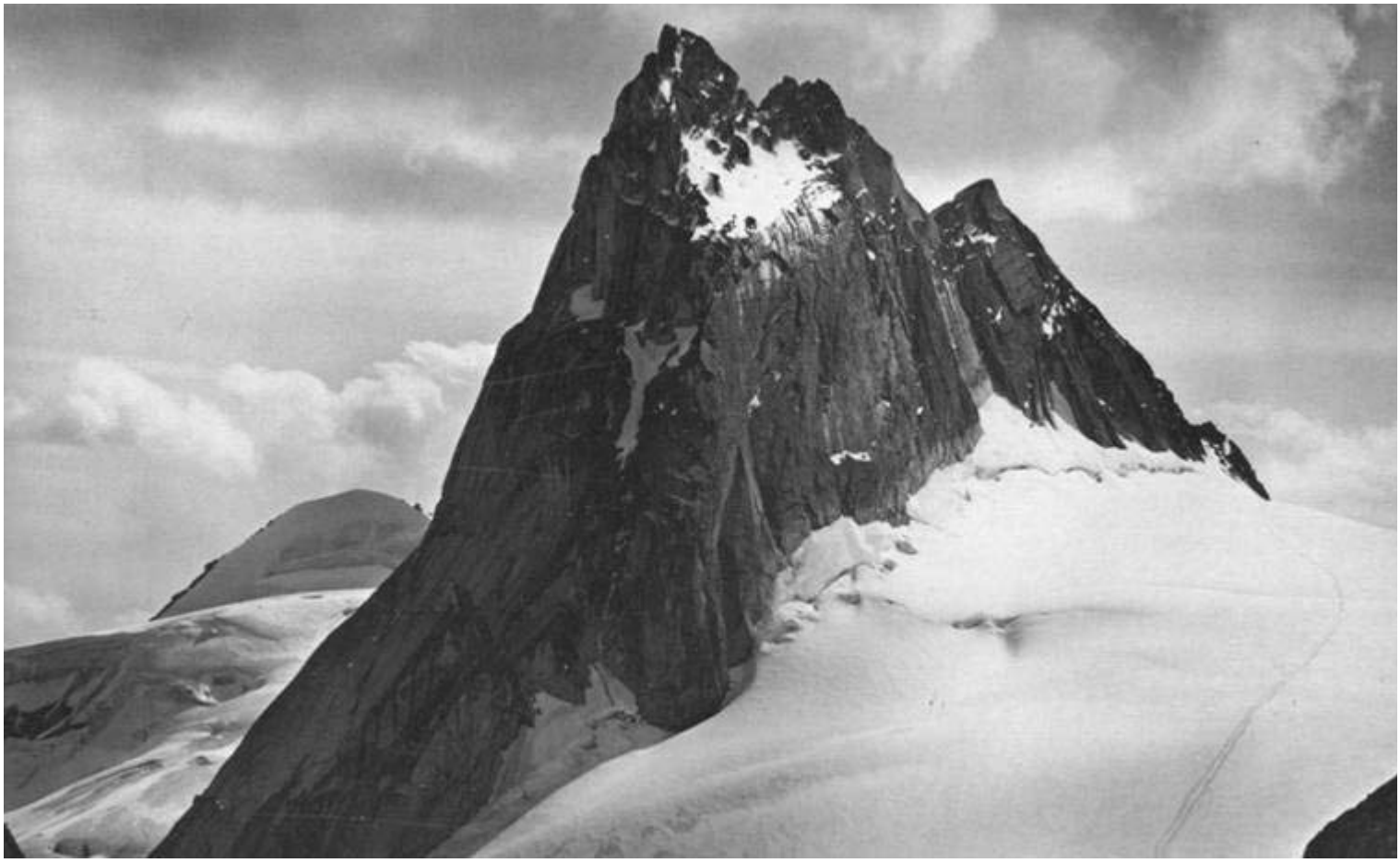
Curt Wagner

The Bugaboos

NORTH HOWSER TOWER, SOUTHWEST FACE

Joining up with the Calgary Mountain Club trip to the Howsers, I was first rewarded by five days of rain and snow, and later a good climb on North Howser, perhaps the most impressive of these fine peaks. Access to the face was a problem from our camp under Central Howser, yet a gangway and then a rappel appeared

Pigeon Spire. Ed Cooper



to connect us to a continuous line going to near the summit. On August 1st Archie Simpson, Oliver Woolcock and I passed the gangway and were soon in a promising crack system. Free climbing for the most part and a short aid section brought us to a light grey wall, the key section of the climb. Above the wall we found an icy couloir, and a cool bivouac. The following day bad weather approached from the west as we continued over mixed ground to the summit, which we reached about midday. Grade V.

Chris Jones

SOUTH HOWSER TOWER, COMPLETE EAST RIDGE

Bill Sumner and I climbed South Howser on August 20th via the complete east ridge. This may be the only reasonable short route on the peak when snow and ice climbing conditions are poor. We had intended to climb the standard route (only climbed three times since 1941) but found that the long, steep ice slope above the bergschrund, which leads to the shoulder halfway up the ridge, was solid water ice with a thin coating of new snow. As an alternative to this difficult and certainly dangerous route, we crossed the steep ice couloir that runs along the right-hand edge of the east ridge at its lowest point, at the top of the lower icefall. Even with crampons, step cutting and ice screws for protection were required to reach a steep chimney (F6) that led up the rock to the ridge crest. Then three leads over broken rock (F3) mostly on the south side, brought us to a ledge on the ridge crest at the base of a steep, 140-foot slab. Small cracks near the slab's left edge were climbed (F7) to a slightly overhanging chimney that needed several pitons for aid (F7, A1). Two more leads (F3 to F5) brought us to the shoulder. From here we followed the 1941 route: traverse north across an icy and snowy face for one lead, then two leads up a steep chimney (F8) to a short overhang, requiring two aid pitons (A1). The broken arête above leads to the summit in three leads (F6 maximum). We made a rapid and easy descent in six 165-foot rappels down the East Face and across the bergschrund. NCOS IV, F8, A1.

Michael T. Heath

SOUTH HOWSER TOWER. 2nd. ascent of the Beckey-Chouinard route on the S.Face. July 1970, R. Breeze, J. Home.

John Moss

SNOWPATCH SPIRE.

2nd ascent of the Beckey route on the East Face. July 1969, B. Greenwood and J. Moss. After a few hours spent on preparation of the first artificial pitch, the route was climbed with one bivouac below the big overhang. The first part of the climb is almost all artificial to above the big overhang. After this, the angle of the face eases giving mainly free climbing.

John Moss

The Sergeant and Glacier Dome

After a day of reorganizing, resorting, re-arranging, and traveling from our Brazeau trip Bill Putnam, Arnold Wexler, Brad Swan, Frank Mettrick, Gene Boss, Lowell Putnam and I were comfortably camped some 25 miles up Horsethief Creek, of which the stream from the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers is a tributary. We left the car, christened 'the pig' because of its immense appetite, and continued up the fire break (which was clear because of a recent fire in the area). This led us to the old horse trail that ultimately ascends to the lake.

After twenty six switch backs (by seven difficult counts) of the trail we arrived at the north end of the lake. There we prepared the most comfortable camp I have experienced in three seasons of expeditioning. It featured tent platforms at various levels and a cooking area ample enough to serve the Canadian Army.

During our stay there we made only one climb with the entire party. This was the Glacier Dome. This mountain is appropriately named, as the better part of the climb was on snow slopes. We came to one sérac area where the younger members (myself included) were ordered to practice cutting steps. On the summit the view was fantastic. We could see east past the Farnham group to the Rockies, west across the Macbeth Group to the Southern Selkirks, and north to the Bugaboos. The descent was rapid and enjoyable as we were able to glissade.

On one perfect day, Bill, Arnold and myself set out to climb the Sergeant by way of a very challenging and interesting icefall. Bill said he was sure it could be done, Arnold was game but had real doubts and I went along to see who would be right. Our camp was at the nether end of the lake, which necessitated a long hike around the east side before we even started up anything. Recent recession has exposed a slabby area beside the lowest icefall which we used to circumvent it, as in the route for the Commander. Then we set out onto the glacier, passing through the middle icefall by a ramp arrangement which required little step cutting, although the severe north exposure guaranteed a frozen condition all day long (as we later found out). Above the ramp a slope led us safely between two morale chilling fall lines, to what was the crux of the climb. As the slope progressively steepened to about 50°, Bill had to chop every step for about a thousand feet. When we reached the crevasses near the top, fortunately the angle eased and we enjoyed a little sun. Here we played the usual game of puzzlework which makes icefalls such fun, and were duly rewarded when we broke into the clear on the Jumbo Névé.

After a pleasant lunch on a pleasant outcrop with a very impressive view of Mt. Karnak and Jumbo Creek, we went west towards the Sergeant. The final summit was not much of a climb, in fact it was below us as we ate, but we did find that the final approach was more than we had thought it would be. One snow lead became dismayingly steep before a chance offered to escape to the rock. The final summit was attained by way of the northeast slopes, a highly unstable venture.

Brad Swan and the troops welcomed us back to camp after a 13 hour day, during which the descent of the upper icefall was probably the most difficult part. We had enjoyed six days of perfect August weather, but it finally appeared that the situation was going to change. It did, but we were gone. Amid praise for the past, plans for the future, a few beers and a touch of sadness, we all parted company and headed to our respective corners of the continent.

Morgan A. Broman

'Pioneer Peaks',

W. Hamill (Toby) Group

On August 2, 1969 Paul, Bruce, and Freda Beck; Suzanne, David, and Hugh Ector; and Kara, Gretchen, and Curt Wagner got a ride from Argenta up an access road to the 6600 foot pass at the head of Kootenay Joe Creek. We packed northward about 2 miles over 7700 foot Kootenay Joe Mountain to a base-camp by a tiny lakelet at 7200 feet.

The next morning Bruce, Hugh, and I climbed the south ridge of 8800 foot 'Winter Peak', 1 1/2 miles northeast of camp, (first climbed by Bruce in the winter of 1963). After descending the east slopes, we climbed up the white marble south ridge of 9100 foot 'Mt. Bomer', left the first of a series of first-ascent cairns and records, and scrambled eastward to the rounded summit of 9300 foot 'Mt. Beguin'. From here we dropped down the long northeast snow ridge to the twin 9200 foot summits of 'Mt. Bacchus'. A steep snow descent northeastward and a short rock scramble brought us to the 8800 foot summit of 'Mt. Clark', followed by a longer scramble over an intermediate bump to 8500 foot 'Mt. Wilkinson'. Continuing eastward, we dropped down to 7400 foot 'Continuation Col' where we camped for the night, 4 miles and 6 peaks northeast of base-camp.

The following day Hugh returned to base-camp. A long hike eastward over easy rock and snow brought Bruce and I to the 9400 foot summit of 'Mt. McCleod'. Descending the fourth class rock of its northeast ridge, we gained the summit of impressive 9300 foot 'Mt. Abey' by its southwest ridge, after traversing the South Face of a huge gendarme on the ridge. Dropping down its east ridge, we continued third and fourth class climbing over a 9300 foot intermediate summit, dropped down steeply to a notch, and then ascended the final ridge to the summit of 9500 foot 'Mt. Lake', the highest peak in the Western Hamills. Bruce then climbed 300 feet down the glacier on the north side and scrambled up the South Face of 9400 foot 'Mt. Fitzsimmons'. Retracing his steps, he joined my descent route down the Southeast Face of Mt. Lake, just east of the prominent south ridge. We returned to our camp at Continuation Col via the 8700 foot saddle between Mt. McCleod and 9000 foot 'Mt. McLanders' to the south. That night we were struck by a violent thunderstorm and awoke to blowing snow. After climbing an east rib of Mt. Bacchus, we retraced our route to Mt. Beguin in whiteout conditions, descended its southeast ridge and South Face, and returned to basecamp. Two days later we packed down to Johnson's Landing in sunny weather.

All of the 'Pioneer Peaks' are named after early, important settlers in the Argenta area.

In September of 1969 Jack Weels made probably the first ascent of 8600 foot Comb Mountain, northeast of Argenta, followed by second ascents of Mts. Bacchus, Beguin, and Bomer.

Curt Wagner

The revised CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE INTERIOR RANGES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA will be available for the 1971 climbing season, according to editor William L. Putnam.

The Elk Range

The Elk Range consists of a group of peaks making up the Continental Divide, and located between the Elk River in British Columbia and the Highwood in Alberta. The peaks are visible from the Coleman-Kananaskis forestry road and present interesting possibilities for climbing. Mike Benn and myself were also attracted to the area by the vivid writing of Raymond M. Patterson in his book The Buffalo Head (William Sloane Assoc., N.Y. (1961). Accordingly, on August 19-20, we set out with the intention of climbing The Pyramid' and to get a first-hand look at one of the lower passes in this region, the so-called 'Elk Trail Pass' of Patterson. Both features can be found on the Mount Head West, 1: 50,000 topographical map, referred to respectively as Mount McPhail and the Weary Creek Gap.

