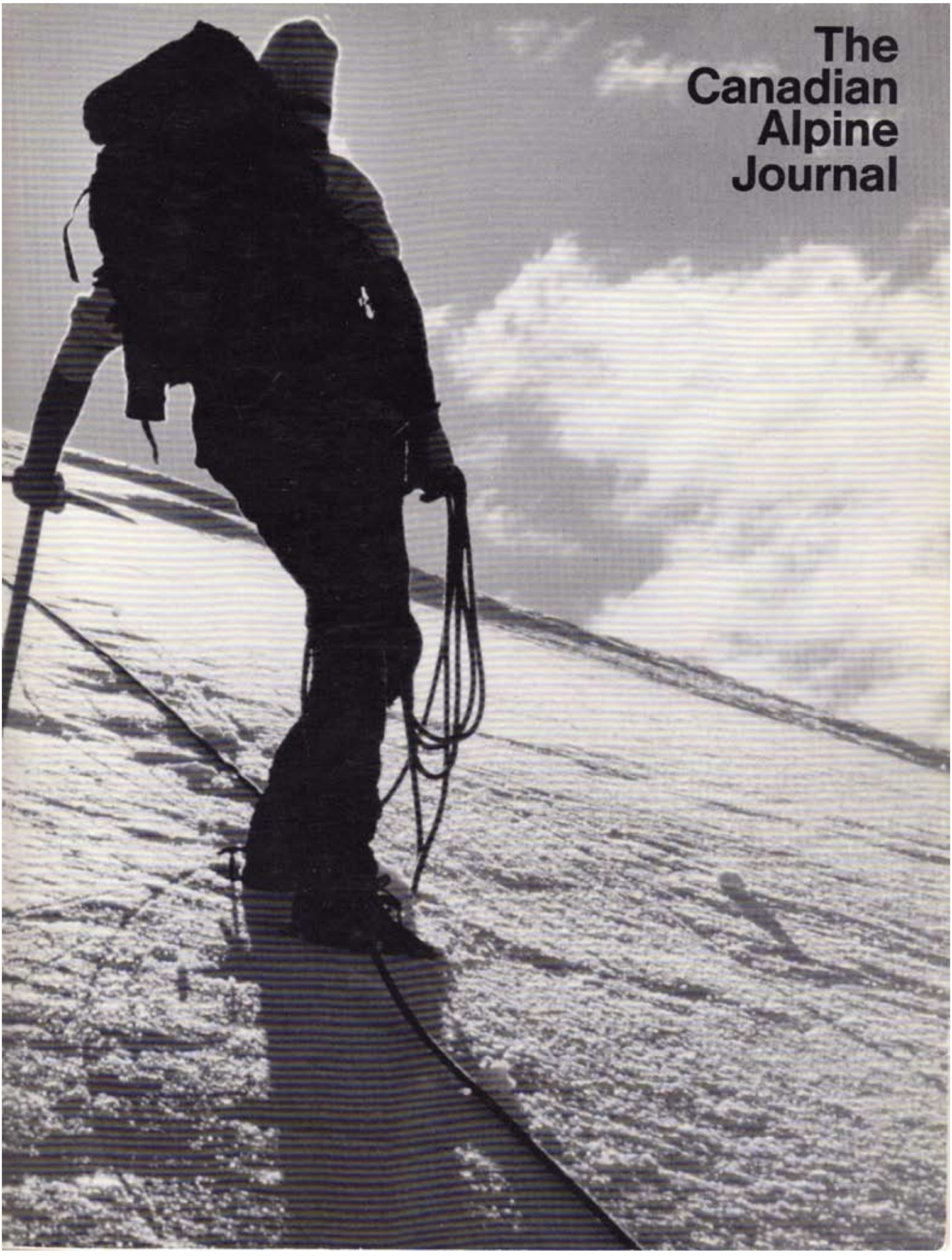

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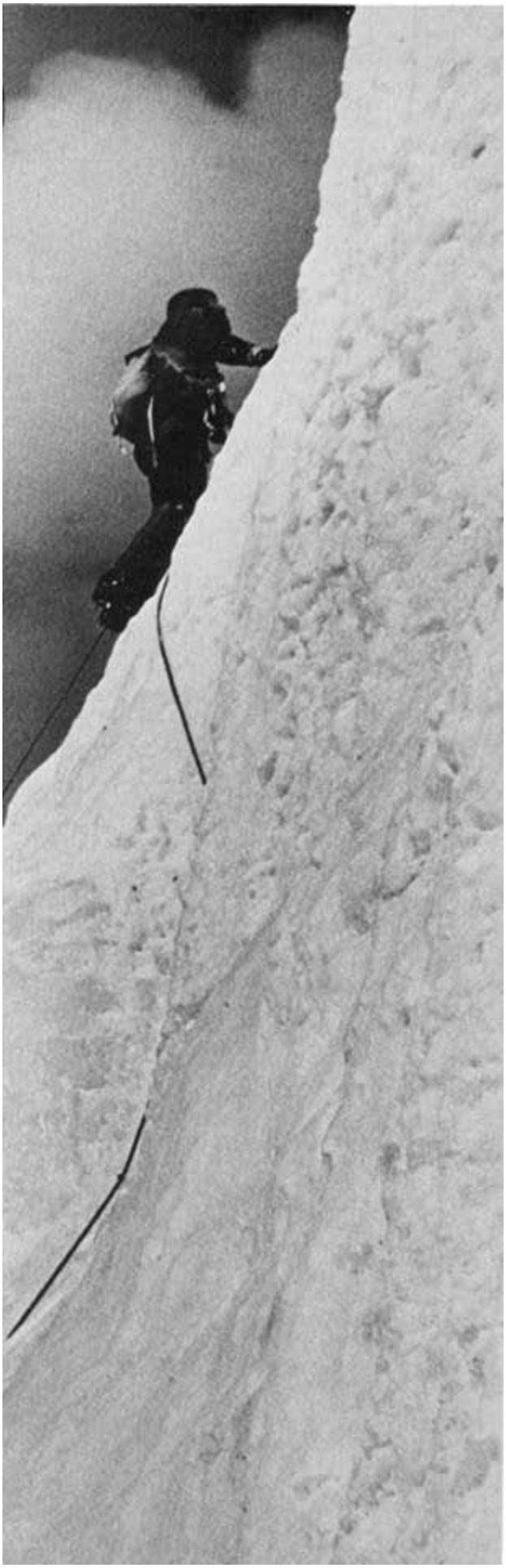

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The Big Walls of Baffin

We had all been climbing long enough to know that the essence of mountaineering lies in pioneering first ascents in good style. The mixed rock and ice faces of the European Alps had all been climbed by the 1950s. In Yosemite Valley, that Mecca of American rock climbing, all the natural lines had been ascended by the mid 1960s. There has been no significant contribution made to climbing in these areas since. In fact the search for new routes has resulted in a decline of climbing standards and disregard for climbing ethics. There are of course exceptions, but generally the modern pioneers in these areas have gone where no truly natural line exists; beyond the crack and crevice and out on to areas of blank rock. Progress here is only possible by drilling bolts. There is no skill in this, and a persevering climber can go anywhere without fear of retreat. Slowly the truth has dawned that drilling removes uncertainty as to the outcome of the climb, and therefore the challenge.

Now the search for natural lines continues elsewhere, but the pioneer is forced to accept greater problems and challenges than his predecessors. Virgin peaks and undefiled rock faces are now only found in remote and hostile regions, and high in the Himalayas. The maces in the Himalayas and in Patagonia were already under siege, but surprisingly no big walls had ever been attempted in the Arctic.

When Rob Wood and myself scrutinized the Mountain World Annual we found that Baffin Island in Arctic Canada was bristling with unclimbed peaks and 4000 foot rock faces. We decided to go and climb them.

The expedition grew to include Dennis Hennek, Phil Koch, Steve Smith, Ray Gillies, Guy Lee, Mick Burke and Pat Baird, who came along for the first two weeks. There was no leader, as the right man at the right time would emerge to take care of difficulties as they arose.

Early in July 1971 we were at last flying over the desolate tundra of Northern Quebec and the ice floes of Ungava Bay. As we approached the Eskimo settlement of Pangnirtung we could see a chain of clouds hanging loosely over the Cumberland Range. We could now distinguish individual mountains rising from sea-level up to 7000 feet. Glaciers meandered in between from distant ice-caps down to the treeless tundra. We knew from a close scrutiny of previous expedition reports, and from the archives kept by Canadian Pat Baird, that only a handful of the hundreds of peaks had been climbed. It was like visiting the Alps in the eighteenth century, when mountaineering was in its infancy and only the easily accessible peaks had been climbed.

If the peaks bore any resemblance to those in the Alps the locals certainly did not. We flew into Pangnirtung and stepped out on to the dirt runway surrounded by a laughing, jostling crowd of inquisitive Eskimos. We laboured along the Pangnirtung Fiord, helping the Eskimos to push ice floes out of the path of our overladen canoe. We never made Fiord Head, as the winter ice proved to be an impenetrable barrier after only eight miles. With packs weighing on average 90 pounds we walked along the fiord and up Weasel Valley, taking two days to reach Summit Lake. Over those 35 miles we averaged no more than one mile an hour. We were very unfit, but we were also hindered by the fact that the braided rivers were in flood. Crossing them was hazardous and slow. The ice had not long retreated from the valley, so we were walking through a primitive landscape where glacier ice tumbled down from the side valleys before it like a giant bulldozer. Where it had melted, crater lakes formed behind the moraine. On the valley floor the rocks were highly striated and polished by the passing ice. The tundra was only now beginning to re-establish itself and to add colour to the otherwise grey land of jumbled granite rock.

Between the hanging side valleys truncated spurs formed monolithic granite cliffs. The highest of these was Mount Thor, over 4000 feet high but unfortunately without any natural break running up its huge face. It would only succumb to the bolt, so we left it for the future. It had no appeal when so many natural lines on other peaks awaited ascents.

Base camp was established at Summit Lake, in the heart of the mountains about 50 miles from the nearest Eskimo settlement. It was wildly beautiful and there was no other place we wanted to be. Mt. Thor dominated the view, with its huge face and dip slope disappearing under Fork Beard Glacier. Five peaks were "bagged" in the first few days. We had no need to bivouac as night was no different from day. The sun dipped below the peaks for half an hour and then came up again a few miles farther on.

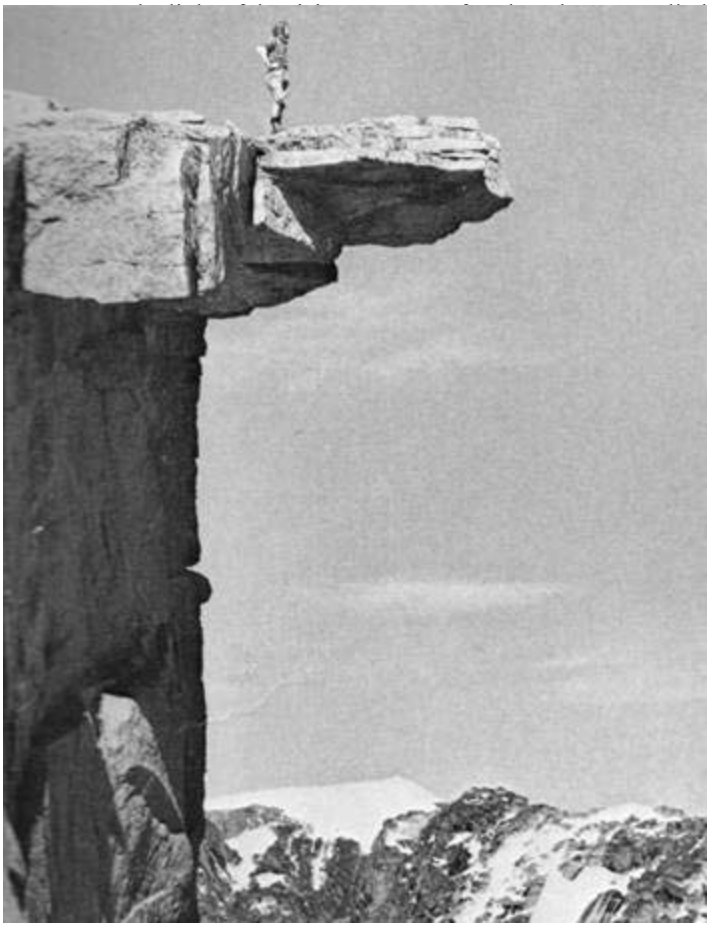
The first sign of bad weather was high flying cirrus cloud followed by cirrus stratus, which soon spread dramatically across the sky. Before long the peaks were in cloud and a drenching mist rolled up the valley and over our camp. The wind had veered round from the north and was now blowing hard from the south, drenching the tents with rain and sleet. We all moved into the large Storm Haven tent and seldom left it for the next two weeks.

Eventually Dennis and I left our "garden" for Mt. Freya, while Guy and Phil went across to Bredablik. We climbed rapidly up the 3000 feet of slabs spread out like a giant apron below the head wall of Freya's east face.

Towards evening we were on the head wall, but the crack system we were following ended. We could neither hand jam nor peg. The only solution was to pendulum and try to reach another line of cracks, away to the left — across a 100 feet of blank rock dripping with water. From a peg placed as high as possible we fixed a rope and slid 150 feet down it. One after the other we swung backward and forward, gathering momentum and distance until we could clamber into the new crack. After this exhilarating manoeuvre we made good progress to a ledge suitable for a miserably cold, wet bivouac. Winter was obviously drawing near for there were now a few dark hours. We were only 500 feet from the top, but the head wall overhung its base by 50 feet, so we found the climbing strenuous.

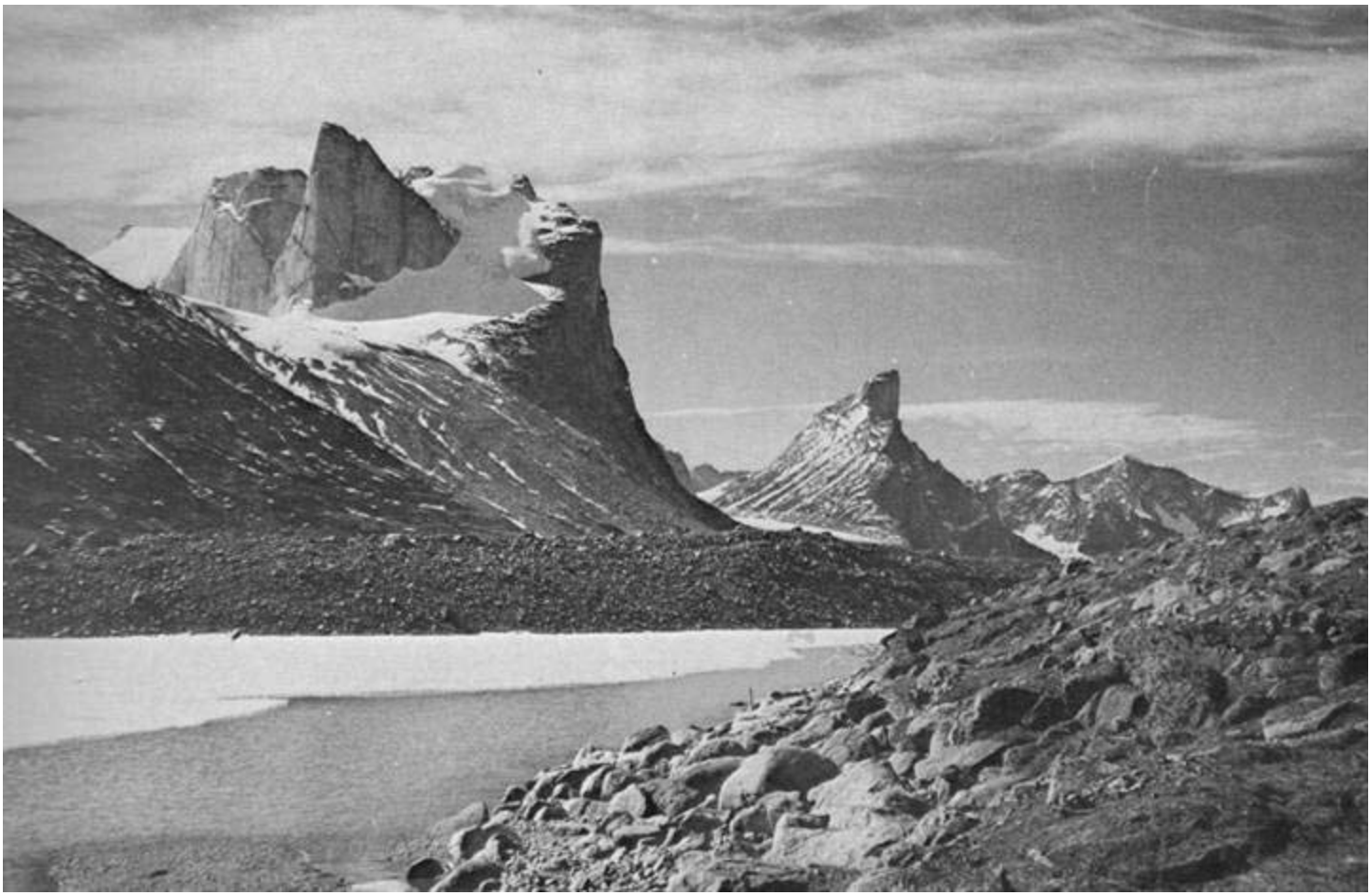
Next morning we followed a ramp round to yet another crack system, as the last one had become overhanging and full of loose flakes. We crawled along the ramp, the rock on the left overhanging it, and to the right a drop of 2000 feet. We made no hasty moves. The ramp narrowed to a few inches, but by then it was possible to step up, precariously balanced, to reach for a ledge round the

The summit of Mt. Killibuck. Doug Scott

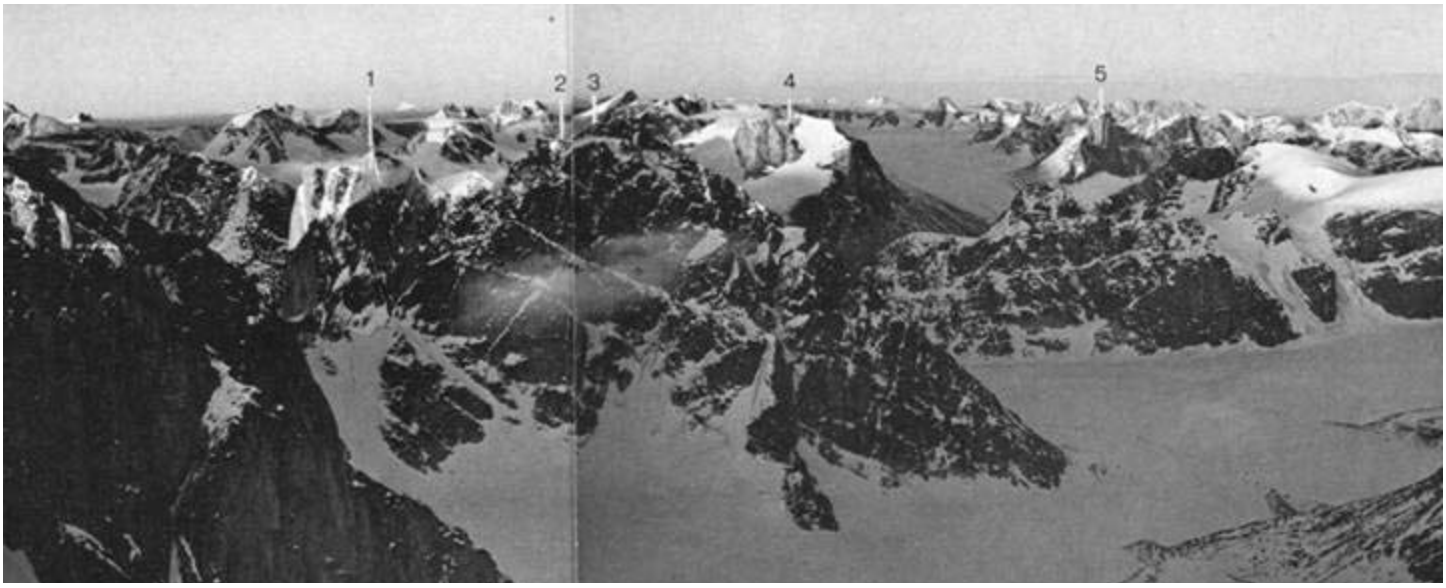


Mt. Asgard from the east; the new route on the North Peak is shown. Doug Scott

Mts. Baldr and Thor from Summit Lake. The route up the north face of Bredalik. a subsidiary of Baldr follows the prow of the sunlit buttress. Bruno Barabino



Dawn over Baffin Island. 1-Mt. Friga, 2-Mt. Killibuck, behind 3-Mt. Freya, 4-Mt. Baldr with Bredablik on the left, 5-Mt. Thor; the Caribou Glacier on the right. Doug Scott



The unciimbed west face of Mt. Asgard from the south west. Doug Scott

Mt. Asgard from the north
The two pillars on the east face can be clearly seen. The new route on the left pillar follows the skyline. The unclimbed west can be seen in profile on the right. Doug Scott

The unclimbed west face of Mt. Asgard Doug Scott

Above, the mountain was cleft by many vertical fissures set at right angles to one another. They were virtually alleyways of wide body cracks which we entered. We wriggled and pushed, getting good friction from the rough red rock. Shafts of sunlight streamed into the dark recesses of the mountain, now full of the sound of heavy breathing, cursing and clanking pitons. After 200 feet we disgorged on to a wide terrace below the open wall. In two pitches of hard pegging and free climbing we arrived on the summit — 20 hours after leaving base camp.

We hurried down the back side of the mountain, making six long abseils to slopes leading to the Caribou Glacier, arriving back at base camp a few hours before Guy and Phil. They came steaming in from their long walk back from Bredablik and quietly told us of the great climbing they had encountered. After 18 long pitches of pegging and hard free climbing, plus a bivouac in hammocks, they had arrived on the summit.

During the next four days Guy, Phil and Steve set off and climbed a prominent unclimbed peak beyond Bredablik, while Mick filmed Dennis Hennek, Rob and myself going up the north face of Bredablik. Unfortunately this took place during more bad weather, but Mick, with Ray as clapper board operator, filmed through windows in the mist and was lucky to see three red fluorescent anoraks arrive on the summit.

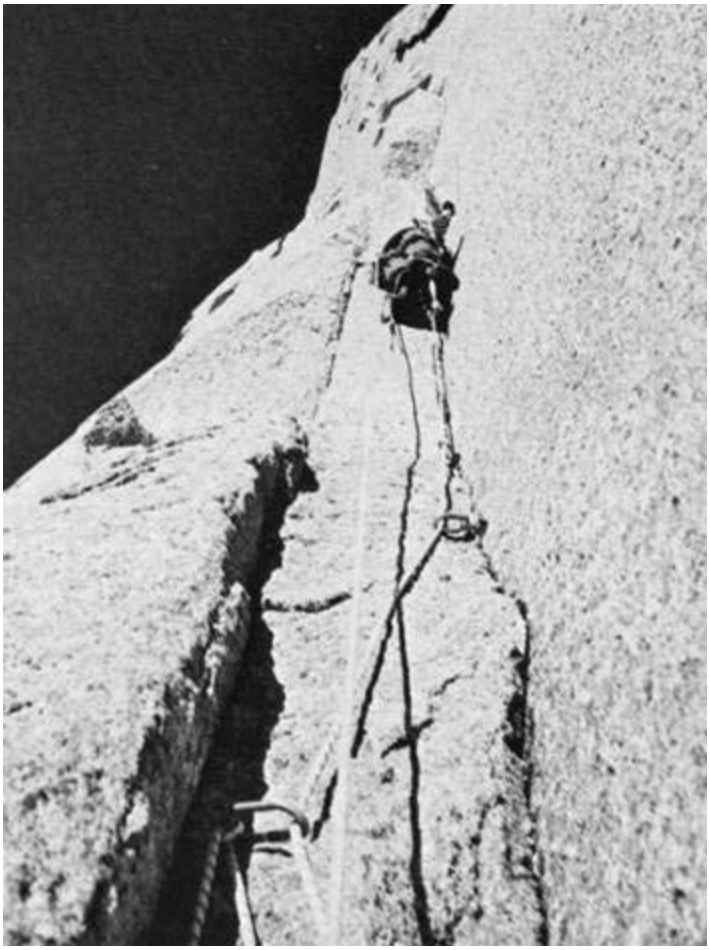
Mt. Asgard has twin summits. Only the north summit has been climbed, from the relatively easy east side. Guy, Phil and Rob set off to climb the unclimbed south summit by its south ridge. Dennis and I had walked round Asgard a few weeks earlier with the "film crew" helping to carry the 350 pounds of equipment for the filmed attempt on Asgard. We had considered climbing the west face of the south peak, but had eventually settled for a sweeping dihedral of rock on the north peak 3000 feet long, and vertical. Below it was 1000 feet of mixed rock and ice at an easier angle.

For the second time we moved into our lonely tunnel tent, pitched on the glacier below the west face. We had ten days left after having climbed eight other peaks, including the two rock faces of Freya and Bedablik. Despite the weather the film was also in the can, so we could be reasonably contented that the expedition had been a success. However at a personal level we were far from satisfied, and never would be until we had climbed the elegant west face dihedral.

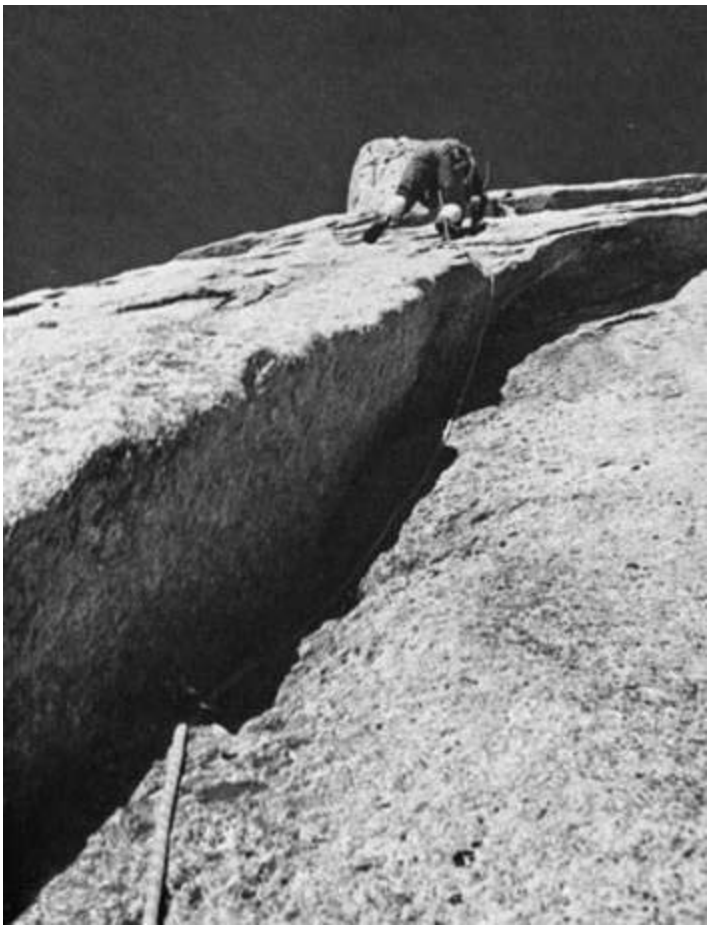
The day after our arrival was overcast and cold but we went up to the foot of the dihedral and cached all the heavy gear and food. We returned to the tent ten hours later to await a settled period of good weather, for our descent could take up to seven days. During the night bad weather blew in and the temperature dropped to -10°C. Snow piled up against our tent. We settled in to sit out yet another storm. The winds blew in gusts of over 100 mph and hit our half tube violently. It was a daft place to be testing a prototype tent, but it survived.

The wind whistled through the poles like a flute and drove hard pellets of ice at the canvas, sounding like cymbals being brushed. The end of the tent flapped violently like a huge drum. This cacophony of wind-borne sounds contrasted with periods of absolute calm. Then the winds came whistling in and, slam, it hit

The dihedral on the west face of Asgard, which went for 200 feet before running out in blank rock. Doug Scott



High on the east face of Asgard. Doug Scott



the tent with a shudder. With frozen water under us and frozen water masking our mountain and cascading down towards us in a petrified stream we talked of California's sun-soaked mountains and surfing off Ventura.

We had managed to curb our frustrations up to now, but we both knew that time was running out. Winter might well have arrived. It had never been so cold. Our curiosity was overwhelming We had to go up that dihedral, learn its secrets and find out if we could master its problems.

Once every few months we had both climbed a big wall; either in Yosemite, Norway or in the Alps, and the craving to go on was never satisfied. This was to be our biggest route in terms of size, remoteness and weather problems. We were within a stone's throw of a supreme test of our abilities. To apply one's best techniques, to suffer miserable wet cold conditions, to go on when every muscle ached, to forge on up despite a strong logical inner will to go back down. But also to experience that heightening of sensory perception that such suffering induces and to experience the inner calm that springs from having accomplished an exhilarating climb.

These experiences would have to wait, for next morning we packed up. The lads had climbed Asgard south peak and the same day that we had cached our gear. We both felt quite left out but nevertheless admired their effort and felt that the climbing of Asgard added considerably to the success of the whole expedition.

We sadly brought the food and equipment down the lower part of the face. We stood for a long time looking up from the glacier determined to go straight back up for the "big one" next July. Three days after we abandoned Asgard we were all together in Pangnirtung, and early in September we arrived home to begin preparations for our return to the Arctic.

Our dihedral was not the only break on the west side of Mt. Asgard, for there were others more prominent — but none that attracted us so much. The texture of the granite was coarse-grained but not crumbly, the cracks were clean cut and had not weathered themselves into grit and soil, and we knew that this chunk of earth gave the best rock that a climber could wish for. We remembered the walls to the south of Asgard as amongst the best rock climbs we had attempted because the rock had been so perfect.

Fear of being hit by an Arctic depression receded during the following months, as our curiosity to know all the dihedral's secrets increased to bring us back to be part of its superb rock sculpture a year later. This time Dennis Hennek and I, accompanied by Paul Nunn and Paul Braithwaite, arrived at Pangnirtung by regular Nord Air Services, and went by Eskimo sledge pulled by a skidoo up the now frozen fiord.

The noisy machine left up standing by our 130 pound packs at the entrance to Weasel Valley. Having been denied the pleasure of back-packing the year before, thanks to a liberal use of air drops and helicopters buzzing about the tundra, this year we determined to move as a self-contained unit. We were fully equipped for any of Baffin Island's big walls, and hoped to stay away from the Hudson Bay supermarket at Pang, for three weeks. Hence the weight of our packs. They would have been considerably heavier had we not planned to live off freeze dried food and Hennek's granola.

We reached Summit Lake after 25 miles and two awful days of falling into slushy snow, bogs and cold turbulent side streams, and doing considerable damage to our Achilles tendons and knee joints. We decided to split the loads at the Lake, and take them up to Asgard in two carries via the length of Summit Lake and up the Turner Glacier. We pitched camp by a glacier lake, convenient for an attempt on both the west and east faces of Asgard. Six days out from Montreal we were ready to attempt our dihedral.

The sun was never far below the horizon and the mild July weather made for sloppy snow, which gave Braithwaite a few nasty moments in leading up to its base. The two newcomers began to dig a snow cave, while Hennek and I started off.

The first ice-choked pitch led into the true dihedral, and Dennis led through on Lost Arrows and angles for 50 feet, stopping at a small roof. He stretched out horizontally, and after examination said things went blank beyond. Blank?! Yes, blank, with not a hair line crack for the next 60 feet. We had been deceived by a water streak, that might well repeat itself higher up! Neither of us felt like drilling lines of bolt holes off the faces of the others. Ever been taken on a wild goose chase? They didn't say that, good blokes Paul and Paul, so we just came down and went back to the tents for a long think.

Finally we went round the east side, and started climbing on huge slabs that went on up towards the cylindrical phallic top of Asgard's left hand pillar on the east side of the North Peak. They were fabulous open slabs and Hennek got the best climbing out of them, free climbing mostly in his P.A.'s. None of us used many pegs. Most of the aid came from Chouinard wired chocks and big roped Clogs lodged in the vertical cracks and under small overhangs.

The slabs were wrapped around the base of the mountain one on top of the other, boiler plate fashion, forming a huge bulge that eased off before the actual top pillar. Looking up the wide expanse of slab the eye was transfixed by this pillar, which seemed to overhang the bulge below. We looked forward eagerly to the top pitches, for they would run up cracks that cleaved the upper part. The climb went on past midnight into the next day, with big Paul Nunn ambling with sloth-like ease over the steepening slabs, climbing into a mist that now enveloped the mountain. Paul Braithwaite raced up the first of the head wall pitches. We had each led about a quarter of the route, except that Hennek and I were two pitches behind.

We got to the last two leads just as the mist rolled back and all the summit snow fields on Friga, Freya and the many unnamed peaks we could see glowed pink above the white mist against the grey sky. The sun had moved right round Asgard during our climb, mostly above the skyline, except when it dipped for a couple of hours at midnight. Now, at 3 a.m. it was back again.

Hennek stripped to his vest and pants to squeeze his bulk up the tight chimney. It was the hardest pitch on the climb, being 5.8 for about a 100 feet. That was the penultimate pitch and we three spectators were glad to jumar by it. Gritstone-like jam cracks

brought us up the last pitch to the summit plateau.

It had taken us thirty hours of continuous climbing to scale those 4000 feet of V.S./H.V.S. A.1 aid climbing. We were just dropping off to sleep when Dennis happened to look down onto the tents by the lake — now in the lake! All our sleeping bags and duvets were down there, and it looked like bad weather was rolling in from the South. So we steamed off through the summit snows, abseiled down to the crutch between Asgard's twin summits and reached the snow basin leading to King's Parade Glacier.

Then the nightmare began — wading up to our chests, and sometimes disappearing altogether in mushy, wet snow. It seemed unbelievable that snow could be so bad. We rolled, crawled and slid in our efforts to stay near the surface. It took eight hours to descend two miles of easy-angled snow to our snow shoes. Half an hour later we had covered the last two miles on snow shoes and reached the lake. Our tents were mercifully on an island of snow protected by the canvas from the sun. After nearly 40 hours we were back in our tents, now re-pitched well above the rising lake, to mull over our effort, gradually becoming aware of a great and classic rock climb.

Over the next week we moved on down the Weasel — "Valley of Light" — passing Bredablik, Fork Beard Glacier, Thor, waterfalls in full spate, and the crater lakes. The snow was fast disappearing from the tundra and the drab browns and greens were peppered with pink willow herb, yellow arctic poppy and alive with weasels, arctic hare and mosquitoes. We walked down the fiord to Pangnirtung as the Italians arrived, unable to speak with them as they roared overhead by helicopter. We looked up with disdain, feeling rattier superior, having quite forgotten last year's enterprise, and that we would have given anything for a seat in a helicopter during our walk in.

This time the four of us had no commitment to big business and no over-riding ambition to succeed. Our only motivation was to seek that warm glow of pleasure that comes from a hard struggle in adventurous surroundings. For a few days at least that is what we achieved.

Doug Scott

Portions of this article appeared in The Alpine Journal and The Illustrated London News.

The Cat's Ears

It was one of those trips in which nothing seemed to go wrong — except for the McKinley tent we had borrowed. After putting my finger through the fabric of the fly, I decided it was time to borrow another, perhaps slightly newer, tent. Then there was the advantage of starting in Seattle. . . . You see, last year's BCMC St. Elias expedition got into hot water with U.S. customs for importing supplies from Woodwards to be flown to Yakatut via Seattle. In other words, they had to pay duty! But we were clever; we bought most of our food in Seattle because the State of Alaska has a fine ferry system between Seattle and Haines which takes walk-on passengers. Dick Culbert, Fred Douglas and I caused a minor disturbance by showing up that sunny Friday afternoon with about twenty boxes of food and other goodies (especially considering the ferry rules stipulate hand luggage only!), but we persevered. When the ferry finally steamed away only one hour late, we were well ensconced in the "slums" of the Malaspina.

Now let me explain. On the top deck of the Malaspina is a large, open-air patio with a translucent roof and nice green indoor-outdoor carpeting. This patio is furnished with reclining chaise lounges which, in fact, make very comfortable beds! However, since this area is open to the air, only the hardier walk-ons sleep there. And what a crew! Before we left I had thought that we were destined to be attractions of a sort (and we were, eventually), but we were by no means stand-outs. Hitchhikers of every description abounded (all headed for the wilds of Alaska). Among them were two young divorcees with an assemblage of children you wouldn't believe, and an older couple right off a Hemingway book jacket. So we made ourselves comfortable among the riff-raff, contributing greatly to the general aura of disarray as we gradually brought up all twenty boxes of food and equipment from the car deck. Occasionally the purser would show up and shake his head. A little later a crew member would arrive with a vacuum cleaner and start vacuuming. But we gloriously resisted all attempts at tidiness. When cabin passengers appeared we would all stare while they sat uncomfortably on the patio's fringes. After about five minutes they would leave.

The voyage lasted 50 hours — Friday evening to Sunday evening. On Sunday, we spent the day packing our air drop, arguing about what iron we needed, hustling boxes. ... By this time we occupied almost one quarter of the Malaspina's "slums", and had become minor celebrities after spreading out over fifty pitons and seventy 'biners all in a row. The weather, which had been fine all the way up the coast, became predictably poor in the Panhandle region. At Wrangell, Dick and Fred got off the boat to phone Chuck Traylor (our pilot two years ago) and ran into Fred Beckey! He was on his way to climb a mountain east of the Stikine called Hickman, and he was noticeably taciturn when we told him of our destination. Then we were in Petersburg, and it was raining.

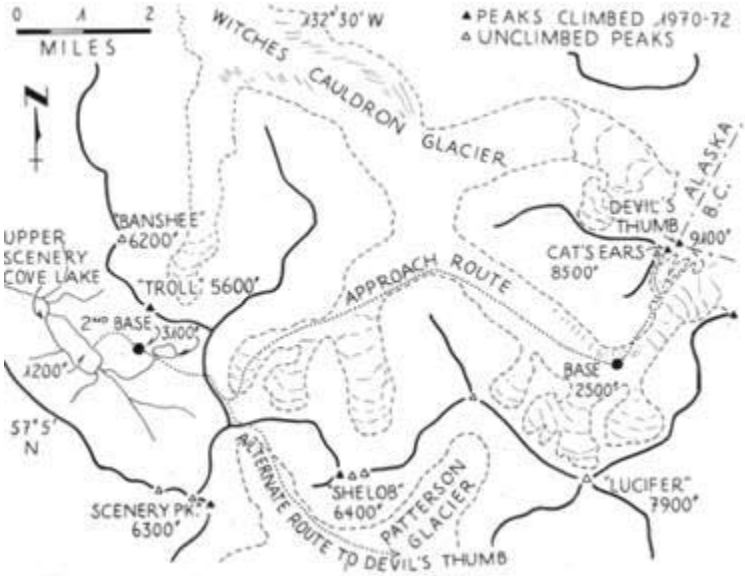
I should mention that the BCMC ran a trip into the same area west of the Stikine River in 1970. That year we flew from Wrangell to Shake's Lake. Then we trekked thirty long miles to the Devil's Thumb which we climbed (1971 CAJ). This time we three had no intention of repeating that ordeal. On the very nice topo maps (1 inch to 1 mile) that the Americans provide for their remote regions we noticed a fairly large lake about ten miles west of the Thumb. Although the contours were steep, we had a photograph from 1970 which showed one side of the pass which would have to be crossed. It looked quite feasible.

On Monday morning we showed up first thing at the Alaska Island Air office, although there was no question of flying that day in the heavy ground fog and light rain. We wrote letters, dried our sleeping bags which were wet from the night before, and generally killed time waiting for the weather to break. And break it did — in the afternoon the fog lifted and we began to see mountains. By six it looked good enough to fly.

It was a glorious flight. We broke through the last clouds and

The Cat's Ears Spires and Devil's Thumb. Dick Culbert

Cat's Ears Region. Paul Starr/Moira Irvine



Panorama from Pardoe Peak: Cat's Ears, Thumb, Burkett Needle and Burkett. Dick Culbert

Climbing on Cat's Ears Spire. Dick Culbert

the entire ice cap lay before us. In the centre stood the Devil's Thumb, which lives up to its name. Lesser peaks abounded everywhere. We circled the Thumb. Our gentlest surprise was the overall lack of snow. Two years previously our efforts had been greatly hampered by the snow which plastered everything. This year the great north face (6000 feet high) was virtually snow-free. This meant that the glacier snow would be well consolidated, a fact we much appreciated

On the circumnavigation we also got a good look at our objective, the Cat's Ears. It looked even worse than we feared. A full 1000 feet high, quite vertical, and then there would be some difficulties in getting to its base. The pilot didn't spare any breath in expressing his opinion of our sanity.

We dropped into the Witch's Cauldron, a huge depression in a fantastic glacial valley just west of the Thumb's base. Tributary glaciers flowed in from every direction, but there was no outflow. We were going to traverse this valley and planned an air drop and base camp at its head. The valley is, to say the least, abrupt. Its walls are either granite cliffs or icefalls averaging 3000 to 5000 feet in height. No more than a mile wide at its head, it was with some trepidation that we flew up it.

The air drop was exciting too. I was jumping up and down on boxes slightly too large for the rear hatch of a Beaver, while we flew just 50 feet above the glacier. Every now and then the whole plane would shudder as an unexpected downdraft came in from an icefall. Upper Scenery Cove Lake was our landing. The pilots had been skeptical when we told them where we wanted to land. When we flew into the valley we soon realised why. The entire head of the valley consisted of smooth granite cliffs and hanging glaciers. Since the valley floor was at 1000 feet and the highest peak was 6200 feet, we were naturally impressed by the area's alpine nature. The only feasible route out of the valley looked like a vertical green jungle, but we had no choice.

The pilot let us off at the mouth of a small creek. We were soon engulfed by slide alder, attacked by swarms of mosquitoes, and it was 9 p.m. With two hours of daylight remaining we decided to forge ahead up the creek in spite of heavy packs. Fortunately we found goat trails through the alder, although the steepness almost made it advisable to rope up. But in two hours we had reached tree line (2800 feet at this latitude) and made camp on some heather-covered boulders.

The following day we hiked ten hours to the air drop. The weather was good, the scenery magnificent, but the hike was miserable because of our heavy packs and moraine in the Cauldron. We found the air drop strewn over one mile of glacier; some of the boxes had burst open, one was in a swamp. We recovered all the boxes, losing only our shreddies and some cookies in the box that got wet. Established at 2500 feet, base camp seemed much higher in elevation because of the immensity of our surroundings and the continuous roar of falling ice.

Getting out of the Witch's Cauldron to the upper slopes below the Cat's Ears looked bad. We had a choice of steep slabs or a broken sérac field. The following day (Wednesday) was destined to be a recce combined with load carrying. The slabs turned out

to be two 4th class leads, followed by straightforward heather and steep snow slopes. We dumped four days of food and all our iron at 5000 feet and returned quickly to base camp. The weather was holding magnificently, and we would have to begin an attempt on the Cat's Ears the following day.

Thursday, 20 July was another beautiful day. Quickly we climbed to our cache at 5000 feet and spent an hour dividing up food and iron. Our climbing packs ended up being close to 50 pounds each, what with bivi gear, three days of food, three ropes, 40 pitons and 50 carabiners (we were ready for extensive aid, just in case). Beyond the cache was a reasonably well behaved crevasse field, which was only mildly obnoxious, terminating in a schrund which was quickly passed over in one half lead and a few chopped steps. Fortunately the bottom was filled with collapsed ice. We were now in a broad, steep gully at about 6000 feet elevation. About 700 feet above us on all sides rose rock walls. In the centre, two ice gullies (one draining each side of the base of the Cat's Ears) came together and spewed rocks down the broader gully we were in. Their course was marked by a deep, black trench and many shallower troughs. By this time the sun was very hot and the snow very deep and steep. As we neared the base of the ice gullies the sun hit them. The cacophony of stone fall was most sobering! Having sat down on a rock ledge, we ate and discussed our next move.

The centre ice gullies were out of the question, and the rock cliffs didn't look too inviting either. We decided that the far cliffs towards the south face of the Thumb looked somewhat better, but that necessitated traversing under the barrage of stone. We unroped and crossed singly, trying to run in the soft snow. I for one was exhausted when we reached the opposite side. We hauled out some of the iron and I immediately went on aid because the only place we could reach the rock easily was overhanging and slippery. But a couple of moves brought us out on easier ground and we continued up doing easy 5th class for three leads. We then discovered why the Cat's Ears is such a stupendous pinnacle, and why the ice gullies resembled bowling alleys. The entire cleft between the Devil's Thumb and the Cat's eye was a sheer zone of softer rock which was slowly crumbling away!

We were now forced onto an extensive area of loose rock, and sand overlying slabs. It was steep, and almost impossible to climb. We unroped of necessity (because of all the loose rocks) and went up for three to four rope lengths. This was by far the most unpleasant part of the climb! A short lead above this section brought up out onto a sloping sandy ledge leading directly back to the right ice gully.

It was now fairly late in the afternoon, but we were at approximately 7500 feet and right at the base of the Cat's Ears proper. It was a very airy place indeed, and looking back down over our route was not particularly reassuring! We decided to bivouac on this ledge, and to fix at least two pitches of our climb for the next day.

We resolved to get into the notch between the Thumb and the Ears. Fred led out across the ice gully, chopping huge steps so we wouldn't have to use crampons the next day. On the other side of the gully the Cat's Ears were extremely foreshortened; the bottom lead or two looked easy, but after that it was anybody's guess. We elected to go to the notch first. Perhaps that place had some unknown attraction for us all! It took two full leads of cramponing to climb up the 50 degree gully; the last ten feet were the worst because the ice disappeared, leaving a pile of loose rubble with the belayer directly beneath. Dick managed somehow, and I followed him. The notch was quite a letdown. I have never seen such a desolate place. It was very abrupt, giving no reasonable routes out. By the time we rappelled back to Fred it was time to bivouac, so we retreated leaving only 80 feet of 4th class fixed.

The bivouac ledge required considerable excavation. Fortunately Fred's monster ice axe turned out to be an excellent prying tool and we were soon quite comfortable despite the sand. Although the ledge was fairly wide, we tied in. Maybe the airiness of our position was affecting us a bit.

The following morning we inevitably overslept. The barometer fell considerably overnight — we were reading nearly 500 feet too high. Except for some high clouds, the weather still held. We elected to leave all our gear behind, except for down jackets and a bit of food. No one could see how we were going to do any serious climbing with the loads we had had the day before. Needless to say, we brought all our iron with us. We consolidated into two packs so that the leader wouldn't have one. The day we climbed the Ears remains an incredible jumble in my mind. Lead followed lead and I remember being very exhausted at times. For instance, Fred did one lead which probably wasn't any harder than 5.6, but it was overhanging, and the exposure was out of this world. Following, I was dragging the rope for Dick, and between my pack and the horrible rope drag I felt like crying. The overhanging section made me feel like the rankest beginner, and I still don't know how I got over the thing. Then there was the time that Fred was following Dick over one of the hardest moves (probably 5.7) and he pulled out the key hand-hold and pendulumed 40 feet. We ended up jumaring that part.

From a purely statistical point of view the climb went quite easily. We did 11 leads, all but the first being 5th class. Although the cliff was basically vertical, it was exfoliating in large slabs, forming ramps that were easy to climb. Difficult climbing was encountered when changing from ramp to ramp, and route finding became a problem of deciding which was the best ramp to climb. Nearing the top the ramps became steeper, until 200 feet below the top they became vertical, and formed corners and chimneys. The climbing averaged between 5.3 and 5.6, with the odd move reading 5.7. We used 15 aid pins, 10 in a single lead. Except for frost-wedged loose rocks, the rock was good and piton cracks were frequent. Near the top the climbing became very airy. The crux lead was difficult because protection cracks disappeared, and some hard (A2-A3) nailing ensued, followed by an unprotected chimney. The final lead was the finest of them all, with Fred leading on good holds (one of which was the summit ridge itself) on absolutely vertical rock. The summit was gratifyingly small, but a large ledge ten feet below gave us the luxury of basking in the evening sunlight. While we were on the summit a float plane flew by a mile or so to the north of us. We waved and danced, but much to our disappointment no acknowledgement came.

Then we thought about the descent. It was nearly 8 p.m. and the key was speed. Somehow rapelling down seemed to be even

worse than climbing up. Maybe I had read too many reports about the dangers of rappels, but it just wasn't the same as in the local mountains. Eight double rope rappels of varying lengths brought us back to our bivouac ledge by midnight, in the last vestiges of daylight (the best part of northern climbing is those long summer days). On the way down we watched several tons of rock collapse just above our bivouac ledge and roar right by our sleeping area, fortunately missing our equipment. A sobering sight to say the least. But as there was nowhere else to bivouac, we passed a somewhat nervous night in spite of the success of the day.

Four rappels and some downclimbing brought us back to the snow gully, well before the sun hit the ice. We were by this time rapelling on bolts and flakes, having used up 15 pitons in climbing the Ears (between leaving them on rappels and dropping them). A short rappel took us over the schrund, and we raced down the glacier, pausing only momentarily where our tracks had disappeared in a collapsed snow bridge. We cleaned out our cache and proceeded more slowly to the slabs and on to base camp.

We were now in a quandary as to what to do next, having climbed and descended our main objective in the first six days of a two week trip. The Witch's Cauldron was an unpleasant place to climb from. All peaks were much more difficult from that side, and more dangerous. We considered returning to the pinnacles left of the Ears or even the Thumb itself, but our iron supply was somewhat decimated, and, more important, none of us felt like going back up. We also vetoed climbing the fine 8000 foot peak at the head of the Oasis glacier, because it was two miserable days away and perhaps a bit more than we had time for. We finally resolved to pack out back to the Scenery Lake cirque, where we had seen quite a few lower but very steep peaks on the way in. Here, there was a pleasant heather bench about 2000 feet above the valley floor which would make a perfect campsite, except for the bugs.

From the campsite we climbed a 6400 foot peak we named "Shelob". It had two leads of 5th class, and several of 4th up a sharp south ridge. Our retreat was a minor epic, racing against darkness and swirling fog. Unfortunately, we climbed the wrong route — there turned out to be an easier one on the other side! Just above our campsite was a peak, we named the "Troll". It looked like an overgrown West Lion and was only 5600 feet high, but its slackest ridge turned out to be six leads of reasonable 4th and 5th class mixed. Our descent was notable in that an earthquake hit the west coast of Alaska just as I was taking off en rappel. The whole ridge swayed in a sickening way (it reminded us of the ferry) and we were certain the whole rubble pile was going to collapse. But neither a rock moved nor a chunk of ice fell, and we continued on down.

In the interval between climbing these two peaks there were five days of storm. Anticipating a storm day for this purpose, we made a quick dash back to the Cauldron to recover some equipment and food left behind as our packs were just too big. The final day of the expedition was spent attempting to climb the 6200 foot peak at the head of the cirque. "Scenery Peak", as we called it, defied our somewhat desultory effort with such obstacles as an ice gully, a knife-edge ridge, and at the base of the peak itself, another steep 5th class ridge. The day was too nice for such heroics, so we climbed a slightly lower satellite! and gawked at all the unclimbed peaks.

The expedition ran out of steam shortly after our successful climb of the Cat's Ears. Our desire and the good weather ran out just about simultaneously, and we never really got going again. The area, however, is magnificent. It revels in fine, unclimbed peaks and huge granite walls. Unfortunately everything is dwarfed by the Devil's Thumb, the main magnet that attracts climbers. Two years ago we saw nothing but snow peaks and long, flat glaciers. This time we entered what seemed to be a completely different area, consisting of mainly fairly low but relatively difficult peaks, even by their easiest routes. One measure of difficulty could be the fact that we did over 30 double rope rappels even though we climbed only three peaks! The whole area both east and west of the Stikine River deserves a consideration for future expeditions.

Paul Starr

Solo

Lord knows it's taken me a long time to get this far. It's a dog of a way to go, though. The Unfinished Symphony is only a Grade IV — but everything's relative, isn't it? The last climb I soloed was only a III. I hope I can get the hair to do a V, but Australia and domestication are beckoning and I don't really know if I'll have the jam to get it together when I get back. But we'll see. . . .

Canning all the corn about soloing (if that's possible when writing about climbing). I just plain like climbing by myself. In lots of ways I like it more than partnering. It's something you have to have done to appreciate. We've all had some turkey who's never climbed before moralize on the dangers of climbing but how can the old gobbler know when he's never tried it? Old-timers say you should never climb by yourself. But I say "try it and find out."

For sure, soloing is a little more dangerous. I can't argue with that because it's true. But you have to know your limit, and you have to be super confident up to that limit. You have to know that you're not going to fall. A little brazen, a little arrogant? Yeah, maybe. But if you know, you know; and if you have to, you have to.

Solo climbing is tense, all the time. You can never afford to slack off and lose your concentration, because then your confidence may fly away and you're in trouble. You have to test every pin. Make sure it's tied off properly. Watch the ropes to make sure they don't get tangled. Concentrate on your free climbing like you're on a chop pitch every time.

But when you get off the climb, you know you've done something, for sure. It's twice as long, ten times as much work, a little more dangerous, and a million times more satisfying. You've done the climb yourself and you know it. Maybe that's the attraction. If you screw yourself, it's your own fault. If you can't do that hard pitch, it's rap-out time, because you don't have anybody to do it for you. It's pure, man.

Jumaring's just not the same as climbing. It feels good to do a climb by yourself in as good style as two guys who have done

the climb before you. Egotistical? Probably. But all climbing, to my mind, is ego-centric — whether you're trying to prove it to somebody else or to yourself.

The climbs I've done solo so far haven't been really big ones, and they haven't been the hardest I've done, but I can say without any doubt that they've been my best. I remember my first try on the Symphony, and being so psyched-out I couldn't even get to the bottom of the first pitch. I remember the second time in the spring, when I got to the bottom and did the first two pitches and what cake they were and how I was almost as relieved as I was unhappy to have to go out of town for work before I could finish it.

The third attempt started funny. At eight in the morning, climbing was out of my mind. I thought I was going to spend a sedate day boating on Burrard Inlet. By nine I was going climbing, and by twelve I was climbing. It was so-o-o hot! I can remember just about going crazy for a can of pop lost in my haul bag. I was completely wasted by the time I got to my spring high point. Hauling my bag on that god-damned low angle bush was a pain. I was so ragged-out, and the ledge at the top of the second pitch didn't look so good for sleeping on, so I rapped-out and spent the night gabbing about a new route on Huntington and the face of Moose's Tooth.

After a rest day, doubt was gnawing at my bum because Hugh had told me how I'd need 40 tie-offs on the fourth lead, and I only had ten. Forty tie-offs?! Holy Hoppin' Honikers! I've never even used 30 on a lead before!