The ford on the Highwood River opposite McPhail Creek looked too difficult for a car, so we set off on foot along an old logging road now used for ranching purposes. The road stops somewhat short of the 500 foot wall leading to the gap, but as Patterson describes, an old Stony Indian trail on the right hand approach to the pass is easily spotted and takes one to the top. The 1936 fire which burned into Alberta from the Elk Valley by way of this pass destroyed most of the timber, and in thirty-five years very little regeneration has occurred.

Camp was set-up at 2:00 p.m. near a large spring, and since we had plenty of time we decided to climb Mount Muir (9000 feet), the left-hand guardian of the Gap. From the Continental Divide the route followed the ridge, first west-south-west and then west-northwest, the gradient being very gentle. An excellent photograph of both this peak and Mt. McPhail can be found in Patterson's book, pages 6 and 7 of the photographic section. A summit cairn was erected, and had we known at the time that the mountain is named for Alex. Muir, author of The Maple Leaf, we might have tried out the few lines we know at the top. Descent was made directly down the north slopes reaching camp about 5:30 p.m.

The next morning at 7:00 a.m. we set out to climb Mt. McPhail (9,400 feet), the right-hand peak of the pass, and desiring a little more challenge we chose the ridge facing the highway, the east-north-east ridge of the mountain. This ridge is clearly shown in Patterson's photo. This ridge provided some interesting route finding and much scrambling before we reached the summit at 11:00 a.m. No cairn being found, one was erected. A fire burning in the Elk Valley obscured the mountains to the south-west but north-west we had a clear view of the Cadorna lake mountains (C.A.J. 48 187-192) and Mt. Joffre. To the northeast in a cirque between McPhail and the 'Horned Mountain' of Patterson sits the lonely alpine lake he describes. Descent was made by the easy southwest ridge (a traverse) and we were surprised to find a piece of wood part way down this ridge. The blackened stick appeared to have the inscription N.W. Peak and was likely left by a member of the boundary commission. Patterson describes on pages 222-224, a solo attempt in 1936 on this mountain, apparently by way of this ridge.

On October 4, in the company of Drs. Christina and Ernst Wagner, we again set out for this range. Since the Wagners were to depart soon for Germany they wished to complete the season in the Rockies by climbing a virgin peak. Our route led up Loomis Creek, the next major stream north of McPhail Creek. A landslide has blocked vehicular traffic on the old logging road which follows this creek and we had to hike about five miles before striking off in beautiful mature timber towards the small alpine lake marked on the map. This lake proved to be larger than expected, and Christina decided to remain on the shore admiring the view.

Since time was short, we decided to climb the unnamed peak (9000 feet) to the west-north-west of the lake (south of Mt. Loomis). The lake was skirted to the right and the continental divide gained. The divide was followed in a howling gale over easy scrambling to the top of this peak, where we again erected a cairn and dubbed it 'Mt. McCrae', after the author of 'In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow .... .", as this range is generally named for distinguished Canadians of First World War fame.

Ted Sorensen

Southeast Buttress — Pig's Ass

During the summer when my youthful enthusiasm had waned sufficiently, Lloyd McKay and I, after a late breakfast, went exploring down by Mud Lake. One of the most interesting climbs in the area seemed to be the Southeast Face of a subsidiary peak of Mt. Birdwood, which for reasons known only to ourselves is named the Pig's Ass. At 11:00 we left the car, and after a 20 minute stroll we were lunching on blueberries at the base of our intended climb.

Up we went, generally keeping between two obvious cracks in the face. Because of the excellent quality of the rock we only roped up for brief sections. Soon we acquired the summit ridge and shortly afterwards the top. There were no signs of previous human habitation, so we leisurely erected a small cairn and then made our way down to the southwestern col where we rested and had lunch.

An easy glissade followed and in less than four hours after our departure we were back at the car. The climbing was very easy and the route is suitable for beginners.

Charlie Locke

East Buttress — Mt. Sir Douglas

One Sunday in June 1970, Doctors Al Cole and Doug Lampard decided to investigate Mt. Sir Douglas. Never having been in the area, I toddled along for the ride. After parking our car west of Mud Lake, we descended to the creek (unnamed) and made our way towards the glacier (unnamed). After fifteen minutes we realized that we had forgotten the rope, so I volunteered to go back and get it while Doug and Al continued, waiting for me at the foot of the glacier. Doug wanted to do the north ridge but I tricked him into investigating the unclimbed, steeper and shorter east ridge.

Soon we were lunching on the col between our objective and Mount French and preparing for the climb. However, we couldn't prepare because no-one had brought any gear. No matter. After assuring myself that the Gods would look after us, I

started up. The first few belays were mind shattering as we had no protection and my stances were horrible. After a few pitches better belay stances were found and we were no longer in danger.

The climbing was very straightforward for the most part. Near the top we ran into a few difficult pitches, which I managed to thrutch up as we were beyond the point of no return. Towards evening we reached the top. The sun went to bed before we wanted it to, so we were forced to bivouac 500 feet below the summit on the west side, nestled on a ledge that was only big enough for two of us. We continued our descent in the morning, and finally our comedy of errors was over. Our time was very slow and a party of two should have no trouble completing this route in a day.

Charlie Locke

The Royal Group

MT. KING GEORGE (11,226 feet) With the seemingly unavoidable reconnoitering by the boards, the groceries and gear thankfully rounded together by the Castlegar contingent and flown ahead by helicopter, and the hike in over the excellent Palliser River trail and up the slightly more rugged Fynn Creek game trail mostly pleasant memories, 18 members of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club arrived at the ideally situated camp site (staked out two weeks previously by Gerry Brown, John Carter and Howie Ridge near the foot of the left lateral moraine of King George Glacier) between 10 & 11 a.m. Sunday, August 2, 1970. By evening an amazing variety of mountain tents had blossomed on the undulating meadow, and with the last few chores of setting up camp out of the way everything was set for five very busy and spirited days of climbing.

Mt. King George popped up nicely to the northwest, and while anxious to get a crack at it as soon as possible, we decided it best to first take in the promised grandstand view from the summit of Mt. Princess Mary, 10,090 feet. This was accomplished in 2 hours and 20 minutes by Ian Hamilton and myself on the morning of August 3 (were joined 1 hour later by the 'three balladiers' Gerry Brown, Rob Mill and Howie Ridge) over an almost direct line between camp and the summit, with the lower half of the peak providing some quite enjoyable cliff and gully scrambling. Of the two routes visible up Mt. King George from this angle it didn't take too long to decide on the southeast ridge, over the troublesome looking snow slopes broken by a black cliff band and a small hanging glacier, in the southwest facing cirque. Some spice was added in descending Princess Mary when the fog which had filled the valleys since morning came up to meet us, but luckily by evening were again looking at a cloudless sky. Gerry, John and I to make preparations for the 'big one' come the morrow.

We were away from camp at 6:00 a.m., August 4, and after one hour of easy travelling over ice-scoured bedrock, and then over the lower part of the King George Glacier, found ourselves looking up the southerly of two rock chutes leading to the Princess Mary-King George Col. In the photo taken by Fynn in 1919 these chutes appear to be completely filled with snow. On starting up the fan of snow below the chute I soon came upon unexpected conditions which were to be encountered several times during the summer: ice on slopes normally covered with several feet of good step-kicking snow, due no doubt to the very warm weather of July, following on a winter of very light snowfall.

The chute proved to be the most difficult and messy part of the climb, with small mud-covered ledges to our left and a vertical rock wall to our right forcing us directly under a large chockstone, from which a small stream of water issued. Long John Carter here took over to navigate a couple of holds to the left of the stone, which I could barely reach, and once past this was able to cross the top of the chute and pull the packs up the wall. Without these Gerry and I were able to follow with relative ease.

From our experience with the 'snow' below the chute we decided to give short shrift to that above, and instead turned right, crossing the top of the second chute to reach the foot of the southeast ridge. The first half of the ridge would appear to be made up of continually thinning strata, but steadily deteriorated until we were travelling over more typical Rocky Mountain rubble and scree. We took a 'coffee break' in the only saddle on the ridge. The remaining half of the ridge turned out to be the opposite of the first, with the climbing becoming more exciting the higher we went, although at no time requiring the use of the rope.

On reaching the top of the ridge we were somewhat surprised to find that the worst was over. In the photos we had seen, the south ridge suggested the chance of some hairy ridge walking, and the possibility of having to drop into a fairly deep notch at one point. Instead we were able to walk quite easily along the crest for a short distance and then dropped down on the west side to a level place near the bottom of the notch. Here we decided to go out on southwest facing snow slopes until reaching rock again near the summit. Because we had packed them all the way up the mountain, we decided to put on the crampons and rope.

The summit was reached at 11:30 a.m., the second ascent and by a new route. For me it was the fulfillment of a wish I had held since first seeing the excellent oblique air photo of the Royal Group in a National Geographic magazine (October 1926, p. 412) over 20 years ago. The record of the first ascent made by Val Fynn and Rudolph Aemmer in 1919, along with Aemmer's professional guide's calling card, was found in the summit cairn in remarkably good condition, considering the well ventilated can they had resided in for 51 years. The most attractive area visible from the summit was that around the North Kananaskis Pass, including Mt. Sir Douglas. The view down the precipitous East Face from lip of summit cornice, belayed to Carter, was quite spectacular. As so often happens on rock you can scramble over with relative ease when ascending, we had to gear down a little on starting back down the southeast ridge. There was even a chance for Gerry to try out the polypropylene, rigging rappells down two of the trickier spots. The ridge was followed as far as the saddle, where we made a detour down a long scree slope to the King George-Princess Mary Col. From here we angled back to the foot of the ridge in order to again sidestep the snow slope above the chutes. On reaching the chute it was decided much time could be saved by rappelling over the chockstone, and while Carter didn't think too much of a large boulder embedded in glacial till, we used it for an anchor (using up a good chunk of the polyprop getting a sling around it) and sent him down first to test it. Luckily the ropes reached the top of the snow fan, and from here we were home free, reaching camp at 5:40 p.m.

William J. Hurst

MT. KING GEORGE

From the camp as above ascend to the head of the valley west of Princess Mary. Climb the narrow rock rib left of the hanging glacier to reach the west arête of Mt. King George. Follow the arête for 200 yards, then traverse diagonally the sometimes steep S.W. facing snow slope above hanging glacier, until reaching final part of the second ascent route. Ascent time 7 hours. D. Hurrell, R.Mill

Helen Butling

MT. PRINCE ALBERT (10,530 feet) First ascent of south peak by Bert Port and party of six, plus second ascent of north peak, (following 1928 route) New route. From King George Glacier ascend southeast ridge to south summit. Continue on to north summit and descend by original route. Ascent from camp to foot of left moraine 4 hours. I. Hamilton, R. Mill, H. Ridge.

Helen Butling

MT. PRINCESS MARY (10,210 feet) I. Hamilton, W. Hurst. From camp at foot of left lateral moraine of King George Glacier follow near direct line up East Face to summit, 21/2 hours.

Sue and Bert Port. From top of chute below Princess Mary-King George col (see first part of route on Mt. King George) make ascending traverse to foot of S.E. ridge. Follow ridge to summit except for one traverse onto East Face, beginning just below and ending just above vertical section.

Helen Butling

Mt. Assiniboine — North Face

Gary Colliver and I made the second ascent of Mt. Assiniboine's north face in a fast 13 hour return trip from Magog Lake. The climb followed two days of storm, and the route was hence well iced. The first 800 feet or so of the face was front-pointed, the main difficulties being provided by rock bands near the top, where ice pitons were required for belays.

Bob Cuthbert

Stanley Peak

On June 20th, Robert Geber and I climbed a new route on the north side of Stanley Peak which proved to be quite easy, and under good conditions it would be very enjoyable. We climbed up to the snout of the Stanley Glacier below the 'Kahl Route' which we had intended to climb, but due to the very poor condition of the snow we thought we would have a look at a new route farther to the east, which ! had thought about a few years earlier.

We traversed the glacier to the east, passing under the north face to a prominent buttress which is topped by a snow dome. Hounding the buttress we were confronted with a small but spectacular tumbling glacier coming from a basin beyond the buttress.

We started climbing the snow 'run out' on the right side (west) of the glacier to a small rock knob, then on rock we had two fine rope lengths of firm glacier worn rock which was steep but pleasant climbing. The firm rock changed to wet dripping rubble that lasted for 200 feet or so, from here we were greeted with saturated snow, quite steep in places, which we actually crawled over to stay on top, hoping it would not avalanche. The snow improved, then eased off and we came out above the tumbling glacier in a snow basin.

From the basin we climbed steep snow slopes to our right to the top of the snow dome or shoulder which led into steeper snow higher up. We walked up the shoulder, had no trouble getting over the 'schrund, then climbed the last 200 feet or so of firm snow to the ridge. We made a short traverse out around a little rock band topped with a cornice to get on to the ridge, which we followed to the summit.

After a short stop we retraced our steps and traversed the complete ridge up and down to a Col which is a bit more than a mile and a half to the northeast. Scree slopes led from here to the valley, where we spent a pleasant hour sleeping in a little meadow a quarter of a mile above the tree line, before making our way back out to the highway.