When I got there, it didn't take any, so I felt I had it in the bag. Well, on the fifth lead, after I'd put in five tied off nests in a row, the remnants of my food poisoning of a week earlier started to crop-up in the lower extremes of my intestinal tract. But I calmed myself by tying off ten feet above the jumars and consoling myself that it wouldn't be a bad zinger on that beautiful low angle wall. The bolts came without too much more sweat and then the pitch that I had the most doubts about — mostly free with a couple of 5.6/5.7 moves. You all know the story of standing on the bolt hanger and waiting for the right moment. First let out 15 feet of slack then start. No turning back! No falling Jesus Christ, I'm going to make it!

At the top the pressure valve is opened and tension comes hissing out. I remember hysterical laughing at the top of the Papoose. On Broadway, I can only remember calm. Having waited so long and wanted so badly.

I remember being tired, though — sore hands, sore feet, sore waist from the weight of three ropes dragging on the slabs, sore neck from the iron rack. The same old, weird and wonderful story. You know ... I remember coming down with all my gear and not giving a god-damn whether I was on the trail or not 'cause I had just done a climb and nothing could stop me.

Brian Norris

Hotfooting up Haddo

Mike Farrell and I stand on the mini-moraine of the Sheol glacier. Above rises the grey north east face of Haddo Peak, peering over Fairview at Lake Louise.

"Well, there it is man."

"Hmmm — the direct line looks a shade on the damp side."

"Yeah, but I think the real problem's gonna be just gettin' off the ground. Some of that stuff on the lower band sure looks bad. Didn't see that from the highway."

"Well, we'll just deak up one of those left-centre gullies — it'll go, sure."

A tip-toe' in Bobbins and Calcaire across the hard afternoon snow of Sheol channels us into one of the lower gullies. No crampons. ("This is a rock climb, Mike!") but one axe and a bit of bashing confronts us with a short, steep wall on the right. Rope on, decorate, and I step out onto the yellow stuff. It gets steeper immediately. A good nut eases the mind but the arms remain tense. The two-day sack plots with gravity to drag me down into the 'schrund.

"What a way to start, man — sure wakes you up." A step around right into a corner and the angle eases. A couple more nuts and arrival at a bomb-proof stance. Michael joins me shortly and we gaze up. Our eyes meet 800 feet of third and fourth class trash — "Real alpine style, man." "Well, I'm sure glad the first pitch was a winner. I wonder what quality sits above this crummy stuff?" We wind ourselves with rope and hike, mummified, up through a junkyard of blocks and towers, passing a red flat-iron on our right. An hour later the spectrum changes to grey. Quality control — somewhat better rock. Shades of the Red Shirt exit pitch. At the bottom of a grey prow we bash in two decent pins. A traverse right offers airy climbing up its outside corner. "Hey, man — get off on this stuff wouldya — wait'll ya see the next pitch. Groovey man," etc.

Michael does a fine job up a steep rib; a long runout on a copperhead, then at last good pin cracks. Rock getting very compact now. Above lurk a pair of narrow grey fins, reminding us of yesterday's fishing. Good Rainbow that was! My turn now; a strenuous layback (curse the sack — brought too much gear) followed by a wide stem to a cool run-off trickle. Easy now — don't let that moisture slip your clutch, kid! Fall onto the big transverse ledge that runs all across the face and trench up knee deep slush to a stance. Yonder a three bar bivvy site — overhand above, fine-grain Rocky Mountain scree below, and a steady melt just around the corner.

And what a bivvy. Fresh orange bread, onions and tuna; a dash of salt, a redscorched sunset, and Michael's wide-eyed tales of the valley. A cyclops moon, Cassiopeia, and eighth inch ensolite.

A fireball August sun wakes us with a jolt. "Let's go, man, it's too warm — storm brewin' f'sure." I choose to go right to check

out the direct line — a series of grooves and corners to the top. Michael objects, it's too bolty looking; he rationalizes a traverse left. The face overhangs slightly and we look for a way out.

Aha — a steep ramp leading through. Michael surges up. Pins. Touch and go. More pins. Back-off boogaloo. "You try it man — this limestone's weird. Gimme some good Yosemite granite now and ..." My turn again. Up to the top pin — yeah kinda freaky — damn this sack; step left and up and YAHOO-O, the handhold goes whistling down to the Sheol Valley and the wiser goats. Quick man, a pin, a nut, anything, but quick. Flamin' tie-off loops, always in a tangle. Ah, that's better now — still delicate — watch IT! Whew, here's the stance.

And so it went to the summit ridge and a panorama of the Lake Louise group. On the top a last lump of cheese and a gaze down what would be a direct route to the summit. Some day — someone else. As blackness descended over Hungabee I was glad we had snuck up the easiest line, and passed off the direct for those with more perpendicular aspirations. Subsequent parties should make it in a long day.

Murray Toft

IV, 5.7

The East Ridge of St. Elias

The plane banked steeply past the ridge, with four of us crammed inside. All heads turned in unison, transfixed by the awesome mass sweeping past. The ridge was absurdly narrow, much steeper than the photos had suggested. Jerry Wells turned the plane between gigantic walls, and again the ridge: it rode from the glacier below, with flutings past 'shrunds and towers to a knife edge beside us, then soared with narrow cornices to icefields and the summit ridge far above us. YEOWWWW! Are we going to climb that!?

For hurried minutes we searched for route problems and detours, straining to memorize the details. After a half dozen passes we descended toward the bottom of the ridge, and made a few practice drop runs to select a site for our base camp, then headed away to an abandoned airstrip on the coast. I was viscerally scared, and thought of Nick Clinch on Masherbrum: "If I had known it looked like that I wouldn't have come."

Two years ago Loren Adkins, Walt Gove, John Neal and Gary Ullin had climbed to 14,000 feet on the East Ridge. They had solved the crux of the route, but used a great deal of time doing it. Sustained bad weather ended their attempt. Then in 1971 a team of Italian climbers reached approximately the same elevation and met a similar fate. Thus as the 1972 season approached the ridge of fragile knife edges and double overhanging cornices remained unclimbed. Out of 33 attempts, Mt. St. Elias had been climbed only seven times.

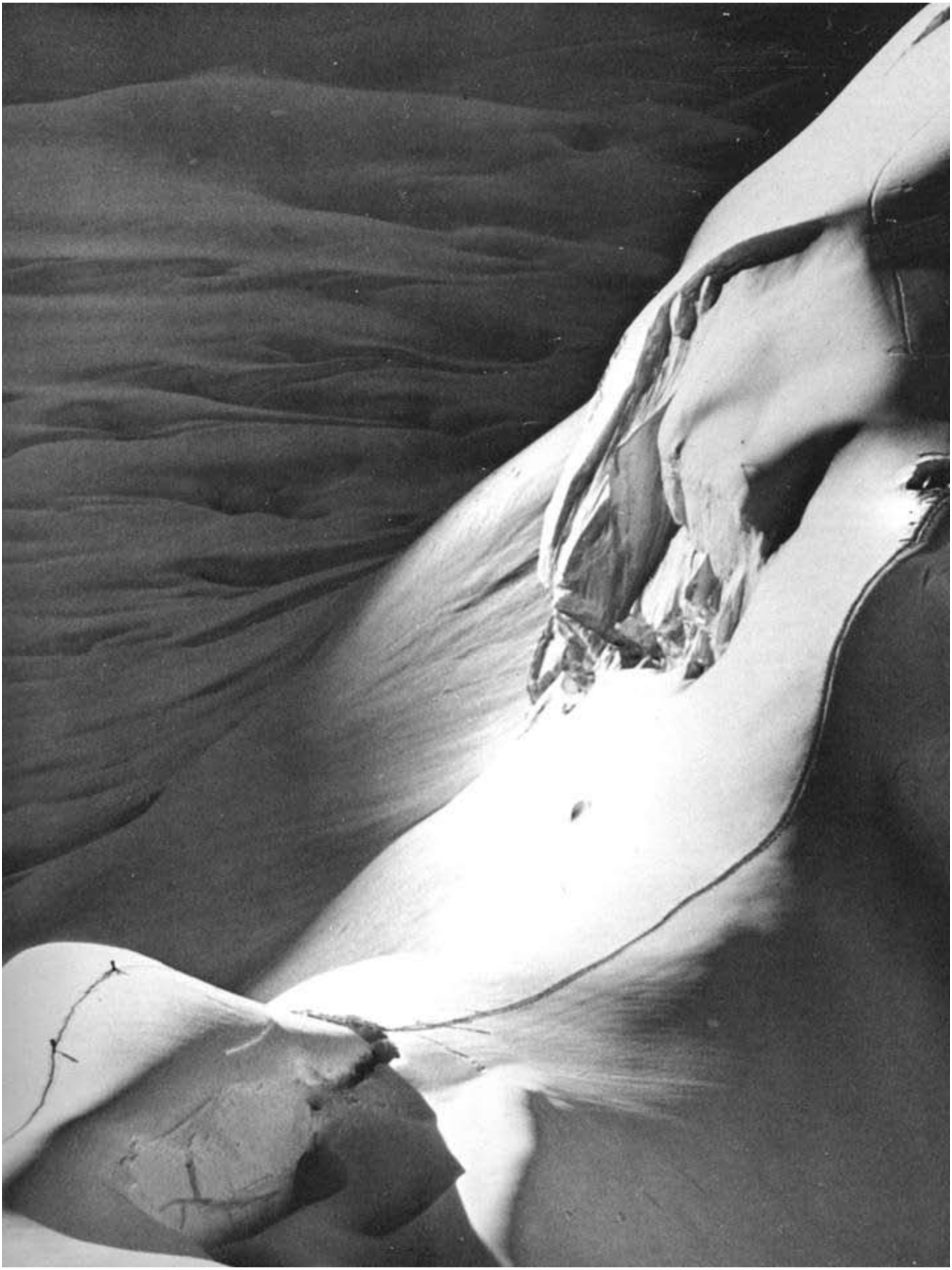
Our group of seven approached from the coast on the Alaska side, with Chuck Bailey, John Neal, Gary Ullin, Mike Vensel, and Kurt Wehbring on snowshoes and Craig McKibben and I on skis. From

The east ridge of Mt. St. Elias; camps are marked. Gary Ullin

Crevasse crossing, Newton Icefalls. Gary Ullin

On the summit ridge of Mt. St. Elias. Gary Ullin

Base camp from camp I. Malcolm Moore

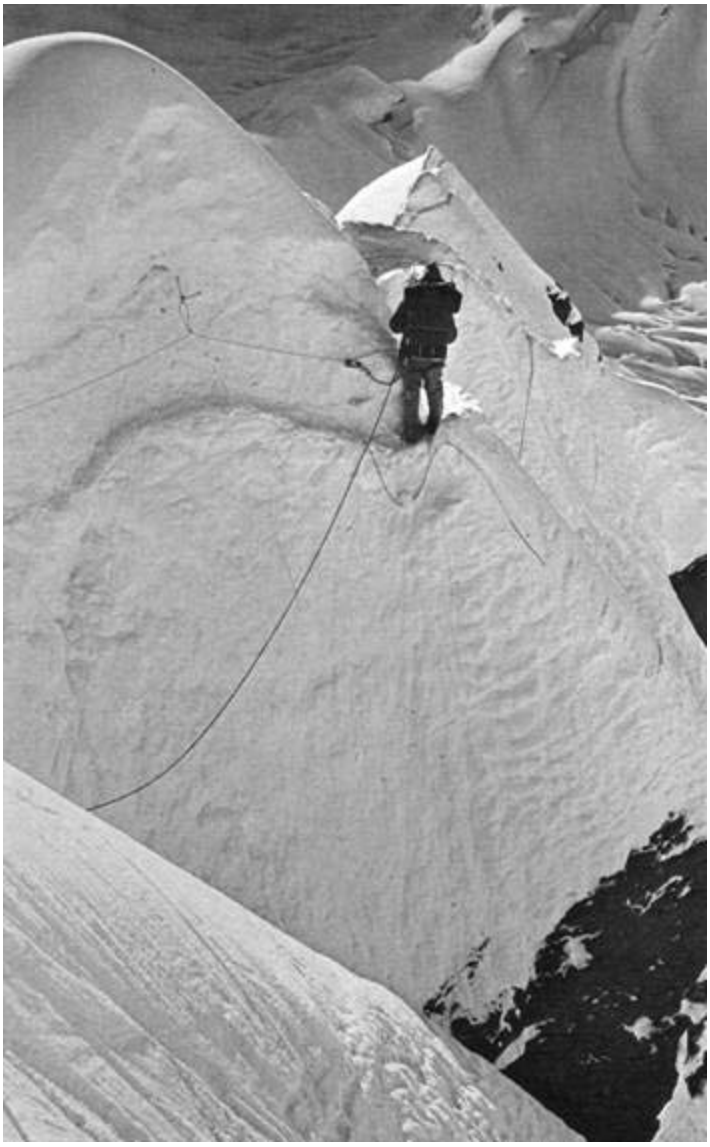


On skis in the Newton icefall. Gary Ullin

On the knife-edge between Camps I and II. Gary Ullin

On the knife-edge between Camps I and II. Craig McKibben

On the knife-edge between Camps I and II. Gary Ullin



Yakutat Bay, we trudged 45 miles up the Malaspina, Agassiz, and Newton glaciers to a base camp at 9000 feet on the end of the east ridge, where we received an airdrop. There we lay intent for eight days, while the snow piled up and fog blew around. Then, in ten more days we climbed the steep narrow ridge to St. Elias's windy summit on 15 and 18 June, and in a final week returned the way we had come.

The history and statistics of St. Elias climbing can be read elsewhere, so I will tell here about some of the things that were special to our expedition. We were loosely organized, with no named leader, gone like other climbers to search and frolic and learn in the finest mountains we could find. And the St. Elias Mountains are my favorite range on earth.

Two busy months of preparations led to a final frenzied week of chaos, until everything was loaded on the boat in Seattle. Suddenly everything stopped, and we glided slowly up the inside passage, gently up the B.C. and Alaska coast. Slowly we relaxed, watching the majestic forests and islands drift by, the brilliant sunsets, and sea gulls gliding easily off the stern, as we churned steadily north. Make a note: THE way to go to the big mountains is by boat.

The day after our plane ride, we plodded across the immense flatness of the Malaspina glacier, in the rain, sandwiched between low clouds and the sodden snow of the glacier. I was totally soaked, bored, and shivering. What a drag.

The third day ended in continuous rain. There is nothing so cold as an all-day rain on a glacier, and I could not remember ever being so wet-cold before. Climbers have never learned how to deal with incessant rain while moving. We were at 3000 feet, and the only escape was up. "Christ it's cold," I kept thinking. "This is not why I came to the mountains."

Next day the weather cleared slowly, as we circled around to the east side of St. Elias. At 3 a.m. on the sixth day it was perfectly clear and cold: the dawn sunlight snatched our attention to the east ridge ahead, jutting up bright against the black sky. Hurriedly we cooked and packed and were off by six. We climbed and wove our way into the intricacies of the Newton icefall. Smooth snow slopes led us up blind alleys, forcing us to backtrack and zigzag over house-size ice blocks and freight-train crevasses. More false starts and ice walls and always those awesome crevasses. Gary did a long traverse right on snow-shoes, along a steep sugary slope and then up again, and we found ourselves competing to show whether skis or snowshoes were better. Then up again and forward a little to a final crevasse, which we jumped across, hauling the packs after us.

Suddenly clear of the mess, Craig and I steamed ahead. Then the plane appeared and dropped the first half of our groceries on the ridge up ahead. We plodded on as the clouds returned, and at 10 p.m. arrived utterly destroyed at our base camp site on the butt end of the ridge. In wind and blizzard, we staggered out to retrieve the airdrop boxes, and set up tents in a trance of exhaustion. We hoped it would be the most tiring day of the trip.

Steady snow piled up on base camp, and everyone lay sleepily in the tents. After that marathon thrash, everything had stopped except the snow. We sat, bored; waiting, wishing for the rest of the airdrop and for a view of where to go next. After a whole day digging a snow cave, we returned again to the tents, to do nothing. It had to clear sometime.

There was plenty of dried food but very little gas to melt water. We traded books around, and saved the puddle of water that collects on rain flies. Obviously we were losing momentum.

Gary led out in fog and semi-darkness. This was the part that had looked absurdly narrow, and it was. It was a curving tightrope of rotten snow, a crumbly illusion barely more solid than the void on either side. The fog and silence were spooky, and the plume of snow so rotten it barely held body weight. Gary crashed off one side on a collapsing cornice, until Craig's belay snapped him to a stop 15 feet down. Gary thrashed back up and teetered on. Anchors? What anchors? Nothing would hold.

Because the ridge was so delicate, steps and anchors were difficult to create. Each 150 foot lead would take an average of one and a half hours. Most anchors were snow flukes, although when possible pickets and ice screws were used. In snow this fragile the ice axe was virtually useless, and the small snow shovel was the primary tool. Using two 150 foot ropes the three man team worked well, with the middleman belaying and stringing out fixed rope and the third man, protection by a Jumar, securing the fixed rope to the anchors.

After three long nights of alternate leading, we had 2100 feet of rope fixed and the route was in. In one more night, all seven of us made two long carries with loads over the whole knife edge, but the warm morning sun caught us still on it. We hurried up off the knife edge as it softened, and installed the whole expedition in camp II at 12,000 feet. Finally we were all together again. In less than a day the wind drove us into our huge new snow cave, where we could talk as one group again and plan strategy.

After long discussion we agreed that above here we would consolidate our limited equipment on half the party and attempt the summit in two consecutive groups. This because, first, some equipment was missing from the airdrop, and putting all the equipment on a small summit party would give the best chance of someone making it, while keeping a reserve party protected in the snow cave; second, putting just half the party up in camp III would save a day's time and make the food last longer, again increasing the chance of someone making it. That settled, all seven of us went on sitting in the cave at camp II, watching the storm roar outside.

Next day (the 23rd day out of Yakutat) Gary and Craig and I were installed at camp III. It was higher than we'd expected, at 15,000 feet. In the morning after our arrival, the wind and snow still blew. No complaints. The day before had been really long. We slept in, cooked a leisurely breakfast, and diddled around for several hours. In the afternoon, we would go out in the wind and up the ridge a bit, for exercise.

Lucky we did try going up a bit; getting higher it was windy but clear. The wind screamed over the summit ridge and out into the void over the south face. I wished the other four were with us; we were all equally committed to the climb. I rationalized: everyone

knows it's a cooperative effort.

Gary gave me the lead, so I trudged along the summit ridge in this awesome wind. Then, a few hundred feet before the top, I turned the lead over to Craig, because Craig was a super climber. But he stopped too, just before the top, and for a moment it looked as though no one was going to do it. Then together we walked up over the summit.

Twenty feet down the other side, we were out of the wind, and we laughed and shouted for an hour and a half.

As we got back to camp III, the cloud layer was breaking and the view opened up to three huge dimensions. Clouds drifted majestically below us in the evening sun. No one wanted to go into the tent, so we shivered outside a long twenty minutes, savouring the incredible mountains in the slow subarctic sunset. Finally we shouted to the others a thousand feet below, agreeing to trade camps the next day. Then suddenly we jumped into the tent and cooked up a huge victory glop.

Three days later, the other four completed the ascent, in even better weather. Then in one long day and the following night, the seven of us descended the ridge all the way to base camp. We cleaned parts of the ridge, but left a lot of fixed rope on the knife edge, because we were in a hurry to get off the mountain and because descending the knife edge with loads is thin enough without doing it unprotected. But next time we would take a couple more days and go up again and clean the whole route.

In the evening we set fire to the old snow cave at base camp and descended the Newton icefall, with two rappels down new ice walls, and camped in fog in a maze of crevasses. Next evening the fog reluctantly receded before us for 17 miles down the Newton and Agassiz glaciers, then softly surrounded us again at dawn. On the third evening the fog did not clear, so we figured a bearing and trudged for hours by compass through dismal grayness, in featureless fog over featureless snow; early in the morning we camped in the wet brush and grasses of our nunatak. In one more marathon day we snowshoed and skied the final 14 miles down the Malaspina glacier and over its rotting edge to familiar land.

Malcolm Moore

Of Rurps and Nursery Rhymes

One night, while sipping draft in a west-coast tavern, an acquaintance of that evening said to me: "Ever used a rurp?" I shook my head. "Never needed to." He snorted. "You call yourself a climber?" I was annoyed. "I am a climber. I climb. But I have never used a rurp."

My acquaintance of the evening, who obviously used them every weekend, ignored me. I felt he would like to be able to kick footholds in solid rock.

I should explain, before going on, about rurps. The initials stand for "realized ultimate reality piton". As the words suggest they are only used on severe climbs. They are designed for direct aid, not for safety belays.

The reason I had never used one of these matchbook-sized pieces of hardware is simple. I am not normally a wall climber. I hate the tangled jingle of artificial climbing; remembering which rope has who or what on it.

I felt unfairly penalized for a preference for free climbing.

I peered into the soul of the man across the table. Egocentric. What climber isn't? Unsure? Ahhhh, here we have it. Good old one-upmanship. That's it.

I thought back to an earlier time, in Halifax. A railway cut surrounds the south end of the city. Cliffs ranging from ten to forty feet grace the excavation, and although I have a horror of dynamited rock, this stuff was extremely sound. On Saturday afternoons. I taught the basics of rock technique to a few young men. One of them got into difficulty half way up a simple pitch. A few of the onlookers made jibes and admonished him to get up or else. The result was unfortunate. Before I could shut up the loud-mouths the poor fellow made a futile, desperate lunge for a hold he didn't understand. He peeled and felt the rope. He never climbed again.

Back in the tavern I relate then to now. I seldom climb walls and don't use rurps because I don't understand that aspect of mountaineering. The tussles between stamina and gravity are exciting, even beautiful. They are the climber's food. But to bolt and rurp one's way up 2000 feet of granite? Not for me. Rather the free-moving ascent of a complete mountain.

In my experience such an approach often raises eyebrows. It shouldn't. I have no doubt that wall climbers derive enormous pleasure and aesthetic satisfaction from their esoteric efforts. Their's is a great feat. Yet the John Muirs of the world should not be relegated a lesser position. They are simply different. Some of us are tigers of the rocks and some of us are just men of the mountains.

I turned back to my acquaintance of the evening. "Can you recite the complete Mother Goose backwards?"

He stared at me for a moment, incredulous. "No."

I smiled. Obviously he had never spent six days stuck in a high altitude tent.

Matt Scott

Blue Sparks

In this strange world
I am afraid
as climber on high rock
of lightning
watching ice-axe for blue sparks —
her eyes
brilliant as the ice beneath —

Just one false move
and an electric flame
upon my nakedness!

Roger Prentice

The North Face of Mt. Bryce

The west peak of Mt. Bryce floats like a great fin detached and aloof above the western ramparts of the Columbia Icefields. Bryce is 11,500 feet high, with a 7500 foot north face rising from Bryce Creek flowing at 4000 feet at its base. The upper part of this colossal wall presents a smooth shield of hard granular ice, varying in angle up to 55°, and sometimes turning green in the afternoon sun.

Years ago Fred Beckey had suggested the face to me. I had seen it many times from the Icefields, and the desire to climb it grew continually. Then in the summer of 1972 Brian Greenwood told me that no fewer than five different climbers had asked him about the face. It was time to move. My friend Eckhard Grassmann, with whom I had climbed the north face of Athabasca earlier that summer agreed to try the face with me. On 14 July 1972 we left Calgary for the Icefields.

Bryce is not an easy peak to reach; it was to be an 18 mile walk in. I looked forward to it for many reasons, some perhaps asocial. The week before I had been convicted in court of the heinous crime of having my dog off leash in a National Park, and shortly before that my dog had been thrown out of another youth hostel. I was eager to get away from civilization and people, especially the crowds of pink skinned tourists swarming up and down the Banff Jasper Highways in their Winnebagos.

From far out on the flat part of the Columbia Icefield one sees only the upper third of the north face. The great hole in front of the peak, with Bryce Creek at its bottom, can only be imagined. Yet we would have to descend into the hole to reach the foot of the face. In one long day Eckhard and I walk up the Saskatchewan Glacier over Castleguard Meadows, up the Castleguard Glacier and down to the upper reaches of Bryce Creek. Here we camp, directly under the north face of the middle peak. The clouds part and we catch our first glimpse of the north face. “Those cornices should be real dudes.” They appear in profile and we can see how steep they are. I ask Eckhard what he thinks of them. He says “I think perhaps we shit in our pants up there.”

Nevertheless, the next morning Eckhard insists on getting up at 3 a.m., a Christian hour. The weather is cold and putrid looking. “A bit of a reconnaissance; pass the cheese,” says Eckhard. We set off, there being nothing else to do at three in the morning. The first 2500 feet is trees and scree. We find we can avoid this by walking out on a broad ledge until we are directly below the west peak. Above us rises about 2000 feet of rock. This is mostly fourth class. It begins to rain. We fester on a ledge for an hour. We talk about going down. Then the weather clears again. We climb up farther. A chimney splits the top of the rock wall. Eckhard leads it nicely with nuts.

Then comes the big surprise. We are directly under a 100 foot ice cliff. This thousand ton groaning monster has been above us all the time, but we haven’t been frightened because we didn’t know it was there.

Now it’s time to scurry. We run together across the slabs, looking for a way around the ice cliff. It begins to snow. Eventually we find a narrow ramp which turns the ice cliff on the left side. Relieved, we rest on the snow above the ice cliff. There will be no going down now. Through the clouds the ice wall now looms above us. It has stopped snowing but grows colder. With numb fingers we strap on the crampons. Already it is afternoon.

We start up the face moving together, as fast as we can. Cross the bergschrund. The first few leads above the bergschrund are snow. We kick steps. Then suddenly we come to ice. Hard water ice is everywhere now, overlain by an inch or two of snow. Already the face is 45 degrees. Above us we see that it is going to get much steeper. Conversation ensues. We decide to go on. For the next six or seven leads the game is the same: front point up 150 feet placing a wart hog on the way, cut a belay step, place a tubular screw, belay the second.

A break in the clouds lets the evening sun into our world. We are high on the face now. It is steep, 55 degrees at least. Convenient to rest the forehead on the ice between moves; steeper here than on the north face of Athabasca.

It begins to clear. We are now in the centre of very beautiful surroundings. The sky is a deep cobalt blue. Beneath our feet the face drops away smoothly. The entire Columbia Icefield spreads out silently below. The evening sunlight turns the delicate flutings red-gold.

Thus far Eckhard has let me lead. He has been having trouble getting his terrordactyl to stick. I use a Chouinard ice hammer in one hand and a short axe with a bent down pick in the other. This works well but now I am exhausted. Eckhard offers to lead. Unable to lean back confidently on the terrordactyl he must chop some steps. No matter. No place to make a mistake. Some of the ice is

The north face of Mt. Bryce; only the upper third is visible. Max Dehamel

brittle. Just get to the top. We're miles from nowhere. Eckhard finishes his lead, clips in, belays me up, starts another. He hacks away. I hang from my piton, bombarded with ice chips, one arm over my head. How far to the top now? We can see it above but we have lost all feeling for distance. The sun is setting. Is it twenty feet more, or two hundred? Suddenly Eckhard disappears from view. He is over the top.

We emerge from the face just 150 feet west of the summit. The sun has set. It is 9 p.m. and bitterly cold. In semi-darkness we hurry over the summit and stumble down the back side looking for a bivy. In the dark I fall into some bergschrund. No matter. The rope catches me and I climb out.

In the col between the west and middle peaks we find a flat place. Exhausted we lie down in silence in duvet's to await the dawn.

In the morning we are stiff and ugly. Putting on frozen boots we begin the long descent down the normal ridge route. By evening we reach our small tent, but our suffering is not to end here. The night brings torrents of driving rain. The tent proves itself by leaking like a sieve, soaking us to the skin. After penance comes the baptism.

Jim Jones

Ohno Wall, Moby Dick

I first heard about the immense granite west face of Mount Moby Dick (10,250 feet) when talking to Bob Kruszyna after his return from three weeks in the Battle Range in 1970. At the time he describes the 1700 foot wall as "an elemental surge of raw granite." This dramatic description fired my imagination and I promised myself I would sometime climb the face.

It was a busy summer in 1971 and so I had to content myself with a few brief glimpses of the cloud-enshrouded peak face from a plane. During the winter I sold Bill Putnam on the idea of an extended trip into the Battle Range. On 31 July a large party, with numerous projects, assembled at Rogers Pass. My recruit from Boulder, John Markel, was ferried with other climbers by helicopter to a campsite at the head of the south fork of Butters Creek. While my other companion, Bob Wallace, hiked westward to join us, I worked with Bill and his cohorts on the reconstruction of the Glacier Circle hut. With the job done, and on the arrival of Rob, we packed over the high country south of Glacier Circle to rejoin the advance party at Butters Creek. Meanwhile, John and his companions had set up an advance camp among the séracs below the wall.

A day of rest and bouldering in camp. After rifling all the goodies out of the larder, we are ready. August 12 dawns bright and clear. We trudge up the monotonous moraine west of camp, over the Ahab-Pequod col and around Moby Dick's north west ridge to our advance camp. After a last sort of equipment, we filled our haulbag with six gallons of water and at 2.30 p.m. are off for the wall.

Truly awe-inspiring here below the wall! A whistle or shout reverberates around the valley. What's the total height? John suggests seven hundred, while Rob gives it a thousand. Generous fellows, but I am adamant that the wall is a full three thousand feet high!

We attack a prominent line in the centre of the face. Since debris lies scattered all over the snow, we hunch apprehensively under our helmets as a few rocks rattle down. Getting started is messy — we are spaced out and my mind is churning over all the things that can go wrong. Five days from the highway — will the weather hold? Will the wall go? Oh hell, let's get moving!

I lead up from the glacier to a wide ledge to tackle the rock. Looking around for an anchor, I find nothing, not even a crack — so I use a sky hook. The others follow, shoving the haul bag

Ohno Wall, Moby Dick.
The route starts below the bottom of the black streaks, and stays to their left until the first ledge; then follows the shadowed corners above past the snow patch on the second ledge to the summit. Dave Jones

over the ledges. John takes the first lead on very broken rock in large steps, highly polished by the glacier with few cracks. Fortunately it is not steep and he reaches a sickle-shaped ledge. I start pushing the haulsack as Rob starts leading. Maybe we should call this Hernia Wall.

Rob leads quickly and soon it's my turn. As usual, I get off route. After two tricky attempts which end in down-climbing, I finally get squared away. There are undercling cracks on steep slabs, but the cracks are filled with dirt and moss. I alternate using chocks and pegs. Finally a dangling move on a spike gains me a small platform. Hammer in a bong and a few chocks and haul the bag just as it threatens to rain. It doesn't matter as we plan to sleep below tonight. Quickly we rappel, leaving our fixed lines, and dash back to camp to gorge.

I moan and hold my stomach all night. Not really hungry in the morning, we're off to an early start. We jumar up to the previous day's high and get down to business. John leads over some small overhangs, tricky aid climbing on small copper heads as the cracks are very fine. Fortunately the belay anchors are good. Rob jumars up and leads through while I struggle with the bag below the overhangs. To make my job easier, Rob dislodges an 80 pound clod of moss and dirt, but luckily he breaks it up and throws most off route, except for a shower of dirt and pebbles.

It is an age until he shouts. I jumar up, and almost have a heart attack. We are all anchored to one tied off leeper! A large ledge, but not a crack. Just great! I hunt around for other cracks and place three more tied off pegs before John comes up. My lead starts off very thin and I am constantly reminded of the "good" pegs below me. Fortunately it soon eases and ends in a scramble to the base of the next vertical rise.

We hum and haw about the route but finally conclude that it has to go straight up. John tries several starts but all are oozing with slime. It is getting late as he experiments with a combination of rurps and logan hooks. After two hours of stalemate, reluctantly we place a bolt. It leaves a bad taste as we were using mostly nuts up to this point. This gets us over the crux, but the sun is setting. I have been busy cleaning off two ledges and setting up anchors. It's refreshing to sit together and eat oysters and sausage, discussing the day's progress. Since tomorrow promises to be a good one, we sack out, light-headed and euphoric.

The first thing I know day is breaking, but John's cries pierce my ears, "I've been hit. I'm hit!" A rock has struck him in the small of the back, but his clothing presents real damage. A nasty bruise — not a pleasant way to start the day.

Anxious to climb, we eat a hasty breakfast and John resumes the previous day's pitch. Things go smoothly until I clean his lead. I lose patience and the wall echoes with various invectives and "oh no, not again" as my etriers catch for the nth time. It takes forever, but the pitch is clean.

Now I lead a 50 foot two inch crack, but we have only four angles that fit. Backcleaning. I try freeclimbing, get about six feet and ooze back down the crack. Finally I do some stacking but get nowhere fast; above me looms a blank overhang. The only option left is a pendulum, but not on stacked pins. I try some logan hooks but finally place a bolt and swing. On the difficult pendulum I swing out of an inside corner onto a slight rib. Hang on tooth and nail until I can get a knife blade in, conscious of the consequences of an uncontrolled swing against the other wall. The lead continues on tied-off knife blades in a dirty crack. Several pull out or shift as I move up. Never was a ledge more welcome.

We are now in a chaotic jumble of blocks and gullies. There are no good cracks. We find some spacious ledges for a bivouac and really savour our airy nest.

The third day dawns clear, but we are getting tired of the food. Oysters, sausage and cheese are fine, but for every meal? Progress becomes more rapid and soon we are at the base of the final wall. The initial lead takes the wind out of our sails — I have to garden away, looking for rock en route. It's fine for the two below, sunbathing while I get covered with dirt. The next two leads go more quickly, Rob doing a great job of free climbing a six inch sickle crack.

Darkness is descending fast as I arrive at the third bivouac ledge. I wish I could capture these fleeting moments in the resplendent sunset — an inner calm, yet one of ecstasy. Mixed feelings about a climb dreamed of for two years that will be over tomorrow. The others are silent, awed by the splendour and beauty before us. Nowhere can we see the hand of man; here nature rules supreme. Heady stuff this, tripping among the clouds.

Daybreak reveals a drizzle that soon turns into a downpour. John leads off up an inside corner, a natural funnel for water. Suddenly all hell breaks loose; my arms fly out like ramrods and John yells that he has been hit and is coming down; A bolt of lightning has struck in the vicinity, and we have caught a ground shock collected by the pegs and wet rope. Without further ado a bolt is placed in the now slippery rock. There are no further strikes, but our hearts are doing double time.

Jumaring in the rain on a wet rope in a waterfall! It takes for ever to sort out the ropes and change leads. The clouds swirl around and the route is in question. Progress is agonizingly slow on the slippery rock. During Rob's lead the clouds break and the rain stops. Now we are on a spectacular knife rib. The sun teases us as it plays on the surrounding peaks. Our feet are soaking wet and cold but now it does not really matter. The slope eases rapidly, and soon we are on number five summit, the highest.

We pack our gear and start the descent, not knowing where we are going. Several rappels down ice faces and over bergschrunds into the setting sun. It soon gets dark but we are too cold to think about another bivouac. On over the moraine until we stumble into camp after midnight.

Dave Jones

NCCS VI, F8, A4. 27 pitches, 12 pitches of aid, 2700' vertical rise; 41/2 days. About 70% nuts; pitons up to 6" bongs; 5 bolts.

Almost Clean

There's a gap; more than that, a missing literature almost; in the climbing journals. While I never tire of reports of big walls, encounters at the frontiers of ability, forays to ranges at the earth's end, and the whole saga of the elite and their coming to terms with others, the mountains, and themselves; there is more. Much as I revel in a vicarious existence on their vertical plane, I know that these are not the games nor the memories of the climber who is almost clean.

Where are the stories of the hordes I met? How many relate to the alpine-breakfast dilemma as the last great problem in the mountains? Will we, who are the end of the mountains, vanish without a word? Although the bold fiasco (in good style of course) is acceptable as an art form in the upper echelons, there is little to record the frustrating squalor of failing on the trivial, and it cannot be for lack of examples.

Fired by an outrageous endless-frontier article on the big walls of Quebec in the 1971 CAJ, we left, pure lines on granite in mind. The cold October mists and looming crags modified our emphasis to one of reconnaissance. This spring, keen but wiser, we stood beneath a large glaciated eastern Quebec granite dome. The line arched leftwards through overhangs 300 feet above; cross these and the summit slabs (invisible) would go; the rain had stopped. Two pitches would put us above the wet. The Ginger Man, Kevin O'Connell, bold as brass in his new boots, led from the gear-strewn stout-bush stance. Up the greasy scoop, disturbing a salamander, a pin at 25 feet, out onto the wet slabs, secure on tiny holds, 20 feet above the pin, ten more to a belay, we're away. He's off! — from a fine position to a clattering bundle of red rags. Grip, grip, the jangle continues, never a word, the peg holds after 40 tumbling feet and he bounces above me like a trussed haddock. Scrapes and curses, we are lucky no worse, and shamble to the van with its gear box that will fail before home, but that's another area of barely coping. We will be back when the black flies diminish in the fall.

Summer; the lure of the Rockies, classic ascents, mountaineering. In an initial attempt on Mt. Victoria, the synergism of a late start, a fester (or whatever the collective noun for Army cadets and attendant officers), a rock fall, and two English public-school masters, put paid to an improbable summit bid. The climb was judged by all competent to do so to have been made too early in a late season (it was 3 August). The day climaxed in a 4.05 p.m. row at the Lake O'Hara lodge (beer only until 4 p.m. for non-residents). The beerless crew muttered about this travesty of justice and the tragedy of allowing elitist entrepreneurial monopolies into the wild places of the world — things were written in the trail book.

A second attempt was planned with Ray and Nancy Jacquot; Mt. Victoria by the north east face coupled with a traverse of Mt. Huber. From Lake Louise over to Lake O'Hara, a touch of Whymper and Collie. Four days' supplies and a camp were to have been deposited at Lake O'Hara to await our arrival from Lake Louise, but we missed the last inward O'Hara bus and were forced to spend another beery evening that is Banff. Whatever happened to the Modern Cafe? Next day to Lake O'Hara. We set up camp, and after an informationless chat with an ersatz ranger (Auger busy as usual at the mythical fossil beds) we took the bus to Lake Louise. Carrying climbing gear plus foamies up through the descending multitude we went, a trio apart, up to the tea house and beyond. We retired among the rocks in an old shelter, a 3 a.m. start agreed.

10 p.m., a queasiness could be held no longer; grabbing boots, fumbling into the night, the dreadful Banff hamburger toxins did their worst. After three such rushes of dwindling distance, I lay doubled over the low stone parapet by the sleeping bags, bootless and at an end. Nancy and Ray rang changes on this theme all night, and dawn found us rain spattered and in desperate straits. By noon, we had grave doubts we would complete the descent; would we be forced to spend a second night on the mountain? Stops each quarter mile, our blanched faces averted from the all too many passersby, lips sealed by the ordeal, we made the hotel, by now on our knees. Campless, as we had missed the O'Hara bus, we fought the mosquitoed night and resolutely planned our return.

Howard Bussey

Magic Mushroom

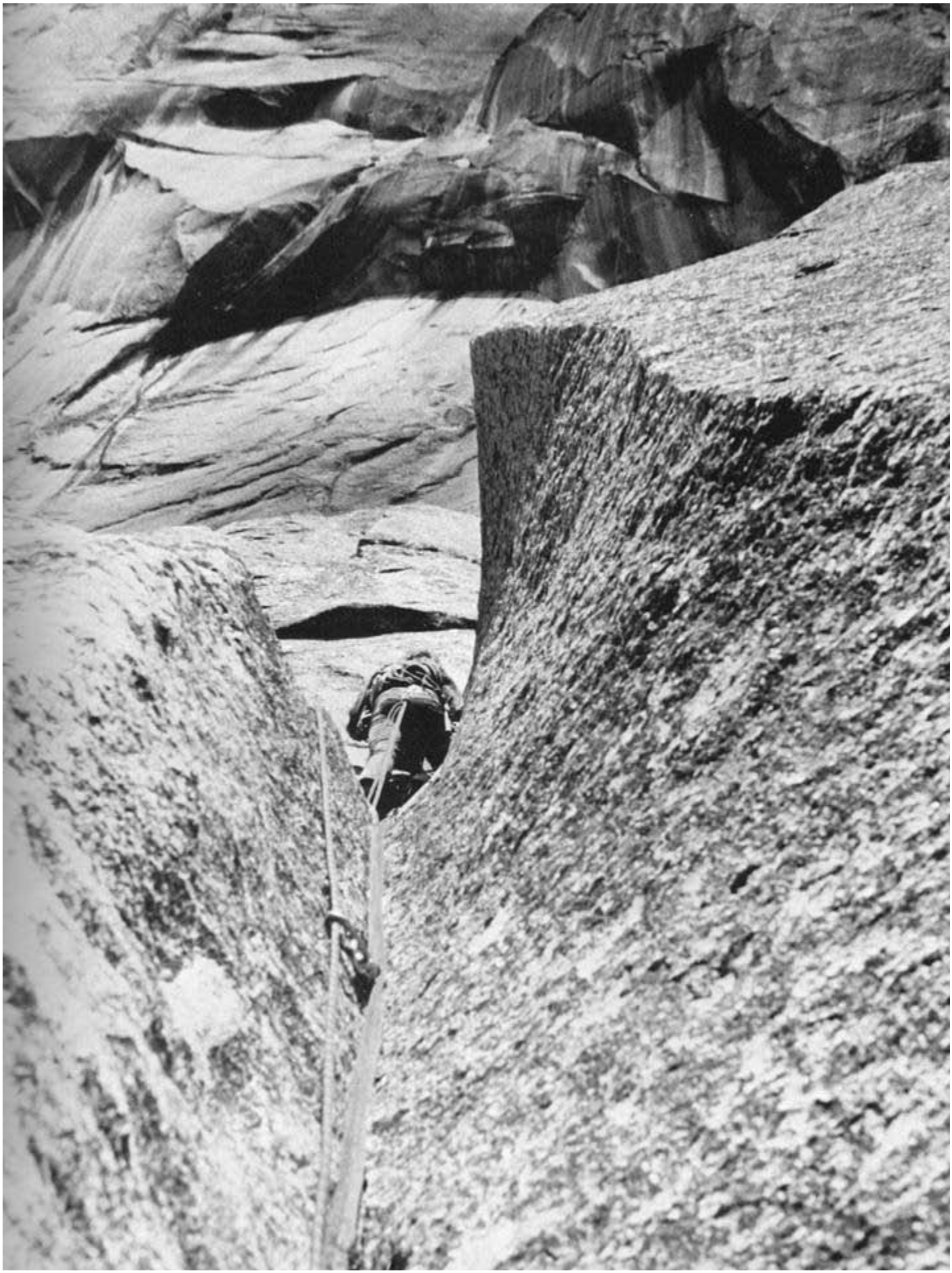
A year has passed, and once again we find ourselves free to go to Yosemite. The previous spring we had attempted a new route on El Cap. Ill-prepared for storms, we were driven off by a sustained wind and hail barrage. In light of what could have happened if we had been higher on the face and committed, we have constructed a nylon wall tent. To render the climb strategically sound we must be equipped to survive any situation we might encounter. Anticipating such situations, and finding solutions, is half the battle. The wall tent encloses two hammocks and two haulbags and is waterproof and windproof.

The weather this year is more stable and it looks like we won't even need the tent. El Cap is beautiful. Silent and peaceful, yet powerful and unyielding. We are so small and weak. Humbled into nothing we embark on this trip into the vertical desert. We're clumsy and out of practice, but soon the old systems are running smoothly and we reach Mammoth Terraces, our previous highpoint, at twilight on the second day. The soft eerie light of the full moon fills the valley. Silence is everywhere and smoke wafts gently into space.

The morning dawns cool and crystal clear. The lead off Mammoth goes mostly free to the base of a prominent four hundred foot face-crack. The sun creeps around the Nose and we're bathed in its warmth. A breeze steadily picks up until by late afternoon it's strong and gusty. Steve nails the deteriorating crack which peters out onto a slab. He forewarns me of the whopper I'm going to have to catch, but it never comes. We're into a ledge system that leads up and left in steps, terminates in a beautiful square cut perch beneath a prominent pinnacle-like tower at the base of the headwall. Looking up, all we can see is the massive overhanging bulge of the base of the shield, fiery orange in the sunset.

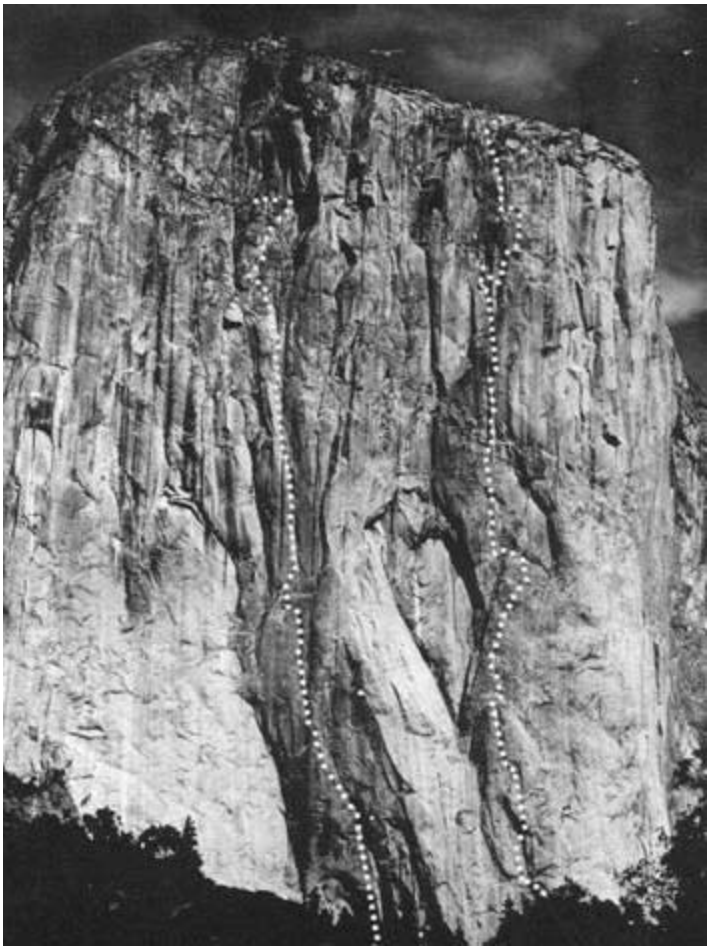
Bivouacs are a beautiful time on the wall. Twilight fades to darkness. The wind dies to a whisper. We smoke. Directly across the Valley we see a light from a party halfway up Middle Cathedral Rock. We flash them and they flash us back.

Magic Mushroom, below the Heart. Steve Sutton



Magic Mushroom. high on the wall looking down. Steve Sutton

The south west face of El Capitan; Magic Mushroom on the right, Cosmos on the left. Ed Cooper



On the south face of Mt. Watkins. Steve Sutton

Magic Mushroom; on Chickenhead Ledge. Hugh Burton

Morning dawns cool and clear again. Cramped hands and a cold iron rack. Jam cracks lead to the top of the pinnacle. A steep pendulum and some nailing leaves us on a small ledge at the base of a thin face-crack that splits the smooth orange wall above. Tiny tufts of grass and flowers living on the ledge await the warmth of the new day with us. The gold of the sun flows through. Peace is everywhere.

But soon it's time to move again. I leave my tiny friends and join Steve on the wall above. The crack peters out but another appears just in time. The sun sinks rapidly toward the horizon. We string our hammocks, relax, and settle into the numbers.

Our thoughts drift to Jimmie Dunn, all alone, attempting a new route between the Dihedral and the Salathe. We try to decide a good name for it. It's a toss-up between Icebox and North-wind. Dunn is getting half the sun and twice the wind we are. We laugh and wonder how his stash is holding up. The full moon rises after several hours of darkness and invariably we are wakened by its brilliance.

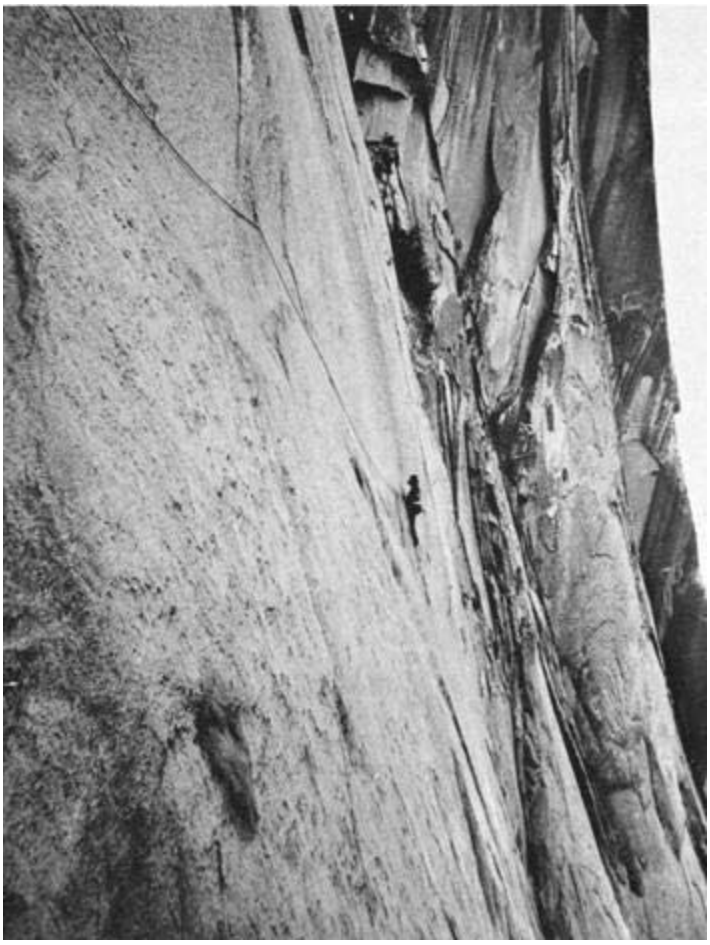
At first light Steve leads off, nailing leads to steep face climbing in the Greybands. Big jug holds traverse across and up to an off-size jamcrack behind a thin pillar. From here the wall really begins to lean out. We're lucky. A flake in the back of the groove sucks in chock stones for eighty feet to a belay. Another beautiful, steep pitch leads into a corner system that lies on the face above the overhangs. We string our hammocks in the twilight and burn back Cokes. Looking down we realize our predicament. We're committed.

Another beautiful clear day dawns. Bands of different colours streak the wall. The rock is clean and solid and the cracks just keep going and going. A section we suspected to be blank has knife blade cracks running through it. Just before dusk we magically encounter a beautiful little ledge, our first haven from the vertical in three days. We call it Mescalito Ledge. The sky is clear and the orange sunset tints the endless rolling high country of the Sierra to the south. Unfortunately there is only room for one to sleep on the ledge. Steve gives the ledge and he hammocks off a bolt.

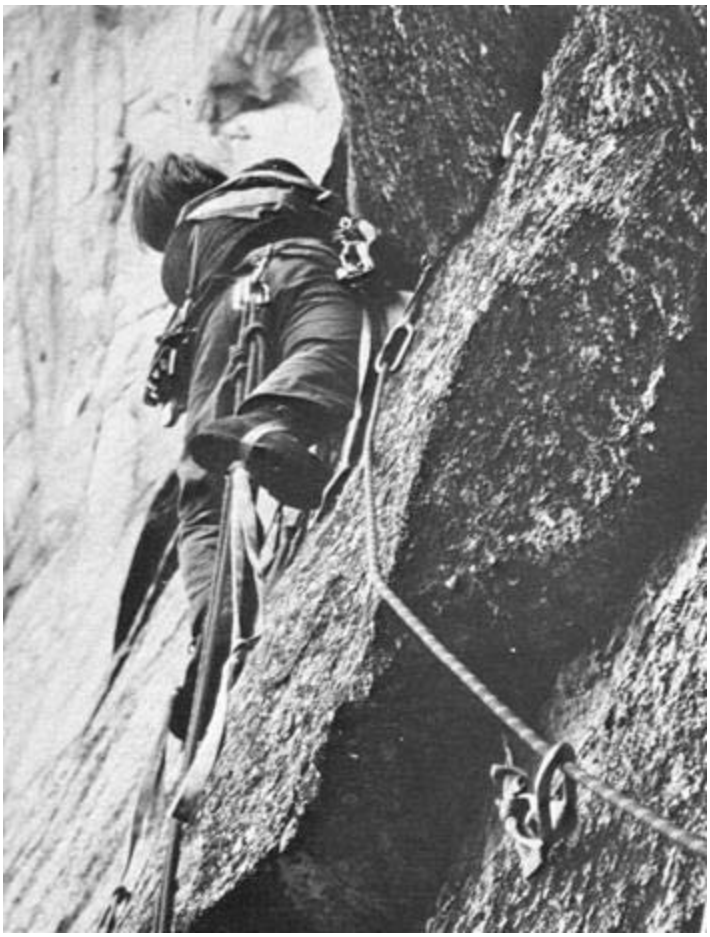
The morning dawns cool and damp. Steve neatly pieces together the discontinuous cracks and belays beneath an overhang. The traverse cracks we were planning to follow peter out into nothing. A couple of bolts, a lucky pendulum, some more bolts and another long pendulum to a corner system that ends on a edge. I watch Steve clean the pendulums. The abyss below is incomprehensible. A short pitch of dicey flake nailing leaves us on fantastic Chicken-head Ledge.

The summit is clear and near and our tensions evaporate. A fiery sunset tinges the world crimson. Everything is so incredibly beautiful. The clouds, the Cathedral Spires, the rim lighting on the ridge near Ribbon Falls. How lucky we all are to be born into this incredible universe. We lie awake most of the night. The soft light from the moon fills us with awe and peace. Dawn. Gathering clouds hint of a storm. A thin flake leads to the Chieftain Hotel, another huge ledge. Two pitches of easy nailing leave us on a slab beneath the massive summit ceiling. Tension mounts and electricity is in the

On the south face of Mt. Watkins. Hugh Burton



Magic Mushroom: the lower sections. Steve Sutton



air all around us. Steve leads the last pitch around the ceiling and up a chimney to the top. As I jumar lightning explodes all around us. The power of the storm is strangely calming. Everything is tangled and hanging but we're up and alive.

The clouds part and the sun beams through bathing everything in its golden brilliance.

Hugh Burton

Yosemite Report

Canadian climbing activity in the Valley is increasing at an amazing rate. During the winter months Tim Auger and Mike Farrell reached Camp Four on the Triple Direct before threatening weather drove them off. Auger later climbed the Nose. The warm stable spring weather allowed many fine ascents. In late April Steve Sutton and I completed our new route on El Cap between Son of Heart and the Muir Wall. The Magic Mushroom, as it is called, is characterized by lots of clean nailing and beautiful ledges. At the same time, Jim Dunn from Colorado soloed Cosmos, a new route between the Dihedral and the Salathe.

The fall weather was more unstable and thunder-showers were quite frequent. Billy Davidson abandoned his solo attempt and teamed up with Fig Breitenbach to make the third ascent of Tis-sa-ack. Charlie Porter from California soloed the right side of El Cap Towers, bolted across the Wall of the Early Morning Light and continued to the top. With a partner, he then established a new ten pitch variation between the Magic Mushroom and the Muir. This is an impressive line up a bulging headwall called the Shield.

Steve Sutton and I also climbed the South Face of Mt. Watkins, a really beautiful Grade VI set in the wilderness surroundings of Tenaya Canyon.

Hugh Burton

Opus 73

Jam-crack fisted hang high
Above the valley floor.
Remote as death,
Yet headed there.
A mile below, above
Face before my face.
Unrelenting face,
To be climbed.
I am afraid to die
In spaghetti gear.
As an albatross,
On the mountain's neck.
Yet muscle-steel move
Marking time.
A four-point ballet,
For the here and now.

Matt Scott

Kellogs

Kellogs, a new route on the north face of Mt. Kitchener. Ed Cooper

"Have some more cheese man, we won't need all this food. Be up it in a day. It's only 2000 feet, can't be more. We'll be all right. Pass the beans."

The next day we reached the foot of the face. At about nine on that August morning we walked under the considerate groaning séracs which let us past before vomiting a ton of ice across our path. We roped up at the 'schrund and Rob Wood front pointed up the short ice wall. We three down below dodged the endless falling harmonicas, and watched the sun disappear around the east ridge, much to our disappointment.

We mooched up the 'schrund and out onto the snow slope. "Taking a bit longer than we thought, eh! Still, once we get onto that ice, man, be a piece of cake. Up today, you'll see. Pass the chocolate.'

At about 2 p.m. we reached the ice. Standing on the rock, we watched the constant barrage as stone after stone fell in joyous liberation to the glacier below, occasionally trying to liberate one of us along their way. Bob Beale caught two on the hand, one breaking his finger. "Er. . . let's stick to the rock for a bit."

As I eased over one steep wall of poised jumble I thought, "must be careful here" as about a ton of rock seemed to be held in suspension by one key-stone. Following the pitch, Bob knocked off a tiny rock which trickled onto this key, starting an enormous rock avalanche, totally demolishing the wall we had just climbed. "Good pitch, eh?"

One of our ideas for speed had been that two could jumar and two climb, but on the whole route we found only one place where we considered the belay good enough to do so. We continued to climb the rock alongside the ice thinking we might still go onto it, but the stone fall never ceased. It was becoming increasingly obvious that we had underestimated the size of the face, and that a bivouac was imminent.

We climbed until 7 p.m., the rock never improving and the stone fall never decreasing. Here we found a good ledge backed by a cornice. We soon had a brew on, and we considered our position. Our plans had now changed completely. We could see the ice slope we had planned on climbing, and the narrow ice-choked chimney near the top, continually feeding stone into the slope below. We thanked Christ that we were not over there. Above us rose a tower of shitty looking rock, with a chimney running through it for about 250 feet. We decided that had to be the way, seeing as we couldn't get back down.

The next morning we tried to hold onto the sun, following it along the ledge until, with a sigh, it disappeared for the day. We ate most of our food and had a luke-warm brew, as the stove ran out of gas. We would be off today for sure, so we saved just one bar of chocolate.

A couple of pitches of almost rock brought us to the chimney. This turned out to be a steep crack. Doffing my sack I climbed it, followed by Brian Greenwood. Rob and Bob jumared, with my fearful eyes on the four pins, as Brian climbed the remains of the chimney. Eventually we all joined Brian. It didn't look too good. Above us was about fifteen feet of overhanging corn flakes. Brian suggested chopping steps in it, but with determination and a lot of luck it was overcome. Easy ground was our prize.

A few easy, rotten pitches put us below a system of steep chimneys. The sun never reaches this depression in the face, and everything was coated in verglas. The chimneys were a last resort so I did a long traverse, chopping steps with my ice hammer. "At least the rock is solid here," I headed for what looked like a line about 300 feet away. Climbing up a rocking chimney, I belayed on a huge chock. That's where the traverse ended; the continuation looked impossible.

Above was a steep corner capped by a roof, wet and verglassed. "You'll be all right up here Brian. Good line" and up they came. Before too long Brian was up the next pitch and I followed, climbing the corner over the grotty roof and up a steep wall. Never have I seen such loose, and potentially loose, rock. We were impressed by that lead, especially Rob, who fell off. And so, of course, another bivy.

We were pretty close to the top, but afraid of being caught in the ice-choked chimney we had glimpsed above. We decided to bivouac. Three pieces of chocolate did little to ease our hunger. A night spent dreaming of cream cakes brought us to a cold, sunless morning. Rob led off into the bottom of a short ice-gully, and Bob climbed this to the foot of the steep icy chimney.

Brian and I, belayed out of sight of the leaders, speculated on when we might reach the top and chewed every one of the six calories out of our breakfast gum. Rob, in the lead, sent down a constant flow of ice, whilst Bob slowly froze into his stance. It seemed we had been sitting cold and still for hours when we heard Rob shout he was on top, and we were warmed with joy. There was no style in any of us when we climbed that desperate chimney. A constant tight rope, with crampons flailing ice, rock and air brought us tired and relieved to the top. We fell into the sunlight and shook exhausted, hungry hands.

George Homer

A new route on the north face of Mt. Kitchener; Grade V.

Tis-sa-ack

With a 70 pound pack, I was sweating blood on the eight mile trek up to Half Dome. The only way to ease the pain was by letting my mind stray back to 2 September, the start of that laborious journey.

The bus trip was desperate. All the way down I was continually psyching myself up. The climb? To solo the second ascent of Tis-Sa-Ack. It was started way back in '68 by Robbins, Hennek and Pratt and finally completed in 1969 by Robbins and Petersen. Then it remained unclimbed, but not untouched till late '72.

It had been tried by many a good hand, but they all came off with horror stories about loose flakes and desperate pitches. Why then was I trying it solo? I could give the usual answer, but mainly I knew what it would mean if I succeeded — FAME! It is hard to admit this, but I think that reason moves many onto desperate routes.

It rained the first couple of days but finally I started taking gear up to the Dome. It took three days to carry all my gear up there. That, I think was something in itself. Forty-eight bloody miles. A hard way to get fit. I also carried up 50 pounds of water only to find the spring below the face still running.

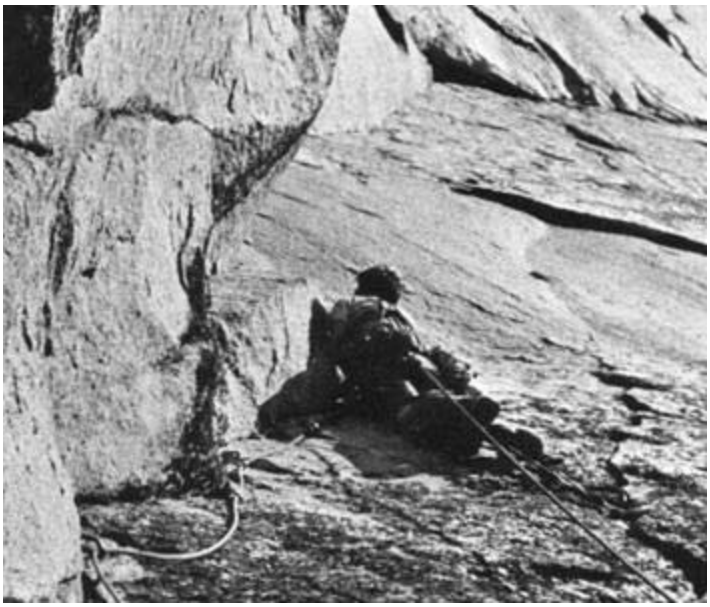
The first pitch ended on a good ledge, but I had a hell of a time trying to find where the damn thing started. Robbins' description said "wander up several moderate pitches to the Zebra". I know there's a lot of controversy about having too lengthy a topo, but Robbins went to the opposite extreme. I mean, six sentences for a route of that size! He probably did it with good purpose in mind — he would have been happy to see his route unrepeated ten years from now.

Anyway, I got all fouled up in this A4 stuff. After placing a poor angle I tied off a small bush and clipped into it. No sooner had I done this than the angle pulled. The higher I climbed, the worse things got. Five feet below the ledge everything went blank. The ledge was round and sloping so hooking was out of the question. I screwed around a while then finally placed a rivet and did a desperate mantle to gain the ledge. Christ — some moderate pitch!

I left the pitch fixed and went down to the valley to recharge my keenness batteries. Some friends on the Direct got their hauling line chopped in the Crescent Crack, so I had company on the long walk out. In the Valley I heard that Tis-sa-ack had already had the second ascent about two weeks before. Oh well, a third ascent solo is better than nothing. I also found out that I was far to the right of the first pitch.

A day's rest and I was back on the first ledge. The hauling was terrible. The next pitch was alright, save near its end where I tried a fairly hard free move and ran out of slack. When you get near the end of a long pitch the weight of the rope pulls back any slack you make to do a certain move. So I had to back down and take in all the remaining rope and tie it off. Then with twenty feet of slack, I reclimbed the free part. It was about twenty feet short of the

Tis-sa-ack, below the dogleg overhang. Mike Breitenback



Tis-sa-ack, the Zebra. Billy Davidson

Dormitory, so I had to place a belay bolt. Then down I rappelled to let the bag out and clean the pitch.

It was late in the day by the time I got everything onto the Dormitory; a huge ledge below the Zebra. I fixed part of the first lead into the Zebra and came down for the night.

As the sun sank below the bald head of El Cap. I reflected upon the events of the day. Looking up I tried over and over again to follow the line of the route. My body was tired but my mind wouldn't stop working. During the day's activities one has no time to ponder nor worry about things ahead. Only the placement just above. But at night all one's fears and speculations come boiling to the surface. Sleep was a long time in coming.

The third day saw me at the first station in the Zebra. The hauling was now a lot easier, due to the increased angle of the wall. With all three lines hanging properly I started up. I started up.

Three lines — yes three — climbing line, hauling line and IRON LINE; a new invention of mine! This allows me to carry only a small portion of the iron needed. The rest hangs at the station on a fifi hook attached to the rope. When one needs some iron one has only to haul it up, take what one needs then leave it hanging on the peg below. It worked quite well. (Patent pending!) Saves sore shoulders from the weight of 84 pins.

There was an awkward spot in that lead, but finally I got to a small ledge formed by a large flake just below the loose section. From that ledge a huge ear-like flake stood up away from the wall, twelve feet high. Above it there seemed more of the same. When I placed a 4 incher behind it the ledge I was on vibrated. I decided to give the bong one more bash for good times sake. That was a bad mistake. The blow must have loosened a flake higher up. It hit me in the back of the head. IN SOLID YOSEMITE ONE NEED NOT WEAR A HELMET! There was blood all over the place, and my courage was flowing out with it. Down man, before you kill yourself.

That was easier said than done. It was some six hundred feet up. The Zebra slanted right. It would be hard getting to the Dormitory. On the rappel, to the Dormitory I ended up 20 feet above it. There was nothing else to do — hanging onto the pull line, I just let the rope run through the brake bar. Sudden rush; hard landing; grabbing for anything so as not to bounce off the ledge.

So ended the solo attempt. I was so pissed off I was just going to head home. A day or so later I had cooled off some, and also heard about someone who was looking for me to try the route again. His name was Mike Breidenbach (the Fig), and he had just done the Salathe Wall. We had no iron to carry so the walk up from Mirror Lake wasn't too bad.

We reached my previous high point on the second day and I tried that loose bit again. Chouinard Hexentrics and hooks got me over it, but God was it freaky. Fig lead to the top of the Zebra and I started the next bit. I got across the five inch crack without incident. The A5 flake was next. A knife blade stack and No. 1 stopper got me to its top. I was shaking like a leaf in a storm. Where's that damn bolt? — Oh yeah — I remember someone telling me that the second ascent party took the hanger off. I finally spotted the stud sticking out and got a tie-off over it. Then there was a short bolt ladder and I belayed at its top.

The rest of the route is just one big horrible blurred image in my mind. I do remember that it was continuously hard. Figgy tried to free the first 5 inch crack. Near its top he came off and nearly ended in my lap. Then on a reverse under an upside down expanding flake, I took two bombers. On the second 5 inch crack, also expanding, Figgy made the mistake and tried to place a pin. The result, a thirty-footer. There was a guy soloing on the Normal route, and later he told me how he would hear a scream and see one of us plummeting through the air.

Another place that sticks in my mind is the pitch where after about six bolts you are supposed to chimney up inside a huge flake for about a hundred feet. Well, when we got up there the bolts just ended in a blank yellowish wall. The flake, some two hundred feet square, had fallen off! What you had to do was nail right along the flakey remains of the bottom of the flake, and then up the fractured part where it was attached. It's pretty hard going.

Late on the fifth day we got up to the last pitch. I decided to fix as much as I could before dark and then we could get off early the next day. It was bloody awkward, and being without food and water for two days didn't help things much. Luckily it was cold or we would have had another epic like the one on Washington Column.

That night we had a smoke to ease the pain. It began to rain a little later and we prayed that the weather would hold. It did, and we finally got off that dangerous mother. We didn't expect anyone up to meet us, but my good friend Tim arrived with water, food and all the necessities. I had more than dirt in my eyes as we shook hands and embraced each other.

Billy Davidson

The Minaret, South Howser Tower

"O.K. then, it's decided. We won't take any smokes into the Howsers."

"Right then, I'll put this carton back in my car."

"Just a minute, why don't we take one pack each. We'll smoke them up at Boulder camp tonight and make do without cigs over at the Mowers."

This was just one of many plans which was destined to fail. The whole trip had started out that way. Pacing up and down in Calgary waiting for George who was pacing up and down in Banff waiting for us. Anyway, here we were finally, at the end of the logging road, sorting out food. Judy had offered her services and we had accepted. It's not everyday you get an offer like that from such a charming Sherpani. Rob of course immediately got rid of half of his share of the food by giving it to Judy and most of the rest by suggesting we eat before we set off walking — "and I just so happen to have a tin of pheasant under glass in my pack. I was going to save it for later but we might as well eat it now."

And so, two hours later we arrived at Butlin's Boulder Bungalow. Notices everywhere "No noise after 10 p.m." "Property of Canadian Mountain Holidays. "No boots upstairs." "Friggin' in der riggin ist verboten." What a drag that hut is — must have been designed by a violin maker — just like a sound box.

Morning in the igloo; mosquitoes having had carnal knowledge of me during the night. A swift cold lump of porridge and a can of tuna and away we go. Now there were six of us — another Sherpani who was teed off with the situation at Butlin's joined us and took the remainder of the contents of Rob's pack. We'd heard all sorts of rumours of hoards of 'Merrycans armed to the teeth with chrome-molly gadgetry who were supposed to be roaming around the area raping every 5.10 in sight. It was with considerable relief therefore that we saw only two tents on our walk over to Pigeon

The overhang on the second pitch of the Minaret. Jon Jones

The Minaret South Howser Tower, the best bivouac spots are marked. The jog in the line is at the pendulum on the third pitch. Jon Jones

col and arrived at the base of the Minaret to find the place deserted. However, being non-competitive and highly Christian climbers, we fixed the first pitch of the route on our way past anyway. We did this for two charitable reasons. Firstly, it got rid of the rope and peg which Rob was carrying and secondly, it would help any 'Merrycans get a good start should they happen to arrive whilst we were preparing for a crack-of-noon start over at the bivi spot.

Next noon cracked and found Gerry and myself at the bottom of the second pitch. Gerry led out a full 160 feet and placed a bolt for a belay. The next pitch went really slowly — really awkward nailing in the back of a V shaped slot — tore the hell out of my knuckles. By the time I'd finished it was twenty to dark, so down we went. During the afternoon Rob and George had built an ace bivi right at the foot of the route and had in fact treated us to a skin show parading around in best Marks and Sparks shreddies. After a comfortable night (which fortunately was cold enough to cause one of our Sherpanis to share a sleeping bag with one of the team), another crack-of-noon start confronted us.

Today it was George and Rob's turn to fix ropes. George took a look at the continuation of the pitch I'd nailed the day before and immediately did a pendulum into another more likely looking crack to the left. Rob led a pitch and George started on another but it was getting late and he was getting wet so down to a small ledge we all went. Plenty of room for two to sit and two in hammocks, and not a bad night either. Ate a mass of food — we'd be sure to run out before we got up the route.

An early start next morning. Gerry nailing fast. Thor flashing in the sunlight somewhere above that roof. Things starting to go a little better now. And then it happened — George dropped a jumar. It was sort of the last straw. We were too slow, things were not going right, we did not have enough karabiners for a big aid route; short of food, not in the mood, dropped a jumar and down we went — fixing three pitches.

Back over to the bivi spot and enormous pogs. What to do? Gerry was obviously the keenest so he definitely should go back on the route. I drew the short straw.

It was an extremely strange feeling which crept over me the next night. George, Rob, Judy and Marge had left us to go back to Butlin's. Gerry and I sat in the bivi at the bottom of the route just looking up at that magnificently sculptured tower. It was so quiet, unusually quiet. Not much wind, no animals or birds no falling rock. Nobody around. A strange feeling of isolation gripped both of us.

Next morning the sky looked a little ugly but not bad. Soon we were up to our high point and things were going well. The day passed quickly. Nailing in the same crack line still. We found a small bivi ledge seven pitches up, got settled, and then fixed another pitch before packing it in. It had been a good day and we had plenty of food and water with us. I think both of us started to feel we were getting somewhere at last.

The next day passed really quickly, more and more free climbing showing up. Gerry led up to the large overhangs which we thought might pose problems — not so, a gangway led straight through

them. A pleasant easy angled corner pitch led up to a break leading right. We must be close now. "Looks like a bivi ledge up to the left Jon."

And so it was, sort of. A ledge sloping at about 40 degrees. By the time we were sorted out it was dark, and somehow, my sleeping bag ended up on the glacier 16 pitches below. A strange evening — huddled in a corner with heels in aid slings with a huge plastic wrapped around us. By now the weather had cracked up all round us. The bivouac site was transformed into a big plastic observation bubble through which we could see all this lightning in the distance. Fortunately the storms kept off us that night.

Next morning was really odious. Hoards of evil clouds rushing up the valley towards the Howsers. Storms lurking all over the place. "Put the champagne back in the pack, we'll have breakfast later." Gerry led the last three pitches in hail and rain. Christ it was cold.

"I wonder if George and Rob will come over from Boulder to meet us?"

And then we were up, only a few feet below the summit of the pinnacle. Sort out gear. "Wish we had some ciggies."

"Hey, you two. Where are you?" Floated down from the ridge of the normal route of South Howser Tower. George and Rod had come to meet us, equipped with cheese and most important, cigs. The weather cleared and in no time at all we were down at Pigeon col gorging a delicious repast created by Mistress Judith. Soon after that we all went back to Butlins and tried, not very successfully, to bum more smokes.

Jon Jones

Gerry Rogan and Jon Jones, August 1972. Grade VI, 5.8, A3; 19 pitches.

The Next Breakthrough

I first met him nearly fifteen years ago. To the non existent climbing fraternity of that prehistoric era he was considered a nut — a daredevil far too dangerous to climb with, who took "un-justifiable" risks. Stories of his leads kept most of them from having second ascents. Ropemates seldom returned for repeat performances.

A full generation grew to modern maturity. From the low angle slabs upward to the walls of the Chief and beyond; the sky via the mecca of Yosemite. A mere decade after, Baldwin and Cooper pioneered the Grand, Canadians had climbed many of the grade sixes in North America and even opened two new routes on El Cap itself.

But not he. Each year he somehow found the money to get away to Europe and a Bonnatti Pillar or Cenotaph Corner. Even once in a while an "unjustifiable" route in Squamish.

In Winter club social functions brought them together once again to continue the ever present debate "pegging a free route". To them it meant aid. To him it meant scarring the rock, breaking off holds, unnecessary protection; but most of all it meant to lower the standard of climb down to the ability of the climber. These debates always ended the same way: they chuckling at the fanatic, he wondering if they would ever climb a true extreme, or even a solid V.S.

Early last September I had the pleasure of enjoying several days of climbing with his brother and another "Lad from the Lakes", who were visiting enroute to Yosemite. They superby led free several leads on seldom freed climbs as I stood mesmerized by their total dedication to piton elimination. The very idea of racking even one piton more than the minimum ever used on a given pitch was beyond their comprehension, and more often than not an effort was made to eliminate the solitary pin with a nut.

Climbing with Les MacDonald or his visitors, his brother Dave and ropemate Kevin, opens one's eyes to many things. A few days of Geordie type climbing and one soon learns what it means to climb clean on sight.

It makes one notice magazine articles indicating that it is no longer that you do a climb but rather how you do it. One need only look as far as Coonyards Opinion in Ascent 1972 or Mountain 15, the interview with Reinhold Messner: "Today's climber carries his courage in his rucksack .... Faith in one's equipment has replaced faith in himself."

Messner, Chouinard and others may agree, but relatively few Canadians abide by any ethical guidelines. Another issue of Mountain indicates that American rock climbing is in ethical need also — "Often Robbins comes to Britain to recharge his ethical batteries." What a statement! One of the greatest climbers in North America struggling to reach the ethical standards achieved by masses in Britain!

For a dozen years a flicker of light has shown the way around the Chief, but a chuckle and a few extra pins are safer, and far less damaging to the reputation on a hard lead. Consider the new routes described in the 1972 Ascent. Some 33 are reported as being 5.9 or better — eighteen of these are 5.10, eight are 5.11. Now guess at the number of pitons used. It is entirely possible that the figure is as great as all the pitons used on all the British free climbs opened this year put together.

I've had the privilege of following Robbins on a true on sight 5.9. I cleaned one piton and one nut from the 140 foot lead, the second pitch of Tantalus Wall. Yet I've watched no less than six American and Canadian parties on the same lead; most used more than five pitons, some used etriers, all stood on the pins. Conclusion — only Robbins led it at the standard of 5.9.

There seems only one way to achieve the extreme standard demanded by the British. Each as an individual must respect the first ascent party's achievement, the climb and himself. Only the climber can know if he's up to the standard of a given route. The business of applying big wall techniques to shorter free climbs does in fact scar the rock, break off holds and most certainly brings the standard of the climb down to the ability of the climber. I suppose

if someone really wants to peg a route, no one can or should do anything about it. But to those who'd like to hold to something reminiscent of true climbing it makes a difference.

There are many Geordie type XS routes in Squamish, Yosemite and other North American areas, but far less leaders capable of leading them than we'd like to believe.

Chouinard suggests the total elimination of bolts; in fact the boycott of stores that sell them as a step towards a more ethical level. Although I totally agree with the rest of his article, here I take exception. Rather more bolts and far less pitons: bolt protection sets the standard of the climb; one clips into the existing bolt as opposed to placing pitons at will. The stationary bolt is a permanent fixture; fixed pins are often removed or untrustworthy. A leader thinks twice before placing a bolt: the extra work and ethical questions are more prominent in his mind, and consequently it is likely he would place fewer bolts and more nuts if the name of the game were "eliminate the piton."

Again the memories of the MacDonald debates are jogged—one recalls the Robbins ascent of Cenotaph Corner. "There was the piton, I knew if I clipped into it I was up, but the guidebook had clearly set out the rules of the game. Joe led it that day, and I the next."

From the Canadian point of view, Baldwin and Cooper broke through the big barrier in '61, and the first ascent of University Wall tore the gate down. Now it seems time for two more breakthroughs: the maintenance of the standard of free climbing and applying the lessons learned on the Walls to alpine peaks.

A new generation is slowly maturing around the wall enthusiasts. Will they settle for the 99th or 100th ascent of the Nose? I think not. With greater leadership from individual climbers and climbing organizations a new era of Canadian mountaineering could begin. The Canadian equivalent of Annapurna South Face is coming, and it will be done by those willing to climb at an extreme level. It is just a matter of time.

There lies the next breakthrough; there hopefully lies the goal of the great influx of youthful climbers now growing to maturity. "Dabbling in colouring books", perhaps we are, but the scene is set, the creative desire there, the easel in place.

Now who will wield the brush, who will make the breakthrough?

Jim Sinclair

The Trip

Laurel is only a burro stop, but buses occasionally stray near, plying trade up and down the valleys between the Pomabamba region and Huaraz in outer Ancash, Peru.

We tossed our 10 sacks of expedition gear on top of the bus and squeezed inside. It was fully packed, like a Lucky Strike package. P.A., the driver, and Chino, the swamper, did some rearranging of the guests and their indoor baggage. I found myself in a seat next to a well dressed lad carrying two beer boxes of doves. "They have a nice song," he explained. Gerald was less lucky, or luckier, depending on whether you have short or long legs. He sat in the aisle on one end of a potato sack. Another lad sat on the other end, and they were committed to being mutual backrests. Unfortunately the lad kept dodging his responsibilities, making for a restless night.

The bus had two drivers of somewhat complementary characteristics, but lacking skill in the most important part of the job. One would have been better suited as a P.A. system. The other, who we will call P.G., may well have been a great palace guard. P.A. did most of his driving with his mouth, tuned to providing the passengers with mirth at the expense of their sense of longevity.

At the first flat tire I became acquainted with a few passengers. One in front was an intellectual, a teacher who defied his own eyes by reading while the bus bounced along the slumped road. The majority of the passengers were Indians, well adapted to and docile in buses. Some of the boys in the back were trading jokes in Quechua with a girl affectionately called "Cemetery" at the front. The driver was crushed by five others occupying the long seat in front. They had a rapport which is usually found among men seated along a bar.

The breakdowns came often and were lengthy. There was the problem of flat tires, with which they were very efficient. P.A. could really fix a flat in a hurry; which meant patching the tube, plucking the offending stone out of the tire, and pumping it up again. The brakes were well worn and were beaten with a hammer frequently. The driver tended to confuse cause and effect.

Water, fuel siphoned from a drum, road clearing, rock brakes, and other matters were dealt with by the scurrying Chino. But his main function was to receive verbal abuse from P.A., who needed an outlet to cover up his bungling at the helm.

P.G., on the other hand, was best in mechanical repair situations and had a quiet, cool outlook. He provided stability for the driving combination. But he was no better as a driver since he, with great outward calm and concentration, drove into an adobe wall at Yungay.

The climax occurred in the Canon del Pato (Duck Canyon) at midnight, where the road has a tenuous hold on a moraine-plastered cliff. There were 30 or so tunnels through bedrock, linking sections of the road. Halfway through the canyon the bus stalled and P.A. immediately flooded the carburetor. Gerald and I, fed up with pushing the bus, declined a twentieth invitation. P.A. allowed the devoted to continue, but didn't allow them to build up enough ground speed before trying to start. So we dozed off on the side of the road, oblivious to the spectacle, a biblical movie epic with 50 or so of the faithful pushing the bus back and forth in the 200 feet between tunnels, chanting and shouting.

Everyone gave up after two hours and they piled back into the bus and slept. Meantime Gerald and I slept at the roadside until about 4 a.m. when P.A. got the bus going again. At Yungay, P.A. decided he may have pushed the elderly a little too far in the

climactic scene, and declared an hour's stop. We wandered around, relieved to be out of the wretched bus, looking for breakfast at 6 a.m. The market was closed, but there was a small cart set up on a corner of the plaza, selling hot lemonade, and an ice cream shop was open to attend the needs of all. For restaurants or coffee shops, the hour was unthinkable. P.A. busied himself running between the cart and elderly passengers who were flaked out in the bus, hoping to revive them with hot lemonade.

On to Huaraz, with P.G. in command. We finally arrive, the 12 hour journey having lasted for 24. Gerald and I left the bus to its fate. It was only half way to Lima.

John Ricker

Alone on Robson

Joe Kotlarz and I crossed the moraines and the first few miles of the Robson glacier in the dark, but still made good time, and were beginning serious climbing soon after dawn. Instead of swinging wide left and going up the easier but longer slopes of the Kain route, we pushed straight up the Dome from near the foot of the Helmet, just to try something different.

The climbing was challenging and very steep. After ascending a steep snow slope we came out on a rock cliff, unstrapped our crampons and enjoyed the steep rock climbing involved in scaling the cliff before again coming out onto a glacier. At this point, we had lunch and watched the avalanches thundering down from the ice-ciiff immediately to our right. One ice-cliff in particular avalanched about every five minutes, and we dubbed it "Old Faithful".

Pitches of steep verglas covered with a light layer of snow caused us further problems. Nevertheless, we found ourselves on top of the Dome (10,098') by 6 p.m., and because ominous looking clouds were rolling in fast from the west, immediately set up camp. As soon as we had securely pitched our tent, a shrieking blizzard struck us.

During the night the storm seemed to worsen; it even collapsed the tent on us. Next morning I poked my head outside. A great deal of snow had fallen, visibility was nil and the blizzard was still raging. It would have been suicide to continue to the summit in those conditions. We spent the entire day (22 August) in our sleeping bags swapping stories to keep each other entertained, attempting to fix nourishing meals from our sleeping bags (a difficult chore!) and knocking off all the snow that kept accumulating on our tent, threatening again to collapse it. In the late afternoon, the storm began to abate somewhat and we entertained hopes of it clearing for the next morning. By that time we would have been confined to our sleeping bags for 36 hours straight.

The following morning I checked outside again. The weather was perfect — clear, sunny and cold! We rapidly struggled with frozen boots and crampon straps and were away for the summit! But Joe had gone only a few steps when he discovered that he was physically unable to continue. Rest seemed to be the best idea for him, as it would have been difficult for him to descend in his condition. I made sure that he was all right inside the tent, and then recommenced the climb.

With some difficulty I crossed the bergschrund and began the 65° ice wall of the Robson cirque to the top of the south east shoulder at 11,500 feet. The wall was steep and I proceeded with the utmost caution, using my hunting knife as an ice dagger in my left hand, and the ice axe in my right. Upon advancing up the shoulder, I found tracks and trail markers. These I later discovered had been left by a five-man Japanese expedition, which had climbed Robson two weeks previously by the standard route from the Ralph Forster Hut above Kinney Lake.

I then ascended the main peak via very steep terraces of snow and ice on the south east face. Although it was not necessary to cut steps, I found the last stretch very steep and difficult, especially since I was alone. I arrived on the summit ridge by 10.15 a.m.

Unfortunately, I had approached from the wrong angle, and mistook an ice pinnacle for the summit. To my surprise and chagrin, I discovered that I was still about 50 feet below the actual top, and three to four hundred yards away. The way to the summit looked extremely difficult. I therefore descended very cautiously below the ice pinnacle and traversed part of the south east face, reaching the summit by noon.

I sank my ice axe deep, sat down and began to view the scenery. The only sign of man was a small red flag on a short bamboo pole; the same I had seen on the summit of Mt. Columbia a week earlier. Inscribed on it was JSEC 72, which stood for the Japanese Students Expedition to Canada 1972. I added my own name and the date — Dearden Aug. 72 — to the flag.

It was very exhilarating, standing alone on top of Mt. Robson, the highest peak of the Canadian Rockies, at 12,972 feet. The weather was perfect, offering a view of unparalleled significance. There was scattered cloud cover below me about 11,000 feet, which added to the feeling of height. I could see in hundreds of miles in every direction — well over into Jasper National Park; the south east shoulder I had just climbed; over to the Yellowhead Pass; the Jasper-McBride highway; the headwaters of the Fraser River; Berg and Kinney Lakes far below. The major peaks of the area — Mt. Resplendent, Mt. Whitehorn and Mt. Phillips — strove, yet failed miserably, to come close to Robson's lofty height. In all directions stood snow-capped peaks with cascading rivers of ice winding down the valleys between them. Words cannot express the beauty I beheld that morning.

I did not feel like moving around much on top, as there was very little room, and the cliffs falling away for thousands of feet in every direction made me think soberly of the difficulties I would experience in the descent. After spending thirty to forty minutes on the summit, I began down. I had to go almost all the way facing the slope, proceeding with great care and attention. Upon reaching the south east shoulder I found myself once again in the clouds, which presented further difficulties.

On the cirque wall, I slipped and fell about twenty feet, but I luckily managed to stop myself, and descended the remaining distance much more slowly. I arrived back at the camp by 3 p.m., and found that Joe was feeling much better after a rest and a good meal.

Mt. Robson; high on the Berg Glacier with the Helmet on the left. Ed Cooper

The Kain route. Ed Cooper

The Unclimbed East Face of Mt Resplendent from Lynx Mtn. Ed Cooper

Mt. Robson from Berg Lake. Ed Cooper

Ice towers on the Emperor Ridge. Ed Cooper

The north face of Mt. Robson. Ed Cooper

Mt Robson from the west. Ed Cooper

We broke camp immediately and began our descent via the Kain route down the Resplendent col. We had to plow through more than a foot of fresh snow, which was extremely tiresome, but it was much safer than going down the route we had pushed up the front of the Dome. We experienced minor problems jumping a large bergschrund, but made good time arriving back at our camp near Lake Adolphus by 8.15 p.m. — exhausted, yet very, very happy with the climb.

Pat Dearden

Climb

From distant deep
to whitest crest -rising
rising tide of heartbeats
hot blood surging -slowly
slowly harsh waves -
endless -sheer walls foot-holds
fissures in hardness —
spur to each other . . .

Roger Prentice

Beauty

Grey days of quivering cold —
I need
fire
    to warm my frosty earth —
beauty
fierce as tortured cliff —
yet wavy willow-flower of softness
beckons beneath a brink of terror —
 torments this fearful hunger . . .

Roger Prentice

Dream

My dream
crushed a mile deep
heart of the mountain -
when elemental feelings fought
to move against a million tons
to reach the light at last —
the peaks and ice-walls
merciless horizons . . .
but grandeur of still life to drink alone
freezing to mouth as snow-fed trickling stream
leave my spirit cold
unsatisfied . . .
on the occasion
of this initial thirst
exciting as hot sun upon bare skin —
a woman's fingers writhing softly
prisoned in my hand . . .

Roger Prentice

The Stones' First (and Last) Ascents

It would be impossible to say that one particular early-day climber loved mountains more than any other one. Yet Winthrop Ellsworth Stone, who frequented the Rockies, Selkirks, Purcells and Cascades during the first two decades of this century, had reason to be especially fond of Alpine regions.

For ten or eleven months of each year he was obliged to stay amid the environmental monotony of Purdue University's campus in the centre of Indiana's boringly flat corn belt.

Dr. Stone, a respected chemist, became a vice-president at Purdue in 1892 and eight years later was named president of Indiana's technical and agricultural college. The urge to climb struck him at the age of 44 when he visited the Selkirks in 1906. Suddenly his whole life changed. He became a graduating member of the fledgling ACC that year and in a short period he'd also joined the American Alpine Club, the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Mazamas of Portland, Oregon.

Dr. Stone spent as much time as he could in the mountains, being a regular participant in summer encampments of the ACC, Mazamas and other groups. When he remarried, he chose a wife who loved the mountains, too. She was his regular companion on scores of climbs including a number made with Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. MacCarthy and Swiss guide Conrad Kain in the Purcells in 1915 and 1916. The Stones made a number of first ascents in the area immediately west of Invermere, B.C., including Mt. Karnak, Mt. Jumbo, Mt. Truce, Mt. Ethelbert and several others.

On at least two occasions, however, Winthrop and Margaret Stone made first ascents alone. The second of these climbs — Mt. Eon — proved fatal. The earlier first ascent they made alone was that of a new route on the big Oregon volcano, Mr. Jefferson. No doubt Prof. Stone and his wife wished to follow the example of their friends the MacCarthys who as a party of two made early climbs such as the north west arête of Mt. Sir Donald. Writing in the 1920 CAJ, Stone extolled the virtues of unguided, small-party climbs. Yet he recognized some dangers. "Except on easy ground, more than three persons in a party has a drawback, but less than three is unadvisable ...."

In 1917, Stone was obliged to stay on the Purdue campus much of the summer because of war-related training of young officers. Thus he missed the ACC encampment, but he did manage to attend the annual outing of the Mazamas at Mt. Jefferson.

On 13 August, Stone led a relatively large party of Mazamas who were to climb the mountain's long south west ridge the following day. They ascended more than 2000 feet from the permanent camp at Pamelia Lake to near the 5800 foot level where they made a bivouac camp at timberline. The following morning, Stone relinquished leadership of the party to the Rev. Andrew J. Montgomery, an old Jefferson hand, and he and Margaret traversed left, to the north of the ridge, into the lower reaches of the southernmost of the two great couloirs which scar the west side of the mountain.

Jefferson's entire west face is the eroded cirque of a once-vast glacier which ate deeply into the 10,500 foot volcanic cone. All that remains of glacial ice on the west side are two narrow strips lying in the two couloirs, plus a steep-pitched permanent snowfield hanging immediately below the base of the crumbly, 400 foot pinnacle.

With his experience in the Rockies and Purcells, Stone was confident of ascending the broken ridge between the two couloirs. They reached the crest of the ridge on a narrow tongue of snow, but soon found the rock more rotten than anything they'd ever encountered in the Rockies.

"Never have I encountered so much loose material resting on a hair trigger," Stone said later. "Every projecting rock was the precarious support of an overflowing mass of debris which at the least touch would come pouring down upon us." He didn't mention, but the upper part of the ridge is also exposed to rock-fall from near the summit.

At about the 8500 foot level, they came to their first real problem — a perpendicular face of impossibly bad rock. Beside it were solid ice walls sloping off at from 50 to 60 degrees. After a survey of the problem, however, Stone found they either must take to the ice or turn back, "which we were in no mood to consider."

Stone began cutting steps in the blue ice. Before he had rounded the rock barrier, he'd counted 50 of them. Then, from the comparative safety of rock, he could do nothing but speak encouraging words as Margaret started up the steps. They had no rope, and in those days boot nails served as crampons. A slip very likely would have been fatal.

Mrs. Stone did not slip. Above, they found the going relatively easy, but just as steep. The snow slope was in good condition for step kicking and they surmounted the north east side of the fractured rock pinnacle shortly before members of the large party made it up Jefferson's main south west arête.

Although Mt. Jefferson had been climbed as early as 1888, no one ever had ascended the awesome west side before. Mazamas were greatly impressed by this feat performed by the Stones. That success may have influenced them in 1921 to attempt the ascent of a major unclimbed mountain.

Eon was a natural choice. At the ACC Assiniboine camp in 1920, L. H. Lindsay, Dr. A. W. Wakefield and H. J. Graves had been turned back by the upper slopes of Eon's north east arête. They reported that the south east ridge look feasible.

Prof. Stone discussed a climb of Eon with his friend MacCarthy several times that year and when they met again at the 1921 Walking Tour camp at Assiniboine, it was evident that Eon still was on the professor's mind. He told MacCarthy that he and Mrs. Stone were eager to try to "crown a big one". If Stone did invite the MacCarthys or anyone else to accompany them on an attempt

of Eon, they were unable to go.

Winthrop and Margaret Stone left the big camp 15 July. They climbed to Marvel Pass and camped there by one of the small lakes. Early Sunday, 17 July, equipped with both rope and ice axes, they climbed over to the Mt. Gloria-Mt. Eon col. There, instead of proceeding directly up the north east ridge as the 1920 party had done, they traversed southward below the 8000 foot level and ascended the south east arête, keeping generally on the south of the ridge.

The broad band of steep snow at the 10,300 foot level was no problem because conditions made their steps firm and safe so although the day had worn well into the afternoon, they continued up the series of ledges above — roped together.

It was about 6 p.m. when they reached the base of a chimney in the summit block. After instructing his wife to stand to the side — out of the way of any falling rock — Winthrop Stone climbed upward until he was able to look around. Mrs. Stone asked if he'd reached the summit.

"I can see nothing higher," Stone said. He told her to stay under cover, though, because the rock around him was very unstable. Then he climbed up and out of the chimney.

A minute or so later, Mrs. Stone heard the clatter of rock falling from above. A large slab shot past her. Then, horror stricken, she watched as her husband fell silently, clutching his ice axe, after the rock.

She braced herself for the inevitable tug on the rope, but there was only silence and utter loneliness. Mrs. Stone realized her husband had untied himself to find the highest point of the mountain. It seemed to her that he tumbled from ledge to ledge all the way down the south side of the mountain.

When the Stones did not return to Assiniboine camp on Monday, their friends assumed they'd merely been delayed by some unforeseen problem. But by Tuesday there was serious concern. A search of trails between the main camps produced no clues. By Thursday, their bivouac was found just as they had left it when they set out on their climb. Searchers began scouring the mountain for their route on Friday, but found nothing. Saturday, a party including Swiss guide Rudolph Aemmer set out up the mountain. From the 7800 foot level they scanned Eon's south face with binoculars, but saw nothing out of the ordinary. They were about to abandon the search for another day when they heard calls.

Soon they spotted someone on a sloping ledge well to the west and about 300 feet below them. It was Margaret Stone.

She had remained at the base of the summit chimney the night of the accident. At first light on Monday, she descended slowly, looking for her husband. Well down the south east side however, she became confused and got off the route they had climbed Sunday. Seeking to regain it at one point she secured her rope to a rock and let herself down to a ledge below. The rope didn't reach far enough, however, and when she'd dropped to the ledge, she found herself not on the route at all, but trapped. She couldn't reach the end of the rope even though she tried to heap slabs of rock into a pile below it.

She had no food or extra clothing, but by scooping out two small holes under a drip of water, she was able to get enough liquid to survive until Aemmer roped down to get her six days later.

Arthur O. Wheeler, than ACC director, headed a team which left Banff 2 August to recover Dr. Stone's body. Besides three Swiss guides, the party also included Mr. and Mrs. MacCarthy. Two days later, five of them climbed to Eon's summit. During the ascent, they spotted the body about 300 yards west of the south east arête. His ice axe was found just above the snow band. Before beginning two days of recovery work, the party took Stone's ice axe to the summit and placed it atop a cairn erected in the professor's memory and consoled themselves with the knowledge that their friend died doing what he liked best.

Don Alan Hall

Tout Ensemble

Reasonably early in the Spring, fellow thespian Jon Jones and I found ourselves unduly overburdened and desperately unfit, as we wound our way up the path to the small bivouac hut on the Goat Plateau of Castle Mtn. Our sacks contained a mass of food and all the necessary paraphernalia required to get up a piece of rock where there are no natural means of progress. Our respective girl friends had also come along. What better excuse to abseil off if things get difficult. The hut on Goat Plateau is a magnificent haven from the storm. The fine views of the Rockies in early spring were particularly beautiful after the British Isles. There we get gripped with 3000 feet on the altimeter whilst here we were thinking about a new line on a mountain nearly 10,000 feet high. At the time it was mind blowing.

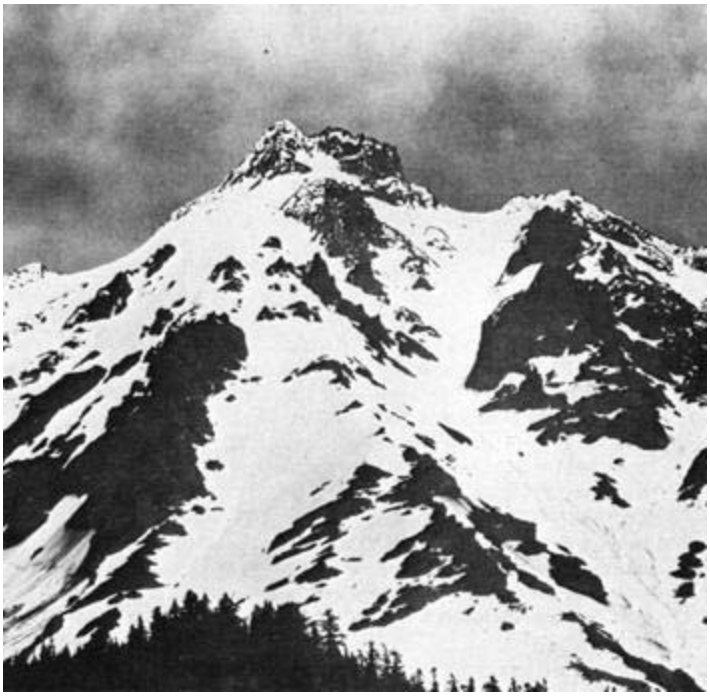
The previous year Jon had noticed a series of corners way up towards the top of the mountain, to the left of Brewer Buttress. We wanted to see if a line could be found to gain access to one of these fine looking corners, enjoyment of course being our first consideration!

Saturday 10 a.m. found us on our starter — a short crack breaking into a gully, which 150 feet higher joined a crack line leading left to a large ledge. Jon led up into the gully. Then I started up the crack, queer to start with but soon much easier. All the way to the ledge, where, lo and behold, a shiny Cassin peg!

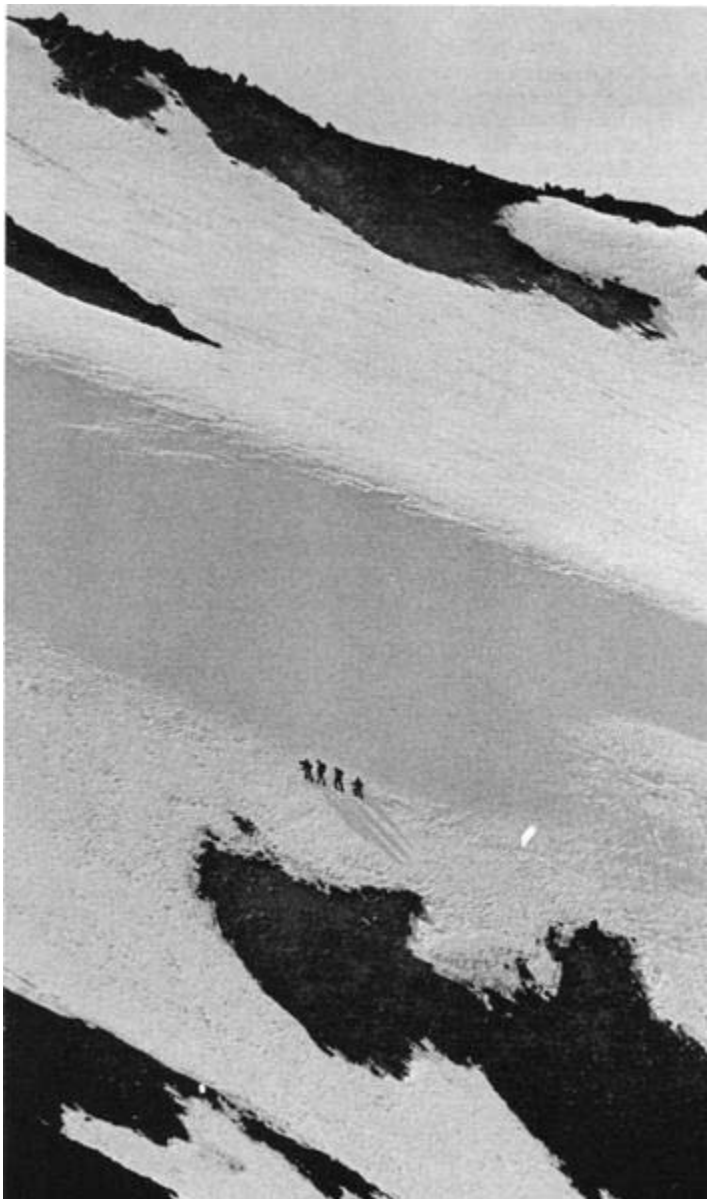
"Must be one of Brian's from when he was up here with Moss," said Jon as he eyed the peg. He led the next pitch to a fine stance looking straight down a very steep corner to the base of the crag. I followed and the bag didn't make things easy. Soon I was at the stance — a very nice pitch indeed. "Hope they are all as good as that", I thought out loud."Yeah, OK that was," said Jon. I traversed right, went over a big ledge, then descended and brought Jon across. Then blankness and water.

A bit of tension and a couple of pegs later I was in an easy groove. This led to a corner, which brought me out on the top of a superb

Mt. Jefferson from the west. The central ridge is the one climbed by the Stones, but has more snow than they encountered. Don Alan Hall



On the lower section of the ridge climbed by the Stones. Brian Olson



pedestal, covered in water dripping from the slightly bulging rock above. On the floor was yet another Cassin peg. Jon figured it was Greenwood and Moss's high point. I perused a possible line, then we decided we'd rope off and return in the morning. We reckoned we were about 150 feet from a line of overhangs which we would have to surmount to continue.

The following morning we were soon back on the pedestal. A groove on the left looked good, but felt bad due to water. Nothing for it but a bolt to reach a crack line. Five more pegs to a stance. Jon prussiked up to join me. Up above looked grim. I'd taken too long nailing and it was mid-afternoon with still a long way to go. Should we go on and take a chance or rope off? "We haven't got the push man, I've got to be at work tomorrow," etc. "Let's rope off and come back." "OK, I'm game for that," said Jon. Down we go to ground, both I think a little disappointed.

We returned again a few weeks later, this time with Rob Wood and George Homer. It was decided Jon and Rob would climb together first, while George and I would follow with the haul bag. We climbed quickly and were soon at our high point. Then Jon led off and ran out 150 feet of rope, turning the overhangs to the left, all free — things were picking up. Unfortunately, a huge ledge splits the face at this point, making it easy to traverse off and gain Brewer Buttress.

After oranges, apples, chocolate and other goodies, George and I went to the front, leaving Jon and Rob to bring up the haul bag. George climbed a small yellow wall which looked about 5.6 from below. When my turn came it changed to 5.10.

We climbed ahead on fairly easy rock to a large ledge which cuts the upper part of the face. Here we waited for our companions. Some time later they emerged, having had an epic with the bag, but none the worse except for sore throats. We all traversed left to gain the start of the final big corner. George led, and climbed 150 feet with little protection. I thought that because of the wet rock it was a very bold lead.

One more pitch, then Jon and Rob prussiked up to join us. We surveyed the corner to the summit — it looked wet and really unpleasant. The light was beginning to fail. "OK son," I said to George, "your turn now." I didn't envy him. He led over desperately wet rock to reach a small cave-like stance. It was wet in the cave, so I brought George his anorak from below, and Rob lent me his for the final pitch. I pulled out of the cave and moved up into a narrow very wet chimney. As I looked down Rob and Jon seemed miles below, and the water chilled me to the bone. I reached a reasonable stance ten feet from the top, fixed good pins and belayed George. "Good lead wack" he said, making it seem worthwhile.

Down below Jon and Rob had been patiently waiting. Now, just as it was fast turning dark, they started prussiking with the bag. Meanwhile George and I made a small bivy to hold four.

I think we were all pleased to have made it by nightfall. Morning saw us outside the hut by 7.20, where very graciously Garry and Germaine made us hot brews and took photographs of the four of us for our children's children's children.

Gerry Rogan

CMC Wall

Perfection consists in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

A scuffling noise tore my attention away from the writing on my cigarette package. Urs Kallen was above me on our first fixed line. It was one of those bright sparkling days that can even do justice to limestone. I looked back along the base of Yamnuska. How many times had I been along here? How many times had all of us been out to climb old Yam? It was without a doubt the CMC's stomping ground, their playground. If only old Yam could talk, what a tale it would tell — the countless epics; sweat, blood; the noisy passage of this boorish lot.

No, its tales would be of another presence. For Yam was here long before us, and shall be here long after. Our presence marks not even a microsecond in its rugged existence.

"Can you see them yet?" Urs yelled down upon reaching the second fixed line.

"No, I'd better wait here till I see what's going on."

Brian Greenwood and Tim Auger were going to join us on this, our eighth attempt. A few nights before I had phoned Brian to ask him along. After all the route was his idea. He and Urs had first attempted it way back in May '68. They had reached the first big ledge as a snow storm hit. Murray Toft and I had watched from below as they slid back down to the security of the ground. Brian had originally called it the Super Direct, and felt the route would go.

Brian seemed keen but asked if Tim could come along. "Sure Brian, the more the merrier." Deep down inside I wasn't at all happy about that — nor was Urs. The three of us had spent many days fighting our way up to where we felt confident on a push. Was this Tim Auger going to get the tender meat without first tasting the gristle? I could just be feeling jealous; Tim is a hell of a good climber. Anyway, as in most things, I found it hard to say no.

Urs was now starting up the second fixed rope. I couldn't start until Brian and Tim showed up. I had a sneaky hunch that they weren't going to bother to join us, and if so, I would have to untie the line before jumaring. If they were still keen I would leave it tied so they could reach it. Where the hell are they?

Far off, I perceived two tiny figures making their way along the faded path. Better get moving! I waited at the first ledge till they came within shouting range.

"Hey Brian, are you guys still coming up?"

Silence. They appear to be discussing the situation; finally —
"No — all that jumaring looks like too much work."

"Well," I replied, "could you untie the bottom line so that I can pull it up?"

As I watched one of the little figures move cautiously up to the base I felt suddenly relieved. That cleared the air, so to speak. I think Brian knew how we felt. I still feel bad about that. I wish Brian could have come along!

Meanwhile, Urs was freaking out on the second fixed line. It went up well clear of the wall and over a huge roof to a belay bolt. It wasn't the bolt that was in question but rather the line he was on — it had been there since last year. He finally got to the belay and hauled up the bag.

With my jumaring system properly set on the line I let myself out with an old piece of 9 mm. I was now feeling what Urs had just felt. I was a good 12 feet out from the wall by the time I thought I had reached the plumb-line. I let go of the old 9 mm, let it drop, and suddenly I swung out some more. I can never get used to this damn stuff!

At the belay I could see the next rope going up to a roof and over to a fixed pin. Then it came straight back down to the belay. As we sorted out iron for the lead I felt my mind wander back . . .

7 September 1969 — Brian and I go up for another look, as he puts it — get to the first hard free part. About forty feet below first ledge I give it a go — I find it hard and am glad to grab a fixed nut hanging from under a small roof — Brian had not put his in while leading, rather Urs did while seconding — a bloody good lead — after a look we go back down, walk along the base and arrive below Forbidden Corner just in time to see George Homer, Urs Kallen and Eckard Grassman off route — "Hey you guys, are you putting up a new route?" Brian yells.

"O.K. Bill give it hell," Urs yells in my ear to bring me back to the present. I reach the end of the fixed line and begin nailing. I feel pretty good but am anxious to see what the upper corner is like. Never got to see it last time . . .

That was on the sixth attempt — lots of confidence — two fixed ropes hanging down from the bolt belay just above the first big roof — Brian and Urs go up: I stay on first big ledge — Brian leads up and out of sight into the upper corner — while Urs cleans I jumar up to where Urs belayed — I can't see anything above me; the roofs block sight of the corner — suddenly Urs comes rapelling into view I have to pull into the belay — then Brian follows — we have a pow-wow — decide to go down, we're taking too long — suddenly a belay pin pulls — then another — we're all hanging along with mountains of gear from one bolt — Urs lets out an insane laugh — we feel like an elephant tied to a blade of grass — Down!

I get up to the lousy bolt that Brian and Urs rapelled from. This is the highest point reached. Gone is the overhang: in its place a steep wide corner. I make my way up another 40 feet and belay. While hauling up the gear I think back to the third attempt . . .