Glen Boles

Mt. Lougheed Traverse

The thought of traversing the four peaks of Mt. Lougheed had always intrigued me, but when it was completed from south to north in September 1967 by Don Gardner and Neil Liske the vision quickly faded and died. It was revived in June 1970, when John Atkinson persuaded me to join him and Don Forest on a trip over the summits from north to south. I was to interest one more climber to complete the party; Al Cole agreed.

Friday night, June the fifth, darkness settled in on us trying to steal a look at the northern peak from the fire road on the East side of Spray Lake. Then we turned in and dreamed of tomorrow in Don's 'Old Faithful' station-wagon.

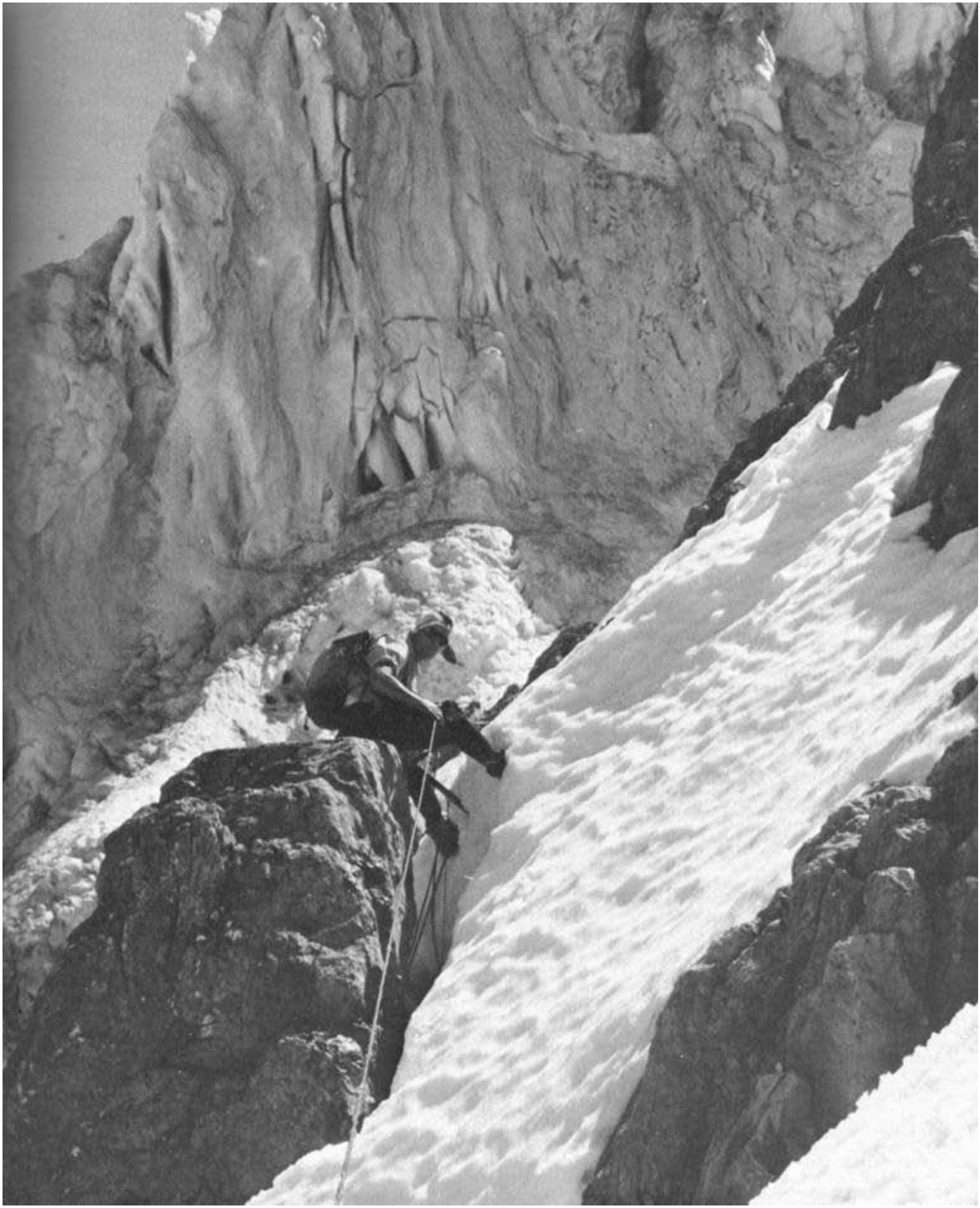
We were away by 4:30, making good time through the trees in semi-darkness. We picked up a dry wash which we followed, it soon became a babbling creek, and in half an hour we were out of the trees. Thinking the creek might deceive us and lead into a canyon, we took to the grass slopes, then talus, avalanche snow and scree, which brought us to the base of the mountain at 7:00. After a short rest and terrific view of Spray Lake the early morning chill prompted us to move.

We were under an almost south ridge, which at its base is more of a buttress. We walked around it to the right and found ledges and gullies in the sunlight, which brought us out on top of the ridge about 300 feet higher up. It was pleasant going on the ridge, which eventually runs into the northwest ridge (this is the right sky line ridge of Mt. Lougheed when viewed from the Trans Canada Highway at Pigeon Mountain Turn-off) and brought us to the summit at 9:00.

The sky was so blue, the temperature just right, and the view superb; Spray Lake like a long navy coloured ribbon below us, Mt. Assiniboine, Eon and Aye to the west, Mt. Douglas and the Royal Group beyond Mt. Sparrowhawk, every ridge and gulley clear as hand carved crystal in the morning sun. We all sang and hollered in our glee and spent three quarters of an hour enjoying it. After looking at the next peak we finally pulled ourselves away and ran the scree to the first col in ten minutes.

The second peak loomed closer as we walked to the edge of the ridge at the col and looked down the face on the northeast side; lots of route possibilities here, but a bit inaccessible. After some climbing and scrambling we arrived at the second and

Climbing past the tumbling glacier, Stanley Peak. Glen Boles



Stanley Peak from the northeast, showing ascent route, tumbling glacier in foreground. Glen Boles

highest summit at 11:30. Here we out-did ourselves basking in the sun until 1:15.

The third peak, lowest of the four, didn't look as inviting, as the slopes were all scree. Our descent to the col, which we timed and enjoyed in seven minutes, made up for the later scree slopes which we did in fairly good time reaching the top by 1:50. We spent twenty minutes here, mostly studying the fourth peak which we knew would present the most interesting climbing. We descended the third peak staying very close to the ridge and arriving at the Col around 2:35. From here to the base of the fourth peak we followed the ridge with care, as the inclined slabs and shelves were sometimes covered with loose rock.

At the base of peak four, things looked very different than from the summit of three.

The gulley in the centre of the peak which we thought we would climb had a fair amount of water coming down in it, so we altered course, climbing from one shelf to the next working our way to the right. We finally put the rope on to get to the third shelf, over a short overhanging wall that presented good handholds. We took the rope off again to move faster, and although we were all getting tired, we moved quite well, coming out on the west ridge about a hundred and fifty feet below the summit at 4:25.

At 6:00 we left the summit, descending the west ridge as far as possible, then taking to the bottomless wet snow. By 7:00 we were shedding our gaiters and swatting mosquitoes in the meadows above Ribbon Creek Valley, and half an hour later we found a good bivouac spot in the trees beside the creek.

Glen Boles

East Face of Chinaman Peak

Chinaman Peak stands two miles southwest of Canmore, and is visible from the highway. The new route follows Brian Greenwoods' for the first four leads, then traverses east to the large, blank-looking wall clearly visible from the highway. The wall is ascended by a thin crack running up the middle, with a final lead of 170 feet on loose rock with poorish protection. The route ends just five feet from the summit cairn, and is classed as 5.7. Steve Herrero, Gary Colliver, Bob Cuthbert.

Bob Cuthbert

Yamnuska — Faces to the North

The Calgary Mountain Club has renovated an old cabin behind Yamnuska, and from here the members plus others have been developing a lot of new climbing on the rock faces to the north. The quality of rock is equal to Yamnuska and the climbing is much more varied. It is a good area for novice as well as expert.

Don Vockeroth

The Guide Route, First Buttress — Mount Rundle

In early July, 1970, Lloyd McKay, Al Cole and I did a route on the easternmost buttress of Mount Rundle. From below, the cliff looks quite formidable, but Lloyd's trained eye picked out a route which offered possibilities. It begins on the right-

Lloyd MacKay on the Guide Route, Mount Rundle. Don Vockeroth

hand side of an open scree slope below the left-hand side of the face, and follows a gully system which ascends diagonally right towards the middle of the face, where it expires on some grassy ledges. From there, one has to wander back and forth up a series of short cliffs gradually working towards the exit, which is a crack system about 200 feet to the right of a prominent inside corner. A short pitch of 50 feet (5.6) put us on the scree slope above the face. The route was very enjoyable, the rock being good, the approach short, and the descent easy. This climb is suited for intermediate climbers. No aid was needed and only two to three pitons were used for portection. It should not be climbed during rainy weather or during the spring, as we were blasted by heavy rockfall during a brief rainstorm.

Charlie Locke

Ghost and Cascade River Areas

A rather large group from High Horizons have been exploring in the Ghost River area — Saddle Peak. Eric Blauwkiup, Eric Burksen, Tara White, Rick Nevelle, Mark Seyforth, Dave McVicor, Mark Johns, and DonVockeroth first ascended Orient Point Peak. Another exploration trip in August to the head of Cascade River, traversed a few lesser peaks. Probable first ascents on unnamed summits. Discovered an unmapped glacier feeding the Cascade River.

Don Vockeroth

Mt. Fay, North Face

800 feet of ice (the easternmost of the three slabs of ice) 5 hours; steepest bulges probably 80° slopes cut only at belay stances. Pete Carman, Dennis, Eberl, Yvon Chouinard. August 1970.

Pete Carman

The Northeast Face of Mt. Hungabee

Rising out of the Horseshoe Glacier at the head of the Paradise valley is a truly impressive face; the N.E. Face of Hungabee, 11,457 feet.

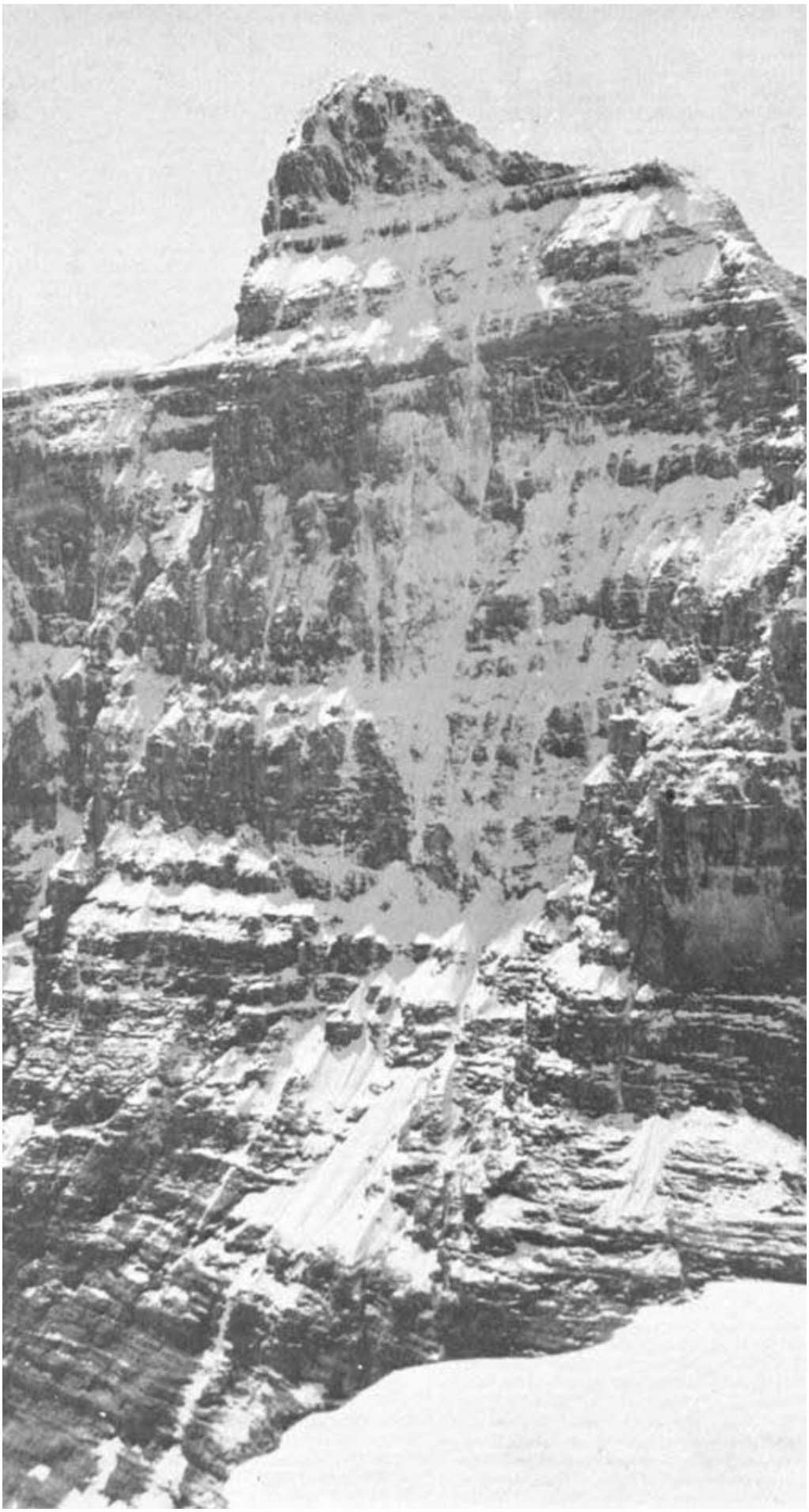
In July of 1970, Brian Greenwood, Chris Jones, O. Woolcock and myself set out to have a closer look at this face. Approaching from Moraine Lake over the Wastach Pass we gazed up at the seemingly vertical face which we hoped would prove to be of easier angle at closer quarters. We crossed the Horseshoe Glacier, the stillness being disturbed only by ice breaking off the glacier and crashing into the lake below. As we came closer, the angle of the face appeared more reasonable, except for a band of black rock high up — but that was a long way off.