Spring 1970: Brian, Urs and I are back for more — from the first big ledge I lead up to and across under a small roof — nail up a few feet then back right over the same roof — a desperate free move, in which I bombard my companions with rocks, gets me to a small stance — place a bolt and drop back down to the ledge —

Urs's turn — jumars up to the bolt and begins nailing for a large ceiling — after a few shakey pins he gains a small foothold — just manages to drive a 3/4 incher straight up under the roof and clips in just as the foothold breaks off — gives us a funny grin and comes down — bivy time; the master engineer Greenwood enlarges our sleeping platform — next morning Brian goes up and nails for the next set of moves — steep nailing but pins seem good — arrives below the next big roof — places a bolt and comes down — back home we go— a bad habit.

Urs reached the belay and we decide to bivy. He does get a few more feet in before dark. We place another bolt for our hammocks.

The next day Urs heads up the rest of the corner to a pedestal belay. A little bolting is required on that lead, but it is complemented by some really nice nailing. I clean the lead and light a fag. Above and to the right the next set of roofs looms above us. They don't look very inviting. First of all a delicate traverse is required to get into them. Oh well, I start across. Turns out to be pretty thin nailing. I don't envy Urs having to clean. Arriving back in the middle of the corner I decide to tension down and right outside the corner. I get to a small ledge and can see it looks a lot better than all those roofs above the corner. I belay.

Instead of jumaring across Urs climbs it as I belay. He's pretty psyched out. I don't blame him. It was a bloody good cleaning job.

Urs asks me to lead the next bit so I start up. It's now steep face climbing and quite enjoyable. After a short run-out I decide to place a belay bolt. The drill (used on the Iron Suspender and Gibraltar) finally decides to break. I screw around awhile and get something to work with Urs's kit. We take a long time. Urs is getting fed-up and so am 1. The constant pressure of a new route and the scorching Albertan sun is taking its toll. We hear some noises below and yell down to some guys returning from a climb.

"Hey you guys — our bolt kit broke."

"Tell Brian to come up with a rope," Urs yells.

The little figures run off along the path to the parking lot. Above me an ugly crack arches left. Well, may as well keep going — it will make for less of a distance to lower the rope. About half way up the crack I begin to feel a little better. We can't use the self drill anymore, but Urs has these Leeper bolts and a drill. They will do for belays, we hope. Limestone is a lot different from granite. Those bolts don't work as well as self-drills. We might be alright. My thoughts are interrupted by a shout from below. It's Brian, our out-of-breath guardian angel, with nothing we can use.

"Are you guys all right?"

"Yes, I guess so — but you better c'ome out in the morning to make sure.

I reach the end of the crack and put two Leeper bolts in for a belay. Its getting dark and cold as Urs starts to clean. That night as we munch on some tuna and peas I think back to the time I spent alone on this mother . . .

Meet Brian in the Empress bar — make plans for the weekend — I will go up solo and do as much as I can — Brian will come up next day and help out — jumar up fixed lines to first big roof, place a few pins and come down to the ledge for the night — full moon so bright one can't sleep — bats flying around — really weird, man. Next morning it's raining stay in pit while waiting for Brian — sounds of car engine way off in the distance — better go down, he'll never come up in this weather — down in parking lot find Volkswagen bus complete with Brian and Don Vockeroth.

The morning of our third day finds Urs placing rivets up a bulge and diagonally right. Some time later he comes back down. "Hey man, how about you finishing off the ladder, I'm just dead." I'm tired of sitting in one spot and grab the lead eagerly. Too eagerly — in my haste I drop my bat tent; the one I spent months making. Never did find it.

The pitch ends on a fairly good ledge with a good crack above. We're getting close. I can't get a very good bolt, but manage to smash in some reluctant pins. It's funny how you trust belays more while standing on a ledge than in a hanging position. One gets funny ideas about holding the second and the hauling bag even if everything spills.

After Urs reaches me I start up the next bit — really nice nailing, then a rotten section. Traverse left to another groove, then free up over some loose stuff to a long roof and left to a belay.

Urs reaches me and I am ready to go again. It's getting late. A couple of rivets get me to some free climbing. Up a chimney, its huge mouth full of loose teeth ready to spill out, and suddenly — the top!

Can't find anywhere in the scree to put a pin. A loose knifeblade is used to tie the hauling line off. I grab the climbing line and belay Urs who climbs instead of jumars. We both pull the bag up hand over hand.

A very cold wind springs up. The top of Yamnuska is turning orange in the setting sun and a deep purple haze fills the valley behind. I feel happy, then suddenly lonely. I somehow feel very isolated amongst all this rugged beauty. The sun, now just dipping below the mountains to the west, sends out lines of gold threaded with orange and purple hues. God, this is beautiful — should have had a camera. No! This wouldn't look any different from any other sunset on film. Even the memory will fade in time. We climb for the moment, and the special enjoyment gained from that moment. Looking back and remembering will never be the same as the original experience. If it were we should just sit by the fire for the rest of our lives; sipping beer, smoking and just remembering. Instead we climb on and on, searching out those most precious moments wherever they may be found.

I found one on the CMC Wall.

Billy Davidson

1200'; V, 5.8, A4.

Huantsan

Nevado Huantsan at 20,981 feet, is the highest summit in the Cordillera Blanca of Peru South of Huascaran. and last year was chosen as the objective for an ACC expedition. First climbed in 1952 by Lionel Terray and two Dutch geologists. Tom de Booy and Cornelius Egeler, the peak has apparently not seen a second ascent, in spite of numerous attempts by other parties.

The highest point is the south peak, which lies at the end of a slightly curved ridge some two miles in length running approximately north west to south east. The crest of the ridge is capped by typically Andean double cornices, and is flanked by a 3500 foot east wall, and a 5000 foot western face, both composed of brittle rock and pitched at over 50 degrees. The south end of the arête falls sheer for over 2000 feet, with delicately-poised overhangs of loose rock. Only the blunt north west end of the ridge offers a feasible route to the summit. This minor face, however, presents the same problems as the other faces: approximately 1000 feet of very steep snow, broken by fragile outcrops of overhanging rock, and threatened by gigantic cornices. The face is also guarded by a substantial bergschrund.

The logical route to the summit ridge is by the arête bordering this face. Following an abortive attempt on the north arête which resulted in a near-fatal accident, Terray et al, in an alpine-style assault, took five days to climb the final 3000 feet. They described it as very difficult technically, emphasizing that good snow conditions and a period of settled weather was essential, particularly for the descent. The extreme length of the summit ridge, which includes an unavoidable traverse of the 20,056 foot north summit, poses the main problem for climbers.

Based on the experience of other parties, May was chosen as the most favourable month, and it was decided to attempt Terray's route for a second ascent. Our party consisted of Judy Cook, Ron Langevin, Dr. Gerry Wright, George Waite. and three Peru veterans, Jack Cade, Scipio Merler and Peter Fuhrmann, the leader.

On arrival in Lima, we collected our eighth member, Jan Smith, and made a record-time clearing Customs, Scipio's experience showing! A flying visit to John Bicker yielded some aerial photos and eye-witness descriptions of our target area, along with a bottle of "Pisco", the Peruvian firewater, which we gratefully added to our stock of other exotic medicinal fluids.

May 3 saw us en-route north to Huaras, where Peter and Scipio disappeared on mysterious errands, porters and transportation materializing later as a result. On 6 May, piling bodies and baggage aboard a surprisingly modern truck, we began the drive through the earthquake devastated centre of town up into the green foothills of the Cordillera.

Sand and rocks had delayed us before, so we regarded our frequent stops to unstick the truck from the mud road with some equanimity. Twelve miles of intermittent riding brought us to the physical end of the "road", where we unloaded the truck, discovering that we had seven mule-loads of gear, but only five mules. The additional loads were cached at a nearby herdsman's hut, and a very pleasant five-hour hike brought us, via the impressive canyon of the Quebrada Shallap, to the 1000 foot icefall forming the snout of the Huantsan glacier.

Base camp was in a small construction compound on the moraine dam of the terminal lake. Through the courtesy of the camp manager, we were installed in the relative luxury of the guest quarters, an adobe-walled, two roomed hut with a tin roof. We variously accompanied our five porters ferrying loads, and established camp I at about 14,500 feet at the south west edge of the Huantsan glacier. The route contoured the canyon wall along the south edge of the terminal icefall, one pitch of about 60 feet requiring a handline. The snowline was at about 15,000 feet, but most of the route followed talus and heather slopes to a protected hollow surrounded by an 18,000 foot cirque, with easy access to the gently rising glacier. Our porters, small wiry fellows, cheerfully shouldered 60 pound loads for five consecutive days over this route. The campsite showed evidence of Leigh Ortenburger's unsuccessful AAC attempt on Huantsan. On the 11th of May we bid our porters 'Vaya con Dios".

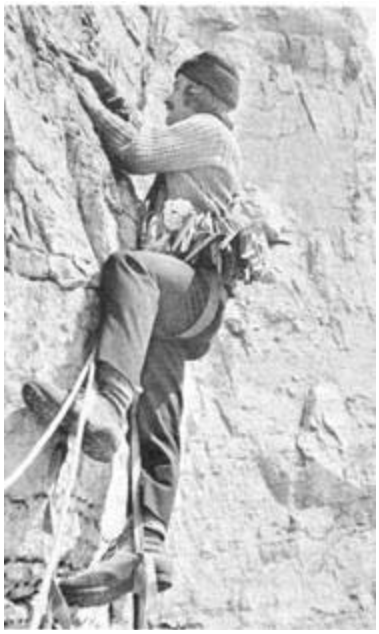
The next few days were spent on the treadmill ferrying loads to camp II at about 16,700 feet, just below the icefall cascading from the north west face, with Peter, Scipio and Ron marking a tortuous route through the tottery séracs and gaping crevasses of the icefall. Weather up to this point had been fair, but we began to notice a definite pattern developing — late-afternoon clouds and nightly snowfalls. Daytime temperatures on the glacier were punishing; variations of 50 to 110 degrees between shade and sun being common. Almost everyone suffered from severe sunburn, but only minimal altitude effects were apparent, a tribute to Gerry Wright's Diamox prescriptions, and our steady load-carrying.

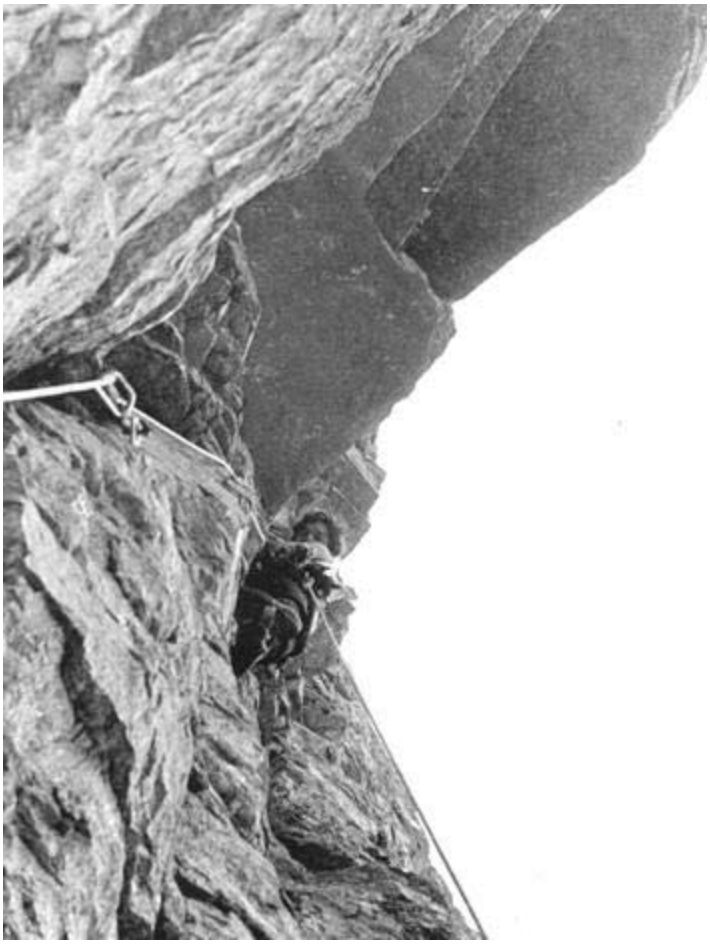
On 18 May, Peter and Scipio headed up to a platform adjacent to a yawning crevasse immediately below the north west arête of the peak, caching a tent for camp III. Next day, in the face of worsening weather, two ropes of three pushed on up to camp III at 17,800 feet. Judy, Scipio and Peter set up the cached McKinley tent, planning to make the first attempt on the arête next day, the rest of us heading back down to II.

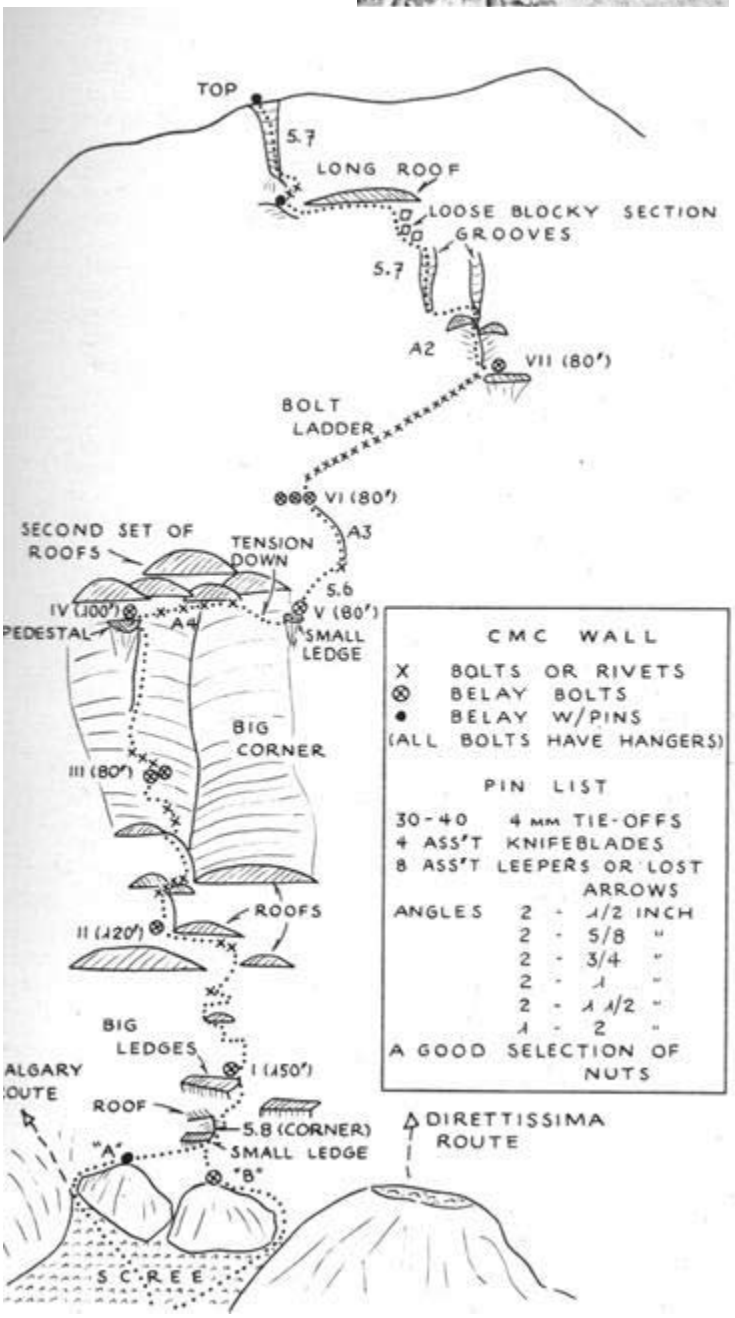
Weather was visibly deteriorating, and soon clouds engulfed us and a heavy snowfall began. Avalanches boomed around us throughout the night, and the following day's carry took place to the accompaniment of frequent awe-inspiring crashes from neighbouring peaks. San Juan, to the north, provided the most spectacular show. The atmosphere was uncomfortably close, and the snow-bridges in the icefall inspired little confidence.

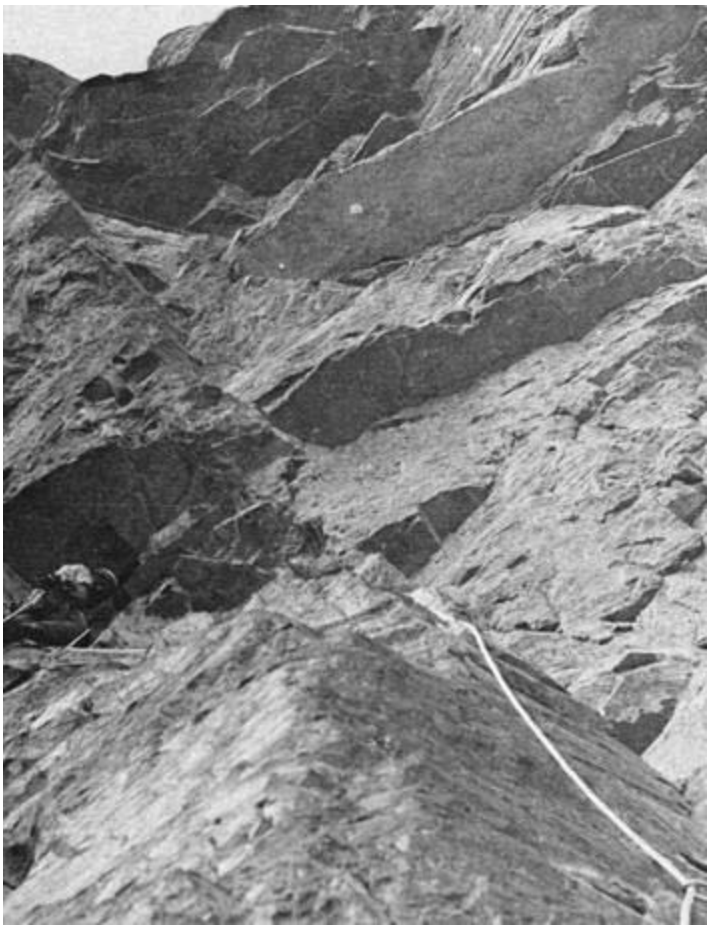
The three on the arête were making slow progress in poor snow conditions. The crest of the arête offers spectacular exposure, and by leaning slightly to the right from it, one could spit about a vertical mile into the Laguna Rajucolta without effort! Leaving them on their airy perch, we stumbled back down through the oppressive galleries of the icefall, breaking through into a few minor crevasses, gulped down a cup of hot Jello and hit the sack. A couple of hours later, Gerry and Jack tumbled into camp, worn out from the interminable plod up the glacier from camp I with heavy packs.

On the CMC Wall. Urs Kal/en and Billy Davidson









The weather pattern was definitely established now, as Ron, Jan and I moved up to camp III. The icefall was becoming quite dangerous; bridges were visibly weakening, séracs becoming detached, and avalanche spoor from surrounding ridges was becoming more obvious in the slushy snow. We began to wonder how long our route from camp II to III might stay open. Fresh snow from the night's accumulation had obliterated our tracks, but most wands were still visible. The three on the ridge had had a bad day, only adding about 60 feet of handline from their previous high point. Snow conditions were abominable, and the avalanche danger was increasing.

Heavy snow and high winds on the night of the 22nd and on the 23rd confined us to our tents with only occasional excursions. A council-of-war found us all reluctantly agreed that we would need two or three days of good weather before any further progress could be made on the arête . From Terray's route description, we would require a further five days for the ascent and return. Our chances of reaching even the lower north summit seemed slim. Finally we concluded that we should call it off and go down the next day, while our icefall route would still allow us to do so.

Next morning, almost spitefully, the weather was sparkling, and while Peter and Scipio "volunteered" to remove the equipment and ropes from the arête, camera bugs were busily photographing the magnificent panoramas surrounding us. Our decision to withdraw was soon vindicated. Our only technical obstacle on the route down, a bergschund at the head of the icefall, was coated with soft snow. We had to move singly, belayed, to negotiate its fragile snow bridge. Fresh avalanche fans made progress difficult in spots, and the crevasse crossings were definitely delicate. Tired, but buoyed up with adrenalin, we decided to push on down. In the increasing darkness and mist, we lost our wanded track, and spent the next six hours blundering into small crevasses before reaching camp I.

That night, the medicinal fluids were produced from various quarters, and raucous choruses accompanied the avalanche roars well into the early hours.

Shortly after our retreat Domingos Giobbi was in the area with an Italian team, and was unsuccessful in his bid for the peak, in spite of good conditions.

During our last remaining days in Peru we were invited to attend an emotional ceremony held by the Club Andino Peruano for the 14-member Czech Alpine Club Expedition. At Llanganucco, on the debris of the avalanche which had engulfed them at their base camp during the earthquake, the Peruvian club had erected a particularly beautiful monument. The dedication service was attended by the climbers' widows, various Peruvian Alpine Club representatives, the Czech Ambassador from Lima, and the few survivors from nearby towns as well as ourselves.

What was by mountaineering standards an unsuccessful expedition, served to introduce at least three members of our party, myself included, to an environment and area of knowledge which every mountaineer should experience. High mountains are magnificent, but equally exciting is the opportunity to be part of a truly concentrated team effort to overcome an obstacle, with none of the malice usually found in group fervour.

George Waite

The East Face of Colonel Foster

Mt. Colonel Foster is a big, jagged, complex massif, and the east face may well be the largest wall on Vancouver Island. Fred Douglas, Paul Starr and I packed into "Landslide Lake" at its base on the Saturday of Labour Day weekend with the notion of getting some of it behind us that afternoon. The beast proved to be as big as had been rumored (about 3200 feet) but under the glasses a lot of it looked so downright feasible that we allowed natural slackness to dominate, and didn't start till Sunday dawn.

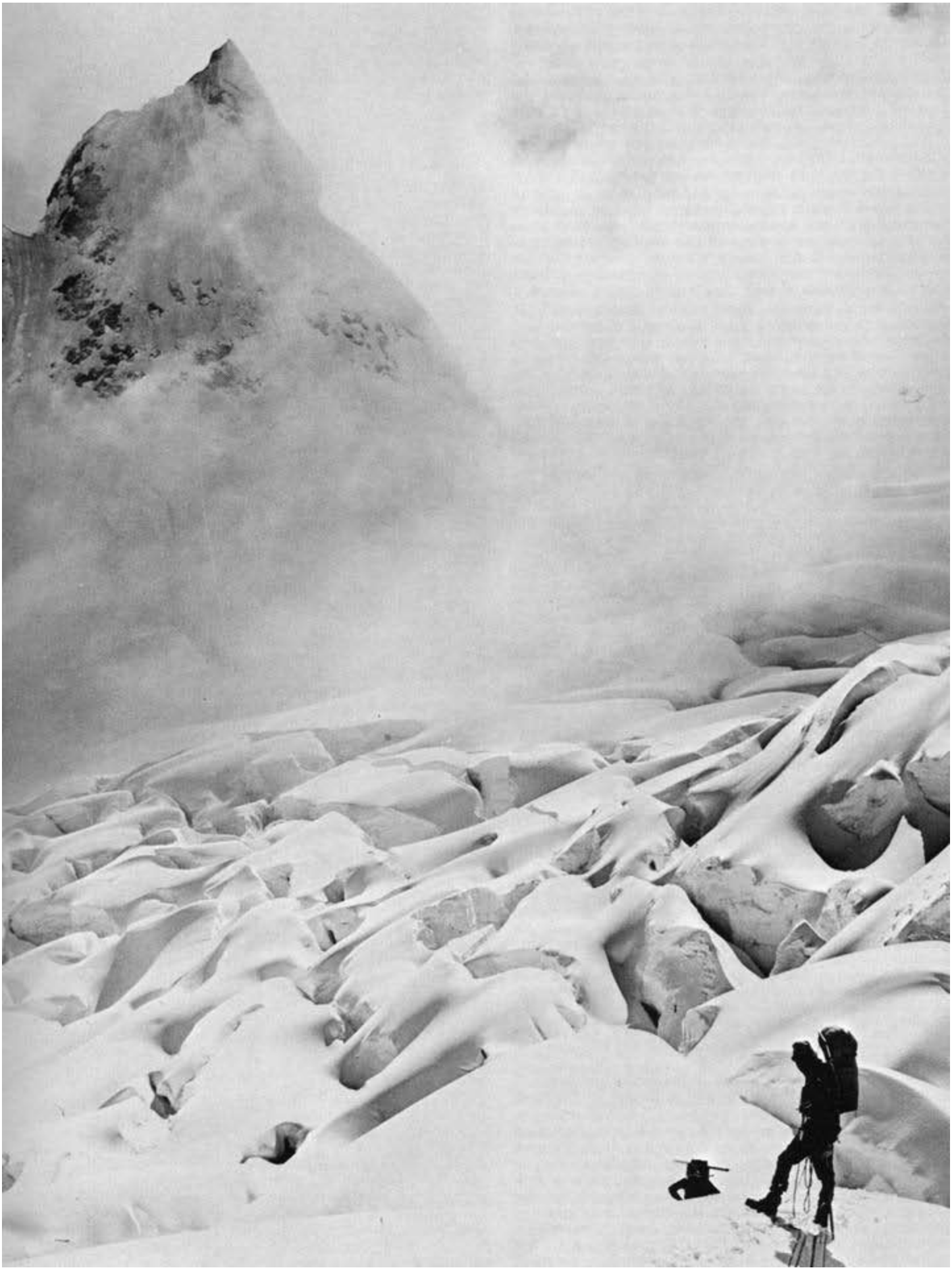
The weather was perfect. Our objective was the main buttress leading to the highest summit, but there was some speculation as to where to start. To a major extent this was determined by where we were able to cross the moat — substantially to the left of our buttress. A few moderate leads up and right along cracks and ledges here introduced us to the local metavolcanic rock. Fairly nice climbing, and firm, but protection was damn scarce. Anon we entered the gully which separated us from our buttress. In spring, this would likely be a snap; at this time, however, it was a set of discontinuous ice sections. Climbing a waterfall under one of these called for the only aid pin on the route. Paul took a nasty lead out of the gut, and by noon we were on a snow ledge; not very high in altitude or spirits.

Two leads of nice climbing on the ridge crest followed, then it was left to avoid an overhang. After this there was a long stretch of class 4 up a face to an abrupt wall, where a sidewalk put us back on the crest. Not for long. Next we were forced off to the right and it began to look like a blind alley, but at the end there was a nice chimney back onto the ridge crest, and the late afternoon sun. Two hundred feet higher we bivouacked — only 500 feet from the top and feeling pretty good.

Four leads, just hard enough to work the cold out of our joints in the morning, put us on top at 10 a.m. Very good, now how do you get off this thing? Well, it was first climbed by a cat called Mike Walsh — solo yet, with no rope — so it can't be that bad. My, it does look a little scratchy down there though! Three hours and several rappels later we were three peaks to the north, and beginning to think that our East Ridge might be the easiest way down this thing. Shattered ridges dropped off in all directions for one helluvadistance. The particular gully we had expected to escape by plunged away below us like a vertical bowling alley. Incidentally, it was the wrong gully. Reluctantly we dropped back into the last gorge we had crossed, and began to rappel and climb down this to the west. It went better than we had feared — no hanging rappel stations — but by the time we got out and around the massif's north end it was late enough to ensure that we would be a day late getting out. Climbing back under the impressive northern tower was a good point to reflect that our route was moderate as walls go but Colonel Foster was a bastard as mountains go. As for Mike Walsh — well, it is nice to see that a fine spirit of insanity has survived somewhere amid the march of climbing technology.

Dick Culbert

Huantsan, the icefall between Camps II and III. Ron Langevin



La Picouille

Sur la rivière Malbaie, ou se trouvent les plus grandes parois de I' Est du Québec, Jean Sylvain et Guy Gilbert ont monte le grand toit de Cran des Erables, se vieil espoir de huit ans. Vendredi le 5 aout 1972 — on réuni le matériel en vitesse et hop! A la rivière Malbaie; on s'est bien un peu trompe de chemin, mais a 7 heures, c'est I' arrivée a I' abri prés du pont de la rivière. Le souper se passe tranquillement, mais nous ne sommes pas paisibles, on s'énerve même un peu lorsqu'on entreprend d'équiper les pitons de bois et le siège de relais de cordelettes. Durant la nuit, Jean tremble de fièvre; les aspirines règlent le cas — il le faut bien. Les matin, ca va mieux.

A 5 heures, on se lève; I' eau suinte sur la toile de la tente, on en sort aussitôt pour assister au spectacle merveilleux du lever de soleil.

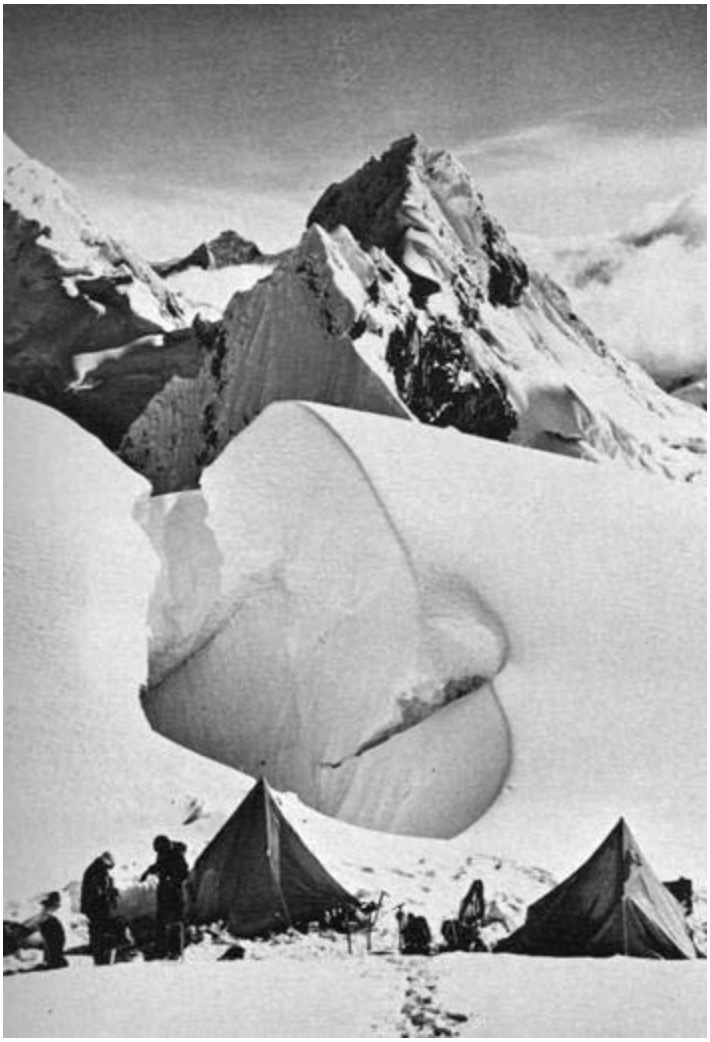
Le départ se fait lourdement, le dos ployant sous le poids des sacs; one s'essouffle vite. Apres une heure et demie de marche épuisante, on se repose au bas de la vole.

Guy prend la tète au départ, et après une longueur sur de la roche mouillée, il tâte les premières difficultés ... en hissant les sacs. La seconde longueur est très belle, de la roche sèche et de bonnes prises qui tiennent. La troisième présente un problème: un toit a passer. En passant la main en haut, une énorme prise; on tire et ca monte. En haut, les grattons commencent. Apres un relais sur la dernière terrasse, Guy part dans une dalle terrible, la pente est très forte et les grattons sont rares et minuscules. II arrive sous le grand toit assez épuise; il installe le relais sur un bong installe par Jean il y a quelques années. Jean monte avec les sacs, c'est presque plus épuisant que monter et tète. On mange un peu de chocolat d'amandes et de coconut, et, tout en se reposant, on prépare le matériel.

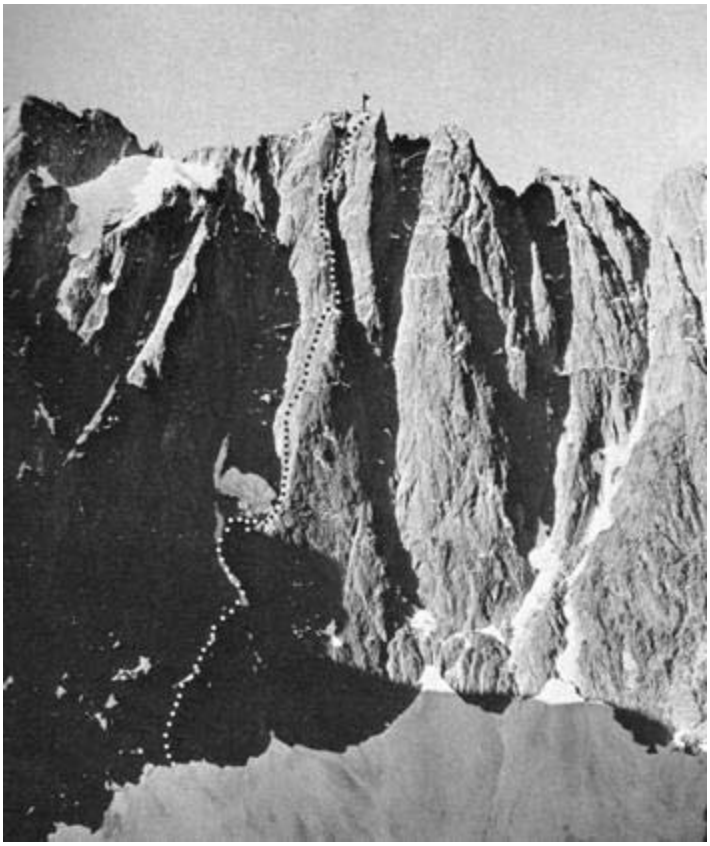
Puis, Jean part; le début du toit est très difficulté, plus de trois fois il passe prés de partir en s'appuyant sur ses etriers; plus loin, les fissures s'améliorent un peu. Ca devient une succession de sec, mou, sec, mou qui ne semblait plus finir, le frottement de la corde augmentait, la fatigue aussi. Une tension s'installait entre nous, les ordres venaient de plus en plus ses. Au coin du dièdre, la corde ne venait plus. Jean s'assure, alors, sur la corde monte-charge, il va voir comment on peut sortir du toit; il revient et installe la corde fixe. Guy montera assure sur un prussique; il est prévenu que I' attache de sa corde n'est pas sure, mais bah;, ça doit être une blague. II passe le toit sans trop s'inquiéter, et au coin, aperçoit le petit arbuste qui le tenait et Jean, mal installe sur une dalle vertigineuse perchée dans le vide sous le grand toit. II le passe en Vitesse — n'ayant aucun gout pour ce genre de frissons — continue en artificielle pour sortir du toit et arriver, enfin, sur une vire étroite. Plus haut, 53 semblait plus humain, pas vers la gauche et la droite, il arrive sur une niche en pente inclinée. La nuit tombe, Jean le rejoint — il semblait vraiment heureux de sortir de sa position.

On s'installe le moins mal possible pour passer la nuit. La nuit est douce, on voit les lueurs de Saint-Aimée-des-Lacs au loin; puis, le temps se couvre, pleuvra-t-il? Dans le fond, on ne s'en faisait

Huantsan, camp III at 17,800 feet. Ron Langevin



The east face of Mt. Colonel Foster. Bob Tustin



pas trop; quelques amandes et une gorgée d'eau nous avaient ragaillardis. Prés de nous, le grand dièdre évoquait la silhouette d'une vieille femme; elle nous gardera toute la nuit; la voie aura son nom.

On s'éveille a 4.30 heures, tout surpris d'avoir dormi un peu, le pire c'est de bouger les doigts, on doit bien ca a la montagne pour I' avoir voilée a I' endroit même d'ouï elle tire sa grandeur.

Le départ est très laborieux, le moindre effort nous épuise. Apres une longueur en artificielle, on sort par un passage de difficulté moyenne. II nous restera deux heures de marche en terrain difficile; presque de I' escalade, mais pire. La pluie nous a la sortie de la voie, et nous nous sommes gratifies de piqûres de guêpes. A midi et demi, nous arrivons a I' abri. Nous serons restes heures 27 et demie dans la montagne avec 16 heures d'escalade, là-dessus.

C'était bien une des plus grandes voies de I' Est du Québec, comparable a celles du Cap Trinite.

Guy Gilbert

UIAA V + , A2

The North Face of Alberta

George Lowe had been doing research in mountaineering libraries and came across a picture of Alberta's North Face by Fred Ayres. It looked to be a classic route, but as no one had ever attempted it we had no idea whether it was possible. On 20 August we resolved to take a closer look. On the hike over Woolley Col George whetted my interest even more. He told tales of how the Emperor himself had dispatched the first ascent party from Japan in 1928, and sent a silver ice axe to be left on the summit!

In one day we reach the shoulder of Alberta's north east ridge. From our camp there we marvel at her north face, rising abruptly from the glacier below. What attracts us is the mixed climbing involved; a few pitches of hard snow from the glacier, then a short ledge traverse to a magnificent 1800 foot ice face, above that a thousand foot rock wall "that looks as if it might go", and finally the distant summit ice slopes.

The following morning a friend (who at the last moment went) belays us down a watery chimney leading to the north glacier. At the rather improbable hour of ten we begin the climb. We twelve point over the 'schrund, then scramble easily to the ledge traverse. A stop for a snack at the base of the ice face. From here I guess it will take five leads, George guesses nine. Obviously I do not account for foreshortening, as it ultimately takes us thirteen full runouts. The first nine leads are on snow ribs whose corresponding runnels usually funnel away errant rocks. All goes delightfully well, especially the last four leads on hard ice.

By late afternoon Canada's notorious shattered yellow limestone greets us, the gateway to the rock wall above. As we cuss and claw our way through this unstable world the clouds descend and light snow begins to fall. I declare it's bivouac time and George promptly quarries out a spot under a ledge where we hunker out the foggy night. The bad weather gives rise to gloomy talk as the prospect of a traverse off on a steep shale is horrifying, and retreat even worse. We pull the bivouac sac over us to make it all go away.

In the morning clouds still rush down the upper wall, but the weather does not get any worse. A couple more leads over clattering tiles and we reach the start of the wall, and what's more, the weather improves! Three hard leads on solid rock bring us to the aid section. George, being the rock technologist (I never even having been to Yosemite), dispatches all the proper pins and nuts, while I simply follow along on ascenders extracting what he has stuck in. This goes on nicely for about two pitches, except a traverse bit I really dislike. Then we meet a very smooth and vertical section, which turns out to be the crux. Here George fusses around with various things while I cheer from below. Finally a tiny piton works, enabling him to wriggle out of sight into an alcove above. I also dislike this alcove because above it hang great chunks of ice and snow. Nothing falls, however, and I climb out of there very fast.

It is late afternoon, but the crux is now behind. Still, we enjoy three more pitches of solid F7 climbing before we reach a bivouac ledge big enough for two. As the last rays of the sun dry our gear, the hissing stove brews the soup, and we for the first time enjoy the total mountain. Glacier covered peaks and deep green valleys are all we can see. As George put it, "our thoughts and conversation resembled the alpenglow of the setting sun, just as it had resembled the darkness of the approaching storm the night before." For one night, this is a neat place to be.

The next morning brings more of the same enjoyable climbing, and nearer now, the snowy summit ridge dances in the sun. A few rotten scramble pitches and we reach the steep summit ice fields. Covered with a thin layer of sparkling snow, they look just like a day at the beach. A short work up the corniced ridge and we reach the summit. There we rummage in the cairn for the silver ice axe. Instead we fetch out only some old rusty containers. In one exotic oriental can we find a long list of those in a 1965 Japanese party, and here we add our names and route.

The rest of the day we spend rambling down the south ridge until I spy a weathered sling and a likely descent gully below. We rattle down this, searching out successive rappel points as we go, all the while ducking rubble whenever anything moves. We even dare to rappel from some Japanese pins, very delicate nippled affairs. Not from the slings, of course, as some of them turn to powder at the touch. Waning light, frustration from jammed ropes and sheer exhaustion puts an end to our descent. For the third bivouac we choose a roomy ledge and dine on what is left — Kendal Mint Cake Soup.

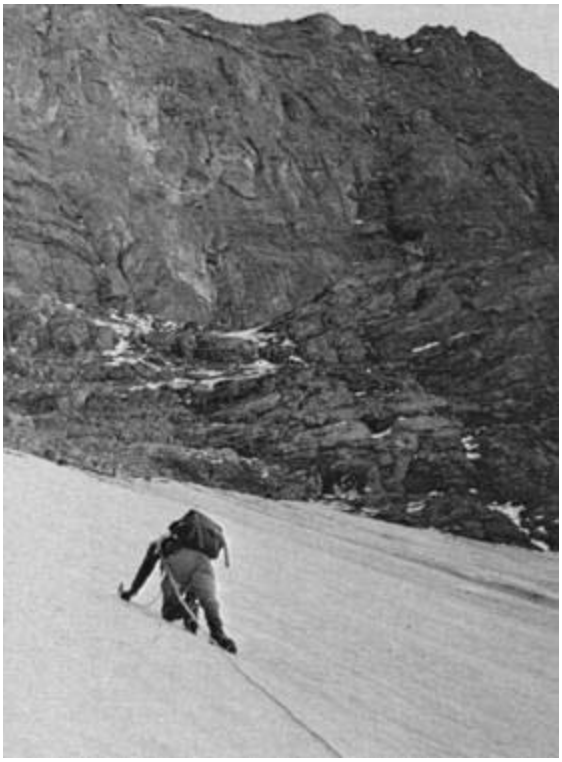
The final day brings us off this shattered rubble. A rapid glissade to the east glacier below, and back to the tent for a gorging meal, including ichiban of course! For some reason George is in a great rush to return to the climbers' camp the next day. As for me, I lick my wounds, rest, hunt trilobites in the tiles on the shaley ridge, vicariously climb Alberta's North Face from a sunny knoll and celebrate with myself perhaps the best alpine climb of my life.

Jock Glidden

NCCS V, F9, A2/A3

Looking down the 1800 foot ice face. George Lowe

Nearing the top of the ice face. George Lowe



Mt. Alberta from North Twin. The north face is on the right, between the two flanking ridges. Glen Boles

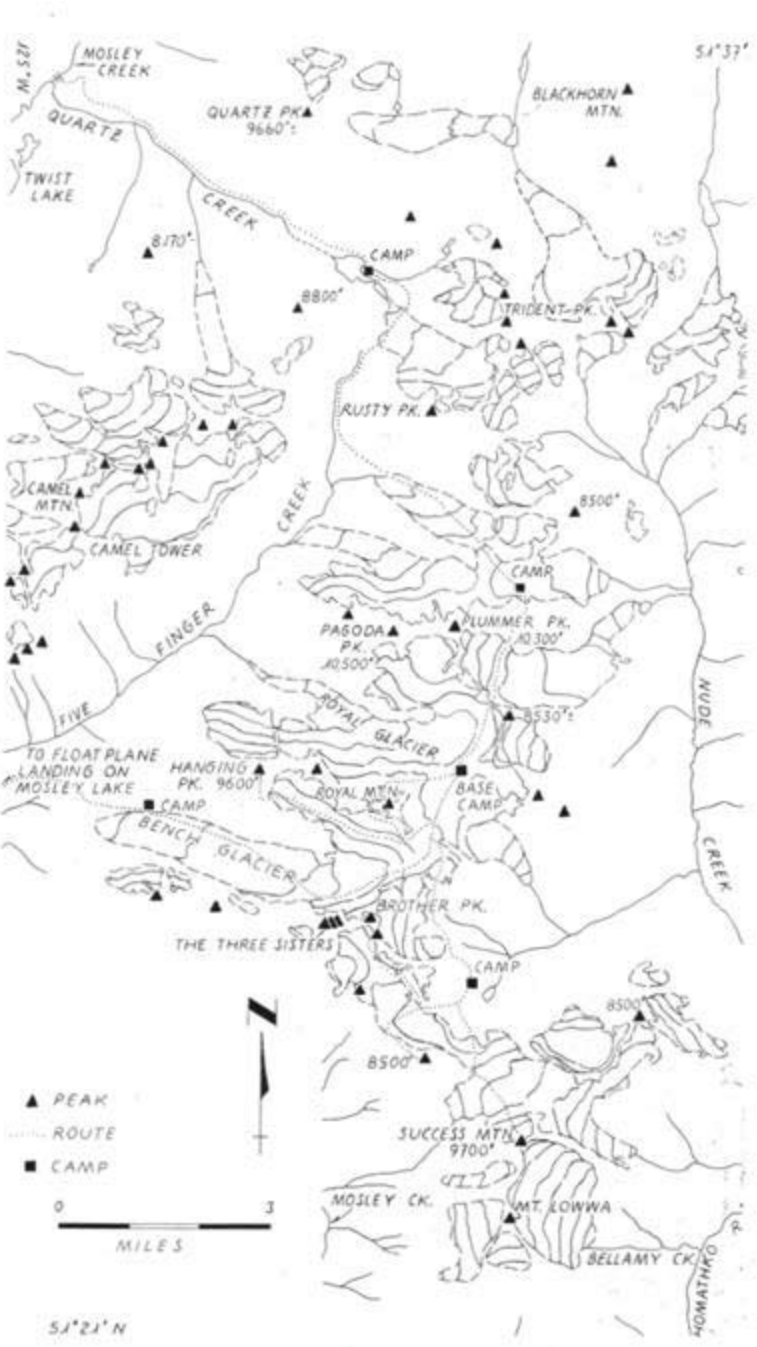
On the loose section below the rock wall. George Lowe

The Niut Range

The Kafers and I started our travels in the Niut Range 9 July, flying from Horn Lake in the Chilcotin and putting in an air drop at 7700 feet on the way. Our pilot, Dan Schuetze of Wilderness Airlines, agreed to land the Beaver on the straight stretch of Mosley Creek near the mouth of Five Finger Creek. After the tricky landing one wing was pushed into the trees to get the plane close enough to shore so that we could get ourselves and packs onto the sand. Turning the plane around in the fast water was a challenge, but soon the Beaver charged downstream and disappeared, leaving us in the silent world once again.

Leaving the river we followed the ridge north of the creek draining the Bench Glacier. We camped at 5000 feet, just above the glacier snout. In the morning we walked up the flat glacier. When it steepened toward its head we kept close to the south side, under the peaks of the Three Sisters. From the 7500 foot pass at the glacier head we climbed north over the south east ridge of Royal Mtn. in clouds and marched across to the airdrop. Base camp was made beside the rock island just north east of the pass, but soon a raw wind started gusting across the pass, and snow and rain fell for three days.

On the 14th sunlight streamed across the peaks. We set off early for Mt. Royal, climbing the rocky spine that divides the ice moving down the north face. The snow scenery was terrific, the slope nearby being heavily cut by crevasses. This ridge led to the crest just west of the summit, and after a short scramble we reached the top at 9500 feet. The weather was clear, and the view into the jumbled confusion of the Waddington Range was bewildering. Mt. Success rose a little higher to the south. We relaxed on top as long as possible, our eyes drifting from range to range trying to drink in all the space and silence. Hiking back along the ridge we found a snow-filled couloir on the south face which provided an easier descent, but gave a more circular route to camp. We reached the tents at sundown, with the sky almost ready for stars.



Next day we set out for the small turquoise lake in the basin north of Mt. Success. We took four days food and the larger of the two tents. After placing the camp, the evening was spent strolling the nearby meadows and moraines, figuring a route on Success, or gazing at the little lake — the one gentle feature of this hostile range. Humming birds dropped in on our camp quite often, darting around from someone's red socks to the red gas tin, and then vanishing as quickly as they came.

In the morning we headed for Success. First we gained the 7100 foot pass formed by its 8500 foot neighbour to the north east. There an hour slipped by enjoying the distant views — especially a huge dust storm in the terminal moraines of the Tiedemann Glacier. A family of goats entertained us while we waited for clouds to clear from the upper part of our mountain. The climb continued directly up the north ice slope through heartbreakingly soft snow left by the three day storm.

The view from the peak was the best the three of us had ever seen. We were in the unique position of being able to see the full 11,000 feet of relief from Mosley Creek to the peak of Waddington, thrust above its many satellites. The great ice reservoir of the Pacific Ranges — the Homathko Snowfield, basked in the sun to the south east. Camp lay 5000 feet below us. For a long time we sat and watched.

The next day we set off to visit "Brother Peak" and the Three Sisters. Unfortunately the south south east ridge toward "Brother Peak" had many difficult gaps, so the day's climbing ended on a lower, but worthy, rock peak dubbed the "Kid Brother". On the 18th we had a delightful trip to the 8500 foot peak south west of camp, first gaining the snowfield to its north, then completing an easy ascent on the north west ridge. It was one of those rare leisurely days in the mountains — no terrible hurry and punctuated with frequent long stops to enjoy the view.

On the north side of Mt. Royal. John Clarke

Mt. Royal from the north east. John Clarke

Brother Peak and the Three Sisters. John Clarke

Brother Peak and the Three Sisters. John Clarke

The next day we moved camp back to the drop site. On the morning of our last climbing day we had the first hard crust since the storm. We raced across the south east shoulder of Royal and traversed to the base of the south face of Hanging Peak. This face is swept by many steep snow-filled gullies. We chose the one which terminated closest to the peak. After a 2000 foot treadmill the summit was reached in late evening, after about 200 feet of class 3 to 4. While sitting on the summit rocks an eagle floated by, turning his head slowly to see what was moving on the peak. In the next minute he covered a day's travel, without even moving his wings.

Darkness found us at the base of the gully. Camp wasn't reached until 2 a.m., after a long night march across the glaciers south of Royal Mtn. We got up late, packed for home, and started north on a sinuous route through the peaks to Quartz Creek. The main barrier was the Pagoda Massif, which runs above 8500 feet for 3 1/2 miles. We gained the crest of the long east ridge of Plummer Peak at the 8800 foot level, then kicked down a very steep 1300 foot gully which was badly separated from the main glacier near the bottom. It got dark in the wild jumble of ice and the heavy packs didn't help on the rappels to the main glacier.

Next morning we continued north into the upper part of Five Finger Creek, enjoying the acrobatics of goats on the south face of Rusty Peak. We visited the campsite of the '67 expedition, which held many memories for Martin and Esther. After setting up tents at the lake at the head of Quartz Creek, I went goat wool picking on the bushes close by, there being so many of these animals in this basin. A strenuous walk down Quartz Creek next day got us to Walt Foster's Ranch by the afternoon.

John Clarke

Parachuting to the Penny Icecap

"Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . push." The plane banked steeply, I strained to watch for cargo chutes from the cockpit window. Clouds brushed the top of the propellers on the Scott Sky Van, and mountains soared from the Penny Icecap 2000 feet below us into the clouds off both wing tips.

"Five . . . four . . . three . . .

I'm not ready! I'm not ready!

Oh yes you are! . . . two . . . one . . . go!"

Gill sprang backwards with a graceful arch, her pilot chute blossomed, and I leaped head first into the Arctic stillness.

The snow was soft and knee deep. The two cargo chutes were less than 100 feet from us, on either side. It was about 2.30 p.m. on 25 July. We were down and safe, less than 32 hours after flying from Greater Pittsburgh Airport. We had landed in Baffin in position to climb unnamed, unclimbed peaks, and all of our equipment was with us. It was almost beyond belief. The Can-Am Para-Alpine Expedition — Gillian and Wayne Mercer, Bob Klein, and Ivan Jirak — was underway.

In the next two weeks we made the first ascent of "Can-Am Mtn." (5700') and "Parachute Mtn. (6780') the highest point in Baffin Island National Park. We then sledded our gear to Glacier Lake (taking the wrong turn in a whiteout and travelling the Turner Glacier by mistake, going about three miles off course), then past Summit Lake to the head of Pangnirtung Fiord.

The entire trip went exceptionally well. When we were tired we slept, when hungry we ate. Sometimes we needed hard snow for glacier travel, so would get up in the middle of the "night". By midnight the sun would drop below the northern horizon, but at no time was light a problem. Never was it too hot to walk, never did we have to move in the rain. The snow came when we could escape it, the glacier hardened as we needed it to walk. Fifteen minutes after two on 6 August the Eskimo boat chugged into sight and we boarded for the five hour ride back to the airstrip — a delightful ending to the perfect expedition.

Ivan Jirak

The East Ridge of Mt. Sir James McBrien

The first words in the Climber's Guide to Yosemite Valley are:

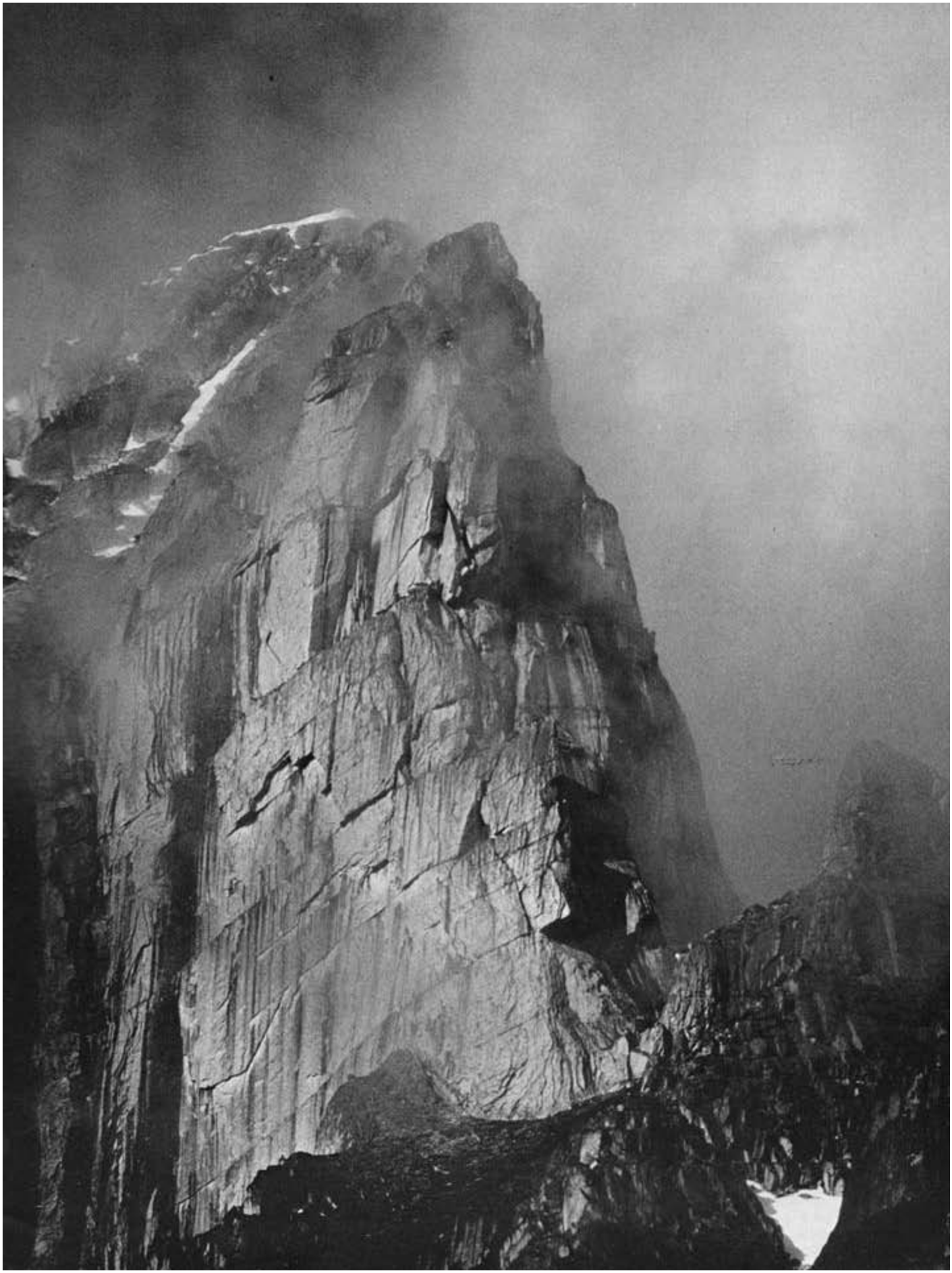
"Look well about you, wanderer! There is but one Yosemite on the face of the earth".

The impression is that Yosemite is unexcelled in raw beauty and grandeur. It is false. Canada has terrain that surpasses Yosemite — the Cirque of the Unclimbables in the Logan Mountains of the Northwest Territories. I have heard that the ACC is planning a camp in the Logans. I sincerely hope that the human impact is small. It would be more than a crime to leave the hand of man upon these mountains.

Thirty-odd years ago climbers from the United States began to visit the Bugaboos. Once they were almost as wild as the Logans. Today a joint Canada-US effort has diluted the Bugaboo experience. I know of several old-timers who refuse to go to the Bugs because they "have fond memories" which they would like to keep. Certainly more people can be brought into the area to enjoy the wilds by the roads, trails, huts, lodges, guides, etc., however they have been denied the entrance to a wilderness since the cumulative effect of human visits has disturbed the current of evolution to a great degree. What is the value of a wild, undisturbed place? A place where the slight disturbances of human visits are cured in the annual course of the seasons? What is it worth to have such a place intact for your children and your children's children?

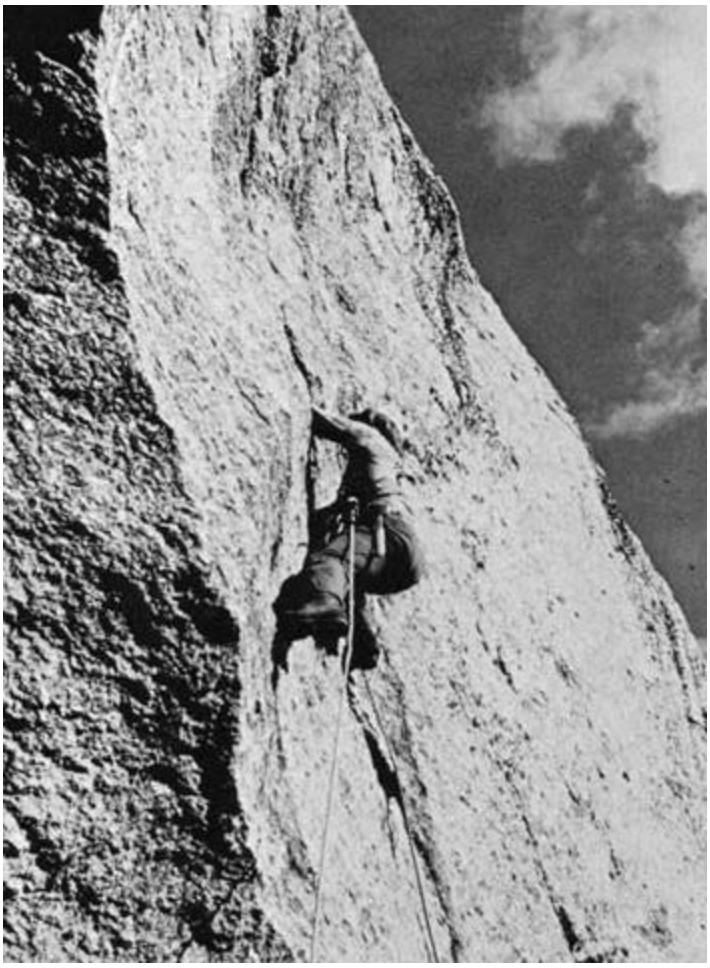
I ask these questions because I have seen climbing all too often degenerate into a gymnastic competition where the setting has little importance. Perhaps I am becoming an elitist. But the other alternative denies future generations from ever experiencing the wildness that gave birth to all life. I also ask these questions because I have misgivings that the mere act of my writing about this area may attract too many people. We all know what the next stages are. First trails. Then huts. More and wider trails, since horses will be

Mt. Sir James McBrien, the east ridge. Galen Rowell



Fresh snow in camp, the Cirque of the Unclimbables. Galen Rowell

Mt. Sir James McBrien, the headwall pitch. Jim McCarthy



used to supply the huts. Closer roads. Perhaps even pavement and permanent residents. Suddenly, the wilderness is gone.

Forty miles away from the Cirque: the town of Cantung. It sounds like an exotic oriental name but it is a contraction for Canada Tungsten. A decade ago this was just another river valley. One of hundreds in the untracked Canadian North. The rocky ridge above the valley is composed of granitic rocks. Suddenly, it gives way to metamorphic rock and at this juncture is the huge open pit of the Cantung mine. From the air it looks like an atomic holocaust. Burned, reddish gangue surrounds the pit giving it the appearance of once being hot. Ten-ton Eukes stream wakes of dust as they carry ore to the tin-roofed processing mill in town.

But for most human eyes, Cantung is a welcome sight. It is a reunion with humanity after miles of emptiness. But it is a transitory city whose only lifeblood is the flow of ore. When that ends, in less than a decade, Cantung will be a dead scar.

"The boys get lots of food and high pay," said the company cook. "They have to. A person needs that and more up here or else he'll go crazy. In the winter it sometimes goes 70 below and the days are only four hours long. Most everyone has a snowmobile. In the summer people play baseball, go hiking, swimming — I ride a motorcycle, you know. A person has to have something else besides working. Why one fellow, he worked lots of overtime and did nothing but work, eat and sleep. We warned him, but he wouldn't listen. They carried him out of here in a strait jacket."

The cook also mentioned aerial prospectors and large mining companies exploring the Logan Mountains. Who knows when the road will go past Cantung to the foot of the Cirque of the Unclimbables?

Our transportation was by helicopter. In half an hour we were airlifted to a meadow underneath Lotus Flower Tower. Only $665 round trip for two. Hawaii is cheaper.

A pleasant sensation of freedom and loneliness swelled inside of me as the chopper became only a hum in the distance. The spires and snow-capped peaks rim valleys that appear from a distance to be uniformly green. On closer inspection the grasses and mosses are merely the dominant colour in a melange of beauty. Orderly moraines rim the meadows and are yellowed with flat coatings of reindeer moss. Steep angles display red and green lichens. The stream water is neutral gray from glacial silt. Wildflowers of all colours grow in profusion and one feels like an intruder when his footsteps squash down the living mat.

Like an all-knowing sentinel, Lotus Flower Tower is the dominant figure of the valley. My companion, Jim McCarthy, made the first ascent of the face three years ago. Our goal is the equally large face of Parrot Beak Peak.

The next morning we decide that the weather is too unsettled to attempt that climb. Instead we choose the east ridge of Mt. Sir James McBrien, the highest peak in the region. Of the more than three thousand feet of climbing, only a narrow 1000-foot arête appears to be technically difficult. After three hours of unroped climbing we reached the base of the arête. At first it was low angle,

but after two leads it steepened into an eighty-foot overhanging headwall. In Yosemite I would have gladly risked a fall, but I had nagging doubts about the consequences of even a sprained ankle when we had no contact for at least four more days. A rescue of one person by the other would be nearly impossible. And so I began the lead with involuntary twitchings in my feet and several pitons for protection. It was a relentless two-to-three-inch jam crack that luckily turned from overhanging to merely vertical after fifteen feet. Knobs of weathered feldspar provided occasional rest points and I was almost surprised that the lead went free (5.9). Both of us became so absorbed in the climbing that we failed to notice the fast onslaught of a dark cloud mass. One pitch later we were in a hail storm, and we found an alcove out of the wind in which to wait it out. Luckily it stopped after only half an hour.

The remaining pitches of the arête were less interesting. In a few places we traversed through loose blocks positioned at high angles, but in general the rock was as firm as in any alpine area I have ever seen. The top of the arête brought us to the summit ridge, but a quarter mile below the top of this complex mountain. We scrambled unroped to the summit snow cornice and saw that the entire northern sky was black.

Beginning the descent down the south side of the peak, we became involved in the complicated geometry of the peak. In places sheer walls dropped literally thousands of feet out of sight, but we eventually down-climbed steep slabs to the top of a snow-filled couloir. Following goat tracks down the couloir and onto grassy ledge systems, we surprised a goat family as we came around a corner. At 10 p.m. we finally stumbled into the tent in the middle of a rain storm.

Three days later the rain storm was still going. We won a battle with the streamlets just as the water table of the meadow was about to innundate our tent. Trenches and dams diverted most of the water from our section of the meadow. But what irony! We who talked about preserving this place untouched were busily trenching and damming at the first chance of getting wet. Even with careful repair it will be years before Nature heals the scars of our brief habitation.

The next morning it is snowing. When the clouds part for a glimpse of the white-plastered cliffs, the scene is wild beyond description. Parrot Beak, Lotus Flower and Sir James are sombre forms looming out of the mist. It looks like Patagonia after a blizzard. Frequent avalanches wipe down the tiered cliffs like the hands of small children stealing frosting from a giant wedding cake. Snowflakes in mid-air dampen the acoustics of the cirque. On the fifth morning we awake to find our tent buried in snow as deep as the top of our ice axes. It was the day that the helicopter was to pick us up after our successful ascent of Parrot Beak's face.

On the eighth day the clouds parted long enough that a daring pilot sunk between the layers. When the helicopter landed in the meadow, minutes ticked by at hundreds of dollars per hour as we dismantled our camp. The pilot couldn't understand why we took the time to bag up garbage and tie it into the baskets. Darting around the meadow, we must have resembled characters in an early silent film.

As we rose in the air I realized that we had not torn down the dams or filled in the trenches. It was still drizzling. Under a large boulder in a lower meadow was a pile of garbage left by a French party the year before. Although less than twenty-five humans had probably ever set foot in the Cirque, human impact was already visible. When the chopper landed, Cantung looked good to me. I was glad to be back in civilization even though I knew that I should resent its intrusion. I hoped that the Logans, in future years, will receive less abuse than the Bugaboos. It is up to us, the active mountaineers of the seventies, to decide how this can best be implemented.

Galen Rowell

Portions of this article were adapted from a story appearing in the January 1973 Sierra Club Bulletin.

Climbers in Spite of Ourselves

That week was fantastic weather for festering. So being experienced mountaineers, we took advantage of the conditions. We casually drove up to Jasper, picking out the plums on the way, and ended up at the Athabasca pub. Judy's monologues kept us well supplied with obscenities, interrupted occasionally by encouraging grossities from George. Lorraine ensured a healthy balanced diet — beer and carrots.

In two days of approach we were lost three times, and twice succeeded in extricating George's car from the most unlikely situations. In one, all four wheels were off the ground, the car completely resting on the two bumpers, and in another all four wheels had disappeared in mud. After this, we were delighted to find ourselves in the perfect place to continue our lethargic festering, an idyllic pasture, a lush green meadow surrounded at a safe distance by spectacular peaks and precipi.

What happened next is totally inexplicable. The rucksacks found themselves on our unwilling backs and some kind of inner force compelled our legs to move. Without any discussion we left the meadow and set off in the direction of the Wind Tower.

After two hours of desperate bushwhacking and sporadic route finding we emerged from the trees to find ourselves at the base of impressive north east face — just in time to settle down for the third night of approach.

Next morning, not early but certainly before noon, George Homer and I set off to climb. To the uninitiated we must have looked the epitome of the determined handsome heroes embarking on a great venture. Judy and Lorraine, however, were not impressed. They knew we'd be back before very long. Judy made some caustic remarks about giving her enough time to make a brew before we returned. This made no impression because, as an indication of how disorganized we were, we had neither stove nor tea. Even George, in his efforts to cut his load down to less than his own weight, would not have left the brew gear behind; except in complete absent-mindedness.

The route turned out to be quite interesting, especially when a 5.8 pitch became 5.9 and even 5.10 before urgently becoming A1. The following A1 pitch gradually became A3 as the 10 pins we had were used up, and nuts were leapfrogged as they dropped out.

We had hoped to get off that night, mainly because we hadn't felt strong enough to carry bivy gear and food. I had a small bottle of milk and George had half a salami. There was another good reason why we didn't make it to the top that night. The wall was overhanging all around and not a bloody crack in sight. "Bugger it! We'll just have to think about that in the morning," said George. Actually I spent most of the night thinking about it. The idea of rappelling all the way down fifteen hundred feet of hard-earned height was disheartening, to say the least. It was a cold, restless night.

Fortunately George responded to the challenge, and early next morning he moved into top gear and led out horizontally. "We'll just 'av ta look around this corner," he remarked philosophically as he disappeared from view; and then "Just lower me off this peg for a bit."

We found ourselves in a precarious niche. This was a sufficiently uninspiring place to hang about in to prompt me to lead the next pitch. Gripped as I was, I moved fast over steep loose rock, hell bent on finding the exit crack we were hoping to find. Sure enough it was there — all one hundred and fifty feet of it — a vertical, wet, loose awe inspiring 5.8 chimney. George led it with only one runner and so fast that he seemed contemptuous. Just the opposite was in fact the case. He climbed in his best aggressive style because he had to. Nothing less would have been good enough.

We grinned with relief as we felt nothing but respect for that small chunk of mountain. We had been committed, and that's when you climb well. The enjoyment and reward, especially in retrospect, was all the more so — because we hadn't known until we were finished that we ever would be able to finish! It had been uphill all the way. We still had to get off to the ridge and then down but although this took a long time, the descent was relatively uneventful. It needed to be.

Rob Wood

17 pitches, 5.8, A2

Mexican Capers

"We have ideas yet that we haven't tried." R. Frost

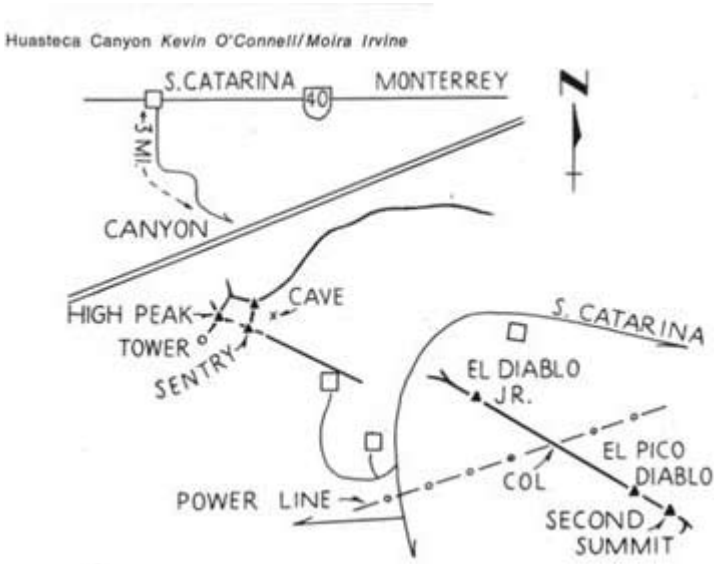
The shortening days and chill winds of November had effectively put an end to serious rock climbing around Montreal when the thought first entered my mind. The prospect of good skiing over the holidays seemed too unlikely to be of much solace this year. Something was needed to recharge our energies, so to speak. Some bold scheme, preferably with sunshine and warm weather thrown in as well.

As the idea developed, scenes flashed through by mind of a climbing trip I had organized to Mexico two winters ago. I recalled the possibilities for climbs of all kinds that existed, and in beautiful, reliable weather as well. The distance involved seemed minor compared to the knowledge that 48 hours driving would put us at the border. It was not long before I had convinced four others to share in my mad scheme. In the chill and gloom of a stormy December night we left, the promise of adventure and warmer weather only hours away.

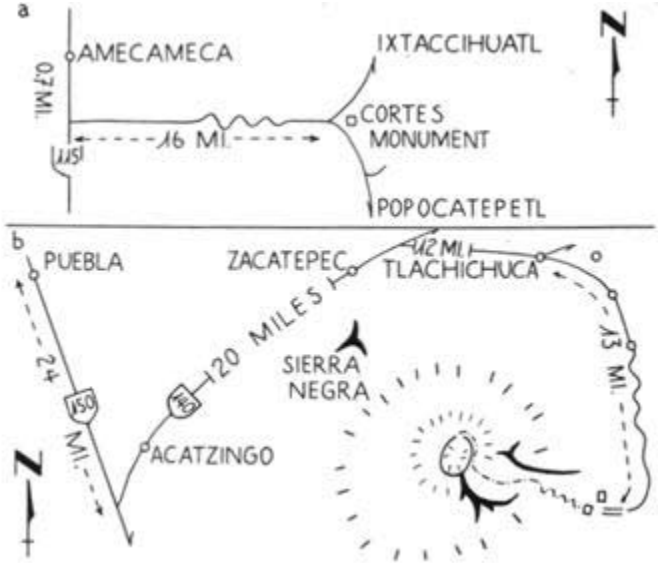
The trip down was uneventful, but comfortable if somewhat crowded in the well-furnished confines of my van. The group consisted of John Sanford, Bob Watson and myself, with Michelle Collins and Christine Macnamara in support — a mixture of old friends and new, and all still students. A volatile mixture, if nothing else. In between card games and Spanish lessons we rapped about the climbs and climate that lay ahead.

A return to summer in the middle of a Canadian winter is always a shock to one's system. Predictably, when one adds beautiful snow-capped volcanoes, incredible sunsets and mysterious deserts to the panorama, excitement builds up fast. Our first objective was Nevado de Toluca, a modest 15,000 footer; an extinct volcano with an incredible dirt road leading to two magnificent lakes within the

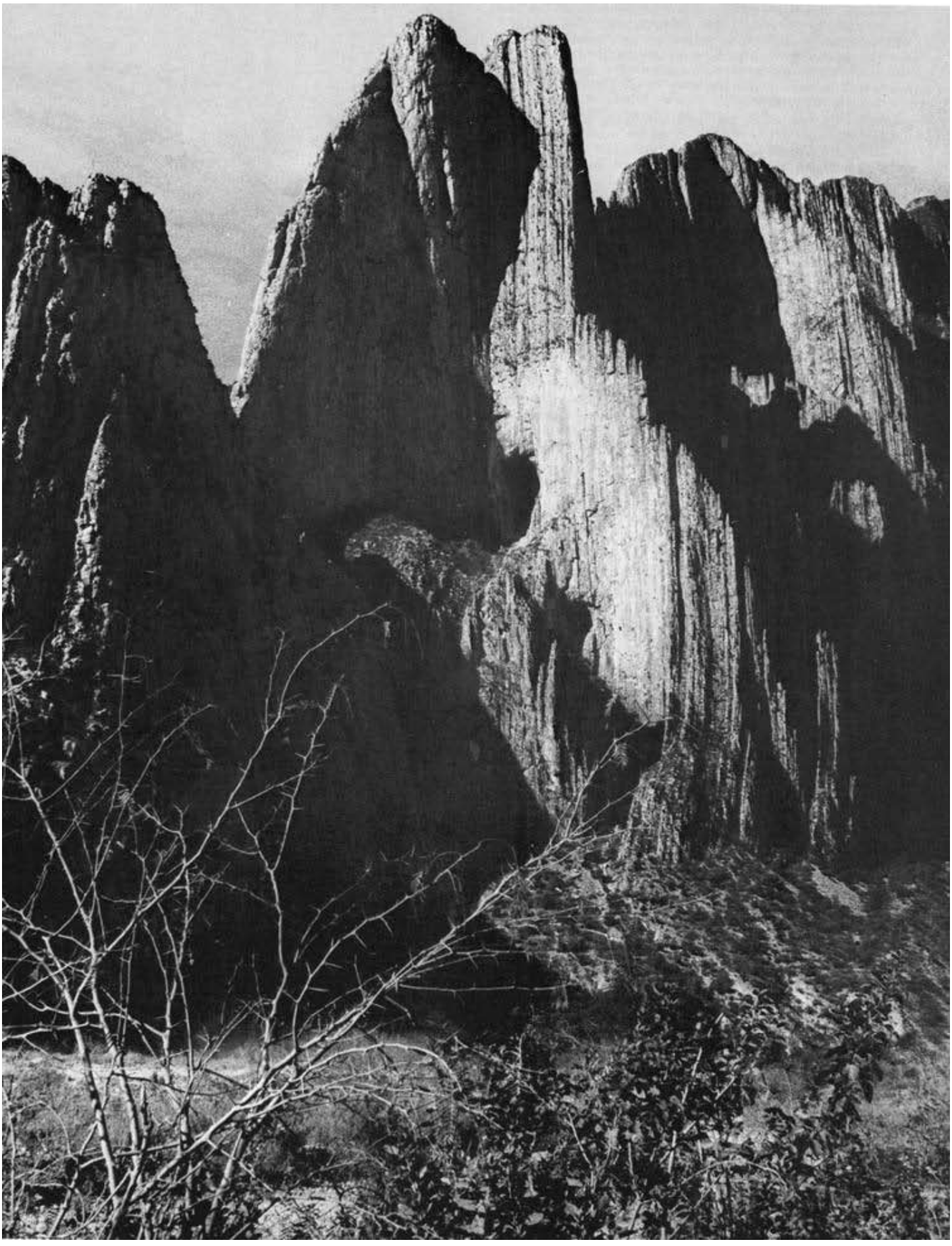
Huasteca Canyon. Kevin O'Connell/Moira Irvine



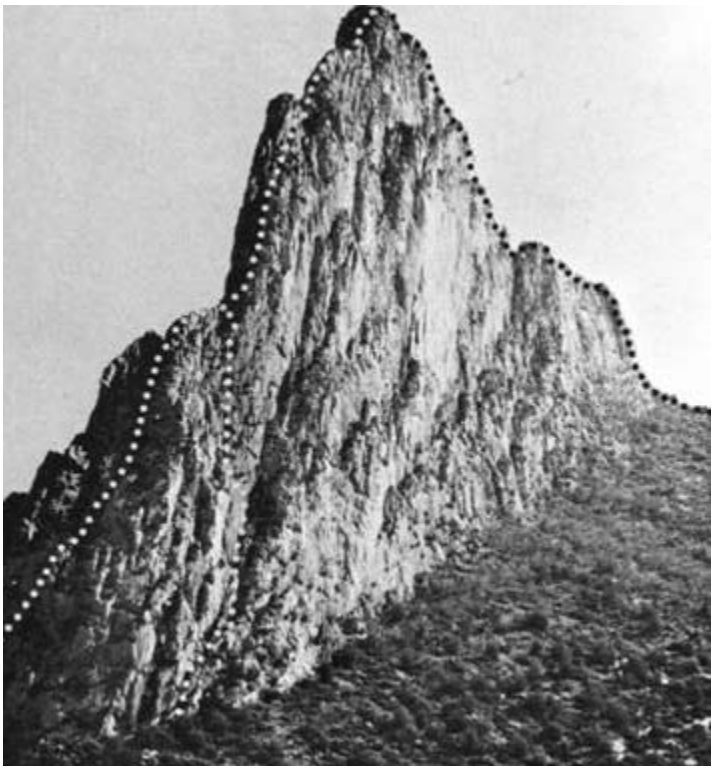
Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl and Orizaba. Kevin O'Connell/Moira Irvine



The Sentry, a 1000 foot tower in La Huasteca canyon. Kevin O'Connell



El Pico Diablo. Kevin O'Connell



blown-out crater.

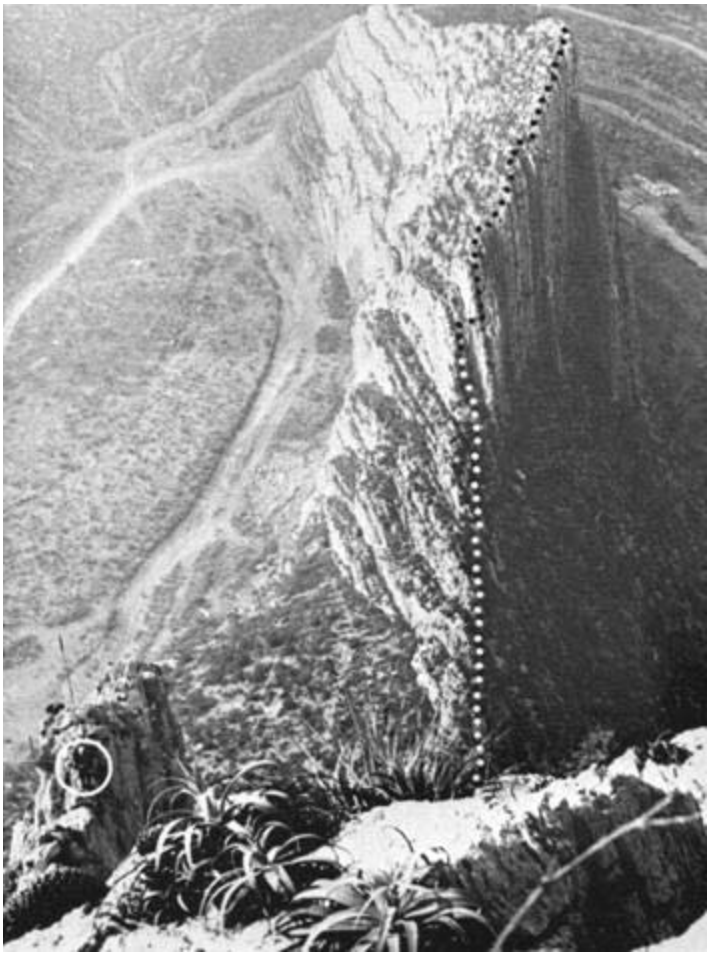
The peak proved to be the ideal training climb in weather that can only be described as suitable for shirt-sleeves and shorts. While some of us were feeling the effects of altitude more than the others, we all seemed to be adjusting nicely, physiologically as well as psychologically. Two of us made a complete traverse of the north rim, covering the two main peaks in excellent time. Unfortunately, Montezuma took his revenge on one of our party just before the main summit. A descent to the town of Toluca that evening for Christmas celebrations, proved once again that there is a dramatic cure for the maladies of altitude.

Rumours of hordes of climbers on Popocatepetl and Ixtacchuatl spurred us to make Malinche (Malintzin) and Orizaba (Citaltepetl) our next objectives. Unbelievably, at 18,851 feet, Orizaba is the third highest peak in North America, and by far the most interesting climb of the high peaks. On the way, we made an attempt on Malinche, 14,636 feet, but the deep volcanic dust of the newly repaired access road proved to be more than the van could handle. Spurned by Cortes' mistress, but undaunted, we pushed on to Orizaba.

The town of Tlachichuca had changed little in the past two years. We stopped at Senor Roves' place and made arrangements to transport our gear up to base camp. One look at the register book though, and I saw what had changed. More people had registered for climbs in the past two years than in all the previous years combined. A typical North American trend, I thought. Amid visions of numbered line-ups for the climb, I was awakened by shouts from the crew that we had located a jeep for the ride up to the 14,000 foot base camp. My mixed feelings regarding the desirability of the climb were soon dispelled when I realized little had changed except the access road; it had become much worse! The new refuge being constructed, however, reminded me that the day of the small climbing party alone on this mountain had drawn

On the ridge of El Pico Diablo. Kevin O'Connell

Diablo Jr. from the summit pitch of El Pico Diablo. Kevin O'Connell



to a close.

All of the pre-climb pessimism disappeared with the ring of the alarm in the 2 a.m. darkness of the refuge. The three of us who had elected to climb felt in excellent shape. So, with well-wishes from our faithful support crew, we pushed off into the rather mild night. After two hours, at the tongue of the glacier, we strapped on crampons. The first rays of dawn broke a few hours later, turning the summit cone above us into a shimmering red tower.

Our progress had begun to slow as we fought for breath in the thin air. The altitude is a formidable barrier on this fine peak, one which many have under-estimated. At 18,000 feet, one of our crew had reached his limit; but so had members of another party. We quickly reformed, one group now headed for the summit, the other for base camp. Luck was still with us. We reached the summit at 11.30, weary, but elated. Many had started that day, but few had made it to the top. We were fortunate, and hurried down to share our success with the others.

A quick stop at Popo and Ixta convinced us that time was running short on our tight schedule. The first had been climbed on a previous trip and the other could wait for another day. Our next objective was La Huasteca canyon near Monterey, and two days of rock climbing in the sun. Desert climbing in the wild arid canyons of this region is as much of an experience as the high snow-covered volcanoes of the Altiplano. Better still, we were far from the madding crowd. Our only companions were the wind and the soaring walls above our campsite.

It was truly an incredible place. A short practice climb on a nearby 300 foot flake convinced us that we were ready for bigger and better things. The only question was, which one? We chose El Pico Diablo, a magnificent Grade III flake poised above the canyon floor. The difficulty of the climb was over-estimated, with no section being harder than 5.6. Eight rope-lengths on excellent limestone, protected only by nuts and the occasional pin, brought us to the narrow summit.

The ridge route was so thin that at times we would have one foot on the precipitous east face and another on the sheer west wall. The greatest hazard on the climb was the seemingly endless variety of cactus, always occupying the best holds and always ready to harass us. Screams and curses punctuated the desert air all day long, even as we finished the long traverse of the peak and stumbled (very carefully) down the scree in the darkness, towards the tiny light that marked the location of the van. We were dead-tired, but extremely satisfied with such a fine ending to a magnificent adventure.

The trip wasn't all climbing, though. Bouldering at the ruins, barter in the open markets, visiting the museums, meeting the people and sharing their way of life, meeting climbers from many countries; all of this and much more is what one remembers. I think that all of us felt that we should return someday, hopefully for a longer visit, and certainly for more high peaks and challenging climbs.

"Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it; Boldness has genius, power and magic in it." W. H. Murray

Then the worst part of the trip — the drive back. Every hour reminded us that we had escaped winter for a time, but not for long.

Kevin O'Connell

The Forgotten Range— The Opals

Layer after layer of grey rock soaring up in vertical columns, rearing up from the valley in sweeping slabs, obelisks and pinnacles. The Opal Range seems to bide its time, for very few mountaineers have searched out its secrets. Very similar in appearance to the Sawback Range, but covering a larger area, the Opals stretch southwards from the junction of Evans-Thomas Creek and the Kananaskis River for some eighteen miles. The range includes some seventeen major peaks, and numerous minor summit and ridges.

Most of the summits were trodden for the first time in the early 1950's, when construction of the fire road opened up the Kananaskis Valley. As one drives this rough dusty road, the view is restricted by parallel ridges. But at each creek flowing forth from the range a spectacular vista is unlocked; the slabs of the west faces along the main spine of the range.

Fourteen of the summits are between 9500 and 10,000 feet in elevation. Only one, Mt. Evan-Thomas, exceeds 10,000 feet. The Wedge, the lowest peak, is the only one climbed consistently. An easy climb, it is used as a training ground, introducing beginners to the thrills of climbing early in the season. Mt. Wintour is another peak under 9000 feet, with an easy but spectacular ridge winding like a serpent for a mile and a quarter to its north summit. Its main summit tower was not climbed until 1968.

The most spectacular peak is Mt. Blane. Clouded in mystery since the tragedy on its first ascent, it has been climbed but four times. Most of the remaining peaks have been climbed two or three times at the most, while some peaks have not been repeated since their first ascents. Four major summits are unclimbed to date: "The Blade", a spectacular tower on Mt. Blane; a 9580 foot peak half mile south of Mt. Blane; and two unnamed peaks one and one-and-a-half miles north of Mt. Evan-Thomas, 9870 and 9840 feet high respectively.

Mt. Packenham was our objective on 4 June, Don Forest, Mike Simpson, John Pomeroy and I ascended the open slopes of a grassy hump between Packenham and the Kananaskis Road. Traversing around it on the south side we reached the saddle, and a grassy ridge then led up to the base of a buttress on the north west side of the mountain. Farther to the south, the huge slabs of the west face gave the mountain an air of respectability.

We traversed left a short distance, then clambered up one of the many gullies. Quite broken, the gully branched into many and finally on snow we arrived at a little col at the base of some slabs. Something seemed to be watching us as we arrived. About ten feet

above us on a small outcrop sat a little bundle of white fur, with two black beady eyes watching us in apprehension. Not even more than a few days old, the little goat knew enough to stick to the rock. He scrambled down a hundred feet or so always keeping off the hard snow, and then backed into a small niche and watched our every move.

We roped up and climbed a steep 100 foot chimney. This soon widened to a gully which led out onto a ridge. This we followed to the top of the north west buttress where we spent close to an hour basking in the sun. Here Don and John built a spectacular construction on the split summit. Two cairns were built, one on either side of the rift then bridged with a large piece of shale, and topped off by a fancy minaret.

We descended into the col separating the buttress from the main peak, making two rappels along the way. Here we joined the original route. To our right we looked out across those spectacular eerie slabs of the west face. We started up the north west ridge, but after a short distance left the original route and traversed diagonally across the north west face to the north ridge. This took us to the top, where we could find no sign of the cairn left by the 1954 first ascent party. It had taken us seven hours from the road to the summit.

Don climbed the east summit which seemed a little higher, and then after a short rest we descended by the same route to the col. We then took a snow gully down the north side to the valley between Packenham and Evan- Thomas, and followed the creek down to the road.

Not a typical frontal range, and seemingly of little interest to rock climbers so far, the Opals have many features climbers do not realize. They are readily accessible with little or no bushwhacking, offer good rock which is unusual in the Rockies, and promise an unlimited supply of new routes of every grade. I think we shall see the Opals glitter in the near future.

Glen Boles

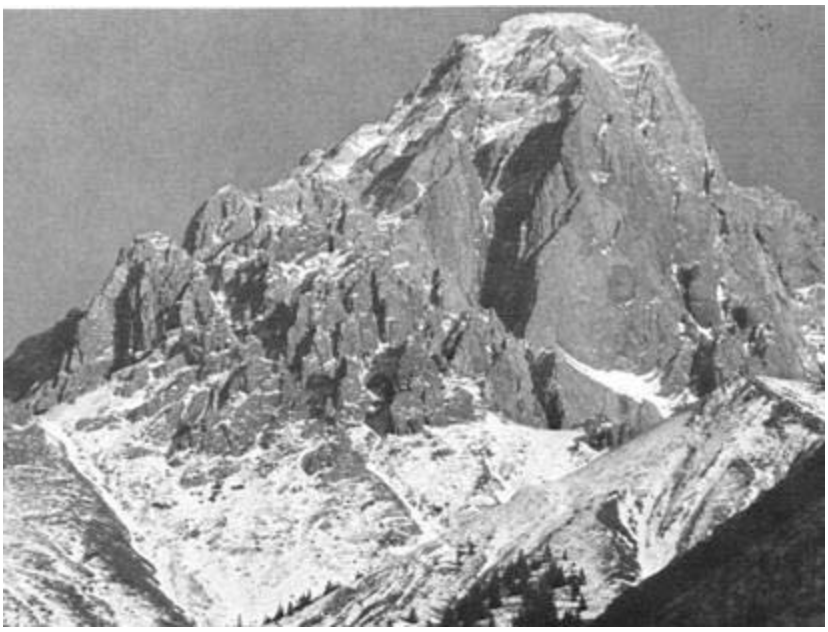
A rappel in the Opals. Glen Boles

The most spectacular peak in the Opals, Mt. Blane, with the Blade on the right. Glen Boles

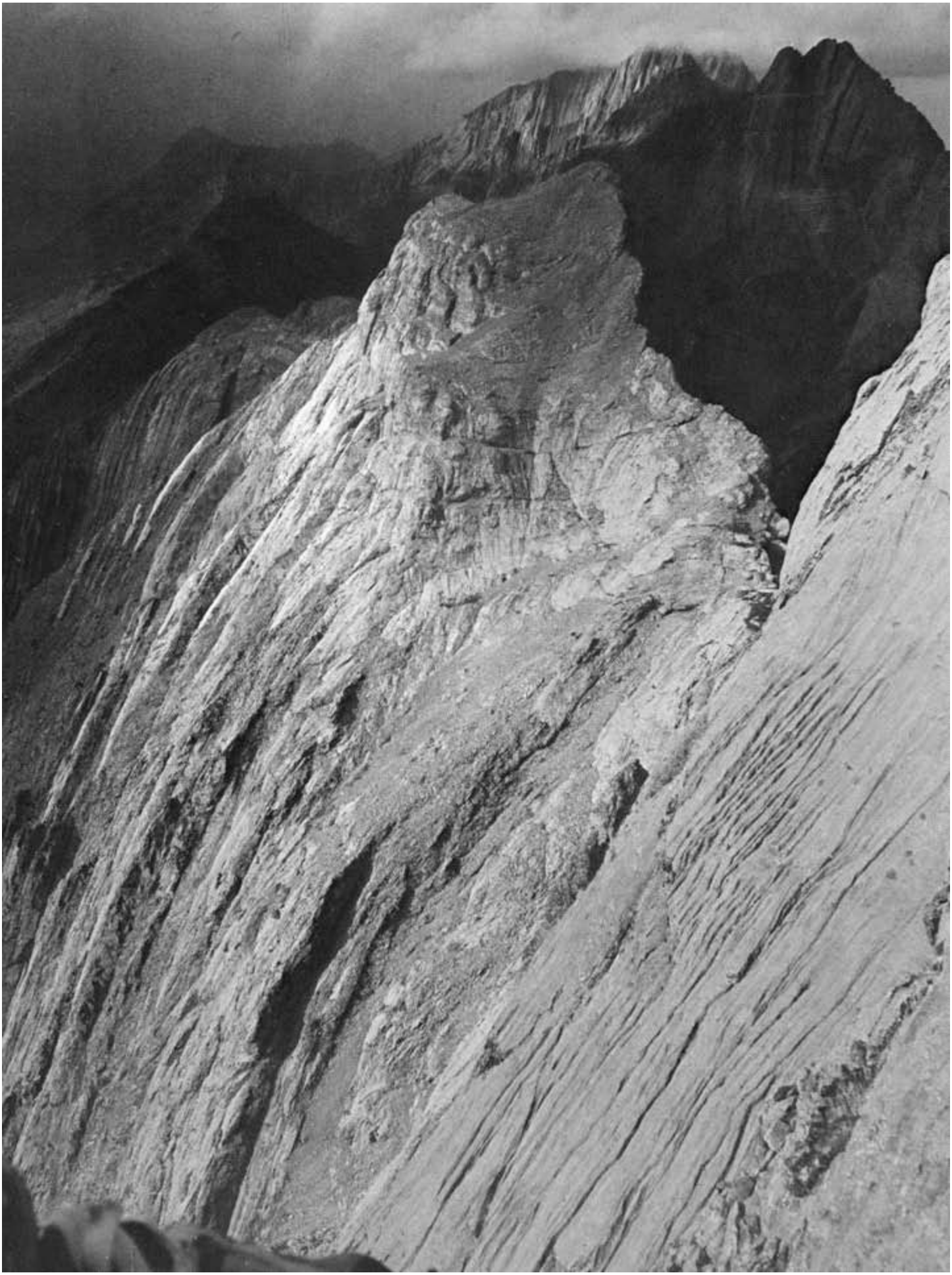
A slabby west face. Glen Boles

Mt. Elpoca, the lone southern bulwark of the range, from the north. Glen Boles

The west face of Mt. Packenham. Glen Boles



Storm over the Opals; Mts. Pakenham and Evans-Thomas in the distance. Glen Boles



Editorial

There is much talk these days of the popularization of the mountains. This is usually negative, taking the form of complaints about overcrowding, the lack of values of the newcomers, the lowering of standards — in sum the ruining of the mountain experience. I feel most of this is elitist nonsense, often fostered by leading climbers in a misguided attempt to be purists (it's fashionable nowadays) or perhaps, less charitably, an attempt to boost their own egos.

After all, being a crack climber just doesn't mean what it used to anymore. How else does one explain such contemporary abberations as skiing off the top of El Capitan and parachuting to the bottom — and the fact that such efforts are reported in the climbing press, and even considered by some to be mountaineering feats? I believe that the dramatic increase in solo climbing is at least partially attributable to this fact. For surely most climbers still consider the finest mountain experiences to be those which are shared, forming subtle bonds between the participants — bonds which last long after the details of the experience have been forgotten.

Clearly the mountains as a whole are not overcrowded. What happens is that certain areas get overcrowded at certain times. Times, I suggest, when they can be easily avoided. The problem is one of lack of imagination, not lack of space — the same lack of imagination that has slowed Canadian climbing from realizing its full potential. The difficulties arise from the fact that climbers just aren't spread out enough.

It is only the inexperienced or the unimaginative who need suffer overcrowding — it takes only a little more effort to be alone. In California last summer, we went climbing in one of the most popular areas of the Sierra Nevada, near Bishop Pass. We camped less than a mile off the main trail, which was used by at least 100 persons each day, but met only two parties in a week's climbing.

Admittedly in British Columbia the problem is compounded by lack of adequate mountain access. People concentrate where it is easy to get into the mountains, and unfortunately there are very few such areas. But with miles of fantastic mountains within close reach of the major population centres, the B.C. Government could quadruple the area of easily accessible high country by merely opening, improving and perhaps extending half a dozen logging roads, and embarking on a reasonable trail building program. Surely all labour intensive projects are commendable in times of high unemployment.

Now to the other complaints. To quote Chouinard, "The climbing scene has become a fad and the common man is bringing the Art down to his own level of values and competence." And pray why not? Note the key words — "fad", "common man", "Art" (with a capital A), 'down to his own level". How exclusive can one get! Screw all those poor bastards who have discovered the mountains can offer them something they can't get in the city — the mountains belong to us!

As I understand the argument, it runs: they should have our values. Nonsense! The only reasonable argument is that climbers should not do things that adversely affect other climbers' enjoyment of the mountains — the rest is so much puritanical claptrap.

Of course garbage should be packed out — it spoils campsites for those following. Of course bolting should be opposed — it permanently defaces the rock. So does the overuse of pitons — particularly when chocks will do. But to demand that everyone climb at the highest standard, simply because it has been demonstrated to be possible by a select few, strikes me as some form of oligarchic egomania.

The basic assumption behind such a position is that it is intrinsically better to climb at the highest standard. But there is no evidence to support this contention — to show that the participants experience is any better. One suspects what is important is the extent to which he is involved. This may depend on things like preserving doubt as to the eventual outcome of the climb, or the amount to which he is extended — up to a certain point. But it can be more rewarding for a weaker climber to struggle up a difficult peak using all the means at his disposal, than for a stronger climber to scale the same peak free, in fine style. The quality of experience is unique to each of us, and to deny someone a particular experience merely because we don't like his style borders on gross selfishness. Such activity leaves little mark, and need bother no-one.

It seems climbers have lately taken a turn toward moralism — as shown in the excessive preoccupation with ethics. I have always believed that one of the key qualities of climbing was the freedom that it gave — freedom from the plethora of rules and regulations, freedom from the complexity and conformity of contemporary life, no matter how temporary. The tendency to make rules where none are required, is, in my view, a reactionary trend, and should be resisted as hard as possible.

To those who need some sort of guideline, I would say keep the means appropriate to the problem, whether it be a problem of climbing or of ethics. To those who are worried about the ruining of the mountain experience, I would remind them that they are part of the mountaineering fraternity, not outside of it looking in. Their thoughts, arguments and examples do have an effect — they are not the only ones who are concerned. It's just that change always takes time, and leads we know not where. As usual Lito Tejada-Flores, one of the few intelligent writers on climbing, brings a breath of fresh air to the argument:

"The period we are now living through is not the end of the mountains, but it is the end of a certain style of mountaineering. Although this style produced an enormous number of hard climbs, we can still call it I'alpinisme de facilite, or simplistic, facile mountaineering. Competition, me-firstism, or just climbing what everyone else climbs — these are psychologically simple, almost lazy, ways of behaving, an unthinking frontier approach now passing into extinction. From now on, a wilderness experience will have to be created, not indulged in."

Andrew Gruft, Editor

Both quotes are from the 1972 issue of Ascent.

Address all editorial material to Moira Irvine, Secretary, Canadian Alpine Journal, 1565 Haywood Avenue, West Vancouver,

B.C., all business enquiries to the Club Manager, Mr, Pat Boswell, Box 1023, Banff, Alberta.

The deadline for submission is 15 January, but it is most helpful to receive material for the next issue as soon as the ascents are made so as to have the 1974 issue out by spring.

Submissions should be typed in normal letter fashion (upper and lower case) double space with 2 inch margin on the left hand side: two copies are required. Photographs should be sharp and clear, minimum 5 by 7 inches, glossy finish; black and white prints should be made from colour slides. The results of converting from slides to black and white are uncertain to say the least, but best results are obtained when a large (4 x 5, 2 x 3) negative is used in making the transfer. When photographs with routes marked on them are sent, a separate unmarked print should be included.

In naming peaks or other geographical features it would help if the outlines in Principles and Procedures Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names were followed.

Proposals concerning new names should be submitted in writing to the Executive Secretary, Canadian Permanent Committee of Geographical Names, Geographical Branch, Dept. of Energy, Mines and Resources, Ottawa. Proposals should be accompanied by adequate information on the origin or usage of the name or names, and identified on a map, sketch or airphoto. The Committee welcomes reliable information concerning corrections or additions to nomenclature appearing on Canadian maps and charts.

Browsing Through the Mountain Magazines

How goes the "spirit of the hills" these days? That idealistic pure love of the mountains, with its comparable dangers and delights. The forge which tempers the friendships of life, staunch friendships on a par with Roland and Oliver, or Achilles and Patrocles. My apologies to Women's Lib. but for the life of me I can't conjure up two lifelong women friends! D. H. Lawrence aside, can you? Judging by the pages of the mountain magazines, the legendary spirit would seem to be flickering here and there.

Flickering, but very much alive. It's the differences that are more intense than in the days of my youth. Jim Birkett and Arthur Dolphin, fierce rivals though they were, never fired an epithet in anger, as they competed from Langdale to Borrowdale for new glories.

Listen, by contrast, to Warren Harding, fairly leaping from the pages of Ascent, as he defnds himself from attack by Royal Robbins, who is questioning his climbing ethics. It should be recalled that Mr. Robbins had just repeated his marathon 26-day ascent of the "Wall of the Early Morning Light" in a 6-day sprint, chopping out some of the bolts of Mr. Harding on the way up.

"Fact is, I don't give a rat's ass what Royal did with the route, or what he thought he accomplished by whatever it was he did. I

The Editor. Claudia Beck

guess my only interest in the matter would be the possibility of some clinical insight into the rather murky channels of R. R.'s mind". ... In a way I feel sorry for Royal he's a veritable alpine Elmer Gantry ..."

Ascent is published annually by the conservation minded Sierra Club and in addition to such pithy arguments prints quite the most beautiful colour mountain photographs I believe I've ever seen.

From the next issue of the same magazine comes the following riposte from hardware merchant and fellow spirit Yvon Chouinard: "After the Wall of the Early Morning Light fiasco there was a considerable increase in the sale of bolts in the climbing shops of Southern California. A kid buys a bolt kit before he even knows how to use a runner!"

Lest I be accused of picking on our American cousins let me hasten to assure you that the British climber takes himself just as deathly serious these days. In Mountain, Don Whillans is asked how he would have liked to have had someone like Messner or Desmaison with him on the aborted Everest Expedition — the much touted "international friendship" trip which you may recall ended in multilingual recriminations.

Here's Don: "They probably wouldn't have got as far as the crunch, that's the point. I think they would have been a pain in the arse from the word go."

Mountain is published every 2 months by the British Youth Hostels Association. It is a black and white neo-realist publication, without the homey chit-chat which characterized its American counterparts.

The YHA people must be changing their image. My memories of them are all bad. They frowned on climbers in the old days because they didn't walk over the fells in short pants, only to the bottom of the crags in scruffy "para" trousers. If the weather was at all questionable the warden would keep the climbers scrubbing floors and polishing windows, probably on the assumption he was lengthening their life span. And this long after the young ladies of the temperance league had rinsed their porridge bowls, and were hot-footing it to the top of Honister Pass for tea and hot scones.

Legends about Don Whillans and Joe Brown abounded in Britain in my time, but they never graced the pages of the YHA Journal, or the notes of the austere Fell and Rock Climbing Club. Legends of brawls and barneys up and down the country, on the continent, and even with customs officials in far-off Afghanistan.

Asked in Mountain about one particular punch-up, Don replies: "Like everyone else, I welcome it. You say: 'Right, it's about time we had a sort out here'. I remember one occasion when I smashed a bloke in the face with my fist with a glass in it. I never even thought about it. I couldn't get at him quick enough." It's hard to get much more serious than that over climbing ethics now, is it?

By the way, that was one aspect of the games climbers play that Lito Tejada-Flores didn't cover in his masterpiece: The royal and ancient art of fisticuffs, as practised by the British cragsman in his natural habitat — "The Rose and Thistle".

Judging by the magazines, the Jesuit "how many angels on the head of pin" school of dialectical reasoning has now given way to a much more intense and earthy war of words.

Harken to the words of Galen Rowell's broadside from the pages of Mountain as he weighs in against what he strongly feels is an ideologically impure fellow spirit.

"Dave Bathgate's clever but shallow review of Ascent and the American Alpine Journal uses such phrases as 'a real trouser-filler'. After reading the review, and knowing the British tradition of under-statement, I suspect that Mr. Bathgate was filled somewhat above the level of his trousers."

(I sure hope Mr. Rowell doesn't read my review!)

A little brusque, but to the point. A long way removed from the niceties of the Winthrop-Young era, though, where logic and the careful choice of words, brought a point of view to crystal clarity. Reasonableness was the only arbiter in those days, or so I've been told, and not a plumber-climber's fist, clothed in a pint glass of Newcastle brown ale! But wait, Galen isn't quite through with Dave yet — "Mr. Bathgate belongs in a gymnasium, not in the mountains. His reactions to my Ascent article on the wilderness experience of Hetch-Hetchy seems to me to mimic the 19th century pioneer ethic, the Bureau of Reclamation, and the Boer War, all mixed together in an unappealing pot-pourri of Christian arrogance towards nature that has no place in a mountain oriented publication." The Boer War? How did that get in there? I could think of a much more devastating war which did a lot more harm to mother nature and mankind than the skirmish at Spionkop ever did. And a sight more historically apt. Especially if I were an American.

And here I had assumed all along that the eternal question of why men, (and women) climb was still being waged on a low profile!

If you believe, however, that the War of Words is a new phenomenon, you might well look at the reprint in Ascent of a charming story by H. G. Wells. Of course, old Wells being an early socialist and all that, was never much of a one for doffing the cap or touching the forelock.

Here he is, zooming in from the past and managing to sound quite contemporary. "They didn't like my being a vegetarian and the way I evidently enjoyed it, and they didn't like the touch of colour, orange and green, in my rough suit. They were all of the dingy school — the sort of men I call gentlemanly owls — shy, correct-minded creatures, mostly from Oxford, and as solemn over their climbing as a cat frying eggs. Sage they were, great headnodders, and 'I wouldn't-venture-to-do-a-thing-like-that'-ers. They always did what the books and guides advised, and they classed themselves by their seasons one was in his ninth season, and another in his tenth, and so on. I was a novice and had to sit with my mouth open for bits of humble-pie." As you can see, "plus ca change ..."

It is ironic to read the great hair-splitting debates in the publications of the mountain world. Ironic in that each side claims to be on the side of the angels whilst the others supposedly represent all that is evil, crass and commercial. Ironic in that the debate is being waged on pages which are bursting with ads and commercials, from cover to cover!

Mountain sports 50 pages, interspersed with 42 ads, with exhortations to buy everything from Helly Helgerson rain clothes to packaged tours of Llamberis, of all places! Summit from California fares no better, 46 pages with 37 ads, with about the same ratio for Off Belay from Washington and Climbing from Colorado. Ascent is the exception — nary a break for a commercial anywhere, but then I guess the Sierra Club can afford to print it.

There is another debate taking place in the mountain journals. It intrudes, wraps itself, surfaces, submerges, and is intrinsic to the rest. It is the oldest of the ethics, but it has more urgency today. It concerns the discovery of the mountains, "our mountains", by large masses of people. For the reduction in the monotonous hours of large sections of the working class, coupled with a rejection of bourgeois values, has led the multitudes out of the city to seek sanity in the hills.

Don't dismiss the seemingly esoteric nit-picking about the number of bolts used by Harding, and how many of these were rivets or bat-hooks. These Jesuit-like arguments are, perhaps unconsciously, part of a more general concern which is gathering momentum everywhere. If this continues on its present course it could well develop into one of the great re-assessments of life that man has made about himself, and his relation to nature.

The debate would appear to be polarised between those who see the newly arrived hordes as a decided threat to "their" mountains, and those who would welcome the discovery of the mountains by larger numbers of people. The second group see the need to proselitize, to instill some sense of the alpinist's ethics, ideals and regard for the sanctity of the hills.

Sanctity, and protection. For it is curious that whereas we have bills of rights for man (often not enforced), and laws for the protection of private property (always enforced), we have few laws which protect the natural environment.

"NOTICE. DUE TO DEFACEMENT OF THE ROCK, CLIMBING ROUTES ON SWAN SLAB ARE CLOSED".

Not defacement from aerosol spray bombs wielded by the unwashed horde; not from "Anne loves John", or "The wages of sin is death", but from the over abundance of pitons hammered mercilessly into and out of rock.

Those who resent the invasion of their domain will find sympathy with the point of view expressed by Ivan Jirek in Off Belay. "Many years ago one would seek out other climbers on the rocks, for all could be considered brothers." But now, he says, food, sleeping bags, equipment, are all an easy mark for thieves. In the mountains today, "the lisp of a falling leaf succumbs to the popping of cans and the tinkle of broken glass", during the "rape of the outdoors by partygoers seeking a change of venue". One can sympathize, but as one who invaded the hills from a nature-less coal town in the '40's, one remains wary. We too took the values of a kitch culture, prevalent at that time, with us to the hills.

In retrospect it seems ironic that some of the very mentors who oft chided us for our plebeian untidiness, worked at the Win-scale nuclear power station in Cumberland, which periodically drenched the earth with Strontium 90! How many of our present day Gury's spend their work week designing bigger and better pulp mills, or creating new eon-lasting plactis for Dow? Let's agree that we all have some soul searching to do!

For those who feel that climbers motivated by the ego trip should be excluded from the debate because of their excessive Narcissism, the late Tom Patey had a sympathetic word:

Live it up, fill your cup, drown your sorrow
And sow your wild oats while ye may.
For the toothless old tykes of tomorrow
Were the Tigers of Yesterday.