We climbed through crevasses and up snow slopes, gaining the foot of the face just to the right of centre. On the whole the climbing was not too difficult except for a few black rock bands which gave steep, short pitches. Fairly low down on the face we made an interesting traverse left, interesting in that a waterfall cascaded over its middle; we ran across and carried on, wet. Much of the easier-angled rock was very loose. The prominent black band which we had seen from below was looming up and as the snow melted above it, rocks came tumbling down. Unfortunately the angle of this, unlike much of the face, did not appear any less vertical as we approached.

Well, it was getting late so we would leave the band till the next day and look for a bivouac spot. As luck would have it, we found an excellent cave; it was just the right size for the four of us and well protected from falling rock. We levelled off the floor and cooked a meal from our amazing selection of food. On a previous occasion when we had intended to look at the face, our main food item turned out to be a jar of milk powder. We sat on our magnificent perch and watched the sun go down.

The next day we were up early, and after several pitches came below the black band and saw its true angle; it was a vertical wall. The sun was already melting snow above, sending down rocks and debris. We climbed up to the foot of the wall; it was

The northeast face of Hungabee. Glen Boles



several hundred feet high and looked decidedly uninviting. Cracks were scarce, and there seemed to be no line of weakness at all. Up to this point our route had been fairly direct, but unfortunately here we would have to traverse right at the foot of the wall.

The first few pitches were very unpleasant; the rock was loose and protection poor. The four of us inched our way along; strung out across the traverse, hands on the loose rock and feet on holds cut in the ice. A rock cut the rope behind Brian — I cursed; it was my rope, the second I'd had damaged in a few weeks. He chopped the piece off and tied back onto the rope, leading on and using the shorter piece for a sling.

After several pitches of traversing we came to a gulley; it was the first break we had seen in the wall, which was now getting shorter, but water poured down it. A pitch further on, we could see a better break. We traversed on, more easily now, and looked up into the black chimney above. This would have to be the way out. Two steep pitches and several pegs brought us above the band and out onto the ridge which leads to the summit. We were disappointed not to have been able to take a more direct line to the summit, but looking back across the face the steep black band appeared even more forbidding. Maybe we had made the right decision.

John Moss

Narao Peak, East Face

800 foot ice couloir, (southernmost of the two.) Max. 75° at top. Much loose rock tunneled in from the sides. Climbed in August 1970 with Yvon Chouinard.

Pete Carman

North Glacier — Mount Stephen

In May of 1970, Bob Saunders, Nigel Smith, Jim Tanner and I made the first successful ascent of the north glacier on Mount Stephen. The route had been tried a few times by local

climbers but most were stopped, either by the cliffs below the glacier or by a band of ice which traverses its entire width.

By the dawn light we waddled up the scree beneath the glacier until our passageway was barred by some unfriendly looking cliff-bands. We returned their sneer and then proceeded to weave our way through them, using at one time a fixed cable — left by miners in the days of old — and occasionally passing slings signifying earlier parties' retreats. After a few hours we had worked our way diagonally from bottom left to the upper right side of the cliffbands and after climbing a steep snow slope we found ourselves resting on the glacier.

From there, we plodded towards the icewall which would be our obvious barrier, crossing a few crevasses en route and passing a few stately séracs. Finally, after mounting a steep snow slope we were confronted by the wall. The easiest passage seemed to be at the right (west) end so we tried it for a few hours before losing our guts. There was a one-inch coating of verglass over steep rock which wouldn't hold ice pitons very well. This in itself was not so serious but on top of it all was an overhanging bulge of snow which no one had the nerve to burrow through without protection and while precariously balancing on their frontpoints.

We retreated for the day and after a comfortable bivouac on the saddle on the north ridge we retraced our steps. This time, however, we were able to find a passageway through a couloir on the left side of the glacier. This presented no problems and soon we were over the cliff and plodding up the glacier. Being early in the season the going was tough but thanks to the youthful vigor of my compatriots the trail was soon broken and the top was reached.

Charlie Locke

Mt. Temple

2nd ascent of the Greenwood-Locke route on the North Face. August 1970, J. Moss and O. Woolcock.

The route was climbed in about 18 hours with one bivouac in a similar position to that used on the first ascent. There was much new snow on the upper part of the climb, and due to the low temperatures we found no water on the face. The major difficulties lie in the last 1000 feet of the climb; after the bivouac, the climbing is mainly on rock and is both difficult and sustained. We found little danger due to falling rock or ice, but this was probably due to the cold.

The sustained nature of the climbing in the upper part of the face and the length of the route make it a considerably more serious undertaking than the North Face of Edith Cavell.

John Moss

Mt, Victoria, West Face

Approach up Huber Glacier cirque between Wiwaxy and Victoria till below rib which runs directly to Centre Peak. Attain buttress (centre rib) from left over ledges and scree to grey band. Excellent rock. Ensuing grey and black bands (good rock) interspersed with light coloured bands which are loose. Climbing generally good. Approximately 7 hours. Two hour approach. Descent via East Face to Lake Louise two hours. July 10, 1970. Party: Don Vockeroth, Susan Poole, Tom Erdman, Hugh Dougall. N. C. C.S. Ill, F6.

Don Vockeroth

Goodsir, South Tower, From the North

Tim doing great organization work to make trip a success. Lloyd very nicely revealed what sort of trips we had together in the past, by saying this is the best organized climb he's been on.

Walking up to the foot of the face was enlightening. The objectionable dangers of Goodsir South Tower were being lauded in an effort to put me off the face. But there is no need for that kind of talk, for I know with all the ice visible from here, and four of us carrying only one short axe, one north wall, two sets of crampons and three ice screws, what will really take place. I can see the death bivouac now.

But I really don't want to do the North Face for my first look at this big mountain. There is so much arguing as to which route, I get the feeling that everyone is scared. Well I'll be damned if I am turning back before two full days are up.

Bloody good bivouac that. Eight hours of sleep, this is more like it. What possesses one's senses when one leaves the Machine Age for a primitive trip?

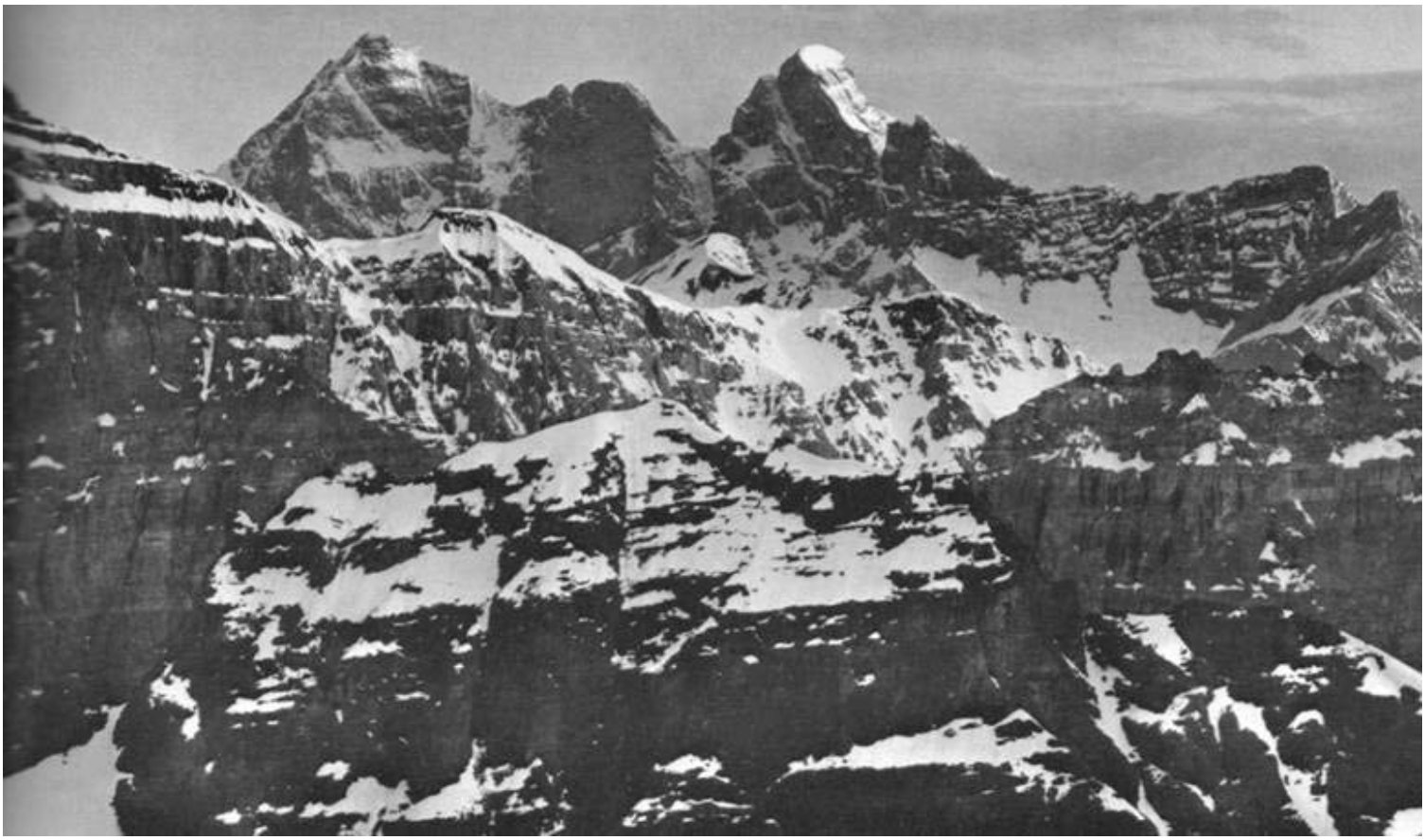
Crossing the lower glacier reminded me of past slogs. What do we do when that hanging ice breaks? Ha! — outrun it. Push those thoughts out of your mind Don. The 500 feet of solid limestone, below the hanging ice, was enjoyable. Sitting on a platform sunning while Charlie attacked the glacier's ugly face was one respite in a rather long climb. The alpine climbing was good, where there was snow and ice.

Just festering in those self-ego images always makes you lightheaded and this was no exception. I imagine this occurs when bivouacing because you have so much time to take off your boots, play with your toes, and fidget around. This was another of those rare occasions when the sunset blended into a full moon, and the seldom realized magnitude of nature was laid bare. Things like that can really push the adrenalin.

Next morning, accompanied by several rock sores (where pointed rocks dig into you while you are sleeping) we pushed on. The quality of majestic Mount Goodsir is deteriorating! I really do think this would be a fantastic winter climb if you stayed on the North Face proper. Sure have to get it when its covered over with ice as the rock is unbelievably bad. There were moments when I was scared and wished I was elsewhere. Does this damn mountain ever give up? Lead after lead, up chimneys, gullies, sloping ramps and open face climbing, but always loose. At times I swore the rock was vertical scree glued together with frozen soil. Leads changing all the time till we reached the summit ridge and upper part of East face. From here the ropes were kept on and everyone moved together. Spurred on by the easy going and the knowledge that another bivouac on or near the summit was not necessary, spirits lifted and the summit was attained at 4:00 p.m.

Tim was concerned about some message and was talking to someone. We took down the summit names and left a rewritten copy there — the Banff Archives receives another tidbit. Descent was made via the south west ridge to Zinc Valley, where a sleep in the trees did us all good. The Ice River was followed downstream to a pick up point at noon the next day. Lloyd and Charlie were leaving Wapta for Banff and

The Goodsirs from Abbot Pass, south tower on left, only the upper part of the north face can be seen. Ed Cooper



Calgary, Tim and I heading for O'Hara where it all started a little over two days ago.

God, can you believe that. It seems eons have passed. Somebody asked why it took so long, and Tim aptly replied 'This is a big mountain.'