The irreverent Patey had difficulty making the pages of Summit at one time. His article "Mountaineer — Ape or Ballerina" met with the following rebuff from editor Helen Kilness. "I don't know what to say on Patey. I have read some of his stuff and I admit that he is a clever writer, however, if he wrote something like 'Apes and Ballerina' we would not publish it because we do not believe in the theory of evolution, and I wouldn't waste money on type setting to give it any credence". So much for the freedom of the hills, and the press for that matter. I wonder how Andrew Gruft stands on evolution?!

I've often been wryly amused by the school of thought which, quite rightly, berates the rock-gymnast for his trail of rusting bolts and dangling slings defacing the walls for others. Yet this same group hacks gigantic staircases of jug-holds up the centre of snow and ice slopes, spoiling them for those who follow. From Ascent again, this challenge to an old accepted technique. "The leading Scottish ice-climber, John Cunningham, now believes that with modern clawing implements step cutting on ice is immoral." Sharpen up those front points on your crampons, you're going to need them!

If all the soul-searching over ideals and ethics does anything it should make us, the insiders, welcome the coming conversion of so many of our fellow men and women. But at the same time we should resist like the Bubonic Plague the developers and other sundry rip-off artists who would turn the mountains into a huge Disneyland. We should tolerate, indeed welcome, the arguments within our family which arises from a devotion to the hills.

By and large, our organisations and their publications do little else but talk. As the old loggers' maxim says "talk is cheap, whiskey costs money". We must begin to act soon.

The debate about the migration to the hills will continue, both in and out of clubs and associations, and the pages of the glossy magazines. It will cast aside some ethics and create new ones. But judging by the earnestness and sincerity of the debaters, one can't help but be optimistic.

Les MacDonald

Bill Peyto and the Canadian Rockies

Imagine a man shooting at his broken alarm clock from across the street. Imagine a man bringing a bound but living lynx into a bar-room, or setting bear traps for intruders into his cabins. Imagine a man being chased on horseback through the town of Banff by the police. These are all facets of the life of Ebenezer William Peyto, who was not only one of Banff's most colourful characters, but an important pioneer as well. Peyto Lake, Peyto Glacier, Peyto Peak, and Trapper Peak are all memorials to him. He was closely involved with most of the early climbers and explorers of the Rockies, dating from his coming to Banff in 1887 from his native England. It is the purpose of this article to describe this involvement, and provide an insight into the character of Bill Peyto.

After coming to Canada, Peyto was apparently a boxer for a living. After coming to Banff, however, he signed on with outfitter Tom Wilson as a packer; Wilson had packed for the railway builders and discovered Lake Louise while doing so. In 1893 Wilson led a Mr. Barrett to Mt. Assiniboine — probably the first time white men had been to the mountain's base. Bill Peyto was probably on this trip, details of which are still rather obscure. Peyto's next major trip is well-documented, however. In July of 1895 he led Walter Wilcox, Mr. Barrett, and J. F. Porter to Mt. Assiniboine. It was Wilson's outfit, but Bill was in charge. The route led over Simpson Pass and down the Simpson River. Two weeks were spent at the mountain, during which the first circuit of Assiniboine was made — a gruelling trip through thick deadfall and across steep slopes. To Wilcox the mountain seemed difficult for even well-equipped climbers, so he made no attempt on it this trip.

Wilcox was impressed by his guide. Peyto's vivid imagination, air of bravado, and western dress intrigued him. Well they might have done, for Peyto wore a sombrero, a neckerchief, a six-shooter, a cartridge belt, and a hunting knife. On his saddle he had Mexican stirrups. Wilcox noted that Peyto's imagination plagued him with invisible dangers, causing him to sleep with a loaded rifle

and hunting knife close at hand. Wilcox once asked him why he did so. "I tell you," said he, with an anxious look, "I believe this country is full of grizzlies; I heard a terrible noise in the woods this afternoon, and besides that, they say the Kootenay Indians have risen. They may come into the valley any night."1 Sometimes Peyto would "harangue" the others with tales of his "roving life"2 and disappointed ambitions. He had had a trapping venture on the Pipestone River end up in a blizzard, and was saved only by his horse leading him home through five foot snow drifts. But his capable and conscientious nature came out in the stories, too. He had saved a packhorse from drowning in a river, and had saved two horses at the last moment from a train.

Later the same summer, Peyto led Wilcox alone to Bow Lake, where the Bow Glacier (called by Wilcox the "Great Bow Glacier") was explored. Although not an experienced climber, Peyto accompanied Wilcox to the top of a 10,125 foot peak north of Bow Pass, and enjoyed the climb. (This seems to have been Observation Peak.) Following this, they crossed a pass near Dolomite Peak, passed near Mt. Hector on the east, and followed Molar Creek down to the Pipestone River. Horses were used all the way, and Peyto would sometimes unpack the horses for a 40 minute rest. Such cases inspired Wilcox to write that "... Peyto is one of the most conscientious and experienced men with horses I have ever known.3

The year 1897 witnessed two important trips for Bill. In August he led the noted British climber, Norman Collie, and the Americans, C. S. Thompson, Charles Fay, Mr. A. Michael, Mr. Baker, and the guide Sarbach to the Mt. Balfour region. All members of this expedition, it is interesting to note, have had mountains along or near the Continental Divide named after them. Mt. Gordon was climbed by the party, it having been mistaken for Mt. Balfour; and Mt. Mummery was named to honour the famous English climber who had died only two years before.

Later the same month, Peyto led Collie, Baker, Mr. L. Richardson, and Sarbach on a reconnoitre of Howse Pass. En route, a difficult crossing of Bear Creek (the present-day Mistaya River) had to be made, and friction broke out when Bill wanted to camp early to give the horses a rest. His party was not in favour, but ultimately saw he was right. When the flies were bad, Collie noted, Bill would cover the horses with bacon grease and drive them into a creek. While searching for the horses on one occasion, Bill came on a brilliant pale-green lake. In his honour, Collie named it Peyto Lake and also applied the name to a nearby peak and glacier. The first ascent of Mt. Sarbach was made, as well. When Howse Canyon was reached, the deadfall was so bad that they decided to cross Baker Pass (named by Collie for his companion) to Field. It was difficult for the horses, but the attempt was successful. This was the first crossing of what is now Amiskwi Pass.

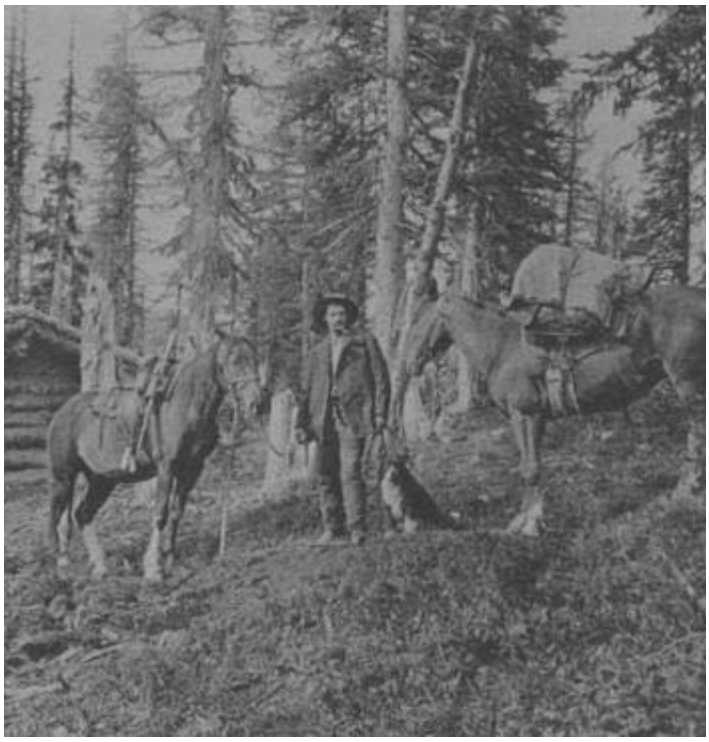
In 1898 Collie returned to the Rockies with Mr. Woolley, Mr. Stutfield (both British), C. S. Thompson, Rev. C. L. Noyes, and Mr. Weed. All members of this party, incidentally, have had mountains named after them. With Peyto again leading, they followed the Pipestone River to its head, crossed Pipestone Pass, and followed the Siffleur River down to the Saskatchewan River. The deadfall was dense, crippling one horse so it had to be shot. At length the junction of the Mistaya (Bear Creek) and the Saskatchewan was reached, and then the party travelled up the North Fork of the Saskatchewan. Woolley and Collie climbed Mt. Athabasca (the first ascent). When they climbed Diadem Peak, Peyto accompanied them. The party then moved to the head of the Brazeau River, and made an attempt on Mt. Murchison before returning to Banff.

The voyage had been an eventful one. Peyto used notoriously bad language when searching for horses and routes, apparently to Collie's amusement. At one point he refused to take the horses up a creek near Mt. Stutfield, and phrased his arguments in coarse terms. A marginal note in his copy of Collie's book, however, merely says "impossible for horses"! Before going into the Brazeau, they hid their food cache so well that on their return they could not find it, and nearly starved before it was found. At another point Peyto and his men were stalking a bear at night, only to find they were stalking Woolley! Crossing the Mistaya, Peyto philosophically noted that if one were to hit one's head on a stone in the river, one would die easily. Unfortunately this was Bill's last trip with Collie. In the summer of 1900 he was fighting in the Boer War, and in the following summers he was apparently too busy to go out with Collie. But Collie (like Wilcox) thought very highly of Peyto as an outfitter.

During the Boer War, Bill Peyto fought with the Lord Strathcona's Horse under Sam B. Steele. Peyto's courage was illustrated by his time "drawing fire" — riding across a field in front of enemy lines to draw their fire and thus reveal their positions. He did this for six months, having two horses shot out from under him but escaping uninjured himself. Another story of him is typical: while visiting his parents' home in England, he was given a deep feather bed to sleep in. The next morning, however, found him sleeping on the hard floor.

Returning a hero from the War, he purchased his own pack outfit — though he was still outfitted to some extent by Brewster's. Apart

Bill Peyto near one of his cabins. Archives of the Canadian Rockies



from a trip with Wilcox over Baker Pass, one of his first expeditions was with the conqueror of the Matterhorn, Edward Whymper. Whymper was already gaining a reputation for arrogance when he hired Peyto. Their destination was the Upper Yoho; Peyto and a helper went ahead with the food from Emerald Lake. Reaching their goal, they waited for Whymper and the guides. Becoming hungry, they attempted to open the special tightly-sealed pack boxes, and eventually succeeded. When Whymper arrived the next morning, he accused Peyto of pillage. This enraged Peyto, but nothing more was said.

Another Britisher, the Reverend James Outram, arrived as Whymper's guest. Outram was interested in the still-unclimbed Assiniboine, and Peyto inspired him with the feasibility of reaching the mountain and climbing it. He would take Outram there in two days and return in less. The plan was kept secret. When Outram left, Peyto went with him — leaving Whymper to fend for himself. Their party left Banff on 31 August 1901; it consisted of Outram, the guides Christian Häsler and Christian Bohren, Bill Peyto and his helper Jack Sinclair. The route led up Healy Creek to Sunshine, over Simpson Pass, up the Simpson River and through Golden Valley to Assiniboine. As Peyto had promised, the trip was made in two days. Camp was made at 7200 feet and, on Peyto's advice, the south west side of the mountain was reconnoitered on 2 September. Peyto accompanied the climbers, and when the going became difficult, he stayed behind to look for minerals. Clouds rolled in and the party had to retreat, leaving a food cache behind. The next day Outram and his guides made the first ascent and the first traverse of Mt. Assiniboine. The ascent was up the south west face, and was not an easy climb. The weather was good, so Outram decided to risk a descent of the north ridge; and succeeded. Outram was exhilarated with the 13 1/2 hour trip, believing it to have been the greatest climbing achievement in North America at that time. Peyto and his packers had seen the climbers on the summit at noon, and welcomed them home with a fiddle serenade — "Hail the Conquering Heroes Come!" The journey out met with terrible weather, but the trip had been a success. Outram found Peyto "picturesque and workmanlike",4 and considered him one of the two best packers in the Rockies.

Outram's 1902 trip was a whirlwind of first ascents. Bill Peyto's outfit was again engaged. Since his business required his presence in Banff, Bill could go only as far as the Saskatchewan River, to help with the crossing. Still, it was an eventful trip. At one point he had to jump into a stream to save a horse. He was dumped by his own horse into the Middle Fork of the Saskatchewan "for the first time on record."5

James Simpson of Banff was left in charge of the party, which continued northward. Joining Norman Collie's party, Outram participated in first ascents of Mt. Freshfield, Mt. Forbes, and Bush Pass (west of Mt. Forbes). On this trip he and his guide Kaufmann made first ascents of Kaufmann Peak, Mt. Columbia, Mt. Lyell, Mt. Bryce, Mt. Alexandra, Mt. Wilson, and Turret Peak! Bill Peyto continued in the outfitting business until at least 1910, but for some reason went out of business before World War I. During the War, he served with the Seventh Brigade of the Canadian Machine Gun Co. At Hooge he was wounded in the thigh by a shell, but gave his first chance to leave to another soldier. When he was finally evacuated, he stopped to amputate the leg of another soldier. He returned to Banff a hero, but he got off the train early to avoid the public welcome!

In 1918 he became one of the first park wardens. His district was the Healy Creek-Brewster Creek-Red Earth Creek-Bow River region, very familiar territory to him. Since he would not live in government cabins, he built a number of rough, solid cabins around his district. His involvement with mountains and mountain climbers naturally continued, as the tragedy on Mt. Eon would make clear.

On 17 July 1921 Dr. Stone and his wife were attempting the first ascent of Mt. Eon, a 10,860 foot pinnacle south of Mt. Assiniboine. Experienced climbers, they had reached the final chimney below the summit on the south side of the peak. Dr. Stone was leading, and reached the top of the chimney. He then un-roped, and for some unknown reason fell past his wife to his death. Horrified, she expected a pull on the rope — which never came. In attempting to get off the mountain, she became stuck on a ledge. A search party was assembled, consisting of the guide Rudolph Aemmer, warden Bill Peyto, a policeman, and seven trail crew workers. Peyto packed them into Mt. Assiniboine in one day (a 45 mile trip), and the search began the following day, the 23rd. Climbing onto a 7800 foot spur of Mt. Eon, the party found Mrs. Stone a quarter mile west and 300 feet below them. It was the 24th of July; she had been on the mountain eight days, kept alive only by a small trickle of water. (During the search Peyto had been left behind at one place, and characteristically spent the time prospecting for minerals.)

On the 5th of August another party consisting of A. H. MacCarthy, Lennox Lindsay, Edward Feuz, Rudolph Aemmer, and Conrad Kain found Mr. Stone's body, which was brought to Banff on the 9th. Dr. Stone had been president of Purdue University and a prominent member of the American Alpine Club. A resolution of appreciation commending the trail crew was voted at the Alpine Club's annual meeting in January 1922. A separate resolution commending Bill Peyto's "... zeal and selfsacrificing devotion, measuring up in the fullest sense to what might be expected of one who, in earlier years, was an intrepid pioneer of the wilderness ... in rendering valuable aid, although not an experienced mountain climber,"6 was also voted on. Significantly, W. D. Wil-cox was a member of the committee which prepared the resolution — a copy of which was sent to Peyto.

Bill Peyto continued as a park warden until his retirement in 1933. He died in 1943. His warden service was characterized by a strong sense of duty and his knowledge of the mountains. He was a "loner", and had a number of intriguing eccentricities. Sometimes he would walk down the main street of Banff chewing on a piece of raw meat. Sometimes he would accuse his wife of poisoning his food. Once he locked James Simpson in a cage with a live lynx. He was unpredictable, and would leave in the middle of the night, in the middle of a conversation, or on Christmas Day, and stay by himself in the mountains for two or even three weeks. He was a very complex person: the Bill Peyto who went wild in a boxing match was the same one who told stories to children. His house had a sign over the door which read "Ain't It Hell"; but Peyto read many sophisticated science books and made collections which reflect his scientific interests. But most importantly, Bill

Peyto embodies the history of Banff from 1885 to today as well as anyone — its reckless spirit, its sense of discovery, its variety, and its hardships.

Gordon Burles

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6 Courtesy of the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff.

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London, the Knickerbocker Press (G. P. Putman's Sons), 1896.

Bongs, 'Biners, and Big Business

In the past two years it has become clear that climbing as a sport is at a cross-roads. The sport has grown at an alarming rate since the mid-sixties. The reasons for this growth are complex, having to do with factors as different as increasing awareness of the outdoors, growing numbers of guide services and schools, and highly publicized climbs..

These factors have been well documented. There is, however, another factor in the growth of climbing — big business. Let's face it, the climbing equipment companies and their satellite guide and school services have become large industries; small scale versions of their kin in the ski world. To convince oneself of this fact, one simply has to browse through any current climbing magazine. Companies reproduce at an alarming rate, and the ads are taking on a sickening professionalism. They appeal to equipment freaks and fashion consciousness. And to judge by the number of equipment recalls, it would seem that quality control has waned.

If you're still unconvinced, take a walk down a city street on a cold day and view the number of bright orange down jackets passing. It is not rare to see a person dressed for Patagonia in any North American city, be it Vancouver or Boston, complete with down gear, huge ice-climbing boots, and rucksack. It's a wonder that some of these people aren't mugged just for their expensive, attractive clothing.

It's amazing to go to a large climbing store such as Ski World in Vancouver or the Co-op in Seattle on a warm Saturday and view the crowds. The density and intensity resembles a discount appliance store. Many buy things they don t need, but which they wish or think they need, and bills of $300 are not rare. The equipment is beautiful — the fashion garments of the outdoor world — and obviously status is involved in many of the purchases. The catalogues are so slick that they show up old Sears or Eatons, and probably even Birks, hands down. One wonders how the European climbers of the thirties or the post-war ruffians in Britain ever got up a climb without all the so-called necessities that are sold today.

The atmosphere in the stores is disturbingly exclusive. The help constantly tells you what "you should buy", and "you'll want", and what is "nice to have". A girl once told me that she has seven pairs of boots, to cover all situations. I imagined her hiking, changing boots every 100 yards so that she would be properly outfitted for the terrain.

And don't forget to bring proper identification if you plan to pay with a check, for these days it is almost more bureaucratic to write one at a climbing store than a liquor store. Yes, climbing stores are getting big and defensive — at a recent sale, Eastern Mountain Sports even hired uniformed guards!

This is part of the climbing scene! Yes, friends, and more! The equipment end is only one facet of the operation. Even more oppressive is the climbing school service, which introduces new people to an already overcrowded sport. In several areas in the East, such as Cathedral Ledge, the moderate climbs are sometimes so crowded by slow moving teams from climbing schools that it is all but impossible to do them independently.

Obviously the climbing school is not simply a friendly way for novices to gain experience. It is a money-maker itself, and more importantly, it creates a new group which needs, or wants, all those goods manufactured or retailed by the mother company. The climbing school ensures a future market for technical gear. Oh yes, you say, but not in Canada — that's the U.S.A., we don't do things that way here. Well, not yet maybe. But did you notice how many new climbing stores opened in Vancouver over the last two years? And did you ever get the feeling that Gmoser owned the Bugaboos last time you were at Boulder Camp?

I don't know how intentional any of the above situations are, but it is certain that mountaineering supports many lucrative, thriving, profit-making concerns. Therefore it is not surprising that, like in all big business, certain moral issues get "overlooked". So that the oversight does not continue, I propose that all establishments making money from the mountains consider the following recommendations and questions, and that customers think about these issues before doing business with any particular company.

1 All climbing establishments which run schools or guide services should right now consider the issues involved in their activity. Around metropolitan areas, rock is often in finite supply, and deteriorating from abuse and overuse. Schools and clubs must realize that they are major contributors to the onslaught. There is little doubt that they are, for not only are they training climbers, but they provide a protective legitimacy which rationalizes climbing as a safe sport.

2 In the case that climbing schools choose not to close in the face of growing criticism, they should at least make an effort to cut down enrollment. Have you ever heard of anyone being re fused by a climbing course? One way to do this might be to include in brochures a statement of the objective dangers of the sport. Anyone who has climbed for long has lost close friends, or perhaps been injured themselves. The incidence of accidents in the U.S. seems to be increasing faster than the growth of the sport. Prospective students should know this. Recent magazines and brochures play up the romanticism, heroism, and beauty of the sport rather than the fear, danger, pain, effort, and regret. The interested public should know that climbing is a totally different activity from other outdoor sports, that the emotions involved are unique and not to be sought by everyone, despite the claims made by such cretinous articles as the one which recently appeared in Esquire.

3 Backpacking has become a family sport in the New World, and the easily accessible spaces are already overused or controlled. This crowding should be made clear to all those seeking equipment. Day hiking, long the most popular mountain sport in Europe has had a limited role in the North American mountain scene. And yet it is possibly the free-est and most enjoyable part of the sport, since it allows total freedom from equipment. Day hiking is the most ecological use of the mountains. Alas, it is not the most profitable sport for mountaineering capitalists and the climbing community should not expect much action from them. All clubs should encourage more day hiking and less overnight camping in more popular areas, and although it is a regrettable price of progress, it will eventually be necessary.

4 Equipment manufacturers should re-examine some of their products, particularly the colour of tents, parkas, and other equipment. A busy weekend in the mountains is beginning to resemble the neon nowhere of Main Street, Junk City. The original idea of international orange was to provide maximum visibility for climbers in hazardous conditions, but does the average mountain situation call for such a blinding sight? Bright orange has become some sort of a climbing symbol, even though it is the most unnatural mountain colour. Its popularity now has to do only with fashion, not with the original safety idea.

5 The recent article in Esquire devoted a large part of its space to illustrating equipment and the dealers from whom it could be purchased, as if the equipment's the sport. Climbers should take no part in such disgusting journalism. Nor should manufacturers. The glamour of such articles may be attractive to the uninitiated readership, but it presents a false image of the sport and reeks of elitism.

The climbing community should have learned by now that the profit motive was one of the main causes of the post-war despoiling of the sport of skiing. We must not allow our sport to follow suit. The above five points should be only a beginning. The climbing community should discuss these issues together, and hopefully think of many more. For, as is well known, trends which become institutionalized are very hard to reverse. Ask the uniformed guard at EMS.

Eric Almquist

Co-existing with Grizzlies

The grizzly bear is in many ways the most spectacular member of the mountain fauna — and hopefully most mountaineers would like to see the species preserved in its present habitat. To do so under present conditions of increasing access to wilderness areas calls for wise management of those regions and careful behaviour by the hiker, fisherman, hunter, or climber who visits them.

The importance of eliminating accessible garbage at campgrounds and settlements is at last being appreciated and acted upon. Thus the bears will no longer be encouraged to break their normal solitary and dispersed range patterns to become habituated with human food and human habitations. In this article, however, I want to discuss a second aspect — how you should behave to avoid confrontations with grizzlies in the wilds. My suggestions are based on many years' experience studying grizzlies in the Kluane Game Sanctuary and on readings and discussions with other observers. There is no fool-proof solution to guarantee that a person will never be attacked or injured in bear country but I believe that an understanding of the basic factors of bear behaviour can greatly diminish the chances (which in any case are very low) of such an encounter.

Normal behaviour of the grizzly is characteristic of a summit predator — a so-called "King of the Beasts". The bear has no need to fear anything and thus is not always on the alert for impending danger. Consequently man must be especially cautious not to get into an "embarrassing" situation where physical confrontation cannot be avoided. Just as we practice defensive driving on the road, we should follow such types of defensive activity as the following:

1 Noisemaking while travelling in bear country. Bells or pebbles in a can, attached to your pack make a continuous sound which, along with talking or whistling, alerts a bear to your presence and allows it to exhibit its natural avoidance behaviour. Not many bears will be seen but neither will many confrontations occur.

2 Being alert for signs of bears such as tracks, droppings, diggings; and avoiding areas where bears are known to occur. The bell or pebble in a can helps reinforce this thought and keep you watchful. If a bear or bear signs are sighted detour out of or around the area.

3 Keeping a clean camp and camping gear. Don't get greasy smells on clothing and bedroll. Where possible, burn combustible garbage and bury the ashes. Carry remaining garbage with you and meanwhile store it and food away from camp.

4 Choosing a campsite with caution. Stay away from streams that bears might follow. Foot trails and animal trails are natural "highways" for bears; don't camp too close to them. Good substantial trees nearby are a safety factor.

5 Avoiding unnatural smells of perfumes, deodorants, hair-sprays, cosmetics, etc., some of which have been known to excite bears.

6 Using extreme caution in taking a pet (particularly a dog) into mountain wilderness areas. Dogs, ranging out in front of hikers, have been known to aggravate bears and return to their masters with an excited grizzly close behind. If a dog does accompany you, keep him close and under control.

In spite of such defensive activities, confrontations may occasionally occur, but they do not always result in physical contact with the bear. Usually the bear is surprised, and its behaviour will depend on the particular circumstances.

If the bear stands its ground or perhaps rises onto its hind legs to survey the situation, your best bet is to do the same. Don't panic. Don't shout, wave your arms, or run; these actions are likely to excite the bear and cause an attack. If the bear continues to stand, it is wise to back slowly away, perhaps talking softly to the animal and perhaps showing submissive gestures such as turning the body sideways to the bear and lowering the head. If large trees are near, move slowly towards them. Then climb high enough to escape his reach and wait until he goes away.

If the wind is blowing from the bear to you or there is a cross-wind, the bear may circle until it gradually picks up your scent. It is not stalking you; in almost all cases the animal retreats quickly upon detecting human scent. Any moves during this time should be slow and such as not to excite the animal.

If the bear does attack and trees are not close enough to reach, one delaying diversion is to drop your pack or coat in front of the bear. The few seconds gained may give you time to reach and climb a tree.

When a physical encounter is unavoidable it is best to indicate to the bear that you are no threat to it or whatever it is protecting. Lying still on the ground, knees against chest, and hands clasped behind the neck has often reduced the aggressiveness of the attack. Very few man-bear encounters have resulted in death to the man. As soon as the bear senses that the man is no longer a threat, the animal generally leaves the area quickly.

Bear attacks result from a defensive aggression. A bear wounded by a hunter charges in self defence. Similarly a bear surprised while sleeping beside a stream and with no apparent escape route, attacks. Bears will often protect a food cache, but usually, given plenty of warning that man is around, will leave the area undetected. The most dangerous form of defensive aggression is found in the sow with young. The strength of the aggression is greatest when the young are first out of the den in early spring and it gradually declines as they get older and the parental bond weakens.

There is no denying that the grizzly is a very swift and exceedingly powerful animal, easily capable of killing a person. Because it has never learned to look on man as part of its normal food supply and because it is inherently non-aggressive, there is hope that people who treat it with understanding and respect can continue to travel in its territory with negligible personal danger and without stimulating such defensive aggressive behaviour by individual bears that will bring about public pressure for their destruction. In the Canadian Geographic Journal (84:116-123) I have suggested that a hunter should be limited to one grizzly in his lifetime; perhaps the conservationist should consider rationing his sightings — at least the close-up ones.

A. M. Pearson

Book Reviews

Glacier Ice

Austin Post and Edward R. Chappelle. University of Toronto Press, 1971. 132 photographs, 128 pages. $20.00.

Canadian climbers generally have lots of time to examine glaciers in a fair amount of detail — most of us know what bergschrunds, crevasses and 'galloping glaciers' are. Glacier Ice backs us off a ways and explains in extraordinary detail the stuff of which glaciers are made. For anyone interested in learning more about glaciers the book is well worth the purchase price. If too expensive, it should also be obtainable on loan from your nearest public library.

Unless you just want to leaf through and look at the pictures, be prepared to spend five to ten hours on the text, which is informative but detailed. The photos, all in black and white, are really impressive. These are credited to the authors as well as other sources including the Canadian Department of Energy, Mines & Resources and the United States Geological Survey. Many are oblique air photos, others are ground shots. A few are even taken from the underside of glaciers. Each of these is exceptionally clear, and is included to illustrate some specific aspect of the fascinating world of glaciology.

The text is easy to follow and is well co-ordinated with the photos. For the layman, there is a glossary of glacier terms, and although this is at the end of the book I would recommend reading it first.

Some of the illustrations will be familiar as a considerable number are from the Coast Ranges of Alaska, British Columbia and the northwestern United States.

Finally, one of the authors, Edward Chappelle, has written two other books of some interest to climbers, the A.B.C. of Avalanche Safety, a small pocket-sized manual which should fit into a

winter rucksack, and Field Guide to Snow Crystals, which would I benefit those concerned with avalanche study.

Robert P. Jordan.

Exploring Garibaldi Park. Vol. 1

Garibaldi Lake Area, Black Tusk Meadows, and Alice Lake Park. Text Dan Bowers. Photographs Dan Bowers and Bernie Epting. Gundy and Bernie's Guidebooks, 1972. $2.95.

This is the first of two volumes planned on Garibaldi Park. It sets out to introduce the reader to the Garibaldi Lake area, Black Tusk Meadows and Alice Lake Park. The book is attractive in appearance with glossy paper, a colourful cover, clear type and pleasant pictures. As with its predecessor Exploring Manning Park, this book is not intended to be a complete guide for hikers and climbers, but rather a general guide book for family enjoyment.

Half of the book is given over to photographs, some of which are very good. It is a pity that not all of them are named, as it is both helpful and desirable to know what mountain or area one is looking at!

The book opens with a brief historical description of Garibaldi Park, followed by details of how to get there from Vancouver. It lists facilities available as far as camping, picnicking and other outdoor activities are concerned.

Quite a large portion of the book is devoted to fishing, natural history, geology, glaciers, weather etc. The chapters on fishing, geology and glaciers are good and seem to be more concisely informative about this particular park area than the chapters dealing with plant life and birds. The latter tend to be more of a dissertation on the characteristics of the plants and wildlife in alpine regions, rather than telling the reader exactly what to look for, and where. The plant life of Garibaldi Park could be the subject of a book alone, so that in this small guide the writer could hardly be expected to do it justice. However, it would be helpful for the visitor to have more examples listed and illustrated in the specific chapters, than those which are presently included.

Twenty-two hiking trails and routes are described in the last section of the book. These range from short, easy walks, to long day and overnight trips. The descriptions are good, giving locations, length and details of trails, and points of interest along the way. They are easy to read and understand, and include sensible suggestions concerning adequate clothing and equipment. There are no really difficult routes described, but it is as well to take the good advice of the writer when he suggests consulting other books dealing with the finer points of hiking. He also wisely advocates the necessity of having a topographical map of the area plus a compass and compass know-how! The book is geared to the summer visitor and makes no mention of winter activities. Perhaps in a future edition it would be possible to include some pages for the growing number of people who enjoy cross-country skiing and snow-shoeing.

Janet Street

55 Ways To The Wilderness In Southcentral Alaska

Helen Nienhueser. The Mountaineers, Seattle, Washington, 1972. Photographs Nancy Simmerman. Maps Hans van der Laan. 87 photographs, 60 maps, 160 pages, paper bound. $7.95.

This book is a compilation of hiking, canoeing and ski-touring routes within about a 200 mile radius of Anchorage. The authors clearly love the country which they describe, and have written this book to help save it from development.

The format is attractive, with 30 percent of its pages occupied by large black and white photographs of the areas described. Route descriptions are good, with distances, times and explicit instructions for starting. Each is accompanied by a copy of part of the relevant topographic map on which the route is clearly shown.

Most of the trips described involve one half to one day hikes which are oriented towards the 'family hiker'. Of the 55 areas described only 13 involve overnight trips while nine (of which three are canoe trips) require three days or more. Some of the routes are described under winter conditions. None involve technical mountaineering, but a few are suggested for mountain access.

A disconcerting aspect of this book, probably intended by the authors, is that some areas are recommended to be avoided on weekends and during the hunting season. The areas concerned are apparently easily accessible to motorized vehicles. One hopes that the publication of this kind of guide does not defeat its own purpose by encouraging the visits of more wilderness delinquents.

Colin Oloman

Climbers Guide To The Olympic Mountains

Olympic Mountain Rescue. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1972. 222 pages, paper bound.

An expanded and updated version of the Olympic section of the Climbers Guide to the Cascade and Olympic Mountains of Washington published in 1961 by the American Alpine Club and now out of print. This new book contains comprehensive descriptions of approach trails and climbing routes to about 150 Olympic peaks, together with directions for 14 alpine traverses and a dozen or so ski or snowshoe tours.

The climbing descriptions are in the standard format with adequate detail of camp sites, distances, times and technical problems. There are several maps and photographs and many diagrams showing the recommended routes.

A final section on mountain safety contains sound instructions and it is here that one learns that the Olympic rock is "loose and friable" and noted for "a lack of piton cracks". For the sake of strangers to the area, such vital information would have been more appropriate prefacing the climbing descriptions.

This is a good climbing guide, but only likely to be more useful than the original edition for those visiting the Olympics often.

Colin Oloman

Routes And Rocks In The Mt. Challenger Quadrangle: Hiker's Map Of The North Cascades

R. W. Tabor and D. F. Crowder. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1968.

47 pages. $2.95.

A pack size paperback containing descriptions of 20 hiking and access routes in and around the Picket Range of Washington The routes are nicely explained, and made clear by frequent

reference to a loose topographic map of one inch to the mile with 80 foot contour intervals. Most of the routes described are through alpine country and involve some difficult hiking, with occasional ropework or glacier crossing. Overall trips require up to 30 hours of hiking.

This is a good guide to some interesting country, designed for those experienced in map reading and route-finding in difficult terrain.

Colin Oloman

Routes And Rocks: Hiker's Guide To The North Cascades From Glacier Peak To Lake Chelan

D. F. Crowder And R. W. Tabor. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1965. 96 Drawings And Maps. 8 Photographs, 3 Quadrangle Maps, 240 Pages. $5.00.

Ostensibly a hiker's guide, this book is an amalgam of trail descriptions, geological information, easy mountaineering routes and poetry. The area of Washington state covered is roughly that enclosed by a line drawn from Dorrington to Stenekin, Chelan and Wenatchee. There are many descriptions of hiking routes on established trails and high tracks, complemented by three loose topographic maps in one inch to the mile scale. Translation from the written directions to the maps is sometimes difficult since they are not thoroughly cross-referenced, but this is a minor problem as the notes give very fine detail.

The geological explanations, which occupy about 20 percent of the book, are informative and easily readable by the layman. If anything this book is too detailed for a utilitarian hiking guide, but the information it contains will be most interesting for anyone wishing to travel in the areas described.

Colin Oloman

Montagne Dl Groenlandia

Mario Fantin. Tamari Editori, Bologna, Italy, 1969.
280 photographs, 39 sketches, 374 pages. L 14,000.

Many compendiums with an abundance of information and photographs about a particular high mountain region of the world are being produced today. Although unfortunately available only in Italian, this one by Signor Fantin is one of the best yet. It is the first book on the mountains of Greenland to contain all the details of interest to the mountaineer. It covers the social, political and physical geography of the island, as well as the history of exploration and mountaineering. Perhaps the most valuable section of the text is Part III (about 260 pages), which comprises a pretty complete collection of writings by various explorers and mountaineers, all referenced. This represents a major piece of work, as the accounts reproduced here were scattered throughout four continents, and have been translated into Italian from five languages.

There are many useful photographic panoramas, and the sketches and maps adequately cover the areas described, with up-to-date names of peaks and glaciers that have been climbed or explored up to and including 1968. An interesting summary of Greenland Eskimo vocabulary and grammar is appended at the end of the text.

Of all the books on Greenland this is the most useful one to own as a permanent reference. One would like to see a similar coverage of the Yukon and Alaska, the Andes, the Garthwal-Himalaya. But who would have the perseverance of Signor Fantin to emulate his undertaking?

Evelio Echevarría

The North Cascades

Photographs Tom Miller. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1964. Maps and sketches Dee Molenaar, text Harvey Manning, 68 photographs, 10 maps, 96 pages. $12.50.

Looking for a good picture-book of the Northwest mountains a while ago, I rediscovered this 1964 offering of The Mountaineers. Although now selling for $2.50 more than its published price, it still turned out to be one of the best books available on this area. In spite of somewhat fuzzy reproductions and dated photographs it somehow captures the feeling of the North Cascades — their mood and texture — in a way that anyone who has ever climbed in them will immediately recognize.

Andrew Gruft

Mountaineering First Aid: A Guide To Accident Response And First Aid.

Dick Mitchell. The Mountaineers, Seattle, Washington. 96 pages, 6" by 9", 24 line illustrations Bruce Becker. Paper bound, good cover. $1.95.

This is the philosophy of First Aid at its best. The methods are specifically chosen for usefulness in mountain mishaps. The writer knows his subject and writes well and concisely. This handbook is intended as a supplement to other teaching texts. It seems to be unique as a truly First Aid (not Second Aid) mountaineering handbook. It should be appreciated by anyone who ventures into the mountains, and especially by those trained in First Aid.

It is a little large and heavy for carrying in the pack at nearly 5 ounces, however the wide margins can be used for the bits of lore accumulated by those who try to learn what to do in the care of emergencies. There is ample space in blank pages for notes on Second Aid treatment.

This is good reading for anyone who wants to learn what can be done by well executed First Aid.

Evelyn A. Gee, M.D.

Get Back Alive! Safety In The B.C. Coast Mountains

Edited by Tim Kendrick. The Federation of Mountain Clubs of British Columbia, P.O. Box 33768, Station D, Vancouver 9, B.C. 1973.

A 32 page paperback which contains an expanded version of the mountaineering safety code, spiced with cartoons and local newspaper reports of mountain accidents. This is a timely publication which summarizes the standard advice for those who would climb in the B.C. mountains.

The material is treated in a thorough and concise way, though it sometimes reads like a dry lecture on mountain safety in the Vancouver School Board's Adult Education Programme. Interest is redeemed by the newspaper clippings sprinkled cogently through the pages. The cartoons are rather scrappy,' but descriptions of the difficulties awaiting the unwary in the hills. Two pages on first aid did give realistic and simple directions for dealing with common types of injury.

Get Back Alive will be a useful contribution to the promotion of safety in the mountains if it receives the interest of the beginners

for whom it is intended.

Colin Oloman

Backpacking — One Step At A Time

Harvey Manning. The REI Press, Seattle, 1972. 356 pages, illustrated. $7.95.

What "Mountaineering — Freedom of the Hills" is to the neophyte climber, "Backpacking — One Step at a Time" promises to be for the novice hiker. Indeed, author Manning was the editor of "Mountaineering — Freedom of the Hills", and certain similarities in content are readily discernible.

The author attempts to give an overview of the essentials needed to become a competent hiker and backpacker, and in the main succeeds. Accordingly we find sections covering all the usual facets such as how to walk, what to eat, what to take, pests and dangers. The second portion of the book deals specifically with equipment — what to look for when buying, types of packs, etc. Part three includes some subjects not normally found in books of this type, for example, how to talk your kids into hiking with you, winter travel, and a discussion of elementary mountaineering techniques in the event of meeting rough terrain.

Overall the book is hard to fault. It is amply illustrated with pictures, tables and cartoons. The text is clear and flows along easily. However, in certain areas it tends to be a little weak, as when discussing compass work. There is also a tendency to soft pedal the physical fitness and skill necessary to make a backpacking trip enjoyable. The overall result of this attempt to "sell" backpacking to the masses seems to have resulted in the proliferation of restrictive rules in the US parks and forests to protect those who cannot look after themselves.

Where this book differs from so many others of its genre is the presentation throughout of a modern backwoods "ethic". The basis of the philosophy is — leave the land as you found it, nothing added, nothing taken away. Indeed, mountaineers could well benefit from a closer examination of this ethic. We have sometimes in the past had a deplorable proclivity to disregard tenets basic to the continued development of our sport.

In summary, the book is excellent, of the same order of quality as "Freedom of the Hills". However, because it is directed primarily at the tyro hiker, it is liable to be of limited interest to the mountaineer — who should be familiar with the basics already.

Lyn Michaud

Technical Note

Life Support Inc. has recently introduced a solid oxygen system consisting of a dispenser about the size of a binocular case, and three dispensable oxygen canisters which are about the size of soft drink cans. The unit produces medically pure humidified oxygen (15 mg/liter) at flow rates of 4, 8 or 12 liters/minute for 15 minutes. The total weight of the system, including the three replaceable canisters is 4.4 pounds. The chemical reaction in each canister is started simply by pushing a button. Refilling the system is as simple as loading a battery into a flashlight. Since the system produces O2 at ambient pressure, it is safe, and the canisters are inexpensive, easily available and have long shelf life.

I have personally tested this unit on Orizaba in December 1972 at 14,000 and 18,500 feet. The unit tested (S.O.S. 3445) functioned as described, however the canisters I had would not function below 32°F. due to freezing of the activator chemical. I understand that this problem has now been corrected and it is now possible to store and use the canisters down to 0°F.

It seems to me that the ease of portability, safety and cost of the system may make it a valuable part of a first aid package on serious high altitude expeditions. Further information may be obtained from the manufacturer, P.O. Box 339, 907 East Strawbridge Avenue, Melbourne, Florida 32901.

Kevin O'Connell

Climbing Reports: Vancouver Island

The peaks of southern Vancouver Island were the scene of most climbing activity during May and June. It was too late for ski and snowshoe tours, and the rock schools were completed in April. There was still too much soft snow in Strathcona.

Mts. Whymper and Landalt, both 5000 footers, and the highest in the Nanaimo River Drainage, were climbed within a week of one another. On 21 May John Gibson, Syd Watts and Keith Waterfall topped Whymper. A week later a party of Island Mountain Ramblers led by Hank Wilkinson reached Landalt's summit. Some of the Landalt party accompanied John Gibson on a variation which traversed nearby El Capitan. Another Rambler party led by Herb Warren reached the east peak of Mt. Hooper on 14 May despite soft snow.

Then everyone decided to climb Mt. Arrowsmith. On 13 May an Alpine Club (Vancouver Island Section) party consisting of Syd Watts, Alan Robinson, Gil Parker and John Gibson reached the top via the South Direct route (CAJ 1971, p. 69). John Gibson led a repeat of this route for the Ramblers on 11 June — the same day the BCMC tried the usual approach from the Rosseau Chalet. A week before, a Ramblers' trip to Forbidden Plateau led by Inno Schaeffer was diverted to Mt. Arrowsmith by fire closure. The party camped on Cokely and 18 people stood on Arrowsmith's summit the next day.

In another pre-season effort, Mike Walsh and I spent two weekends in the MacKenzie Range, finally accomplishing a first ascent of a delicate spire we called "Shadow Blade Pinnacle" (three rope leads, class 5).

Toward the end of June Strathcona began to open up. On 25 June an Alpine Club (Vancouver Island Section) party of John Gibson, Bill Lash, Syd Watts, Gil Parker and Bob Cameron climbed Mt. Adrian (6135'), from Buttle Lake via the south west ridge, which leads past the prominent rock towers.

An Alpine Club party of ten entered the Elk Valley in October. Elkhorn was climbed, while four of the group hiked the ridges toward Rambler Peak. For the week of 12-20 August the Ramblers joined the Alpine Club's Vancouver Island Section for a week in southwestern Strathcona Park. Fifteen people flew in to Bedwell Lake. From there they explored the beautiful lake and alpine meadow area surrounding their base camp, and climbed Big Interior Mtn. and Tom Taylor.

Then there was Mt. Colonel Foster. On 14-15 July Ralph Hutchin-son, Ron Facer, Joe Bajan and I completed the second ascent of Foster's North Peak — a mixed climb with some class 4 rock work among the chimneys and blocks of the peak's west face. Over Labour Day weekend Dick Culbert, Fred Douglas and Paul Starr established the first route on Col. Foster's east face.

While their climb was in progress, two scheduled Ramblers' outings emphasized the unexplained disparity between numbers of participants per trip. At the same time Don Apps was leading 39 people up to and over Comox Glacier, Franz Bislin and I had the Victoria-Warden massif all to ourselves. After completing the second ascent of Warden we reached the summit of Victoria Peak later the same day, via an interesting variation of a route established by Pat Guilbride in 1966.

The traditional Thanksgiving hike on Forbidden Plateau, led by Jack Ware, was especially successful this year due to excellent weather and a new and pleasant approach from the Dove Creek road through Paradise Meadows to Croteau Lake.

In the seldom-visited category, Bob Tustin's solo reconnaissance on the Haihte Range opened up the possibility of a complete traverse of the range from the Zeballos to Tahsis Rivers. Spectacular pinnacles abound, and as far as we know only the highest — Rugged Mtn. — has been climbed.

New rock climbing areas are constantly being discovered. The University of Victoria Rock Scaling Club has been concentrating on cliffs south of Duncan. Bryan Lee led trips to previously identified areas on Mt. De Cosmos and Little Mountain, while Mike O'Gorman and Larry Bone have put up an aid route on the cliffs just north of Home Lake. Good sea cliff climbs are abundant on headlands around Ucluelet — mainly short, but involving all degrees of difficulty.

There was great increase in canoeing in the Nitinat Triangle area this summer and a veritable swarm of hikers seem to have discovered the West Coast Trail — 3769 of them, to be exact, of which 433 completed the entire 45 miles. And this only includes people who registered!

Bill Perry

Island Ramblings

In 1972 we decided to climb Mt. Laing, previously noted in Culbert's Guide as an unclimbed peak on Vancouver Island. It's only 5800 feet, but wow! Here comes the brush. From Buttle Lake we got right into it. You know the old guide book advice — stick to the ridge, etc. There wasn't any ridge; furthermore the trees blocked out any view whatsoever, so that our topo map was our only sense of security, unless you count the altimeter. It kept saying that we already arrived at the flat spot on the bivouac ridge!

One of the disturbing things I saw enroute to that high camp was a bunch of orange plastic tape. That made me very suspicious that we were fighting a lost first ascent, but why was it necessary to place anything there at all? Some broncos with less experience maybe, but a BC bush buster?

The summit is a "nothing" but the approach is O.K. Lots of cul-de-sacs, snow flurries, and an occasional glimpse of wild country that was super! We had one other interesting observation. About half a mile below the summit there are a couple of large old-old blazes on some stunted firs. I think they could have been placed there by the original government surveyors in the mid-thirties.

After our usual soaking we opted for Strathcona Lodge. The proprietors there, understanding our plight, let us dry out all our

Rapelling off Phyllis' Engine, Garibaldi Park; unclimbed lower spire. Dick Culbert

soggy junk while plying us with good wine and steaks. After a day of this our restless souls made us move again — this time for those mythical unclimbed giants at the head of Nootka Sound.

The weather was horrible, but we pushed on to Gold River where we pulled up at the dock to board Uchuck III for Tahsis. No sooner had we opened our car door when through the rainy murk came this soaking white malemute.

"He's jumping in with his g.d. wet feet," I screamed. For a few minutes we wrestled this 50 pound intruder, not certain who would be the victor. But wouldn't you like to get in the dry too, if you had been out on the wharf in all that slop?

Our voyage to Tahsis didn't provide for any climbing. It was 12 July and the rain came streaming down in great purple besoms. Occasionally the ship's screws slowed to an idle. Wispy limbs of yellow cedar poked their tips at our portholes. Beneath the limbs a granite face plunged to the water. I watched as two people climbed down the ship's ladder to a pitching log float. They'd come to take their daughter, who is expecting a child. On the float the son-in-law cheerfully waves from within his high-clearance pick-up truck, whose windshield wipers swipe madly in a futile attempt to clear the glass. The grandparents-to-be only now realize what a bleak outpost Blowhole Bay really is. Bleak to them, but not to those four loggers and wives whose huts cling precariously to the rocks.

We give up on Nootka. It's Island Air back to Gold River. As I wait in the 2 by 4 broom closet office of the seaplane terminal I note an interesting message coming in over the teletype: "Please tell the lighthouse keeper at Friendly Cove that his white malemute jumped aboard Uchuck III yesterday, and is now at Gold River causing all kinds of trouble." That mutt sure got around!

Back at Gold River we found out that the granite cliff above the smelly pulp mill is almost as high as some of the Yosemite walls. There is a difference though; this one is dripping wet with moss, trees and devil's club. It also has about 60 white-washed signatures on it, painted by merchant mariners from all over the world who call at this small port, with several falling deaths in the process.

Flores Island, 14 July. We gave up Nootka and went south, but not far enough. We hiked over from Ahousat Village and wondered where Powell Beach was, unable to find it from the directions old Mary Little gave us. Swatting bugs while downing tinned tuna we speculated how the night was going to be spent. From across the inlet a "haloo" indicated that we were about ready to make some new friends!

In short order Charlotte and George Rae-Arthur had us up to their telephone repeater station, and put us up in a cozy "summer cottage" complete with water and lights. What a way to rough the B.C. bush!

In front of Rae-Arthur's was a splendid garden, where they grew corn, berries, potatoes, tomatoes, and all those leafy vegetables that we like so well. We did not realize how rocky these islands are, and only in a few places can one expect such a bountiful harvest. This one was possible because the Anglican fathers, some years back, had drained the lake. The soil is blackest of black, and fringes of their fields are still marshy with peat. George says that the peat is great for burning, except that it throws off some gas which tends to blow the furnace door open.

There is much we liked about Ahousat; the children who would take you to their elders; ancient Mary Little, whose grass baskets portray the old killer whales in monograms; and Howard Tom, who drives a classy fibreglass boat and wears lavender flared pants. We noticed the ravens too, always perched on the ridgelines of an Indian shanty. No wonder this avian perches on top of their aged totems.

Nicholas A. Dodge

Climbing Reports: Coast Range

The winter of 71-72 was a bitch on the Coast. Most of the mountain huts took a beating. Batzer Hut at Williamson Lake was entirely removed by an avalanche; the Pardoe Hut on Dance Platform of the Chief was partly stove in by ice falling from the rim; Burton Hut at Sphinx Glacier was flooded when Garibaldi Lake became dammed with ice; and the Névé Hilton father south was filled with snow when its door surrendered to high winds. No further huts were erected, as the controversy continues whether mountain shelters do more good than harm. This argument seems to have been concluded with a set of guidelines as to the type of locale where huts will do the least damage, and next year should see renewed construction.

These polemics are just one facet of the larger problem of how climbers should act towards the new outdoors boom, which has suddenly dumped sizeable hordes of humans upon the coast ranges. Actually the crowd scenes seem more the result of the herd instinct than any outdoors one, as most Vancouver wilderness is still as little-explored as ever, despite outstanding access improvements.

All new guidebooks promised are still pending. The Coast Ranges guide revision has been postponed for a year due to financial stress of constructing an old folks home at Canmore, but it, along with Glenn Woodsworth's revised Chief Guide and the new BCMC 100 Hikes, are expected out before the 1974 season.

The exploratory mountaineering scene this year was dominated by John Clarke, whose long, solo expeditions into new corners of the Coast Mountains netted him almost 50 new peaks. Other expeditions of note included that of a Seattle party into the area north of Mt. Waddington, a trip by the Kafers and John Clarke into southern Niut Range, Paul Starr, Fred Douglas and I on Cat's Ears and the ascent of Mt. Hickman by Fred Beckey and companions.

Rock climbing innovations were few on the coast this year. Several parties were active on the eastern fringe, including three unsuccessful attempts on Maclntyre Bluffs near Oliver, but the only major new interior route completed was on Cayoose Wall, by Cuthbert and Clayton. This, and the east face of Colonel Foster on Vancouver Island, are the only cliffs of distinction to have

succumbed out this way.

Dick Culbert

Solitary Wanderings in the Coast Range

The idea of spending a whole summer in the Coast mountains had always tempted me. It would be like making any Vancouver climber's dream come true. Last summer I set about finding the answer.

It began like most others with ski trips to the ridges between Garibaldi Lake and Mt. Sir Richard. The stormy spring was ideal for testing food and equipment for more extended trips later in the summer. The first serious ski trip was into the Ashlu-Squamish divide, to examine the southerly end of a proposed traverse from Jervis Inlet later in the summer. I got the required photos, but a sudden blizzard near Mt. Amicus meant skiing back to the Elaho River leaving the tent and things to be ingested by the glacier, hoping for retrieval three months later.

By May the weather had cleared enough for a ski trip to the mountains between Jervis Inlet and the Manatee Range. Roy Mason, the miracle mountain pilot, dropped me on the 5500 foot pass five miles north of Mt. Tinniswood. The ski-equipped Super Cub settled onto the crest of the pass very smoothly despite the 40 mph wind. After the noise and flying snow of the take-off had died the little plane dwindled into the distance, and it felt strange to stand alone in the wind, surrounded by snow and sun. Having had breakfast in Vancouver the transition was terrific.

The wind remained strong all day, but the weather was clear for travel. I left a cache in a snow cave at the landing site, and set off on a four day return ski trip following the ridges and glaciers to Mt. Ralph. The peaks on this divide average around 8000 feet, are heavily glaciated and have deep bushy valleys on both sides. Near the summit of Mt. Pollack — whoomp! A big mushroomy cornice broke off the ridge a few feet from my boots and avalanched down the north face, leaving a stinging wind charged with ice crystals roaring through the new hole. On my return to the cache I moved it up to the col, and spent a delightful day hiking and climbing the many peaklets of Mt. Boardman and Ross Ridge. After this camp was moved onto the main trunk of the long glacier flowing into Clendenning Creek. This was a good flat campsite, but buffeted by a constant down-draft.

It was dark when the alarm went off, but I was away at the first light, heading for the group of peaks west of the main glacier. I used the steep tributary icefall for access into the upper basin, and moved fast on crampons as the sun came up. The peaks around the upper snowfield were all easy snow climbs, and they lay in somewhat of a circle, so the day was a skyline hike along the ridges joining the peaks. Long before reaching camp I could see the tiny dot of the tent against the whiteness of the glacier.

The evening was spent reading and watching the stars come out, being too tired to move camp. The wind persisted, but inside the flapping tent the stove roared towards dinner.

Next morning I crossed Clendenning Creek on an avalanche bridge, and spent the day moving everything to 6000 feet on the glacier to the north — a good starting point for the morrow. I left camp early with a light pack for 9200 foot Elaho Peak, the highest point of the trip. The high cloud canopy the previous night failed to produce the storm I had expected. The west ridge was easy enough to take skiis to the summit, and I took a complete panorama of photos from the windy top. The afternoon was spent skiing the gentle mountains to the north reaching camp in sunlight and a dead calm. The tent is the only island of darkness in a world of space and light. Once inside the noise of the stove cuts me off from the silence, but when turned off the complete lack of sound suddenly returns.

I am often asked if solo trips in remote places are lonely — sometimes, yes. But usually the uncertainty of the route ahead, the weather, or sheer captivation with the scenery prevent loneliness. Evenings are spent cooking, studying the next day's route on the map in candlelight, melting snow for tomorrow's water bottle, repairing clothes and equipment or just lying still and listening to the silence.

In the morning I traversed easy ridges to the north east in order to drop onto the Jimmie Creek logging road at just the right place, to avoid cliffs. It felt strange to walk under the cool darkness of the foliage as bumblebees droned in the second growth at the Toba River's edge, after ten days on blinding glaciers.

Mt. Athelstan, and the beautiful area to the north, was one of those trips that I'd postponed for too long. June came. Roy Mason made a reconnaissance flight to the area, and spotted several glaciers suitable for landing. Soon the little ski-plane touched down once again — this time at 8100 feet on the broad pass just north of Mt. Athelstan, which drops sharply into Salal Creek on the west side. After unloading, the much lightened plane raced down the slope and droned away into the clouds, my ears holding the sound until the end, almost not wanting it to go.

I set off for the west ridge of Athelstan right away, to catch it in good condition before the storm. The full length of the ridge was encased in ice, and much step cutting and cramponing was needed to reach the top — a mound of hard ice at about 9300 feet. Flying clouds chased me back to camp, and the next few days were sprinkled with snow storms. During the lulls I wore a track to the ridge crest to look into the expanse of the Lillooet River valley, and the volcanic Meager Group on the other side. The Manatee Range and Lillooet Icecap rarely showed, being drowned in their own storms.

On the third morning the sun announced a good day by turning the snow crystals inside the tent into a miniature rainstorm. I broke camp and hiked toward Mt. Ethelweard, staying on or near the ridge crest. Cumulus cloud shadows raced each other across the glaciers giving the snow a mottled look. Through the Guthrun-Icemaker col and across the north side of Icemaker was a fast route to a campsite one mile south of Mt. Ethelweard. A starry sky lured me out of the tent early, and the whole day was spent on the dry solid rock of the Ethelweard massif. Its crest runs north west to south east, the main tower being at the north west. I avoided the huge step in the south east ridge of the tower by detouring into gullies on the south face. That evening I moved camp to the head of the large glacier east of Icemaker Mtn.

The next morning was spent on the four peaks forming the head of this glacier, before dropping 3000 feet to the pass between Pebble and McParlon Creeks. From here the route went up wooded ridges, due south to camp at 7000 feet near the glacier head. Raindrops in the middle of the night made me dash outside to put up the fly sheet I was using for a pillow. I climbed the 8500 foot peaks south of the head of Pebble Creek the next day, then made a rushed trip to the peaks south of Mt. Thiassi.

That evening when the western glow disappeared the good weather went with it, and a four day deluge of rain and snow followed. Sometimes during a lull, I would go for a short hike outside to take in the white world of smooth shapes and muffled sounds. The fifth morning was reasonable, so I made a mad dash for the logging roads on the Lillooet River.

Another thought in the back of my head had always been to walk from Jervis Inlet to the Squamish River, but all previous attempts had been rained out. On 1 August I flew to the logging camp two miles north of Deserted Bay ($21.00 from Sechelt), and climbed around the shoulder of Mt. Pearkes to the long skyline ridge beyond. Camp was on a small heathery alp with the tent facing the last sunlight. Soon I was inside my sleeping bag, watching wind whipped clouds making the ranges to the north west glow with a soft diffused light.

In the morning I had a delightful hike north east along the crest, with Mts. Albert and Tinniswood shining in the sun to the north. On the left I could see the upper part of the 5000 foot granite walls above Princess Louisa Inlet, and to the right the immense green basin of the Deserted River. It was one of those long easy going days in the mountains which are particularly good on a solo trip. I bounded along the ridge when I wanted to hurry, or stopped to look into the silence and space whenever I wanted.

The second night's camp was perched on the flat granite slabs on top of a 7000 foot peak. The third day involved dropping to the lake at the head of the Deserted River, and continuing to the 7000 foot double summit beyond. It was here I met the friendliest billygoat ever — he walked to within a few feet of me and stayed for several minutes. Another 2000 foot drop and 2500 foot climb brought camp in a heather hollow at 7500 feet.

The early morning sunlight cut every ridge knife-edge sharp as I hiked south along the easy crest toward the first of the 8000 foot peaks — a leisurely aerial scramble in the morning sun. A long glissade to the south east and a 2000 foot climb up the other side brought me to the second 8000 foot peak, and a camp near the summit. In the morning I crossed the class 3 to 4 gap in the south west ridge to reach the narrow summit at about 8100 feet. Later in the day 8500 foot Ashlu Mtn. yielded via a snow gully on the north side. The next few days passed following the usual exit from this divide to the Squamish River.

In July I made a short interesting trip from Pitt Lake to Squamish. There is a ferry service three times a week to the logging camp at the head of Pitt Lake, and the upper reaches of the main river give access to a large number of peaks and snow-fields. An interesting hike to make here starts from the end of the road up Steve Creek, goes over the pass at the head and down Crawford Creek to the Mamquam River road. There is a trail along the north side of Crawford Creek.

After supper one evening in August, Roy Mason (on floats this time) dropped me at the silty lake at the snout of the Stave Glacier — the source of the Stave River. Next morning was clear and I visited the Fire Spires, a remarkable group of steep rocky peaks east of the lake. My objective was "The Flames", a triple summited rock peak. Only the central one had been climbed. Both the others turned out to be class 3 on loose rock. To the west the icefields south of Snowcap Lake filled the horizon — an amazingly large extent of glaciation for such a moderate elevation. Even more amazing is the fact that it is only 45 miles north east of Vancouver, but has yet to see a ski party.

At Terrarosa Lake (a turquoise jewel) the rain squalls chased me back to camp, where an all night deluge began. The morning was clear enough to walk around the lake and up the main trunk of the Stave Glacier — an impressive highway to the peaks of the Misty Icefields. After inspecting the 80 foot high "Betstel Pinnacle" (too difficult!) the 7000 foot class 4 rock peak to the south seemed a more reasonable challenge.

Mt. Stanton is the 9700 foot apex of the South Whitemantle Range, halfway between the head of Knight Inlet and the Homathko River. There are scheduled flights from Campbell River during the week to the inlet head. From air photos Wahkash Creek seemed the best approach, so at the end of August a Trans Mountain Airlines Cessna dropped me at the mouth of the creek, the site of an abandoned logging operation. There was no dock, so I stepped off the pontoon up to my knees in seaweed — it felt a long way to Mt. Stanford The old logging road gave fast travelling for seven miles, but it took two days to find a route from here to the high country — this was one of those valleys that look better on air photos and maps than on the ground! Finally the peaks north of the north fork of Wahkash Creek were traversed, and a camp placed within a good distance of Stanton.

The whole region is overwhelmed by glaciers — some terminating as low as 2500 feet above sea level. Stanton was not a difficult climb — at the bergschrund on the west face I turned onto the loose but easy north west ridge. Only the last 100 feet required crampons. It was crystal clear in the calm air, so I spent two hours of this glorious September evening on the peak,

The following day I climbed 8500 foot "Wahkash Peak" by hiking across the huge 16 square mile névé that separates it from Stanton. The surface was pitted with huge waist deep sun cups, but the view from the peak was a reward. In every direction were ranges like a single band of white, their ridges smoothed out by the midday sunshine. The weather held long enough to return to the inlet and light a bonfire on the beach. I caught the first passing plane home — hitch-hiking Knight Inlet style.

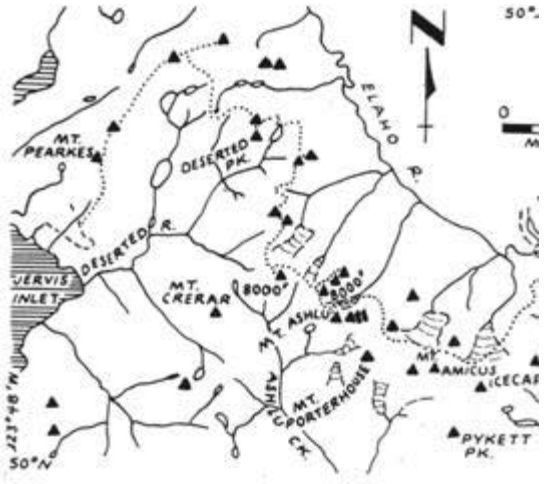
John Clarke

Mt. Northgraves: South Wall

For those of you to whom Mt. Northgraves may not be a household name, it squats in the hinterland east of the Lucky

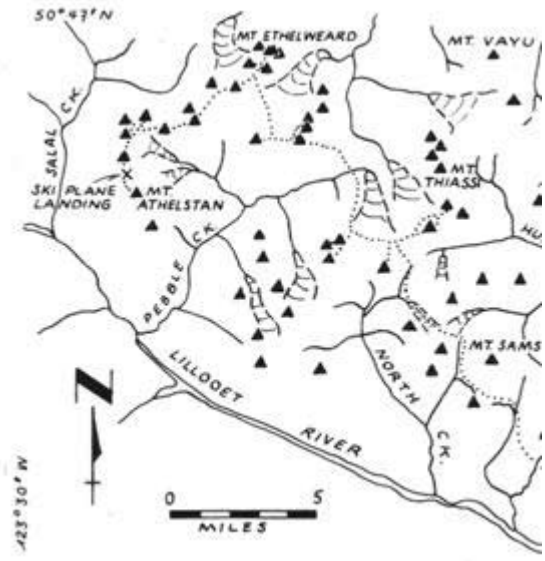
Mt. Ashlu from the north. John Clarke

Elaho-Jervis Divide. John Clarke/Moira Irvine



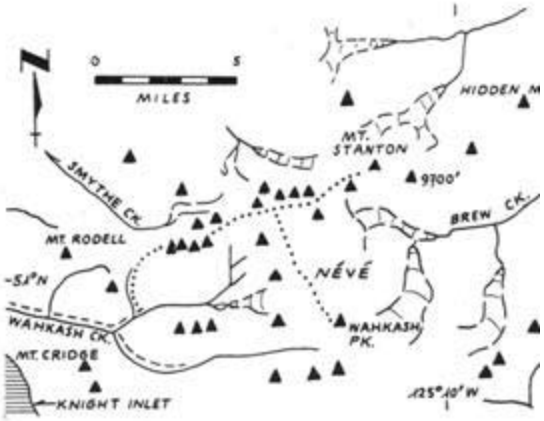
Mt. Athelstan from the north. John Clarke

Mt. Athelstan Region. John Clarke/Moira Irvine



Looking north from the summit of Mt. Stanton. John Clarke

Mt. Stanton Region. John Clarke/Moira Irvine



Four Group. A pleasant sort of peak, and very accessible now that there is a Volkswagenable road up Yola Creek from the Silverskagit Road. Our main interest in Northgraves centered around its large and abrupt south face, clearly visible from the more popular Rexford-Slesse area. As the base of this wall is a slack two hours from the cars, our party of four (Paul Starr, Fred Douglas, Jack Bryan and I) indulged in a late start on a Saturday afternoon.

From camp below the face we started off at dawn, still with only a bleary idea of what we were going to do. The thing proved bigger and steeper than expected — it didn't look much like a one-dayer. We climbed (some might say avoided) the lower part of the wall by a class 4 ridge on its left side, then at a prominent ledge jogged onto the nose and we got down to serious business. Class 5 business mostly, with the odd aid pin. Rock was metaconglomerate — usually a disaster in this area, but very nice here albeit a little short on protection in some places. The climbing was aesthetic (largely cracks and corners), our main adversary turning out to be the heat. Paul's youth in Iran and Panama stood him in good stead as he put up some nice leads (to 5.7) but the rest of us were wilting fast ere the friendly summit. The cars were attained about an hour after dark. This is a recommended peak, both for hiking and rock climbing.

Dick Culbert

Cayoose Wall: The Weremouse Route

One hot June day Tony Clayton and I dragged ourselves and our gear to the foot of Cayoose Wall, which rises above Cayoose creek about one and a half miles south of Lillooet. Having expected a lot of involved climbing we had packed a large selection of pitons, but as it turned out we were able to complete the climb using our meagre supply of nuts for all our belays and runners.

The line we followed started at the large white slab at the base of the wall, directly in line with the summit. The first few rope lengths consisted of easy climbing, with nothing harder than 5.2. About a quarter of the way up the face the rock steepens and for the next five leads the climbing becomes a little more strenuous, but not exceeding 5.5. At the top of this section the first of the three obvious tree ledges is reached. From here the rest of the climb consists of short scrambling pitches to the top. The rock tends to be a little loose.

Descent is by a very steep goat trail down the west ridge. The length of the climb is approximately 3300 feet. Our climbing time was about 15 hours, but it could be done in one day by a lighter equipped party. Grade III.

Bob Cuthbert

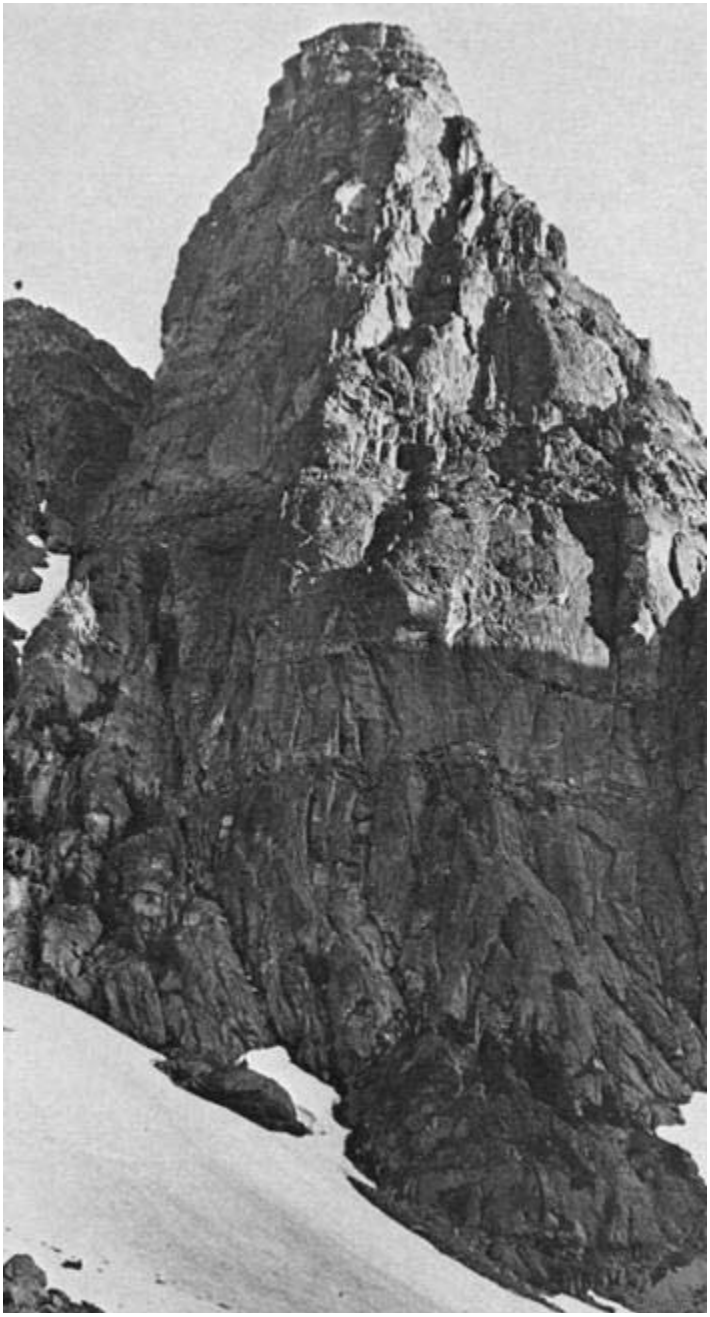
Wedge Tower

From Alta Lake and the Whistler ski area the south face of Mt. Wedge is a prominent feature. This 5000 foot face is steep by skiing standards, continuous, and holds the snow well, thanks to a wide shallow depression which runs the whole height of the face.

Peter Koedt asked us to join him for a weekend visit, and so in the late spring Nona Rowat and I joined him to climb the narrow north ridge of Wedge. We carried our alpine skiis, and descended

Peaks north of Jervis Inlet. John Clarke/Moira Irvine

The south face of Mt. Northgraves. Jack Bryan



the south face. We began the descent in cloud, but were soon below it and enjoying what must be one of the finest ski runs around: 5000 feet of absolutely continuous, wide 35 degree slope which, for us, was in prime condition — two inches of powder snow on a hard base. For comparison, the face is steeper than the "Goat" at Whistler, but easier because it is much wider. Nona traversed off to the right after 2500 feet, Peter continued to the absolute bottom, while I stopped about 500 feet short when the snow began to get too soggy. Rather than ski out Wedge Creek, we climbed back up to the col at the foot of the west ridge and skied down Wedge Glacier to the cabin.

On our spring visit to the cabin I had noticed the rock buttresses across the lake and found that the rock on the far left (smallest) one was superb. So in the summer we returned to the cabin with a family party — two-year-old and dog included. One of the buttresses or ridges appears to lead directly to a small characteristic pinnacle, so while Ed Zenger and Jurgen Oswald took the ridge directly (described below) Peter Koedt, Robin Barley and I settled for the large smooth looking face on its left, which we called Ruby's Face.

There are two parallel crack systems on the lower part of this face, and we climbed the right hand one, actually a wide V-chimney, in two pitches. The only difficulty was a small overhang on the second pitch (5.5). Then we scrambled diagonally left for several rope lengths over big ledges until the face steepened again, and we found ourselves in a fairly exposed position. Pete led a pitch starting with a vertical 50 foot section on firm but shaky looking holds, and continued on easier ground. More scrambling leftwards took us to the foot of a razor sharp ridge, which led, a cheval at times, to the summit of the ridge, "Wedge Tower". A huge 300 foot gap separated us — quite a surprise!

After lunch with Ed and Jurgen, they retreated by their ascent route. We made one 150 foot almost free rappel, plus a shorter one to the notch between tower and pinnacle. Then we continued with two further rappels down hard snow on the east side of the notch. A week later Peter Koedt and John Fike walked round to a point on the main ridge behind the pinnacle, made a 30 foot rappel into a notch, and climbed it with no trouble.

On the way up the Wedgemount cabin trail a spectacular buttress can be seen on the south side of the lake; at closer quarters it can be seen to be undercut. The same pair put up a route on the buttress a quarter mile west of the lake, immediately to the right of the one with the spectacular undercut. Their route follows an obvious groove to a Y-junction, then continues up the left hand fork until forced to exit left (5.8), and so to the top. Robin Barley and Peter Koedt also climbed a short route on the steep crag just below the cabin.

Peter Rowat

For about a year and a half Jurgen Oswald and I had been thinking of taking a closer look; we had been up on the Wedge Glacier in winter, and the tower had looked very impressive. The weather for the long weekend looked good, so we took this opportunity and hiked to our base camp near the cabin on Wedge Lake.

On Saturday afternoon we did a recce, and on Sunday morning we climbed the peak in about six hours. (I think that anyone could beat this time). The rock is quite good and we enjoyed the climb very much. We used only a few pitons, none for direct aid.

We were surprised at how high the face was on the back side — it is a 160 foot vertical drop from the peak to a narrow saddle.

After building a cairn on top, we followed more or less the same route back, having to rappel four 60 foot pitches.

Ed Zenger

Mt. Winstone

This outstanding peak east of Mt. Monmouth in the Coast Mountains was climbed and named on a 1964 BCMC expedition. The name is still little known, as is the glacierized area of the Falls, Tchaikazan, and Lord Rivers, the principal drainages. Taseko Lakes and the Chilcotin Range east of the Coast Mountain intrusive contact are rather well known, both to the prospector and exploring tourist. Early Bridge River gold mining successes led to trail routes and prospecting near Taseko Lakes. A car road was built to the lakes from the Chilcotin Road, and subsequently in 1946, a 16-mile jeep road was built to gold workings on the high ridge between Falls and Lord Rivers. The "Hi Do" Mine produced some activity, but the jeep road has not been used by miners for years. John Murdoch's hunting camp on Fishem Lake uses this road, and incidentally provides an eastern entry to the high mountain area.

On the spur of a good late summer weather forecast Daniel Davis, Philip Leatherman and I drove from Seattle to Taseko Lakes, and unfortunately found Murdoch free to drive us up the jeep road, a service impossible without a boat and flexible vehicle on the opposite bank of the Lord River. A photo of Mt. Winstone had caught my attention; there certainly appeared to be room on the broad north north east faces for an interesting new alpine route.

Our first afternoon's hiking brought us to a hunting cabin, and the next day took us up the untracked valley of Falls River to within a few hundred yards of the Falls River Glacier. A camp spot at 6100 feet, on a flowered gravel terrace at the fringe of the last pines, provided a splendid view of Winstone. An ice route we had contemplated on the central peak looked uncertain due to late season crevasses and ice cliffs, so we agreed to focus on the classic face — really a buttress — of the western peak of the Winstone facade.

Early on the morning of 25 August we trekked across the several miles of mostly bared ice of the lower glacier. Increasingly steep névé slopes led to a glacier segment close to centre-face. Here we cramponned a series of steep slopes to a narrow ice ridge on the buttress. Two pitches of quite steep ice took us to rock. Some eight pitches of class 4 and 5 climbing up the steep buttress brought us to the summit ridge crest in mid-afternoon. A short scramble west led to the 10,000 foot summit, not visited since the 1964 first ascent. A long survey of the Homathko and Waddington areas, partly clouded in the distance, led to the realization we had best descend. We chanced a route down gullies on the south, to the Tchaikazan Glacier. A glacier hike to a col led to the Falls drainage. Here we descended a crevassed glacier area to the lower more moderate ice, then made it to camp as evening was approaching. Later, on

the hike out, we mused on our fine mountaineering success in this seldom-seen alpine paradise.

Fred Beckey

The Mt. Waddington Area

The Waddington-Combatant col, reached via helicopter, was a high "base" for Peter Renz, Dave Knudson, Karen and John Beebee and Joan and Joe Firey in July 1972. After a brief storm Mt. Combatant was climbed via its north side to the north summit (class 5) which is 100 to 200 feet lower than the main south peak. A traverse to the south summit where the cairn of the original ascent party (H. Fuhrer, H. Hall, P. & D. Munday, A. Roovers; 1933) was found brought us on top at 8.30 p.m. Several rappels down the south side and a bivouac in storm at c. 11,500 feet in the most southerly couloir completed the traverse of the mountain, and first ascent of the north peak.

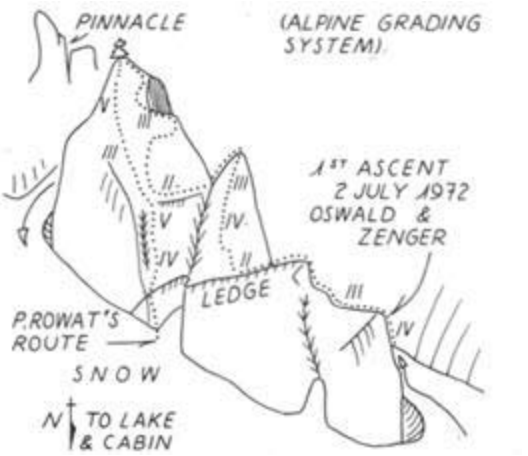
A broken tent pole was the result of the two feet of fresh snow while we were on the climb. It was re-rigged with ice axes, and camp was moved up onto the "Angel Glacier" on the north side of Mt. Waddington, joining the route of the Mundays' original ascent in 1928. This route provides no technical problems, except for the hazard of crossing under an active ice cliff to gain the Angel. A chance meeting on the North West Peak of Waddington with Fips Broda's party from Vancouver, coming from their camp at Spearman Col, was considered unique. Mt. Hickson (c. 10,000') was climbed from the notch between the two higher summits, providing some pleasant rock scrambling. This was a third ascent.

Camp was then moved down to the Scimitar Glacier. The platform levelled by the 1933 party at 6000 feet on the moraine above the Scimitar were gratefully utilized. Parts of pack boxes (they brought horses up the Scimitar from Moseley Creek), wooden tent poles and a tin that still contained some fuel were found. A second day of packing brought us to a delightful "green" camp in Pocket Valley from which two of the party proceeded out. The Beebees and Fireys went on up the Parallel Glacier, and put a route up Mt. Geddes (c. 11,000') on its north ridge. This proved to be a precariously assembled route at a moderately steep angle, requiring considerable time, care and protection. Nine hours on the ridge brought us to the slightly lower east summit by 6.30 p.m. We had hoped to find the original two hour, third class route down the south side, so forewent the higher western summit. After an hour or so of "thirding" we were forced to begin rapelling, and eventually to bivouac around 10,000 feet. Fortunately it was a relatively warm night, much more comfortable than on Combatant. The guide turned out to be in error, as the 1939 ascent by R. Gibson and S. Hendricks required 7 or 8 hours and roped climbing. If we'd known that we would have allowed for a complete ascent and known bivouac.

Exit from Pocket Valley to Twist Lake took 31 to 33 hours by both contingents. The route was over Bifrost Pass; Twist Pass just north of Mt. Delusion; moose and bear trail down the south fork of Twist Creek to the trappers' trail on the north side of the north branch of Twist (from Nirvana Pass); and eventually cattle trail 3 to 4 miles above Twist Lake. The only problem was the crossing of Twist Creek at moderately high water due to warm weather.

Joan Firey

Wedge Lake Tower. Ed Zenger/Moira Irvine



The north east facade of Mt. Winstone, west peak on the right. Philip Leatherman

The west peak of Mt. Winstone. The route goes between the rock islands, then up the skyline to the summit. Philip Leatherman

The Tooth, Mt. Waddington and the Northwest Peak, from the north. Dave Knudson

Mt. Hickman

Certainly one of the most unexplored areas of the Coast Mountains is that part of the glaciated Boundary Range between the Stikine and Iskut Rivers. The Boundary Survey explored many navigable streams and channels in the early 1900's, and occupied Mt. Gallatin and a few other points of moderate altitude south of the Iskut River. Geologist George M. Dawson made a reconnaissance, which resulted in a map published in 1898.

In 1929 F. A. Kerr continued this exploration, his purpose being to locate the eastern contact of the Coast Range's batholith. In his report he wrote "To the north of the lower valley of the Iskut River, a large block of mountains, The Spectrum Range, stands mainly unmapped between the upper reaches of Iskut River on the east and Stikine River on the west. It appears to be a typical block of Coast Mountains, and Mount Hickman, 9700 feet high, close to its centre, is shown on maps at its highest peak, with others almost as high along its western edge." Merely approaching the high peaks was formidable. Sloughs, dense brush, cliffs, and grizzlies contributed to inaccessibility. The weather can be a problem. During Kerr's summer season there were 8 clear days, 19 cloudy, and 48 with heavy rain. Snow fell above 4000 feet several times "to entirely whiten the peaks".

The Stikine became noted during the Cassiar gold rush, which climaxed in 1874. During these times river steamers such as the "Flying Dutchman", captained by the venerable William Moore, plied the river to Telegraph Creek.

There have been several expeditions to major peaks west of the Stikine (Alaska-B.C. boundary) between 1947 and the present time, but the only known trip east of the river was in the late 1960's to Mt. Ambition. On rather short plans to climb Mt. Hickman in the summer of 1972, John Rupley, Dave Beckstead and I found little opportunity to decipher the modern methods of getting near this mountain. Several helicopters had been engaged for mineral exploration in the area, and it was eventually decided to risk contacting one at Schaft Creek.

Much to the astonishment of the camp geologists we landed at the air strip by plane engaged in Ketchikan (South Coast Airways). En route we had the opportunity to peruse the largely unexplored alpine regions between the Unuk River and Mt.Hickman. Passing near our objective, we saw to our dismay that the northern route we had charted from aerial photographs looked unusually hostile. Fortunately a route from the south, via an unnamed glacier, did seem within our limits.

A machine from Okanagan Helicopters was flying from the strip that afternoon, so we decided to use it as a transport to the upper part of the unnamed glacier. As the weather was now excellent, we did not want to risk waiting out a rainy period similar to the one prior to our flight. That evening we set up camp on a minor glacier col. then spent several hours exploring.

Very early on 19 July we set out in earnest. A high web of clouds gave us some concern, but they thinned with the morning sun. After hours of step kicking and cramponning on the steep snow

The north side of Mt. HIckson from the Scimitar Glacier. Dave Knudson

and ice of the south face, we entered a narrow couloir system. This consisted of intermittent rock steps and long ice patches, all under the possibility of stonefall. Occasional fifth class pitches and loose surface material on the ice made the climbing interesting, though seldom enjoyable because of the stonefall hazard. Even while donning and removing crampons the quiet "nerve war" had its disturbing effects.

After numerous rock pitches in the upper portion of the couloir we reached the razor crest of the summit towers. Here two pitches eastward were quite disturbing, due to loose rock and the unreliability of belay pitons.

The survey from the summit disclosed a loose-looking knifed tower more than 100 yards to the west, of about equal height, but totally inaccessible. Our eyes surveyed the seldom-seen ice and rock peaks of the Spectrum Range with much appreciation for their grandeur and glaciation. West of the Stikine trench such high peaks as Kate's Needle, Devil's Thumb, and Mt. Ratz stood out clearly above the summit accordance.

After descending three pitches we elected to "sleep out" some three hours, to await cooler conditions for the couloir descent. After the sun-shadow departed, we continued rappels, many from pitons. The last few hours on the steep lower slopes were made uncomfortable because of loose snow conditions and darkness. Fortunately nothing fell from above. Nineteen hours after leaving, we returned to our tent, just before a rain squall.

After a day of rest we made an arduous descent of the crevassed glacier, then spent one and a half days hiking over glaciers and the valley of Hickman Creek to the hospitality of Schaft Creek.

Fred Beckey

The Cadwallader Range

In the beginning of May Eric White, Peter Jordan, and I skied into the Cadwallader Range from Pioneer. We went up Cadwallader Creek to camp at the base of Mt. Taillefer. In the ensuing days we climbed Mt. Taillefer, an unnamed mountain with a cairn to the north of Taillefer, and four mountains to the west of Mt. Taillefer, which were probably first ascents. All were easy, and best access is available during the spring when one can ski up the creekbeds.

Fred Thiessen

Climbing Reports: Squamish

Have you ever totalled your car on the first day of your annual vacation? Left a pack of iron in some guy's car and the only thing you remember is that he had Alaskan license plates? Squamish 72 was a year of forgotten Kletts.

Ripoffs man—everyone got hit, Yanks, Aussies, Scots, Canucks. Everyone worried about the car, would it have the tell-tale mark of the artist; the smashed no-draft and long gone gear? Scores of cars, perhaps thousands of dollars in equipment and the loss of many fine climbs. Who in the hell needs it?

But the "hard core" doesn't play fair. It took four months and a lot of sleuthing but hundreds of pins were recovered and returned to owners around the world. Al "Surfin" Bird donned his wet suit to scoop seventy out of Shannon Falls; the rest came out of the Squamish Hotel. Certain non-climbing locals have left town somewhat tussled about, so 73 should be a safer year. The core seems to be eliminating artists with no holds barred. The sentence at one trial for throwing rocks off the summit at climbers below was an example. Tie the culprit to a tree and free beer to the first one to break a bone by throwing rocks at him!

In spite of all this, some remained active, and some 80 new routes will be in the following revised guide. Ed Gibson, the Seattle lawyer who keeps much of the core out of jail, soloed the Grand to Dance Platform. Richard Dorish did much of it solo but also used another party's fixed ropes to the top of Split Pillar, so it seems Ed gets the nod for the first. He used the Pemberthy self belay, but wasn't too happy with it.

Kevin McLean and Dave MacDonald did both Grand and University Walls in fine style before heading South. But they weren't the only overseas parties. Robin Barley with local Frank Baumann, and a pair of fine climbing Aussies, Chris Baxter and Peter Peart, all wandered up University and Grand. Chris, in no uncertain terms, educated us to introducing a visitor to an area, and for this we owe him thanks.

Parties, as always, were active on the shorter free routes, with some new ones of note. Sinclair, Caldbeck and Bader call won the "PHEW!". The route is sparely bolt protected and no pitons are used. A second ascent party may confirm its extreme difficulty.

Brian Norris soloed Unfinished Symphony. This IV, 5.8, A3 route put up by Beckey and Sinclair around '68 has seen only half a dozen ascents to date.

The first all-women party started up the Grand, but 98 pound Jeannine Caldbeck and 105 pound Pam Glennon rapped off when their 300 pounds of bobby-pins stuck at the Split Pillar.

The ACC had a club trip that has to be a first anywhere. It was come one, come all, up Uncle Ben's (VI, 5.8, A4) led by Hugh Burton. Congratulations are in order for the climbing committee, Hugh, and all concerned.

Most of the big guns were in Yosemite and did little in Squamish this year though Hugh Burton did manage to break a leg bouldering on buildings in Jasper.

The local rescue group has been active. Stretchers bouncing down Papoose and Slab Alley are not uncommon, but all bodies are intact, they're only practising. They're looking very competent and it wouldn't surprise me if they could pull off a very serious operation. Rumour has it they're thinking of bringing up Bobbins and/or Bridwell for a seminar.

One choice bit of truthful gossip is that the core felt too many escapes across Bellygood was bad for the image — so Bellygood

had to go! It seems all the dynamite didn't blow, and some sticks still lie at the South end, now renamed "The Mine Field". A last tasty tidbit is that when Kon Kraft got bombed off Diedre by the BC Forest Service fire fighting water bombers, he blew his cool during the fire. I wonder how he'd feel if he knew it was accidently lit by a party on The Groove—led by the local Asst. Forest Ranger.

Jim Sinclair

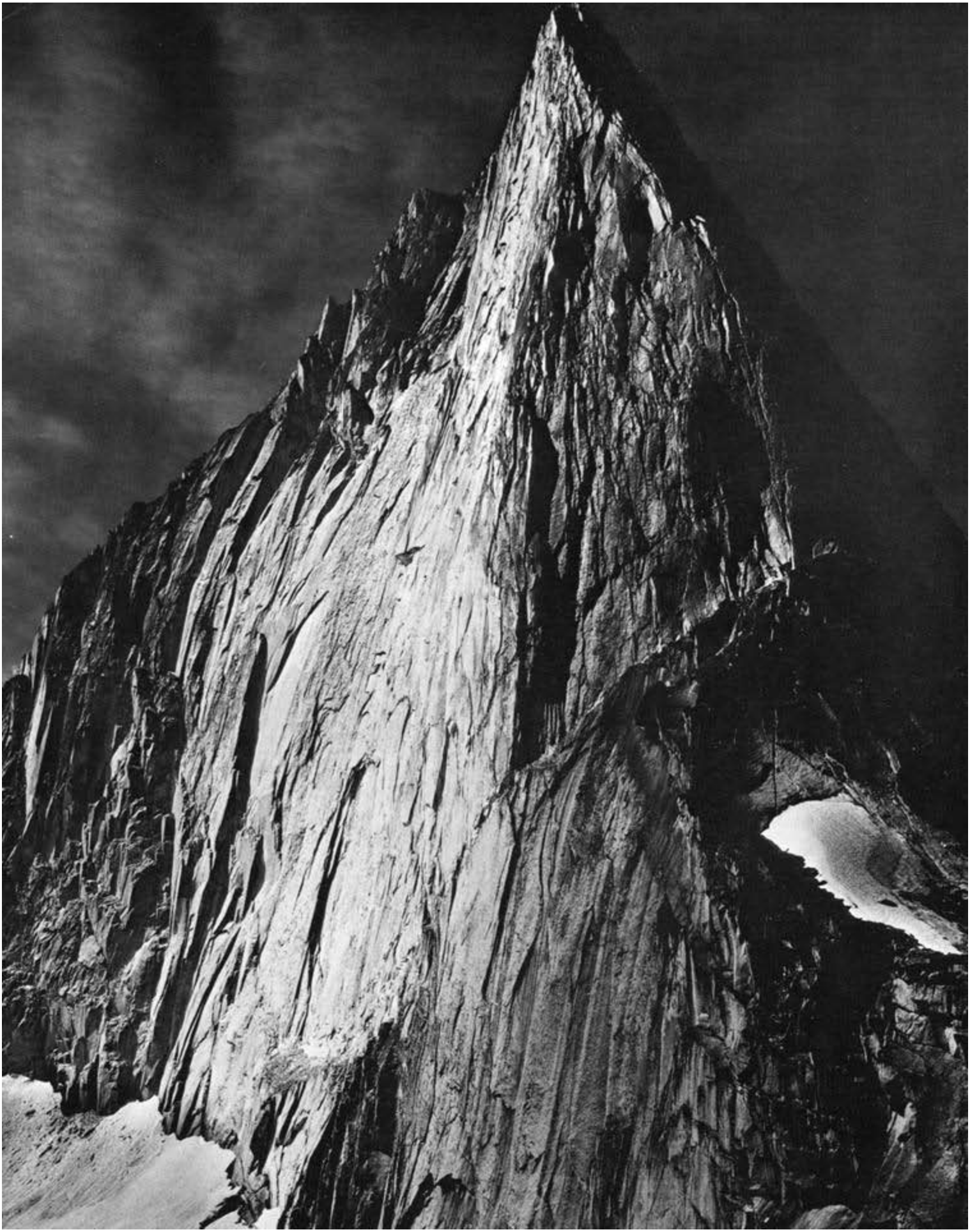
The Complete North Arête: A Note

I object strongly to the inference in the article "The Complete North Arête", by Les MacDonald (1972 CAJ), that Bjornstad and I did not climb the lower half of the arête. MacDonald is putting the facts of this climb in a way that is incoherent to the reader. On the original ascent of the upper half of the arête (which we called Angel's Crest) by MacDonald, Mather, and I, we reached the approximate mid-point of the arête by a relatively easy gully entrance from North Gully. Prior to this time I had been with two other climbers on an attempt from the same locale, but the ascent by the three of us was the first climb through to the summit. Though there may be a ledge or gully which intersects this route at a point higher than our entrance, I did not know of it at the time and still do not. The entry by the Woodsworth party to climb the Acrophobes may have used a higher gully, unknown to me. MacDonald's statement to the effect that I secretly knew of an easy exit or entrance on the upper portion of the route is entirely misleading.

On another climb, during a later year, Bjornstad and I climbed the North Arête (Angel's Crest) from its lowest point, where it emerges from the trees, to about the midway point of the arête—which is the exact locale where MacDonald, Mather and I reached the arête. The entire arête therefore had been climbed prior to his first complete climb recently but in a curiously inverse stage. MacDonald is to be congratulated for making the first complete ascent, but not for his misleading inferences.

Fred Beckey

Bugaboo Spire. Ed Cooper



Climbing Reports: The Interior Ranges

The Kamloops Area

Either the mountains of this area have been singularly ostracized this year, or else my espionage system has broken down. Either way, I have not observed nor received word of any particularly interesting activities in this region so far as general mountaineering is concerned.

The local rock scene though, has received a major face-lifting. In order to remedy the dearth of human lizards, I started a rock climbing and mountaineering course in conjunction with Cariboo College. This has been run twice, with the result that we now have an enthusiastic bunch of climbers that are out most weekends. In addition Kamloops must now have more climbing equipment than it has ever seen before.

There are lots of loose outcrops of rock around Kamloops and two particularly good chunks adjacent to the city. Of these The Lion's Head, 16 miles east on the north shore of the South Thompson River, is the best. It provides a nice variety of free climbs and can also challenge the hardware brigade. Mt. Fleet or Scarface, also has some interesting pitches that are quite capable of testing a wide range of abilities. It is located 12 miles north east of Kamloops.

Seventy-five miles away, off the Cariboo Highway, is the magnificent 2000 foot wall of Marble Canyon which has lots of scope for all comers. It is visited from time to time by Vancouver rock artists, and has made the pages of Culbert's guidebook. Incidentally, I would be interested to know if there have been any free ascents of the headwall of the Great Gully prior to the one this summer led by Gary Brace, as the hardware peters out halfway up the face.

Hugh Neave

The Cariboo Range

In August Roland Amundson, Orville Dorsett, Jim Hilton, Tom Sawyer and I flew up the Canoe River valley. At the head of the Canoe River we were surrounded by the impressive peaks of the Premier Range. We flew over a col between Mt. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mt. MacKenzie King, across the Raush River, alongside Mt. Goodall and across the Clearwater. Immediately ahead we sighted Mts. Winder, Hogg, and Beaman. Quickly we directed the pilot to an area where two glaciers terminated on a ridge roughly half way between Winder and Beaman.

We decided to attempt a strikingly beautiful, but apparently straightforward peak immediately south of camp that afternoon which we guessed to be Beaman. Some two hours later we realized we had climbed an unnamed 9040 foot peak. To the north east were Mts. Quanstrom and Pierrway, the only named peaks on which climbs had been reported.

Monday we were away by 7 a.m. Mt. Winder (9055') came into full view after two hours of working our way up intervening snow fields. As we drew closer it became apparent that what had appeared to be the highest peak was a good half mile from the true summit, which was on the north east end of the ridge. A steep snow couloir led to a low point midway along the ridge, from where three climbers elected to ascend the very unstable rock along the skyline. Orv and I dropped down the west side of the peak contoured around to the north slope, and climbed a short steep ice pitch covered by several inches of powdery snow. By noon the entire party was on top. After lunch three of us went on to Peak 9080, reaching its summit at 3.45 p.m.

Next day it took little more than two hours to reach the summit of Mt. Beaman (8720'). Retracing our ascent route on the east ridge, we headed northeasterly. After a short scramble on very loose rock we reached the summit of an unnamed peak (8505').

Wednesday, after a long trudge up the glacier and around the west flank of Beaman and another long walk across the nearly flat glacier to its south, we approached Peak 9140. A pronounced ridge dissected the north side and appeared to offer a steep but very direct route to the summit. Roping up and doing our most serious belaying of the trip, we chopped and cramponned our way up this ridge, surmounting two most impressive crevasses just below the summit ridge. The summit was impressively corniced on the north side, falling a 1000 feet into the glacier below. Long, broad, gentle slopes on the south led clear down to the Clearwater.

Next morning, in poor visibility, we headed east toward Mt Hogg which had attracted our attention as it appeared to offer a fair amount of challenging rock climbing. There is a most impressive 300 degree cirque opening to the north west which is now filled by a glacier. This route appeared practical, but by now it was raining and blowing. Nevertheless, Tom and Roland elected to try an alternate route on steep snow and rotten scree which led up to the west ridge. After the better part of an hour on the slippery route they realized that hardware would be necessary and turned back. We returned to camp across the glacier, passing beneath the north slope of Peak 8505.

Back in camp the weather was so bad as to preclude any

Cariboo Range. John Pollock/Moira Irvine

thoughts of cooking, and we dove for the tents where we remained for some 26 hours — until 6.30 Friday when our resourceful pilot found his way back to our location.

The flight back out through the Premiers was a spectacular climax to our week of climbing in this remote area. None of the peaks showed any evidence of a previous ascent. From their summits we were able to see numerous other named and unnamed peaks, most of which have yet to feel a climber's boots. While few of these exceed 9000 feet, there is enough climbing in the area to challenge many future parties.

John Pollock

The Remillard Group

The 1972 CAJ brought disappointing news. We discovered that another group had climbed in the previously undisturbed Remillard area. But it appeared that they had left some interesting peaks unclimbed, so we decided to fly in during the first week in August. Our group consisted of Pete Owzarski, John Rowley, Tom Seim, Martin West, Dave Wilson, Jon Wilson, Marv Zimmerman and myself. The location of the peaks we climbed which are not shown on the map on page 4 of the 1972 CAJ are given in distance (miles) and bearing (degrees from true north) from the summit of Remillard Peak.

On Saturday afternoon, we climbed Unnamed F (8400') by a new route on the easy south west face. We then went south along an easy rock ridge and climbed "Staircase Point" (8300', 4.1 mi., 85°). A small vertical notch in the ridge required some class 3 climbing.

On Sunday, we ascended to the small pass located just east of an unclimbed peak at 3.1 mi., 56°. We followed the class 3 north east ridge to the twin 8600 foot summits, and in honour of its impressive marble face named it "Courthouse Peak". Tom Seim, Martin and Dave then repeated the first party's ascent of Unnamed B (9100') while Marv and I climbed Unnamed E (9200') by the easy west ridge.

We climbed up to Nadir Notch on Monday morning, then contoured below Unnamed F and Staircase Point to the north ridge of unclimbed Craw Peak (8600'). We climbed to a notch in the low spot in this ridge. Some of us followed the rock ridge to the summit, encountering two leads of class 5.3 climbing. The others rappelled off the back side of the ridge to the glacier below, and then ascended the unbroken ice to the summit.

Next day, Tom Seim, Martin, Dave and Marv hiked west to the base of Remillard's massive north face, and followed the obvious ramp to the upper snowfield. They then climbed "the Mole" (8100', 1.4 mi., 124°). The Wart (8100') and Halfdome (8000'). These three rock peaks line the south and east edge of the upper snowfield and are easy climbs.

On Wednesday, John Rowley, Tom Seim, Martin, Dave and I repeated the first party's ascents of the Waldorf Towers. Meanwhile, Pete, Jon Wilson and Mary climbed Serendipidy Peak, (9400') by easy snow and rock on the west side.

The following day we scattered in all directions. Martin, Dave, and Tom Seim repeated the first party's ascent of Peak 1, (8500') and Peak 2, (8600') on Yardarm Ridge. They then climbed Peak 3, via class 5.4 rock on the south ridge. This they named "Yardarm Peak", as it was the highest at 8800 feet. At the same time, John Rowley and I reclimbed Unnamed F, then followed the very thin and exposed rock ridge connecting this peak to another to the north. The ridge was composed of good granite and provided enjoyable climbing up to class 5.8. We named this unclimbed peak "One-way Tower" (8500', 4.4 mi., 76°). In addition, Pete and Jon Wilson repeated the first party's ascent of Unnamed A, (7900') by the easy east ridge.

On Friday, we repeated the first party's ascent of Remillard Peak via the ramp and the moderately broken glacier on the south east face.

During our week in this beautiful area we were disappointed and annoyed to find tin cans, foil wrappers, plastic and broken glass.

Tom Dabrowski

The Adamants

The Adamants are a high, granitic section of the Northern Selkirks located in the Big Bend. Despite climbing that rivals that of the Bugaboos, they are not visited too often, and there are still many routes awaiting an ascent. Leif Patterson, Henry Florschutz, Ric Morris, and I spent two weeks there in August. While not climbing anything particularly severe, we managed several ascents.

On 26 August I arrived in Golden to discover that our airdrop had fallen through, but we were able to get two of Leif's friends to porter us. That afternoon we drove most of our stuff to a campsite opposite the mouth of Swan Creek. Some official had assured us that there was still a bridge across the Columbia, but our faith in bureaucracy was shaken when we found it had been washed out. Leif managed to borrow a canoe in Golden, and by noon the next day we had ferried ourselves and equipment across the river. A day and a half of hot hiking, (partly ferrying because our porters had to leave) and we arrived at the Fairy Meadow Cabin, a paradise-on-earth operated by the ACC. The south east face of Colossal (not the one in the guidebook) is visible to the left of the summit, and is the one several people had died on in an avalanche a month before. We climbed it in three leads, interest being provided by several small crevasses crossing it, and found that running uphill on front points has certain difficulties (NCCS II).

Next morning several inches of fresh snow were on the ground, and under cloudy skies we set off for the north east face of Pioneer Peak, first climbed in 1970 by Chris Jones and Gary Colliver. This is near 60 degrees and over 1300 feet long. Some hairy traversing above a gaping 'schrund and we were at the bottom, gazing above our heads at the overhang. A series of very shaky ice screws took us over it in four hours, several of them pulling just as one transferred weight to the next. Once above the 'schrund the climb involved lengthy calf-straining front-pointing, with occasional spindrift slides to enliven things. The last lead was finished onto a cramped ledge in total darkness, and we sat in 15 degree weather

for several hours before the moon came out and we could descend (NCCS III).

The north west face of Austerity is very similar to the one on Pioneer in length and steepness, and was a first ascent. Unlike Pioneer, it receives the afternoon sun, making things much more pleasant. After a normal four hour approach march we arrived in the basin between Austerity and Ironman. We had no problems with the 'schrund, and the climb was fairly straightforward. The major problem was the escape gully at the top, which is composed of very tough water ice, and is steep to boot (NCCS III). Then there was that section where the under-lying ice was separated from the thin surface ice by half a foot of air!

The summit, and the best views of the trip, were reached at 8 p.m. Columbia and Robson were visible to the east, the Remillards to the west, and to the south Sir Sanford. After a bite to eat we descended the normal route, losing four hours when 225 foot rappel ropes tangled in the dark. We arrived back at the cabin at 4.30 a.m., just in time to wake some Calgarians for their trip to — Austerity!

Next day we moved camp onto Pioneer Pass, and the day after we climbed a new route on Gibraltar, via the west ridge. A short walk across the Gothics Glacier led to the bottom. The first pitch was easy class 5 onto a large platform on the ridge crest, protection being quite good. The second descends the south side of the platform around a corner, and some medium class 5 ensues in the chimney above, arriving at a small niche. The next pitch ascends a sort of groove using nuts for aid because there is no crack, and has resulted in two falls so far. The broken ridge crest is climbed to the base of the gendarme, and the final pitch takes one around the north side of the tower to it's top, where it joins routes one and two for the final pitches (NCCS III, F6, A2). The rest of the trip was spent in a four day, three foot snowstorm, and then descending the rain soaked Swan Creek track to the Columbia. All our troubles were not over, however, as Leif's wife and a friend dumped the canoe in the Columbia, producing some final tense moments.

Anders Ourom

Sentinel Peak and Mt. Damon

Margaret Bland, Diane and Geoff Edmunds, Al Ramanauskas, Joan Nester and, I climbed the prominent north west couloir on Sentinel which can be seen from the Fairy Meadow Cabin, on 11 July. We climbed over a bergschrund at the base of the couloir, up a number of pitches of steep snow and ice and over very loose rock. The couloir led to the north ridge from which we gained the summit. It was a funnel for rocks from above and Geoff was hit squarely on his hard hat, luckily without damage. For protection we used a few snow flukes and nuts. Seven and a half hours from the cabin to the summit.

On 15 July Bernard Gerlach, Joan Nester, Donald Wallace and I climbed toward Friendship Col from the Fairy Meadow Cabin. We traversed below Gog and Magog to reach a fault (minor couloir) on the north face of Damon, which contained rock (some frozen in place) snow and ice. From the top of the fault it was an easy walk to the summit.

Ed Nester

The Sir Sanford Group

The BCMC general camp was held at the Great Cairn Cabin, as we thought it offered a greater range of climbs than Fairy Meadow, and that access might become more difficult after the Mica reservoir fills up.

Our gathering point was on the flats about three miles north of the Bush River on the high banks of the Columbia at the so-called "Elbow". This is also the gathering point for most of the mosquitoes as most of the over night campers found out.

On Sunday morning, 30 July, our helicopter arrived at about 8 a.m. and we proceeded to load. During this operation our pilot said that he believed flying time could be saved by "in loading" all goods which were in cartons. I argued this point, but in such cases the pilot is boss so I complied. The subsequent disparity between the cost of flying in, and out which was all sling loaded, was proof enough for me that any gain in flying speed due to "in loading" is far offset by the time it takes to "in load a helicopter. This argument was largely responsible for Bow Helicopters allowing a reduction of $355 on the cost of flying to our camp.

Sir Sanford was climbed by three different parties. The initial group of four climbed via the conventional Hour Glass route from Ravelin Col. The other two (on consecutive days) ascended via the south west ridge and the upper portion of the Hour Glass. The original intention that all parties would ascend the Standard route was abruptly changed at 3.30 a.m. one morning. The second party were installing their crampons for the ascent when a large portion of the Hour Glass avalanched, filling the air right back to the Ravelin Col with snow and ice particles. Thirty minutes later it would have been a major disaster.

Other ascents were: Silvertip by a party of 13; Belvedere and the traverse from Blackfriars arête, on three different occasions; Guardsman by a party of eight; Citadel, a pleasant trip via the Haworth Glacier; East Blackfriar, via the snow couloir between the east and west peaks (snow conditions in the couloir were poor and 31/2 hours of continuous belaying were required to ascend the couloir; West Blackfriar attempted but abandoned due to severe wind and storm conditions; Vidette via the Sir Sanford Glacier; Redan via Haworth Glacier; The Ironman-Austerity ascent had to be abandoned since the guidebook's easy rock ledges around Ironman appeared to be nonexistent and too much time was spent trying to find the route. Hikes were made to Palisade Mtn., Palisade station, Azimuth Mtn. and Alpina Dome.

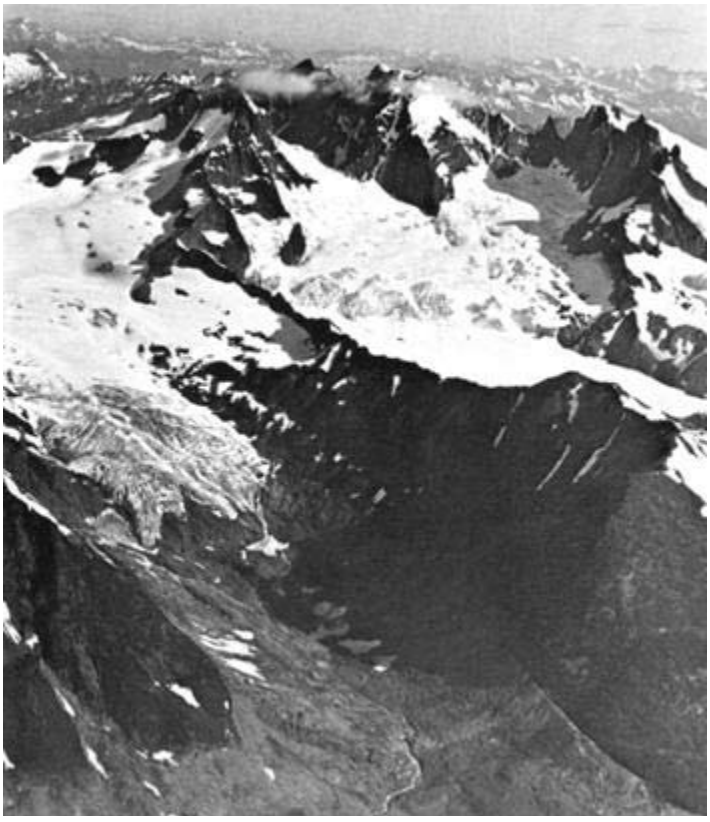
Near the end of the camp, a three day high camp was set up at Thor Pass. From this camp the East Peak of the Gothics was ascended via the north east ridge. Pioneer Peak, Sentinel Peak and Thor were also climbed.

Generally speaking the area makes for a very fine summer camp, and completely different series of climbs could be made from a camp established at Fairy Meadow. If such things can be measured on the basis of those attending feeling satisfied with their achievements our camp can be called a success.

Les Churchill

Mt. Sir Sandford from base camp. M. Werner

The Adamants and Gothics from the summit of Sir Sandford. M. Werner



Mt. Tupper and Eagle Peak

After a number of abortive attempts a new route was climbed on the south face of Mt. Tupper, the Western Buttress. The climb, approached from the TCH via Single Bench slide, was done with Glen Spillman and was F8 in places. The new route joins the regular route above the prominent gendarme on the ridge.

Also in the vicinity of the Rogers Pass is Eagle Peak, which possesses a fine west face. During the month of July I made the first ascent, solo, of the Central Buttress which is F6-7, and an interesting climb.