Climbing started at 5300 feet and continued through to 11,800 giving approximately 6500 vertical feet. Only a few pitons required, but several ice screws. August 15 - 17, 1970. Party: Tim Auger, Charlie Locke, Lloyd MacKay, Don Vockeroth. N.C.C.S. V, F6.

Don Vockeroth

North Face — Mount Sarbach

One Sunday in July 1970 the sun shone brightly on Lloyd MacKay and I as we made our way towards the Kaufman Peaks and soon wilted our energy. We stopped for fuel in the shadow of the North Face of Mount Sarbach. Soon it invited us up, and as it was closer than the Kaufman Peaks we accepted its invitation and meandered towards its base.

I led up over the schrund and up some steep ice and snow towards the left-hand side of an obvious gully which divides the face. Lloyd followed. The rope around my axe pulled tight. The delicate bridge over the schrund had collapsed, leaving him dangling. However he was soon by my side, and leading up the remaining snow towards the rock. That's the last I saw of him as he led up the easy climbing while I trailed carrying the pack.

Route finding was no problem and with the exception of the bottom two pitches the rock was of excellent quality. Three hours and numerous pitches later we were on the top. We descended via the scree slopes on the northwest side and reached the car well after dark.

Charlie Locke

Mount Peskett

There are three peaks in the Siffleur Wilderness described in Thorington's Guide as being between Louden and Spreading Creeks. They have recently been named Mt. Peskett, after a youth camp leader who was killed by falling rock in the Cline River area.

Pete Ford and I ascended the Southern 10,300 foot and Central 10,200 foot peaks of this group on June 30th, 1968. In thick mist we thought we had ascended the north peak, 10,200 feet but had in fact reached a false summit half a mile to the south, so we continued to its true summit. Our route of ascent was up Spreading Creek from the N. Saskatchewan, turning into a beautiful valley with three waterfalls to the south west of the peaks. From the col at the head of this valley easy scrambling leads to the southern peak.

The next day we climbed the unnamed 10,200 foot peak to the south west of Mt. Louden.

Though there were no cairns on any of these peaks, it is possible that they have already been climbed by hunters as they only require hiking.

Tony Daffern

Totem Tower

East of Mount Murchison in the frontal ranges of the Rockies are a number of summits reaching well over 10000 feet. Only some of these have been climbed, and mountaineers have seldom gone into the region. Dominion survey parties have visited the area, notably in the early years

of this century under the late Morrison Bridgland and in the mid 1950's under Lorne Pelton. In the more remote areas only half a dozen expeditions of purely mountaineering makeup have penetrated and these have been but poorly described in the more widely circulated journals. In recent years some hydrologic regimen studies have been made on the glacier at the head of Ram River, which entailed an arduous approach for overland access. There still remain, therefore, numerous unclimbed summits. However, it should be noted that many of these peaks are of the 'writing desk' variety, with in general an easy dip slope, or scree route on the southwest; and a fearsome face on the northeast.

Late in July we entered the westerly part of this region by way of Spreading Creek, turning southeast up its second tributary to camp at timberline above the third series of waterfalls. Our party consisted of Brooks and Ann Dodge, Dieter Von Hennig, Victor Mahler, Dr. & Mrs. Edgar Holmes, with guides Rudi Gertsch and Leo Grillmair. Arnold Wexler and myself provided some measure of leadership. Hans Gmoser and I had planned this one week trip for some months, but other commitments prevented him from joining us when the time came.

From our camp at timberline, the entire party ascended through the prominent cirque to our east, overcoming the thousand foot cliff band by a series of ledges just below what is left of the glacier. It is obvious that glaciers in these ranges are on their way out. What remains in this cirque is huddled under the shelter of the peak to the south, and like others in this area shows strong evidence of melting at its very highest levels and much recession at its lowest.

Mount Peskett is the northerly of the three peaks that form the east wall of this side valley. We attained the ridge line south of the middle peak and the entire party then went north to make that ascent. After lunch on the summit (with hot soup courtesy of Rudi) we split, three of us continuing northwards to Peskett, which dominates the south view from the Alberta Forest Service ranger station in the valley of the North Saskatchewan River. We had a bit of a scramble to get down around a notable step at the north end of the middle peak. Nevertheless, Leo, Dieter and I took only two hours for the round trip between summits. Meantime, most of the rest of the party had gone south to the third summit, which is slightly higher than the two northerly ones. They had no difficulties, and were even more expeditious than we, although they did find that despite its famished condition the glacier on its north slope still has a few substantial holes.

In due course we reassembled at the lower level, taking our time going down, since the weather had been improving as the day went on. Several stops were made to admire the moss campion and other alpines which abound on the lower slopes. Back in camp, Dr. Holmes discovered to our horror that some of us had been stricken during the day with severe attacks of ethanol anemia. While preparing the necessary palliative (which, fortunately, the leader had foresightedly brought along) it turned out that all of us were suffering from those dread symptoms. Thus, the time necessary to effect a cure became somewhat extended.

We moved camp the next day over to the extreme head of Spreading Creek just under the southeast tower of Mount Murchison. From here on July 30th Brooks, Dieter and myself made a long, involved, but not very difficult trek out to the northeast to climb the unnamed peak which forms the west side of Spreading Creek Valley and is indeed hairily spectacular when seen from that side (see CAJ Vol. P. 53-39). The Cambrian cliffs reach formidable proportions in many areas, of which this wall is among the most impressive. Meantime, Rudi had scampered over a couple of the summits south of our camp to see what he could view of our main objective, in this area, a peak we decided to call the Totem Tower.

On our penultimate day, having a favorable report from Rudi, we left from our alp by the waterfalls at sunrise and moved en masse to the col at the south of the tower, which can be clearly seen from the Banff-Jasper highway at the Totem Creek crossing. Our route led up the moraine and outwash below the residual glacier which lies in the cirque between the Totem Tower and two lesser summits to the south and east respectively. We had to chop a few steps on the ice to avoid a particularly messy rock fall area before taking to the scree and crud covered ledges that made up the 8500 to 9500 foot level of the tower. Eventually, after much zig-zagging up this slope we crested at the south col where the full impact of the west wind caused us all to put on every garment we carried.

Being thus attired for the fray, we set out northwards maintaining our route somewhat on the west side with but two really interesting pitches. Rudi did the honors on both of them. These two places can be readily spotted from the east or west as steps in the south ridge. The lower one is only about 5.1 in difficulty but is made more formidable by virtue of the substantial quantities of debris that clutter every ledge, step and hold. Between the two steps we moved more freely, returning from the west side to the crest via an icy chute which brought us to the notch below the upper step. This one cannot, in fact, be much better than 5.3 in difficulty although the horrendous eastern exposure raises the apparent rating by several points.

Rudi's attempts to place pitons in order to secure his lead produced minimal amounts of security but impressive quantities of debris. This process was clearly not going to advance us towards the summit, although it did show signs of bringing the summit down towards us. The fruitlessness of this process having very shortly made itself apparent, after a few shouts of encouragement Rudi imagined he was well belayed and moved up on what turned out to be small but quite adequate holds to a secure stance, whence the rest of us followed.

From here to the summit was a short walk over almost totally fossiliferous strata. The wind having diminished significantly, we constructed a suitable monument before rappelling down the steps and then enjoying a pleasant amble back to our camp by the waterfalls.

William L. Putnam

South West Whitegoat Peak

In the 1959 C.A.J. Don Linke describes an attempt on the Whitegoat Peaks, three spectacular rock peaks to the north of Mt. Cline. His party climbed the Central (the highest) 10,400 peak, and attempted the South West Peak, 10,100 feet.

In September 1968 Kevin Cronin and I reconnoitered a route into the area from the recently completed David Thompson High-

Southwest White Goat Peak from the Central Peak, ascent was by right hand ridge. Tony Daffern

way; up Thompson Creek and over a 9000 foot col between Mt. Cline and Resolute Mountain, whose individual peaks Lion and Lioness were climbed by Linke's party in 1958.

Cresting the col we saw our objectives for the first time. Three precipitous, rocky peaks, rising in vertical walls and steep scree slopes from a barren, rocky cirque, reminiscent of the Spanish Pyrenees. Three small black lakes lay in the boulder field of the cirque, their waters seeping away to the east to fall over yet another band of cliffs in two great waterfalls to Shoe Leather Creek, and the site of Linke's 1958 camp.

We had no difficulty descending the East Cline Glacier, following a snow gully on the Mt. Cline side until it petered out on an easy slope leading to the main glacier.

A large boulder by the first small lake served as an uncomfortable bivouac site, and we were glad to rise early next day. A steep gully in the black wall above our bivouac led to the wide, stony col between Mt. Cline and the Whitegoat Peaks. We stumbled in thick mist across awful scree slopes, finally gaining the col on the N.W. Ridge, above which Linke's party had turned back. The weather was worsening, and we had lost a lot of time routefinding, so we turned back. That night it started to snow.

In 1969 I made three trips into the area, one too early in the season and another too late, on both occasions with Pete Ford. The third was on a perfect weekend with a non climber. Nevertheless we repeated the ascent of the central peak, and from photographs of our objective decided we had only two difficult rock pitches to worry about.

On August 1st 1970 Pete Ford, Chris Smith and I raced up the Thompson Creek Valley in perfect weather, and down the now icy East Cline Glacier, to a new bivouac cave under a rock wall near the lip of the cirque discovered the year before.

Chris and Pete in a rush of fitness climbed the Central Peak by a new route, up a left slanting rock fault on the S.E. Ridge. Lack of time prevented them from tackling the final 150 foot rock wall, so they traversed round to the left to avoid it. Descent was by the original route.

We left early on the Sunday, up the gully in the black headwall, awkward to start without the usual cone of snow at the bottom, across miserable scree, and finally up loose brown rock to the col on the N.W. Ridge, A short vertical pitch, old abseil point at the top, brought us to the foot of the eighty foot pitch with the overhanging block at the top as described by the 1958 party.

This pitch, to the top of the block by a crack on the left side, proved easier than expected, and not as loose as it looked. The next pitch looked hard, and I brought Pete up, glad it was not my turn to lead. The short, steep wall was the crux. Pete descended a few feet to gain a crack on the right of the block, which he climbed without aid, to a loose and difficult landing among poised, shattered rocks.

From here steep scree and short rock walls led easily to the summit, where we feasted and built a cairn.

Tony Daffern

Mount Alberta

Mount Alberta lies to the north of the Twins and between the Athabasca River and Habel Creek, and is best approached up Wooley Creek and over the Wooley-Engelhard Col.

Our party, consisting of John Calvert, Chris Shank, Dave Whitburn and Don Forest, left the Banff-Jasper Highway early on a beautiful day in late July 1970. After wading the cold and many-braided Sunwapta River our route took us up the south side of Wooley Creek, across the East Wooley Glacier to the Wooley end of Mt. Little Alberta and across another glacier to the south east slopes of Mt. Alberta. After an hour's scramble up the mountain we found an excellent flat bivouac site at about the 9000 foot level, on the top of a big buttress with water available from melting snow. A hot gourmet supper and we settled down for a comfortable night, with the tremendous face of North Twin rising up before us.

The next morning under a clear sky

our start at 5:30 was a bit late. An hour's easy climbing took us to the bottom of the black rock of the main S.E. buttress. We traversed on easy ledges around to the right beneath the buttress to the first prominent and very steep gully where the serious climbing started. About three-quarter way up the gully, after losing an hour and a half route finding, we traversed to the right over a shoulder into the next gully north. After losing another half hour route finding, we traversed across to the north side of the gully and up moderately steep rock to the prominent south notch on the main ridge, reaching this point at noon.

A startling view greeted us as we came up to the notch and looked down the other side. The mountain fell abruptly away to the Athabasca valley 6000 feet below, where the many channeled river wound among gravel beds and timbered slopes. Beyond, to the west, peak after snow capped peak tiered back to the expanse of the Chaba and Clemenceau ice fields.

A steep pitch took us up onto the main ridge, which we found exposed but fairly pleasant going after the rotten rock on the face. Conditions were exceptionally good, there being very little snow or ice along the ridge, except in the big notch before the summit where we left a fixed rope. At 2 p.m. we reached the summit.

With a few fluffy clouds overhead, and darker clouds on the horizon, we started back, hoping to get back to our camp on the buttress before dark. At 4 p.m. we reached the notch and started the ten long rappels. We avoided the gully, staying on the face to its side, except after the third rappel where we had to cross the gully. We were just nicely clear when it was swept by a rock and snow slide.

We weren't moving as fast as we could have, route finding being a problem and our rope handling being a bit inefficient, and as a result the light faded as we got off the last rappel at the bottom of the black rock. We were still an hour short of our buttress camp where there would have been a hot meal, warm sleeping gear and shelter, but being too dark to see anymore we flattened out a spot on a scree ledge and settled down for the night.

Sometime during the night gentle rain came down with traces of wet snow. At first light we stirred to an overcast and sodden looking sky. An hour on wet rock got us back to our camp, where we had a quick cold meal, and took off through the drizzle which kept up off and on all day. When we arrived at the Sunwapta River by mid-afternoon we found that it had risen a good deal, but the problems its many channels presented were small compared to the ones we had been through and we happily waded into them.

Don Forest

Mt. Athabaska

Repeated existing route on North Face with Yvon Chouinard, Francois Plenier cutting steps only at belay stances. August 1970.

Pete Carman

'Mt. Mitchell'

The peak is located on map 1:190.080 Jasper Park South Sheet Township 39, Range 25, Section 34, N.E. 1/4

Elevation 10,200 feet approximately.

J. H. Mitchell, after whom we suggest it is named, was in charge of the construction of the original Jasper-Banff Highway.

The mountain is partially visible from mile 45 on the Jasper-Banff Highway. It is the highest summit in the group at the head of an unnamed valley with large lake (Mitchell) south of the Sunwapta River. Distinguishing mark is a large snowpatch in the middle of the N.E. Face. The first ascent was made by two members of the Jasper Warden Service on July 16, 1970.

From camp at lake, follow creek to upper lake below N.E. Face, up to and across the previously mentioned snowpatch, straight up to East Ridge. Follow east ridge over two gendarmes to summit buttress, traverse into North Face, approximately 70 feet up and then traverse back across the entire ridge into the South Face. Narrow, leaning chimney leads back onto ridge above large overhang. From there one easy rope length to summit. No evidence of previous climbers was found on summit. Main problem of climb is route selection.

W. Pfisterer

Mt. Columbia

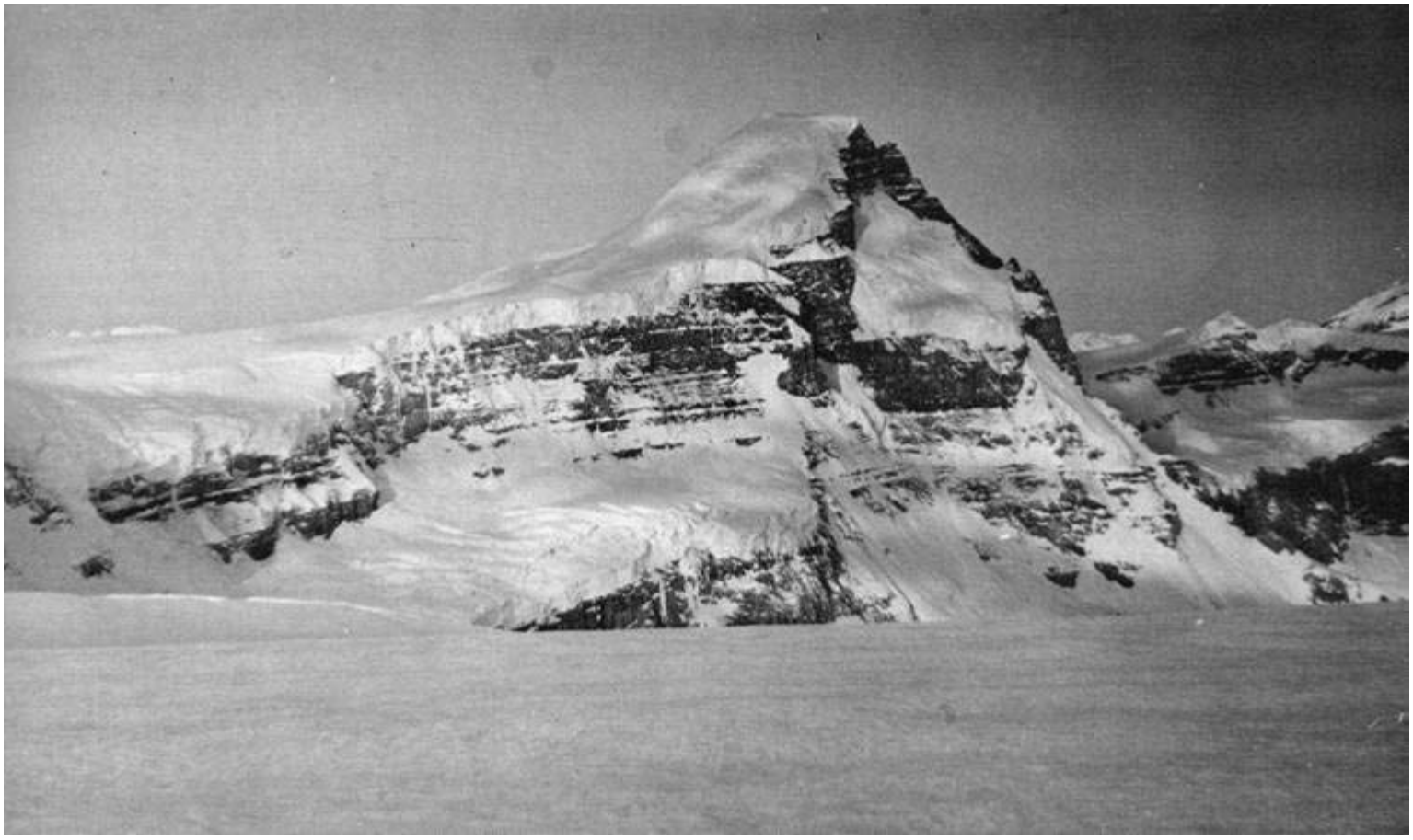
NORTH FACE/NORTH RIDGE Mount Columbia, as seen from the Athabasca River Valley, is the classic peak of mountain fiction — pure symmetry in rock and ice. The north ridge, with, about 5000 feet of elevation gain, rose directly in front of Gray Thompson and I as we walked towards it in a typical Rockies day of rain and cloud. We decided on a line to the left of the ridge, up two prominent ice fields on the Northeast Face, which would join the ridge at about half height. Our first day was all ice climbing, which, being a dry summer, was on very hard ice. The first ice field had a vertical pitch, and we just reached a bivouac on some rock ledges at the foot of the second ice field as the light faded. Easier snow, then ice climbing on the ridge crest took us to a rock tower, which had good rock and hard climbing. Our second bivouac was near the top of this tower. During the night a storm drove snow into our bivouac sack and generally made us uncomfortable. By early morning the weather had quietened down sufficiently for us to continue over iced up rock to the summit tower. With complete cloud cover we arrived on the summit at midday, then groped our way down the south side to the Columbia Icefields and a long walk home. A truly fine climb. Grade V.

Chris Jones

Ascents From the Brazeau Valley

When Brad Swan and I arrived the group was at full strength and eager to get going. Brad, the elder statesman of the group, is an avid but low angle mountaineer for longer than he dares to remember. He cooked our food and made the campfire seem twice as warm with his tales of the mountains (and many other things). His newest story was acquired on the trip out on the plane. He hadn't been allowed to keep his ice axe at his seat because the crew was afraid he might try to hijack the plane. Bill Putnam and Arnold Wexler were the leaders, with Bill sometimes over-enthusiastic and daring, and Arnold sometimes over-cautious and reserved, combining a safe yet exciting atmosphere. It is in this type of atmosphere that mountaineering is most enjoyable and fruitful; and in which I have been brought into the game over the last several years. Frank Mettrick, Gene Boss, Lowell Putnam and myself provided Bill, Arnold and Brad with someone to lead. We all had varying degrees of experience, but none of us the

Mount Columbia, north face, with the north ridge on the right hand skyline. Glen Boles



experience needed to organize and lead a trip such as we were about to undertake.

On Monday, August 3rd, we drove from Banff to Maligne Lake, where we took the Brewster boat to the landing of Coronet Creek. There we met David Michael and Graham Matthews who had been climbing in the area for about a week. We told them of our plans to hike over to the headwaters of the Brazeau River, and got a few tips on the route based on what they had seen. For dinner that night we ate real steaks that we weren't about to pack any further.

Early the next day, with packs averaging between 40 and 60 pounds, we began our ascent over the Grand Brazeau. Our major obstacle was a pass somewhat over 9,000 feet. We hiked and waded up the lower gravel flats, then into timber along the stream. After a bit of struggle in the woods we broke into the clear and ate lunch just below the lower moraine. We arrived at the first snow fields somewhat later than we had planned, and so we had to continue non-stop over the snow a good two hours or more. Ours was one of those deceiving passes that always seems to have another snow ridge a little farther up. An easy but lengthy descent of the far side of the pass brought us to a camp site that Bill and Arnold had gone ahead to select. Moving like ghosts, we prepared camp, ate dinner and collapsed into our sleeping bags.

The third day was used to move camp to a small lake further down the valley. The valley contained two large lakes in the headwaters of the Brazeau, the larger and higher of which we named 'Swan Lake'. During our stay there we saw many birds, as well as marmots, ptarmigans, and a whole flock of mountain sheep, that almost came into camp one night. Our camp was in a beautiful location and we could see all of the surrounding peaks and valleys.

We made two ascents from this camp. The first was 10,400 foot Cornucopia Peak at the extreme northeast head of the valley. We picked our way across the streams that empty out of the Grand Brazeau into Swan Lake. On the side of the valley that our camp was on, well above timberline current, we discovered a porcupine's den. Scrambling up the ice and moraine below the peak's base, we arrived at the hot dog stand in the col on the southern side of the mountain. The final summit climb was a simple scree slope which brought us to a Dominion Topographical Survey cairn that with our minor repairs will probably last 10,000 years.

The other ascent was a 10,500 foot peak about two miles east of our camp. After going south along the east side of the Brazeau valley we came to a tributary that enters just below Swan Lake. Hiking up this stream, we arrived in an alpine valley beautiful beyond description. It features a huge bear's den moraine above a crescent shaped lake. The scree in the valley was full of the fossil remains of our ancestors dating from almost a billion years past. Moving slowly up the moraine, slabs and junk, we arrived at the west col of this unnamed mountain. An exhausting hour's struggle up a precariously steep scree slope splattered with underlying ice and slabs saw us on the summit; the first to stand there. A lazy descent brought us back to camp where we were faced with a now familiar task. We had to repair our cooking shelter. The canvas and pole structure which we built on our rest day developed the habit of collapsing every time we left camp.

Two rainy days shortened our stay by one day, but one of these was used to construct a suitable memorial on a nearby knoll. It seemed that one of our leaders had

some sort of mania for cairns, and we were all forced to join in his insanity — twelve feet of it. We left traveling directly west over a high pass at the southwest edge of the Grand Brazeau, and descending to a tributary of Poboktan Creek. This led us to the fine trail that lies in this latter valley and out to our car which David Michael had moved around for us.

Morgan A. Broman

Queen Elizabeth Range

S.W. Ridge of highest peak of Queen Elizabeth Range, east of Beaver Lake in Jasper National Park. Climbed by A. and W. Pfisterer, June 5, 1969.

W. Pfisterer

A Winter Ascent of Mount Colin

In summer, Mt. Colin is a pure rock peak, every route up it involving some technical climbing. Because of this, we thought a winter ascent might be interesting. Its relative accessibility from the highway and the small hut at the foot of the South Face made the idea more attractive; also, as far as we knew, the mountain had not been climbed in winter.

In January 1970, Pete Ford, Pete Gibb, Bob Howell and myself drove out to the Athabsca river by the Jasper airfield. We had brought a boat to cross the river, but as it turned out the river was frozen, so we skied across. Low down on the approach to the hut there was not much snow, and the narrow rocky trail made skiing difficult; we took the skis off and carried them — snowshoes would have been lighter. In the upper valley, the snow became deep again and we were forced to put our skis back on.

It took the best part of the day to reach the hut, but as we still had some light left we were able to survey the possible routes. Of the two ridges, the approach to the S.E. ridge looked considerably easier so we decided to try that. Pete Ford and I skied up the valley to take a closer look, and once we were above the tree line the snow was not too deep. The slopes up to the start of the ridge were very windblown, and it looked as if we would be able to leave the skis in the valley and scramble up the rocky slopes to the start of the ridge. We skied back down to the hut, hopeful.

The next day, we were up and off before dawn, which is fortunately not too early in the Canadian winter, and retraced our tracks up the valley. Leaving the skis behind, we made rapid progress up to the col between Mounts Colin and Garonne. At first we climbed unroped on the lower easy-angled rock and snow of the ridge, but when the angle steepened, we roped up. Soon the ridge was blocked by a short vertical wall. There was no way round this so I took the gear and went to take a look. I scraped and chipped away at the ice which encrusted the wall trying to find a crack for a peg but the cracks all seemed too shallow. The cold was penetrating my gloves and ice splinters being blown into my eyes. Then, just as I was going back down, I found a deep crack, Inserted a good peg and things looked better. I moved up, and with a few more pegs I reached the top of the wall and cleared the snow away so as to pull over. Pete Gibb, rapidly followed by the others, came up and joined me. The climbing was easier to the final snow slope, where we floundered through the snow to reach the summit cross.

Because of the bitter cold on the summit, we soon began to descend. Half the final snow slope came down with us, but apart from that the descent went without incident. We returned to the hut that night and had an amusing time skiing out the next day.

John Moss

Mt. Edith Cavell

3rd ascent of the Chouinard-Faint-Jones route on the North Face. August 1970, B. Davidson, I. Hayes, J. Moss, and O. Woolcock.

After a late start, a bivouac was taken about 500 feet below the top — the summit being reached the next morning. The lower part of the face is not sustained, with only one pitch of F8 standard. The angle of the face then eases, giving some scrambling and finally very enjoyable climbing on good rock. If the prominent rib is kept to in the upper part of the face then the climb is virtually all on rock with only a few snow and ice pitches. Objective danger was low apart from the central part of the face.

The climb is extremely enjoyable, and with an early start could be completed in one day.

John Moss

The Rajah

Dana Densmore, Ellen Yates, John Yates and I, motivated by the general lack of information on this area in the 1966 edition of Thorington's guidebook, decided to make a brief excursion to climb the Rajah (9903), highest peak on the drainage of the Snake Indian River in the northern section of Jasper National Park, and to get a look at the neighboring peaks. The approach — from Rock Lake on August 13, crossing the Snake Indian near Welbourne Creek on August 14, and then ascending the valley of the unnamed creek immediately E of The Rajah — was not difficult except for the crossing of the river, which was flooded with meltwater owing to a prolonged spell of warm weather. On August 15, Dana, John and I made our way into the cirque SW of the Rajah, and then ascended very loose talus and scree on the SW Face. It being late in the day, I climbed the last few hundred feet alone to get to the summit, where I found a small cairn and some sticks of wood, indicating a previous ascent. Survey parties may have climbed in this area — we passed what looked like a helicopter landing site in the cirque — but several inquiries have produced no further information to date. The surrounding mountains were quite similar to the Rajah in character, having precipitous North Faces, more readily ascended South Faces, and occasional patches of snow. The rock we encountered was of uniformly poor quality.

Barton DeWolf

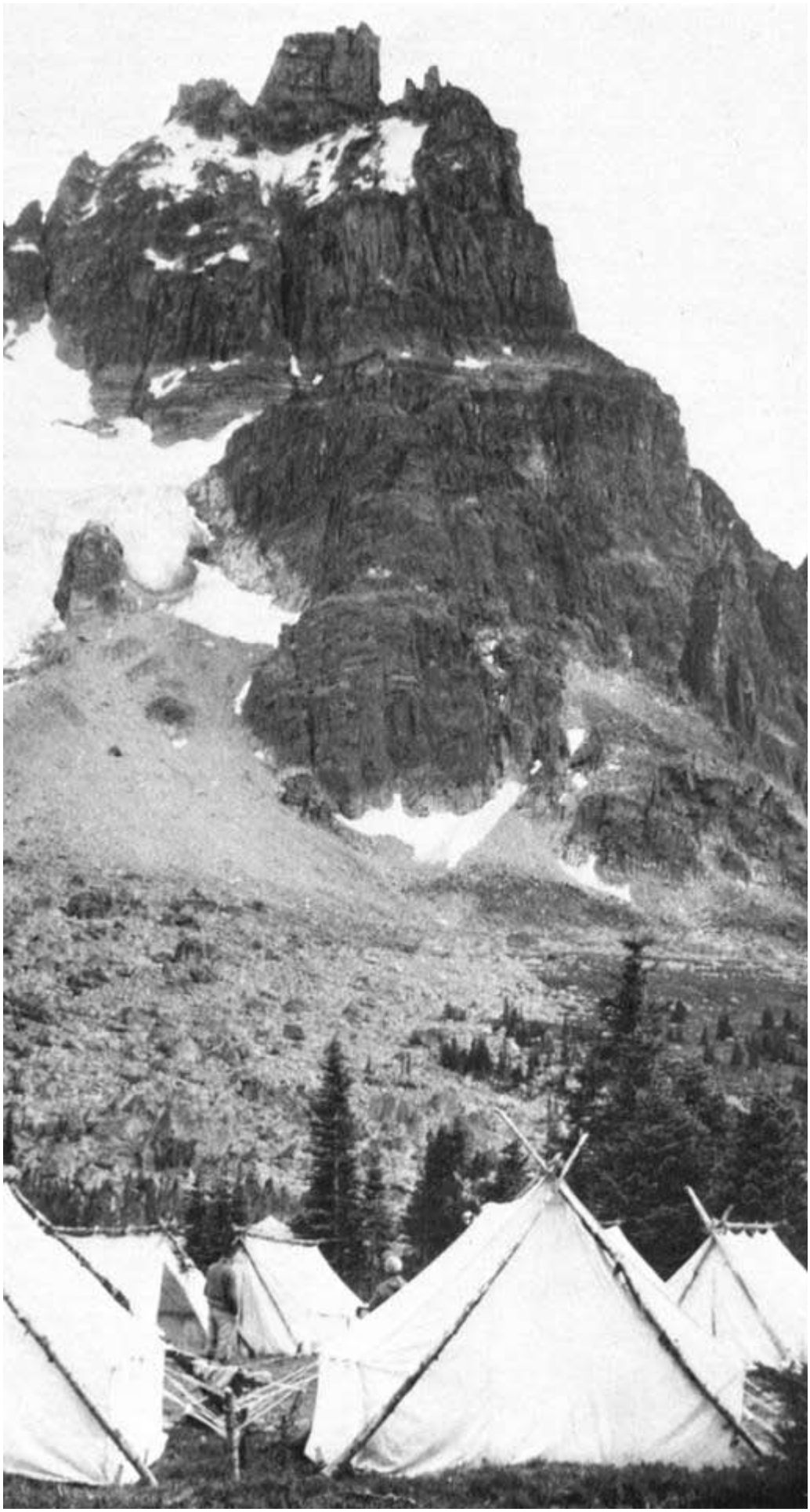
Moat Lake

A.C.C. GENERAL CAMP

The aim of the 1970 camp was to combine both the Climbing and the General Camps. The location had to be carefully chosen since it had to provide sufficient challenge to interest the experienced tiger, yet still be suitable for the whole range of those who attend, down to the totally inexperienced.

For such a rare combination, the Camp Committee chose the Tonquin Valley site at Moat Lake for a base, combining it with two ancillary camps, one at the Wates-Gibson Hut at Outpost Lake, and the other a high camp on Geikie Meadows behind the towering line of the Ramparts.

Bastion from the Moat Lake camp. Joe Ives



The base camp was gained by a fourteen mile hike from the Yellowhead highway. There is a well beaten horse trail, and the walk is a delightful one in good weather. For those that slogged through the horse-churned slop of heavy rain it was something else.

The locality offered everything; the stern rock of the Ramparts with dozens of new routes to open snow and ice climbing of all grades among the peaks of the Mt. Fraser area adjacent to the Wates-Gibson Hut, and miles and miles of alpine meadows, lakes and streams, and high rocky ridges and millions and millions of flowers surrounding the camp site.

The weather was bad, especially during the first week. It rained as we approached camp on the first Saturday, and we hardly saw the tops of the Ramparts until the following Thursday. The second week was certainly an improvement, but the weather remained unpredictable. The Camp Committee saw the fabulous potential of their area reduced to a fraction. They had done everything except control the weather. The meadows around the camp were ankle deep in water, and getting dry became more important than gaining a summit. It was frustrating, disappointing, and even unfair. There had been no rain for weeks prior to the very day of our arrival. Yet how beautiful it was when the sun did come out, the clean rock and flowers all about, and blue sky overhead. And oddly enough that is how I remember it.

From the main camp at Moat Lake daily trips went to Drawbridge, Bastion, Clitheroe and Caniche. From the popular Wates-Gibson Hut at Outpost Lake the glaciated peaks of Simon, Bennington, McDonell, Outpost and Paragon were all climbed. From Geikie Meadows high camp Barbican was climbed. Geikie and Turret turned back several attempts. A problem here was that the limited time available permitted only one try at demanding mountains in uncertain weather. Then again, the surroundings here were so lovely that on good days climbers often simply basked in the

beauty of the place. After all, one does not have to stand on the summit to enjoy a mountain.

Frank Foster

Ralph Forster Mt. Robson Hut

In 1968 a huge avalanche came down the Great Couloir and wiped out the lower three quarters of the timbered slope on which the old trail lay. These trees were over 100 years old, and trees were blown down on the other side of Kinney Lake. Our igloo withstood this avalanche but succumbed to one from a different area the following year.

The Board of the Alpine Club of Canada decided to rebuild a more substantial hut on Mt. Robson and the writer was approached and asked to be the project-manager, in September 1969. At this point, Ralph Forster came forth with an offer to finance the construction of this hut. Permission to construct the hut was received from Mr. R. H. Ahrens of the Government of British Columbia with the proviso that we burn all combustible garbage and that the hut be operated under an open-door policy.

The primary function of a project-manager is to surround himself with a small group of dedicated, intelligent and imaginative personnel, who are well organized, hard-working and reliable. This group must contain certain skills, in this case, those of stone mason, carpentry, engineering as well as being competent mountaineers, and be a self-contained congenial group. As it turned out, the ability to drink beer seemed to be another asset! It was my good fortune to be able to enlist the following members of the Edmonton Section of the Alpine Club of Canada: Charles Lockwood, Ernest Reinhold, John Tewnion, and Robi Fierz.

The hut is located right on the SSW ridge of Mt. Robson at an altitude of approximately 8200 feet and is about 200 vertical feet below the old igloo site. It is protected by a (missing text not in original) to be unsafe, it is our opinion that there is no other safe and practical site for a high hut on this side of the mountain. We feel it is a safe site. The hut sleeps 12 comfortably on foam lined sleeping shelves, and is equipped with Coleman gasoline stove and lantern; pots, cooking utensils and cutlery; and fluorescent tape wands.

The new Yellowhead Highway transects the old Dennison Ranch, part of which is now a paved parking lot and view point for Mt. Robson. This place is about fifty miles west of Jasper. Helicopterage was done from the meadow south of the highway. The elevation here is 2700 ft. while the summit of Mt. Robson is 12,972 feet. From the gas-station, the hut can be seen using glasses. It cannot be seen from the east end of the parking lot, since the foreground 'peak' hides it. It can also be seen from the bridge crossing the Robson River at the end of the road. It cannot be seen from Miss Wright's Robson Ranch.

The trail to the hut starts at the bridge at the end of the road, which is about one and a half miles north of the gas-station. It follows the true right bank of the Robson River until one reaches Kinney Lake, and a bridge crosses the river where it leaves the lake. The south and east edge of Kinney Lake is followed on a good trail till a gravelly beach is reached. This trail which leads to Berg Lake is followed for another five minutes till there is a large couloir seen on the right.

The steep trail begins at the very corner of the trees at the right edge of the couloir. There is no water on the trail above this point. This lower portion of the trail is the same as the old trail. It is easy to follow, but it is a 5,500 foot climb to the hut. At one point, steps have been cut into a fallen tree which lies at a steep angle. Higher up, one comes to a real ladder made of lumber, leaning against a cliff. The new trail wanders back and forth but stays close to the edge of the couloir. Finally one comes out on the edge of the couloir and stays on this edge. When above the last trees, one should angle slightly to the left and upwards and one may lose the trail here as it is not marked. At this point the general direction is nearly directed straight at the hut. A trail should now be picked up, marked by cairns, and once on this part of the trail on the scree and sloping shelves, it should not be difficult to stay on it. A belt of slabs will be encountered in the scree, and a 120 foot length of steel cable will be seen. It is anchored on the top and in the middle with a drilled hole and a bolt at the top and a piton in a sleeve in the middle. It is useful on the descent if the sloping slabs are ice-glazed, as there is no belay-point.

If the trail is followed across the scree above, it will bring you to the cliff band just to the right of the hut. Cairns can be followed, working up and to the left, and ending with a 10 foot chimney marked with a cairn. This brings you above the cliffs and the hut can be seen above and slightly to the left. Our entire work party, laden with tools and climbing equipment, descended leisurely from the hut to Kinney Lake in 3 hours and 15 minutes, including several rest-stops.

Usually water can be obtained in the first couloir to the west. It took twenty-five minutes for a round-trip with buckets, so a trail was constructed with pick and crow-bar, and now it can be done in five minutes. Timing of the length of trip was done before the site was decided upon. If there is no water in the first gully, water can usually be obtained in the second gully. The water supply usually freezes up at night so it should be obtained in daylight hours. Both gullies lie in the path of ice-avalanches, and in fact the first gully was completely covered by ice blocks on our last day at the hut, due to a fallen sérac from the lower icefall, although the previous evening some of us took a shower there.

A fresh-air powder-room with one of the best views in the world sits at the end of a short trail to the NE of the hut, under an overhang of rock. A piece of plywood salvaged from the floor of the old igloo, and on which the concrete was mixed, screens the privy from the hut, although the plywood has two knotholes from which a view of the Cariboos can be had. The seat of the outhouse has a unique design for the opening. It was the good fortune of our party that at the completion of the hut, which was accomplished in generally very good weather, although the first night was very cold under our plastic-sheet bivouac and there was one inch of ice in the bucket in the morning, we were blessed with a perfect day in which to climb Mt. Robson.

The alarm went at 2 a.m., and after a hearty breakfast, we left at 3:05 a.m., climbing by flashlight and by the light of a half-moon. The left hand rock ridge was ascended to Little Robson and the rope was then put on and also crampons. The left rock ledges covered with verglas were traversed under the upper ice-fall wearing crampons

and then an ascending traverse was made towards the left ridge on steep ice. When the upper glacier was reached, a direct line was made for the mid-point of the summit skyline, going upwards and slightly to the right. Conditions were perfect for crampons and no wands were used as there was not a single cloud in the sky.

The summit was reached by the entire work party at 9:15 a.m. It was windless and there was no haze. The Sir Alexander and Ida Group could be seen alone to the NW. Trident and the Adamants showed up as did Clemenceau, Hooker, the Ramparts and Cavell. Kinney and Berg Lake lay below.

The party, travelling in two ropes, leisurely returned to the hut by the very early afternoon.

Jo Kato

Yukon and Northwest Territories

Logan Mountains

On June 27, 1970 we were flown to the northern end of an unnamed lake in the upper valley just north of Mount Nirvana, the highest peak of the Southern Logan Mts. Nirvana, (9097 feet) was named and climbed for the first time by W. J. Buckingham and L. J. Surdam in summer 1965. (American Alpine Journal, 1966, pages 33-37; the numbers on the map refer to those given to the more interesting peaks by that party.) The area was also visited by a small American party in summer 1968. Because of the persistently bad weather their climbing activity had been rather limited.

We landed in the late afternoon. Clouds sitting on the mountain ridges started to pour slowly into the valley, and it drizzled. The greater part of the lake was still frozen and patches of dirty snow covered the slopes nearby. In rather low spirits we bade goodbye to the pilot and started setting up our camp. Soon the drizzle turned into heavy rain. Next morning our tents were covered with fresh snow. It melted fast in the morning sun but around noon the clouds appeared again, this time crawling slowly up the valley. Soon it was raining. This was the typical weather pattern for the next twelve days of our stay, with the exception of a final snow storm lasting three days. Despite the poor weather almost every day we tried to explore a part of the valley, looking for approaches to the surrounding peaks.

The valley of 'Nirvana Lake', as we called it, lies at an elevation of about 5500 feet and is surrounded by a score of magnificent peaks from 8500 feet to 9000 feet high. Some, although slightly lower than Mt. Nirvana, are even more interesting. Peak 34, just east of Mt. Nirvana, is perhaps the most beautiful, with its 4000 foot northern rib rising steeply from the white glacier. Peak 37 is perhaps the most challenging, its almost vertical N.W. Face strikingly similar to the West Face of Fitzroy. Peaks 38, 39, 42 and 43 also present very interesting climbing possibilities. Around the lake are several excellent tent sites, well protected from the prevailing winds. The grass is thick and the wild flowers abundant during the short summer, and goat trails provide easy access to the upper parts of the valley.

During the brief periods of more agreeable weather conditions we managed to climb three of the somewhat easier looking peaks.

Peak 44, a probable second ascent by a new route — through the narrow snow couloir on the S. Face to the W. ridge, and then, following the ridge, several pitches of enjoyable climbing on rough granite to the summit.

Peak 40, the last prominent summit on the long ridge descending to the Rabbitkettle River Valley. After a long trek down the valley we camped just above the timber line, climbing the peak the next day. Our route led through steep scree and snow slopes, then followed narrow grassy ledges across a rock face to the S. ridge, finally reaching the summit via a short snow couloir in the E. Face. Our descent was somewhat more interesting as we had to climb down during a heavy snow fall, which turned to rain on the lower slopes. We found our small tent overturned, the sleeping bags soaked with water. Fortunately after an hour or so the rain stopped and we managed to dry our things over a fire. The next day we hiked back to our base camp.

The snow storm started a long spell of almost continuous bad weather. When it finally cleared a little we climbed an unnumbered peak just west of our camp. We called it 'The Guardian' as its E. Face hangs ominously over the lake. This last climb consisted of several pitches over the southern snow slopes and the west ridge, ending in a dense fog and gentle falling snow. We returned to our camp safely but completely wet.

Fortunately the next morning was warm and sunny. Around noon we heard a distant buzz of the helicopter. About one hour later we were back in the Cantung townsite, population — 300, that last outpost of civilization marking the end of the road.

Marek and Jolanta Jarecki

Mount Logan on Skis

Arno Dennig, Gerwalt Pichler, Bruno Kraker and Hanns Schell of Austria, Karl Hub of Germany, and Hugo Dietrich and I of Alaska left Glenallen on May 4 for the Logan Glacier with Jack Wilson's Air Service. By May 5th we were at 8500 feet on the Quintino Sella Glacier. On May 10 our camp was at King Col right under King Peak. Two camps and six days later we climbed three minor peaks on the western rim of the Logan plateau. On May 18 we ski-climbed the 18,600 foot summit right above the research camp, which we also visited finding only markers and a shovel. On May 19 we moved our camp up to the rim at about 18,000 feet. Leaving camp at 5 a.m. we ascended to a saddle and then skied down to the plateau itself. Skiing around the west peak we followed the valley up to a saddle, and on up a steep slope and along a ridge to the main summit, where we arrived at 5 p.m. We made a quick descent on our skis and then had a tiresome climb up to the rim. At 9 o'clock we were all back at our high camp. Everyone reached the summit. On May 25 we were picked off the glacier by Wilson.

Sepp Weber

(It 's suspected that this has been done before, but no information is available).

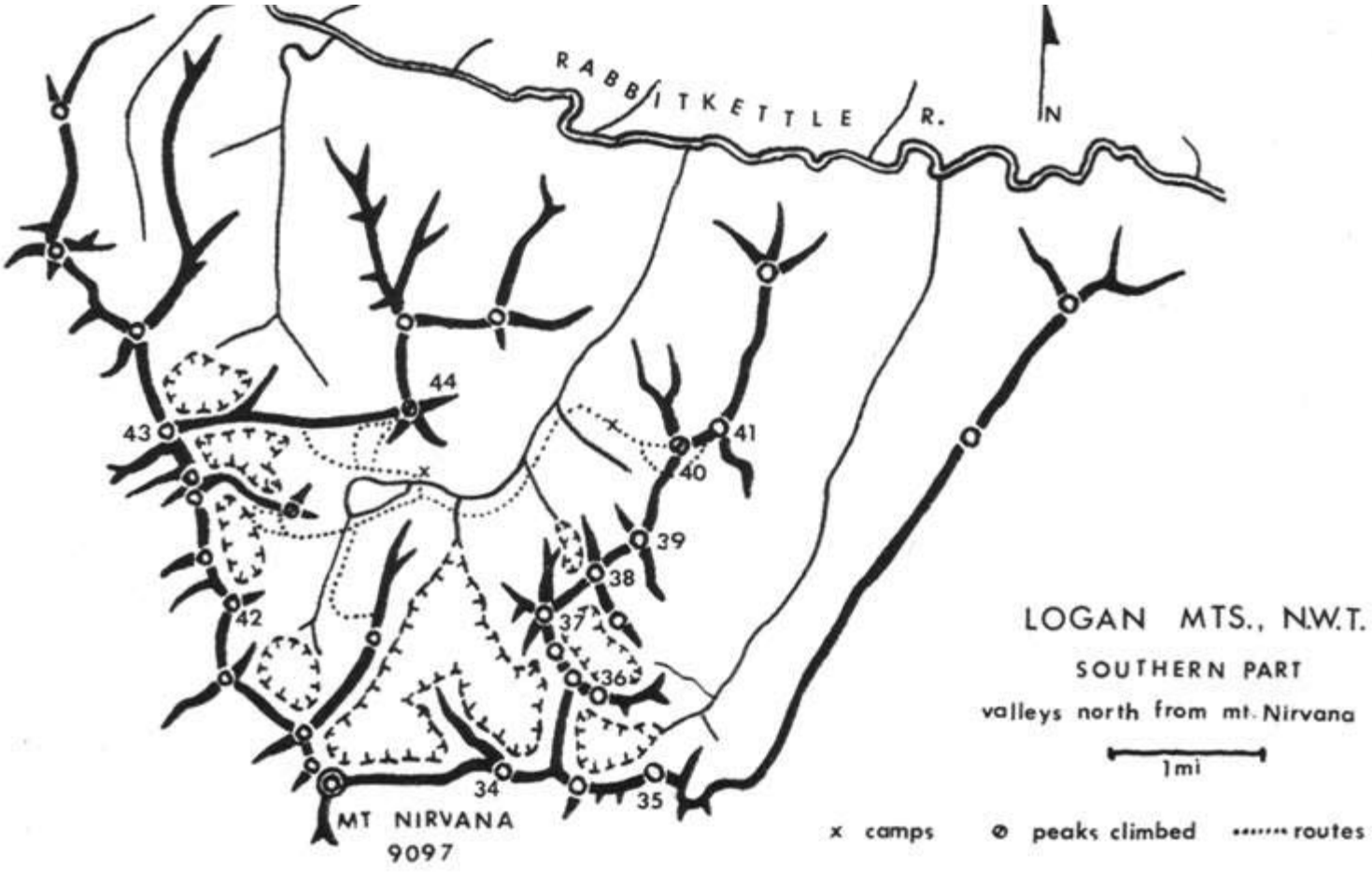
Baffin Island

A party of five from Queen's University, including R. B. James and D. Sellars climbed 5 new peaks near Pangnirtung Pass. (A detailed report will appear in the 1972 C.A.J.) A guide book to South Baffin Island is being produced, and hopefully will be ready this year.

Pat Baird

Logan Mountains; Peak 34 in centre, northwest face of Peak 37 on left. Marek Jarecki

Logan Mountains, southern section. Tim Auger



Nepalese Pass. Dick Culbert

Editorial

It's becoming a platitude to say that these are times of rapid change, but clearly that is the case. I think it was Cadwallader who once said that if an organization is to survive critical changes in its environment, it will have to adapt by changing its structure and behaviour, and if it does not do so then other organizations will respond to the new situation and arise to take its place. The Alpine Club of Canada is one such organization. It was conceived in different times, and organized in a way that may no longer be relevant for today's purposes. To the extent that it wishes to flourish, or even survive, it will have to change to meet the needs of today's climbers, which are drastically different from those of fifty or even twenty-five years ago.

It is not enough just to build huts and publish a journal. A national mountaineering club must provide many more things, including leadership on current issues, impetus in the development of Canadian mountaineering, and initiative in the organisation of expeditions and exploration of our unknown mountain regions. In my opinion, this is not presently being done, and I doubt that grandiose trips organised by travel agencies or the building of a new clubhouse are the way to do it either. The important thing about a club is its point of view borne out by its actions, not its physical facilities.

Recently there have been several hopeful signs, particularly in the area of expeditions, financial support and conservation, but if the Alpine Club of Canada is to become the kind of club that people truly want to join, then we have a long way to go yet.

The response to the new journal was really exciting. We were deluged with favourable comments and letters from members and non-members, young and old, overwhelmingly in favor of the new format. Perhaps it is significant that we received orders from stores as far afield as California, and that the first issue is now completely sold out, making it a collector's item.

Unfortunately, dealing with the problems of getting good material for the second issue, if anything, matters seem to have become somewhat worse. Perhaps this was due to the short deadline, (necessitated by our attempt to get the journal out in time for the start of the climbing season — something that we failed to do again) but in any case, getting articles from climbers seems somewhat akin to taking one's new girl friend climbing. First, you have to persuade her that it's worth doing at all, and once you've got her to agree you have to cajole her all the way to the top.

The standard of writing doesn't seem to have improved any either. Let's face it — there doesn't seem to be much mountain writing that matches the quality of the climbing being done today. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, here's the second issue. Perhaps it may yet encourage someone to write something worthwhile.

Andrew Gruft, Editor.

The Alpine Club of Canada

Address all editorial material to Andrew Gruft, Editor, Canadian Alpine Journal, 4630 West 5th Avenue, Vancouver 8, B.C.; all business enquiries to the Club Manager, Mr. Pat Boswell, Box 1026, Banff, Alberta.

Submissions should be typed in normal

letter fashion (upper and lower case) double spaced with 2" margin on the left hand side: two copies are required. Photographs should be sharp and clear, minimum 6" x 8", glossy finish; black and white prints should be made from color slides. The deadline for submissions is January 5th, but it is most helpful to receive material for the next issue as soon as the ascents are made, as the Journal is largely a one man operation, and it is again hoped to have the 1972 issue out by spring.

Guiding Principles for the naming of geographical features

Extracted from Principles and Procedures, Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names. First consideration should be given to names with well-established public use. Local usage should be the prime consideration in settled areas, whereas historical significance should be emphasized in unpopulated areas. Duplication of names to the extent that it may cause confusion should be avoided. Personal names should not be used unless it is in the public interest to honour a person, and during the lifetime of the person concerned only in exceptional circumstances. The adoption of both an English and a French form of a name for the same feature should be avoided. Indian or Eskimo names for which there are no accepted forms will be recorded according to a recognized, local orthography. Avoid unnatural or incongruous combinations of words, use of both Christian and surname, inclusion of the apostrophe in the English possessive form, and cumbersome names.