Dave Jones

Skiing from the Wheeler Hut

The ACC Ski Camp was held at the Wheeler Hut, Glacier National Park from 12 to 19 February. It was attended by 14 members, plus guide Sepp Renner and cook Barbara MacGougan. The participants were Bruce Harding, Betty Thompson, Moira Irvine, Bill Peers, Walt Davis, Faith Wood-Johnson, Jeff Mellor, Murray Anderson, Roly Morrison, John and Berti Willoughby, Russ Varnam, Ruth Reinhold, Jack Cade and Helena Moorhouse.

Our arrival was marked by a period of adjustment — to a phenomenal 13 feet of snow, to the cabin, and to new equipment (some never quite adjusted to the latter). It was also a time for new and renewed friendships, facilitated of course by ever present tea. A mild avalanche hysteria was noticeable, heightened by periodic shellings from the Canadian Armed Forces—at seventy-five dollars per shell. No one was wounded.

Sepp had been at the hut the previous week and had removed some of the snow from the roof, windows and from the trail to the outhouse. At least from the front we could recognize the place. His portable two-way radio was invaluable in communicating with the highway avalanche crews, and would have helped in any emergency.

Trips from the hut were somewhat tempered by avalanche danger and poor snow conditions. We did manage though to do something different every day.

Sunday dawned with typical Rogers Pass weather, snowing at one and a half inches per hour, and visibility about a quarter of a mile. Tracks from the previous day were all but obliterated. Sepp took us about three miles up the Asulkan Brook, but halted as the valley narrowed, primarily because of the heavy fall of wet snow and the attendant risk of slides. The next day was colder, about 18 degrees F at the cabin, and the snow firmer. We were able to proceed beyond our previous tracks up to Asulkan Pass at 7600 feet. In spite of the cold, the poor visibility, and the flat light, we enjoyed skiing down about 2500 feet to the valley.

Now let me tell you skiers about the thrill of a lifetime — Sepp's Shrove Tuesday special — to start with, it was a miserable day, making most of us wish we had stayed in bed. Over breakfast, Sepp described the "Laundry Shute" on Abbot Crest, which sounded rather grim. We decided to try it anyway. So off we went climbing steeply through the trees for about three hours until breaking into open just below 7000 feet. By this time we were quite damp, and the cold blowing snow only increased our discomfort. Most changed quickly into downhill harness but a couple required a complete portable workshop to make the alterations. Then down we went, following Sepp, floating in knee deep powder, accompanied by yelps and yodels. Trees broke up the light and gave us much better visibility than we had enjoyed previously. The "Laundy Shute" turned out to be a series of steep open stretches between the trees, connected by a number of traverses. Although many of us could not do justice to the powder, everyone enjoyed it. Periodically, the slope looked like a battlefield with fallen skiers everywhere. Comical scenes included a pair of seemingly unattached skiis waving out of a snowbank and fantastic falls followed by disappearing acts, and subsequent emergence of snowmen. And so continued the descent

Skiing south of Sunshine. Pat Morrow

Wednesday was the best day weatherwise, but because heavy heavy wet snow, and even rain, the previous night, plus the avalanche danger, a two mile walk to the Illecillewaet Glacier was the best we could accomplish. We did enjoy an out of season sunbathe on our return. The rest of the day was taken up with short side trips and photography. Again our trip to the Glacier was extended the next day, as the temperature fell and all of us climbed to the edge of the Illecillewaet névé, before being halted by poor visibility and drifting snow and tea from Sepp's stove.

Our final day saw a short but steep climb to Avalanche Crest high above the highway. Again we switched to downhill harness; out came the portable workshop. After radio contact with the avalanche crews to ensure that there would be no target practice, we happily skied down 3200 feet to the hut.

For anyone who likes numbers, we climbed an estimated 15,000 feet, had three days of good powder, four days of bad, and one full day and two half days of good picture taking weather. Our snow base of thirteen feet is apparently four short of the record, and Rogers Pass has an average of five sunny days per winter. We owe special thanks to Sepp Renner, whose patience, enthusiasm, tireless trailbreaking and almost intuitive knowledge of snow conditions, earned the respect of all of us. Also thanks to Barb MacGougan, who provided us with a never ending variety of meals. Her ability to produce those tremendous mouth-watering dishes constantly amazed us and in no small way contributed to the success of the camp.

I have not mentioned our lively evening debates — how we solved the world's problems — but those debates are of relevance only to the participants, and should not be published. Our final evening consisted of a meeting out of which arose several recommendations for future ski camps which will be made to the Ski Mountaineering Committee.

The Ski Camp proved a success in spite of limitations of weather and location, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all participants.

Jeff Mellor

The Southern Selkirks

During the winter of 1971-72, Bill Putnam, Davy Jones and I concocted an ambitious climbing project which was to take us, and a large group of Putnam disciples, into one of the remotest portions of the Southern Selkirks, the Battle Range. With the passage of time we developed four major objectives: the reconstruction of the Glacier Circle cabin; the first high country north-south crossing of the Southern Selkirks; the first ascent of the north west wall of Mt. Moby Dick; and as many ascents as possible in the Battle Range, and on the way there. We were able to carry out all of these tasks — and more — in a limited period of three weeks. This was due not only to the strength, size and experience of the party, but in large measure to a streak of remarkably good weather following the unpropitious start of the summer.

The logistical arrangements, which were chiefly Davy Jones' and my burden, proved formidable. For one thing, we had a large party involving in one way or another over 23 persons and one dog. Moreover, many of these persons were to move separately

and at different times — often unspecified in advance. Finally, we had the problem of acquiring and preparing all the construction material for the cabin. We solved these problems in a two week period of rain and unsettled weather, during which time we also managed to do a few training climbs in the vicinity of Glacier. In fact, we even made a reconnaissance flight by light aircraft to take a look at the country we were about to visit.

At dawn on 30 July an advance party of four (Lowell Putnam, "Craw" Boss, Kevin Mitchell and Andy Tuthill) trudged from the Wheeler Hut to Glacier Circle over the Illecillewaet névé. The following morning 12 others with about 6000 pounds of building material and 2000 pounds of food and climbing equipment assembled in an old gravel pit above the Beaver valley east of Rogers Pass, to be ferried by Bell Jet Ranger helicopter.

The staging area proved ideal for our purpose; we are especially grateful to the Park Service for permitting us, as a special exception, to load aircraft in a Park area.

At this point we divided into two forces. Arnold Wexler, David Michael, John Markel and I were flown, with most of the climbing gear and the bulk of the food, to the head of the south fork of Butters Creek, where we set up camp at 6000 feet among glacier boulders in the heart of the Battle Range. Meanwhile Davy Jones, Bill Putnam, James Fitzgerald and five others, with food and construction hardware, were lifted to Glacier Circle to rejoin the four who had arrived on foot. The two main groups were now to operate independently until 10 August.

A hard and initially discouraging task confronted the construction crew in Glacier Circle. The only suitable helicopter landing site proved to be some distance from the cabin, so that some three tons of building materials had to be carried several 100 yards. Moreover, the cabin was found to be in worse condition than anticipated. In addition to the floor and roof, one wall and a large part of another had to be entirely rebuilt. On 5 August George Stefanick, Chairman of the ACC Hut Committee, trekked into Glacier Circle with four companions to inspect results. He gave the seal of approval to the renovated structure, which barring fire, avalanche or flood should now endure another half century.

The Glacier Circle party now had the leisure to do some climbing before leaving. New routes were made on Mt. Cyprian and on Mt. Augustine by the north glacier, and a variant on the east ridge of Selwyn. Mt. Topham was also climbed.

We had made our first ascent, via a west to east traverse, of "Outrigger" (ca. 9200') and the first ascent of the south ridge of Mount Ahab (10,240') via a 9500 foot unnamed subsidiary summit. On our return from Ahab, we traversed over the summit of Mount Butters (10,460') before descending to camp. Subsequently, all four made the first ascent of "Mainmast" (9600') the principal summit east of Mt. Pequod. The route crossed snow slopes and meadows high above Butters Creek, then up a brief stretch of 5.4 rock to the low point on Mainmast's west ridge. Thence up the ridge, favouring the south side, to the summit. On the return we traversed over "Foremast" (8800') immediately west of Mainmast. This last climb marked its first recorded ascent, and its first ascent from the east. Wexler and Michael also put a new route up the north east side of Mt. Pequod, while Markel ferried supplies to the base of Mt. Moby Dick's north west wall. These activities occupied the group until 10 August.

Now back for a moment to the Glacier Circle party. On 7 August that group had been reinforced by the arrival of Rob Wallace and Sally Boy. The party, by pre-arrangement, now split up Corky Matthews, her two children and "Craw" Boss, together with the Stefanick party, returned to Glacier over the Illecillewaet névé. The other ten loaded their packs, and, with the dog Chugach in the lead, set out at dawn on 8 August over the high country for their rendezvous' with the four of us.

On the first day they traversed the Deville névé, crossed a 10,000 foot notch on the summit ridge of Grand Mountain, then descended the south east side through a driving thunderstorm. They camped on a moraine covered bench on Grand Glacier, about midway in line to the top of Mt. Sugarloaf. Next morning they proceeded over the summit shoulder of Sugarloaf, thence over big snowfields on the mountain's south east basin to the Sugarloaf-Beaver col. Finally, after considerable trouble, they descended at dusk to timber line above Butters' Lake. It had been a hard tiring 16 hour day on top of the preceding day's 14. More than once, towards the end, they wished they could have stopped sooner. On 10 August, after a few more hours travel across a saddle on the north east spur of Mt. Butters, they descended through timber and alder to the south fork of Butters creek, where their troubles came to an end. By mid-afternoon they had rejoined us and pitched their tents on the campsite we had prepared.

The next nine days were devoted exclusively to climbing. Most notable was the four-day first ascent of the north west wall of Moby Dick (10,460') by Davy Jones, John Markel and Rob Wallace which is described elsewhere (see Ohno Wall). Bill Putnam, Graham Matthers, Kevin Mitchell and Andy Tuthill left the base camp for two days. During this time they made the first ascent of "Mizzenmast" (ca. 9300'), east of Mainmast, from a bivouac on meadows high above Butters' creek. They completed the day with the first east-west traverse of Mainmast. Andy Kauff-man, Donal Daem and Kevin Mitchell scaled Outrigger. Michael and Daem made the first ascent of "Oomoo" (9200') between Outrigger and Foremast. Pequod was climbed by Putnam, Wexler and Michael by the earlier route, at which point, the party went on to make the first ascent of Moby Dick from the east.

At the very end of the trip, operating out of a bivouac at the base of Moby Dick, Putnam, Michael and Jones scaled the north glacier which descends from Mt. Proteus (Ishmael), hydrographic apex of the range. Once all three had reached the summit snow-fields, the group divided. Putnam and Jones scaled "Harpoon" (ca. 10,300') while Michael soloed to the top of Proteus (10,600') from which he retrieved records of the 1947 ascent of the Brewster-Kauffman party. There were other ascents made, including the second of Typee. Generally, however, most of the climbs were repetitions of earlier efforts.

On 20 August the entire party flew out by helicopter to Albert Canyon. The season had been eminently successful, with the achievement of all major objectives, thanks to exceptionally good weather, fine companions and, above all, much luck.

The Battle Range, which forms the nucleus of what may well be the largest igneous intrusion of the Interior Ranges, remains the most inaccessible area of the Selkirk massif. Earlier parties had laboured hard and long merely to attain a campsite within striking distance of the main peaks. I speak with the experience of one who, in younger and stronger days, tried three times to reach Mt. Proteus before finally doing so on the fourth arduous attempt. Even today, no approach except by air, or with air support, is recommended. The advent of the helicopter has dramatically simplified the approach in recent years — though it is necessarily an expensive auxiliary.

There is still much excellent climbing to be done, though the rock, while granitic, is all too often loose and dangerously fragmented. The glaciers, especially on the northern flanks, are among the largest and most heavily crevassed in the Selkirks, north or south. The country retains all the wildness and grandeur of its past; those of us who have witnessed the progressive penetration and destruction of other wilderness areas can only hope that the Battle Range will somehow conserve its unique solitude. But the country has great appeal to the climbing enthusiast, and others no doubt will follow in our footsteps, as we did in those of our predecessors. May our emulators preserve the country, and may they be blessed with as much good fortune as was ours!

Andy Kauffman

Terminal Peak Traverse

On 25 July John Bousman and I ascended the north face-north ridge route on Terminal South Peak. After a leisurely hour on the summit, we descended by the south ridge probably the first time this has been done. We kept directly on the crest, due to unfavourable snow conditions on the south east flank of the mountain. We roped down at the prominent step which would be the last encountered ascending the ridge. The crux proved to be the traverse of a small ice chute 50 feet below the ridge-crest on the west face. Encountering only a few brief class 5 sections, we climbed unroped throughout — with perhaps more valour than wisdom. Ten hours round trip from the Wheeler Hut.

The entire expedition was very pleasant, and the traverse in either direction, should be quite well known. One wonders at the continued lack of popularity of such genuine Selkirk classics as the Terminal traverses, the north ridge of Eagle and the north ridge of Swanzy.

John Kevin Fox

The Westfall Group

On 19 August eight members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club hoisted enormous packs and staggered out of the ghost town of Camborne, seven miles north of Upper Arrow Lake, heading for the Battle Range.

The "trail" up Pool Creek proving elusive, we swung south and around the Mt. Pool massif of the Badshots. We enjoyed a second ascent of Mt. Pool by two routes: one party up the complete east ridge, and the other up a prominent north ridge and over the ice dome at the top. Several more arduous days brought us to the head of Pool Creek.

Eventually we camped north east of the head of Boyd Creek in a lovely, grassy saddle. From here we made the first ascent of Peak 6 (9000') and Charybdis (9350'). One party climbed northward over Peak 6 and down to the high col between that summit and Charybdis (mostly class 4), while the other traversed snow and glacier east of Peak 6 and climbed several class 5 pitches up the east side of the col. Randy Cerf, Doug Dolginow, Elliott Fisher, John Jameson, Paul Fletcher, Dave Hoffman and I joined up near the summit and went to the top together.

David Coombs

The Goat Range

Having explored the east side of Duncan Dam in 1971, we chose to use the new road up Poplar Creek to satisfy our curiosity about that valley. This would put us within reasonable distance of Cascade, Spyglass, and a few other unclimbed (and unnamed) peaks in the Goat Range. The ascent of Spyglass and its impressive satellite, "Binocular Peak", was a cavalcade of blunders, to say the least. Outright disregard for mountaineering tradition, and had no organization. But funny. How many times does one bump into a cat-skinner working at the end of the road who was so surprised that he said, "You're going up there? I've been looking at that thing for five weeks now and I tell you I'm sick of it".

Our party consisted of Jim Petroske, Gary Kirk, John and Jay Barton, and my wife and I (the same bunch that struggled into Truce the previous year) but now reinforced by Gerry Calbaum, Tom Taylor, Jeff Lea, and Bill Fix. All I can remember of the first day is the blazing sun glinting off of Bill's swinging machete, and a continual string of invective being hurled at "that stupid bush". Stupid bush? I wondered if that adjective was modifying the appropriate noun.

From the end of the Poplar Creek road we climbed the major ridge leading to a pocket glacier one and a half miles east of the main summit of Spyglass.

Due to our late start we were benighted on a 40 degree bush slope, with little water. We were forced to tunnel out some sleeping platforms, soon called the "view lot terraces". At any rate they served their purpose, except when the hot tea water was knocked over in the morning.

Our obscene mob scene finally did manage to climb out of the bush, and do some fine rock climbs during the next two days. From a bivouac at the meadows the ascent of Spyglass Mtn. (9300') was accomplished via a low pass on the south west side of the pocket glacier. Traversing the basin opposite, we then climbed a short but steep granite wall immediately below the summit. Grade II; F4. First ascent by Nick Dodge, Gary Kirk, Tom Taylor, John Barton, Jay Barton and Gerry Calbaum.

Bill Fix made the first ascent of Binocular Peak solo, on 30 July, arriving on the summit at 3.10 p.m. The route led from the low pass mentioned above, climbing a rib — more truly a south or south west ridge, staying mostly on its west side. The route follows a ledge system with F4 moves over many large mantling blocks,

leading to the west ridge below the summit.

Jim Petroske and Jeff Lea, having started out with Bill, split apart from him at about noon, and arrived on the summit at approximately 5 p.m. the same day, meeting Bill there and following his route down. Their route crossed the bergschrund between the south east snowfield of the peak and its south east face, at a low point below obvious overhangs in the centre of the face. They climbed up and north east over mantling blocks to an obvious sharp narrow notch in the east ridge. The route to the ridge involved two rope lengths of technical climbing including two strenuous 60 foot F6 cracks. From the notch they continued west up the ridge for one rope length before traversing out on to the very rotten and dangerous north face. Two rope lengths across this led to a large 60 foot F5 chimney, coming out just below the summit block. The rock on this route was for the most part sharp-edged clean granite fractured into huge blocks. Loose rock was so prevalent that pitons were dangerous — we used several large artificial shocks and found them excellent protections.

The bush finally wore us out. No more would we enjoy the uncertainty of standing on slide alder limbs or feel the spines of Oplopanax Horridum. We had a few more days to kill, so we couldn't resist taking the trail to Whitewater Mtn. which is easily found from the ghost town of Retallack.

From a beautiful base camp at the head of the creek we climbed Portal, Portal's Brother, Mt. Brennan, Mt. Dryden, and Whitewater Mtn. All of these peaks are simple climbs, but we did take considerable exception to the guidebook's recommendation (Putnam, 1971) that no rope is necessary on Whitewater. We heartily recommend one on the east ridge. Even my wife agrees.

We found the entire area one of intrinsic beauty, and could not understand why so few mountaineers visit the place. Gary shrugged his shoulders and ventured, "Perhaps they all go to the Bugaboos".

Whatever the reasons, we were all in agreement on one fact. "Boy, oh boy, Canada sure has the mountains".

Nicholas A. Dodge

The West Kootenays

Interest in rock climbing and mountaineering continues to increase in this area. The number of routes on the local climbing rock, the Kinnaird Bluffs, continues to increase slowly. The Kootenay Mountaineering Club again offered both a rock and snow school during the summer. A good working relationship is developing between the local Mountain Rescue Group and the Parks Branch.

This year the Annual camp was held at Mulvey Lake in the Valhallas.

Weekend trips included a successful ascent of the north west ridge of Sir Donald, the third (?) ascent of the east ridge of Thor (where Hugh Neave & Co. appeared at the end of the same logging road), and the first ascent of an easy unnamed peak north west of Loki (Baldr suggested). Interminable wanderings over the Four Squatters provided a fine view of the Bugaboos, while our first trip to the Badshots resulted in an awestruck retreat. Climbing is alive and well in the Kootenays.

Bert Port

The South West Ridge of Asgard

Asgard is a beautiful 9200 foot cone of granite at the western extremity of Mulvey Meadows. Its faces are steep with the only easy access (and only known route) on the eastern ridge. I wanted to climb the south west ridge which joins the cone to Midgard Peak.

Two days before the end of the KMC summer camp saw inches of fresh snow on the peaks, but Lyla O'Brian set off with me for a try at a new route. We climbed to the lowest point on the Asgard-Midgard ridge, no easy trick in itself, only to find new snow and lichen so wet and slippery it was nearly unclimbable. We waited for 30 to 40 minutes and then had a go at the ridge. The rock was bitterly cold and super slippery. Lyla gave me a great belay as I ran out 150 feet of rope and placed four pins. The lichen forced me on to the south face where the quarter inch flake holds, with a couple of 100 empty feet below, did not meet my fancy. I carefully down-climbed the lead and we called off the attempt. The best route up the ridge appeared unclimbable under such adverse conditions.

On the final Saturday of camp, as others were preparing to leave for home, I was readying my hardware for another crack with Bill Ward and two of his buddies who were also residing in the Mulvey meadows. We retraced our steps to once again reach the ridge at the base of Asgard. I led the first pitch and ran out a full 165 feet to a questionable belay stance on the north (left) side of the first prominent bulge on the ridge. Only two pins were holding the belayer to the rock as no foot or seat holds were available.

About 15 feet above this belay stance was a small overhang-type obstacle, about four feet high. The exposure was severe, several 100 feet to the glacier on the Gwillim Creek side, and Bill had difficulty advancing above this on the small friction at the pitch, placing two pins in the difficult section and finishing the 165 foot lead at a deep crack on the prominent ramp just to the north side of the ridge.

Bill led pitch three, another full rope length, to a small ledge on the ramp system. I had some difficulty leading pitch four up steep friction holds, and back onto the main crest of the ridge just below the second prominent bulge. From here I saw an electrical storm fast approaching from the south, over Gimli. This helped speed me up and over the tricky bulge to another ledge belay station at the end of another 160 feet. I also led pitch five but was so worried by the approaching storm that I did not place pins where I should have on the smooth slabs. The last pitch was 80 to 100 feet. We then unroped and sprinted over the summit and down the regular route as the rain and lightning closed in quickly. Bill's buddies had retreated off the route, from near its base, when we warned them of the storm.

The route was a really satisfying climb. It had taken us four hours up the ridge. We had placed 25 pitons, three chocks, and two sling runners on the steep firm rock. For anyone else attempting this very pleasant climb I would recommend a long climbing rope,

Centre and East Peaks, Vowell Range, from the west. Dave Whitburn

The north face of West Peak, Vowell Range. Dave Whitburn

no less than 150 feet, a very good assortment of pins and chocks, and many hero loops and carabiners. A bolt kit for rappels would be nice in case a fast retreat is necessary.

Howie Ridge

Reprinted from the Kootenai Karabiner.

The Vowell Group

The south east ridge of Snafflehound in the Vowell range is an obvious, elegant ridge rising from the glacial cirque to the summit. It was the main objective of Mark Wiegelt, Dave Anderson, Steve Barnett and I on our August trip to the Vowells. After a couple of days of climbing around the area in marginal weather, we set out one morning later than planned, due to the weather. We hiked down the glacier from the Tamarack-Wallace col, past some tricky crevasses, and underneath the beautiful south face of Snafflehound to the base of the ridge. We started about 150 feet north of the base of the ridge, and quickly gained the crest. After 19 pitches of primarily fifth class, with some fourth class, including two pitches on a permanent cornice, we reached the summit. The route is obvious; one merely follows the ridge crest, or near it, all the way.

We used no pitons, but about 50 nuts and slings. (Grade IV, F9). We bivouacked on the way down.

We also did the south ridge of Wallace. This had been climbed before, but we climbed it all free on a bad weather day. (Grade II, F8).

In 1963 L. Andrews and R. Kruszyna had traversed the Archduke Trio from east to west. We set out to do this in reverse. After three

The unclimbed west face of West Peak, Vowell Range. Dave Whitburn

pitches we reached the top of Presto. The third pitch traversed under some loose boulders, and a rope got chopped by a dislodged block. After one more pitch, the weather and bad feelings over the chopped rope sent us retreating from this technically interesting and aesthetic route, which was F8 as far as we went.

Bruce Carson

East Peak, South Face

On 6 September Thorn Nephew and I climbed the south face of East Peak in the Vowell Group, via a large chimney system. The route lies on the extreme right hand side of the face, and joins the existing east ridge route well below the summit. The difficulty on this Grade III route ranged from third-class scrambling to 5.8 free climbing.

Due to lack of suitable cracks and any genuine natural lines, this route is perhaps the only feasible one on the south face.

Gregory Markov

Crescent Spire

My wife Carolyn and I made a new route by following the indistinct ridge which forms the right side of the large gully on the south west side of Crescent Spire. (The gully is listed as Route 3 in the guidebook.) The ridge leads directly to the summit of the most northerly of the spires. By following the crest up a few moderate fifth-class pitches and at one point ascending a narrow chimney, one arrives at a 300 foot passage of class 3 and 4 broken rock. The ridge steepens slightly above.

Andrew Damp

South Howser Tower, West Ridge

In August Mark Wiegelt, Dave Anderson, Steve Barnett and I made about the third or fourth ascent of this incredibly beautiful route, with lots of hard free climbing. (22 pitches Grade V.) If a climbing team was in very good shape, and hauled on certain critical pitches, it would go all free, perhaps F10.

Bruce Carson

Central Howser Tower, South Face

In August 1970 Dave Goeddel, Paul Marsden and I attempted a south to north traverse of the Howsers. In one day we reached a large ledge one pitch up the south face of Central Howser, via the regular route on South Howser (all free) and the South Central col. During the night it snowed, so the following day we retreated from our bivouac to do the North and Central Towers via their normal routes.

The following August Dave and I returned and climbed the West Buttress of South Howser, and other routes. We again tried the south face of Central, climbing the steep 70 degree plus ice gully to the South-Central col. The ice was superb — perhaps the steepest in the Bugs. On the col the beginning of a three day blizzard hit and we again retreated, leaving behind gear which we were barely able to recover later.

Finally on 15 August 1972 Bruce Adams, Jim Cameron and David Goeddel were successful. From the windy notch atop the ice gully follow obvious cracks for four pitches of mixed rock climbing (F7, A3) to the top of the second prominent step on the face. Then traverse right onto the east face for the long and difficult summit pitch (F8). The climb can be done almost entirely on nuts. One can descend the route in six rappels. (NCCS IV, F8, A3)

Andrew Embick

North Howser Tower, Correction

The West Buttress on North Howser Tower is incorrectly marked on the photograph on page 3 of last year's CAJ. This route is on the far left of the photograph and is numbered 1. The lower half of the route lies slightly to the right of where it is shown, and it disappears behind the ridge just above the figure 1, only reappearing for a brief section on the summit ridge.

Pigeon Spire, East Face Variation

In mid-August, Dave Davis and I attempted to climb the East Face of Pigeon Spire all free. We began climbing at the start of the Cooper-Kor Route, and followed a direct line for six leads up to the base of the imposing headwall. We experienced marvellous slab climbing, mostly easy to moderate class 5, the hardest move being 5.7.

At this point we decided that to continue either straight up or to the right would entail considerably more aid climbing than we cared for at the time. Instead, we rappelled to the base of Beckey's East Nose Route, then scrambled up ledges and another adjacent slab to join the normal route on our way to the summit. (Grade III, 5.7).

Gregory Marko

Mt. North Star

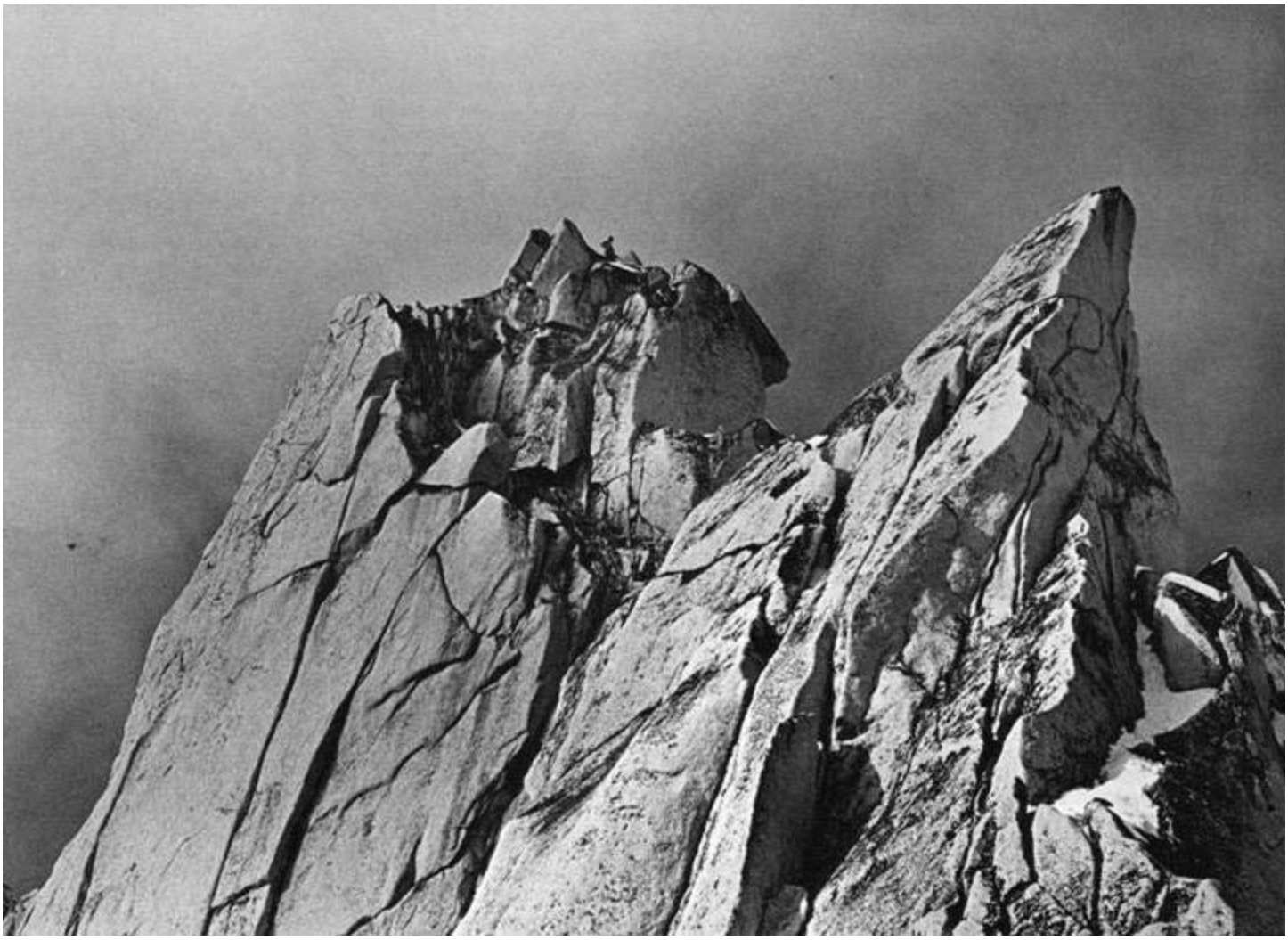
On 2 and 3 September 1972, two new routes were climbed on Mt. North Star (10,250') by Jon Barber and myself. These were the third and fourth ascents.

The road along Forster Creek has been extended to mile 30, making the snout of North Star Glacier readily accessible. From the road's end we followed the east side of Glacier Creek to the snout in about three and a half hours. From our camp at the glacier's snout, we traversed the glacier field and ascended the west shoulder of North Star and thence up the west face to the summit. The climb was quite enjoyable and fairly easy, and was accomplished in a leisurely four and a half hours.

The following day we did a direct ascent of North Star via the north east face. The bergschrund was crossed near the east (left) edge of the hanging glacier. After passing through some rocks, the route continued just to the east of the hanging glacier and followed a straight line to the summit. The climbing involved about 1000 feet of 45 to 50 degree ice and snow, and was accomplished in about five and a half hours. Descent was by the previous day's route.

Roman Motyka

The summit of Bugaboo Spire, the Gendarme on the right. Pat Morrow



Farnham Group and Sally Serena, Correction

The captions on the photographs of Mt. Sally Serena and the Farnham Group on page 82 of the 1972 CAJ should be reversed.

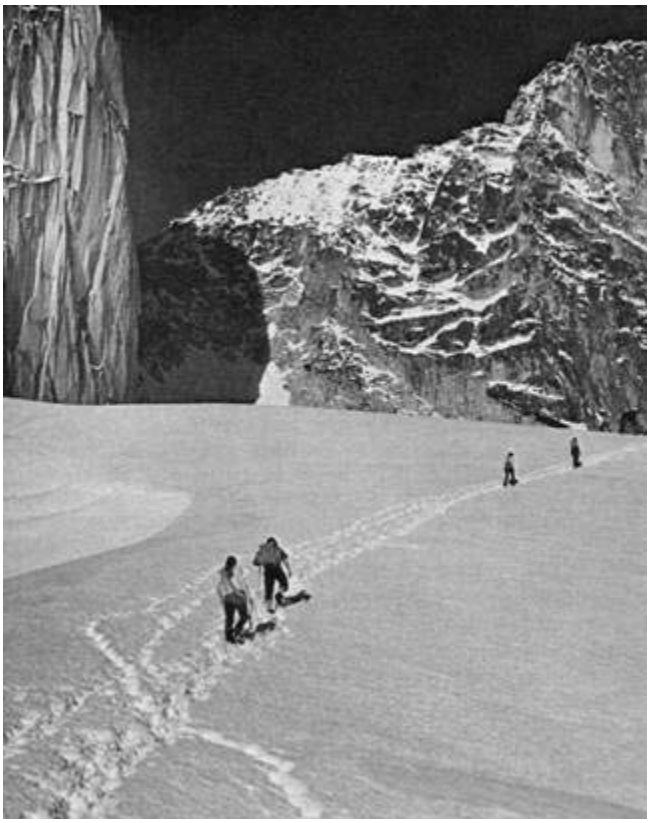
Mt. Lady Macbeth

Taking advantage of a break in the rainy weather, my wife Gretchen and I drove nine and a half miles up the improved logging road along the north side of Glacier Creek on 31 July. Leaving the car at about 3700 feet we climbed northward for two hours along "Dunsinane Creek", which drains the south slopes of Mt. Macbeth. An afternoon rain stopped us at the beginning of the thick greenslide at about 5500 feet, so we decided to set up high camp. It took us two hours to level a spot!

The next morning dawned promisingly enough, so we set out through the lush maze of willows, alders, streamlets and meadows for the 8500 foot notch in the ridge between Mts. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. In two and a half hours we reached the talus slides in the upper basin. In another two hours we had ascended the upper snowfields, and the steep snow-filled couloir to the notch.

The short but enjoyable climb out of the notch to the 8600 foot bump to the south east involved one short class 4 pitch, on the west side of the ridge. From this point we scrambled and climbed over

Approaching the standard route on Bugaboo Spire. Pat Morrow



the delightful third and fourth class firm rock of the north west ridge, encountering one delicate class 4 lead around the prominent step in the upper ridge. Crossing a summit snow ridge, we gained the most easterly point (9480') the summit of Lady Macbeth in two and a half hours from the notch. Here we built a cairn and left our first ascent record, then descended to the notch via the north west ledges in two hours. We returned to high camp two and a half hours later, just before darkness and more light rain. The next morning skies cleared and we descended to the car in one and a half hours.

Curt Wagner

Forgotten Prizes in the Leaning Towers

In the Southern Purcells east of Kaslo lie the rugged and remote Fry Pinnacles, or better Leaning Towers. This spectacular, compact group of jagged granite towers and spires was first visited by the McCoubrey-Neave mountaineering party of 1933, which climbed most of the major peaks in the range. The only other recorded visit of mountaineers was by the Crosby party in 1955, when they climbed a new route on the highest peak in the group, 9975 foot Hall Peak (the Leaning Tower).

For over three years I had contemplated an expedition into this forgotten climbers' paradise. Forest fires and the threat of closure prevented our Simian reunion expedition from even entering the area in 1971. But finally on 8 August 1972, three students from the Wilderness Encounter Program at Southwest Minnesota State College (Marshall) — Jim Koewler, Steve Kragh, and Dave Reimann — left Kaslo Marine Service with me in a motor boat for the east shore of Kootenay Lake, and the BC forestry access road up Campbell Creek.

Beginning at 1800 feet, this road now permits jeep travel for about five miles up the Campbell Creek valley to a point just short of the unburned timber. Not having a jeep or a barge to carry it across the lake, we began to pack in up the road. In the future a road along the east shore of Kootenay Lake from Riondel will simplify access to the area.

The regraded road climbs to about 4000 feet, then forks left and drops about 700 feet before following Campbell Creek (keep right at all forks). It then crosses to the north side of the creek at about 3800 feet, where a huge felled tree permits foot-crossing. The road continues perhaps a half mile further before zigzagging northward. We packed in to this point in about four and half hours, then traversed for another 15 minutes across a tumbling stream to a small knoll at the edge of the unburned timber just above Campbell Creek where we pitched camp at 4100 feet.

The next day we followed remnants of an old trail and then numerous game trails mostly quite close to the creek, alternating through thick forest and undergrowth, greenslides, meadows, and talus slides. By late afternoon we were three and a half miles further up the valley, where the creek flowing west from Pinnacle Pass (6750') joins Campbell Creek. Because the afternoon shower was short and light, we decided to head up toward the pass. Following more game trails through thick forest and extensive greenslides, we finally came out at the first of several large talus slides that cover the creek in the broad upper valley below the pass. We stayed on the north side of the creek and promptly got tangled in an avalanche fan of snow and pine trees (we avoided this on our return by staying south of the creek past this point). We moved back to the creek as darkness overtook us, pitching camp on a small boggy meadow at about 6100 feet, just below the third large talus slide. We were now about six miles from our previous camp, having covered the moderate terrain in about eight and a half hours of bushwhacking.

Continuing in excellent weather the next day, we reached the broad meadows and bogs of Pinnacle Pass in about three quarters of an hour (beautiful campsites except for the marshes and mosquitoes!). We then dropped down the steep eastern slopes of the pass for about 1000 feet, angling northeastward after reaching the large talus slide below the pass. Again we were entangled in an avalanche fan and were forced to climb back up a short distance before traversing northward to more talus slides, below which we crossed Pinnacle Creek around 5600 feet. Then staying on the east side, we followed the creek down for about one third of a mile before heading northeastward up a slight rib just south of the stream draining the peaks around the Wisdom Tooth. At about 6800 feet we came out in a lush, slightly sloping, flowered meadow between two levels of waterfalls and decided to make camp, after two miles and four and a half hours going.

On a partly cloudy 12 August, after a day of badly needed rest, we set out for the jagged peaks above camp. We climbed the steep, rotten couloir which leads to the 9450 foot col between the Wisdom Tooth and the Molars, two and a quarter hours above camp. From here it was a mere ten minute scramble south to the top of the First Molar (9600'). We built a large cairn and left our first ascent record as we eyed the attractive next peak south. A short class 4 pitch down the connecting ridge followed by a long, easy lead up class 3 rock led to the 9600 foot summit of the Second Molar in 30 minutes. Steve, Dave and I built another cairn and again left a first ascent record.

Then Steve and I decided to climb the Wisdom Tooth, which had been attempted in 1933 from the north west. Returning to the col, we started on its steep but broken south east face. We roped up and climbed up for three leads, zigzagged left to the ridge below the south shoulder on the fourth (easy) lead, then two more leads took us to the base of the final summit ridge. Here we were faced with a 10 foot overhanging jam crack. Rather than tackle that strenuous pitch, I traversed right onto the east face for one lead. Finding a very exposed and delicate pitch over the step, I quickly moved upward to the final easy slopes above (a protection piton probably should have been placed here). After I belayed Steve up, both of us walked to the summit. It had taken us one and a half hours from the col.

After repeating our usual cairn and record effort, we descended. Deciding to avoid the delicate class 4 pitch, we rappelled down to the east face ledge of the seventh lead. From here we climbed down our route in an hour. Then all four of us descended the rotten couloir and returned to high camp.

After another day of rest, we went to reconnoiter the northernmost peaks around the Leaning Tower. We decided to attempt the 9800 foot Pulpit (the finger-like south peak of the Leaning Tower).

Crossing below Sharkshead, we ascended steep grassy ledges to a snow-filled basin. This was crossed to the curving ridge that forms the southern barrier wall of the Great Cirque, west of the Leaning Tower. A class 4 lead up to a long ramp followed by scrambling brought us to the long innocent-looking upper ridge leading to the "Pew", a small 9200 foot bump between the Pulpit and Sharkshead.

The views of sheer Wall Tower (9500'), unclimbed Block Tower (9600'), and the fingerlike spires of the Leaning Tower and the Pulpit jutting starkly against the sky were spectacular. Unfortunately the granite slabs on the west ridge of the Pew were lichen-covered and endowed with down-sloping holds. After several frustrating exploratory leads we backed off. From here we could also see that the exquisite 1500 foot west face of the Pulpit was similarly endowed and much steeper; its southern flanks were protected by two vertical steps of over 700 feet. Thus we retreated with only photographs, leaving attempts on the northern peaks for a better-situated camp in the Cirque.

On our return to camp Steve and I scrambled up the loose couloir south of Sharkshead to try for a new route on its south east side. An hour later we reached the col and discovered that no easy route existed there (except for an exposed glacial traverse on the east side to the north ridge, the summit between Sharkshead and Bivouac Tower, which we dubbed "Consolation Point". Had we had more time, it would have been an easy, though long climb over the snow and rock to Bivouac Tower.

On the next day the weather appeared to be deteriorating, and because of our desire not to negotiate the steep sides of the Pinnacle Creek valley under rainy conditions, we chose to break camp at once and start the long pack out. In one and a half hours we were back at our creek crossing point at 5600 feet. Ascending the large talus slides to their most southwesterly corner, we angled steeply up and southwestward, reaching Pinnacle Pass an hour later. After a tormented lunch at '"Mosquito Flats", we hurried down the western slopes of the pass, staying south of the creek until the second talus slide. We reached Campbell Creek in two and a half hours, and decided to pitch camp there before the evening rain.

The next morning we dried out the tents and packed the three and a half miles back to camp in only five hours, remaining higher (to the north) of our route. This was especially time-saving over the mile above the camp, where we could stay in the open (although cluttered) burned-out higher slopes. Here we rested a day as the weather remained very unsettled.

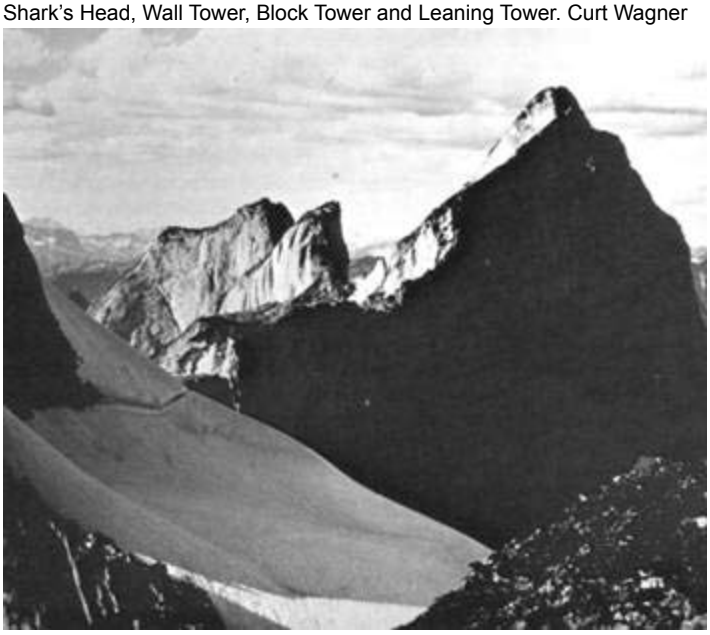
We were surprised late in the day by two bare-chested young men who popped up out of nowhere! They turned out to be surveying reforestation. We were not ashamed to accept their offer of a ride down the next morning. That ride down that "road" turned out to be the most scary part of the entire expedition!! Once down at the pickup point, our stomachs settled down to the welcome taste of fresh hamburgers, happy to be back after a successful expedition to a remote range.

Curt Wagner

The southern peaks of the Leaning Towers Group from Pinnacle Pass
1-Shark's Head, 2-Consolation Point, 3-Bivouac Tower, 4-The Wisdom Tooth, 5-Molars I and 11, 6-Molars III and IV, 7-Eagle Crest. Curt Wagner

Wall Tower and Block Tower. Curt Wagner

The northern peaks of the Leaning Towers Group from Consolation Point: Shark's Head, Wall Tower, Block Tower and Leaning Tower. Curt Wagner



Climbing Reports: The Rockies

Mt. Harrison

For two years Mike Simpson had been mumbling about a climb of Harrison. Not having read my '65 Journal too thoroughly, I was deceived into imagining a dip at Harrison Hot Springs—just the cure for my wretched cold. However, instead of bathing suits, climbing ropes appeared.

Together with Don Forest and Lynn Michaud, we retraced Sherman's mileage from White Swan Lake to Munroe Lake. To our delight, we found a new forestry road open over the small divide and down the greater Bull River watershed. We followed up the north side of the creek to the headwaters of the Bull River. Quite a large number of slides had come down and the going was rough. Our camp was at the high meadow mentioned in the north side of the creek to the headwaters of the Bull River. Quite original account (7650') not too far removed from the shadow of the great east ridge.

We spent the three remaining hours of light speculating on a new route. We chose to traverse directly along the west ridge to the summit. Masses of snow precluded attempting the main couloir which splits the north face separating the two main summits —1 July was still too early.

From the west col we followed up the scree to the secondary ridge peak. At this point everything seemed to slope incorrectly so we decided to move around the outlier to the south face, as did the Sherman's party. On turning the corner we discovered a series of ledges running parallel to the mountain, and as they sloped correctly, were inspired to rope up and try a few pitches. Oh joy, it was good climbing — a bit loose but on solid rock. In two ropes, we sped off and up, out of one another's line. Competition became strong to reach the crest first. As we became inspired, we became selective and would only climb the airy routes which were free of debris.

On reaching the crest we traversed its length to the high point at about 9600 feet. A height loss of 300 feet is incurred to a little notch, from where the main twin peak mass is climbed. The whole north west face is composed of a series of ledges, which we found to be covered in loose scree overlaid with unstable snow. Our route took us up ledges, with a slow traverse to the west ridge on our right. The ridge was followed to the first summit with no difficulty other than the occasional belay. The route to the main summit (50 feet higher) lay along the top of the great couloir. Taking care with the inevitable cornice, we cautiously crossed the intervening 1000 feet. The view down the couloir was impressive, and under better conditions the route would be practical. Ours was to be the third ascent, as a solitary American had visited by the Sherman Route in 1970.

We descended by the same route to the little notch. At this point, the smaller subsidiary couloir beckoned. The top of this 1200 foot snow slope was iron hard under a two foot layer of soft mushy snow — no good for crampons and hard on the heels. Taking all precautions, we moved as two ropes again, one at a time from a buried axe belay. On the last 600 feet we were able to move together with some security, and made good time.

The following day, we left our idyllic campsite and bashed out to the cars, and a well earned dip in the creek, with suitable refreshment.

R. Matthews

The British Military Group

The new location of High Horizons mountaineering camp proved to be excellent, both for its great setting and the good climbing in the area. A bonus we hadn't anticipated was the number of first ascents left in this area of the Kananaskis. Our policy is to follow the principles of the early Swiss guides and not peak-bag for ourselves, but to take participants of our camp on all first ascents — and there were many!

We located three quarters of a mile past the west end of upper Burstall Lake, in the northern part of the British Military Group. Access to the area is excellent; the best approach being from Canmore, driving up to the Spray Lakes, continuing on the east side to the old logging camp at Mud Lake, and from there to Burstall Creek and the Lakes in the valley to the west.

The rock in the area is mainly limestone, but includes some slate and low grade coal. The formation of the mountain is such as to offer excellent faces and some good ridges. The strata is vertical along the centre of the range and sloped up 40 to 60 degrees east on the west side, where the limestone is massive. The east side of the range is layered, looser limestone and shale with extensive folding showing. The axis of the strata is 15 degrees west of north.

In general, the rock is good on the faces but ridges are fractured. We preferred to stay away from the gullies, as they are often debris laden. The faces 90 degrees to the strata offered the best rock.

A brief rundown of the climbs in the area follows:

MT. BURSTALL (9050')

First ascent 11 July.

B. Seyferth, D Cobb, M. Brown, T. Colwell, I. Carruthers with Bernie Schiesser (guide). Five hours up (NCCS I, F5).

We started from upper Burstall Lake and climbed the old logging road leading south to its end. Fr

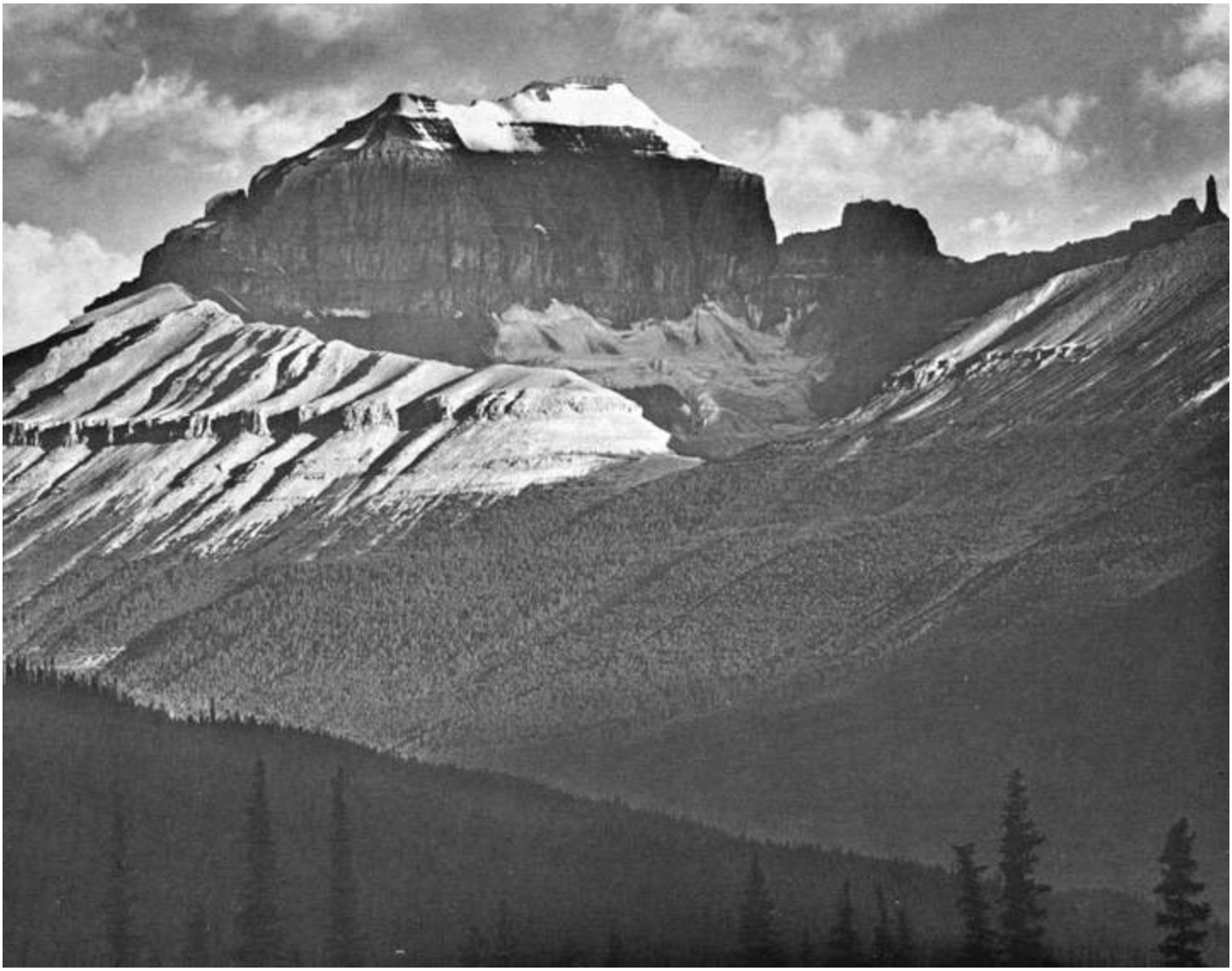
om here we turned east and climbed up a scree slope to base of west face. The easiest access to the ridge was on the south side of a major gully, which cut the west face near its north end. Here we climbed easy rock to the north ridge. The north ridge was followed south to the summit. Descent was via the south ridge and required a 120 and 80 foot rappel, plus down-climbing. A later descent was via the east ridge, and this proved easier.

"PIGGY PLUS" (8900') First ascent 14 July.

B. Seyferth, D. Cobb, M. Brown, T. Colwell, I Carruthers with Bernie Schiesser (guide). 41/2 hours up. (NCCS I, F4).

One mile north of Mt. Robertson. Ascend logging road south of upper Burstall Lake and continue up valley for one half mile to a point where the north ridge is attained. Follow ridge to summit on broken rock; easy climbing. Descent via south ridge required

Mt. Saskatchewan (10,964 feet). Ed Cooper



difficult down-climbing. Descent to east col from the saddle between the two peaks affords an easy descent.

"WHISTLING ROCK RIDGE" (9700'). First ascent 28 July.

P. Poole, P. Findley, M. Gould, J. Noakes, C. Findley, M. Rosenblum, S. Sabey with Bernie Schiesser (guide). 8 hours up with large group (NCCS I, F5).

The northernmost of the two peaks on ridge running north from Sir Douglas. The ridge was attained on the north end by easy climbing. This provided some spectacular views where it knife edges, but most of the ridge is wide. Traversed until the final buttress. Here we traversed on the east side of the ridge for 200 feet to the top of large pillar. From here we ascend directly up the first gully for 180 feet and then worked left (south) and onto some easy climbing to the summit ridge. Descent down smooth steep slabs to west. Second route done later was up the slabs on the west. Rock on the climb good.

LIZZIE'S RIDGE (named after Elizabeth Rummel) Mt. Birdwood (10,160')

First ascent 18 July.

B. Deming, N. Brown, T. Colwell, D. Cobb, I. Carruthers, B. Seyferth with Bernie Schiesser (guide). 8 hours up (NCCS 1, F7). This is the prominent steep ridge (easternmost of the 2 ridges on the south side of the mountain) which leads up to the summit from the south. We climbed up a short scree slope to the base of the ridge at 7700 feet. Here we roped and climbed excellent limestone on the ridge, staying near the crest but often going left or right. After over 1000 vertical feet of this the ridge steepens for 200 vertical feet and turns into a smooth wall for about 20 feet (5.7). Here we used several pegs in a traverse to the right over the wall. Back to the ridge and good rock for another 500 vertical feet and eventually the ridge flattens and joins the south east face.

From here we followed a series of gullies and short ridges, working to the east and then up to the summit. Descent via the standard route.

"CEGNFS" (9100')

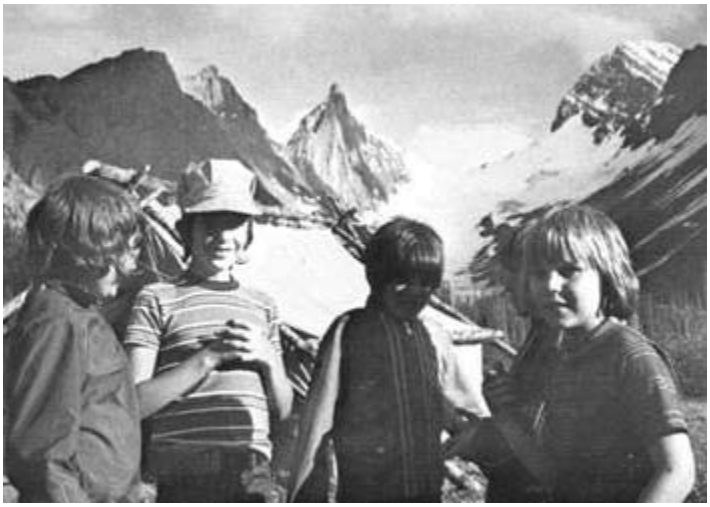
First ascent 8 August

J. Noakes, M. Gould, P. Findley, C. Findley, P. Poole with Bernie Schiesser (guide). 4 hours up (NCCS I, F3).

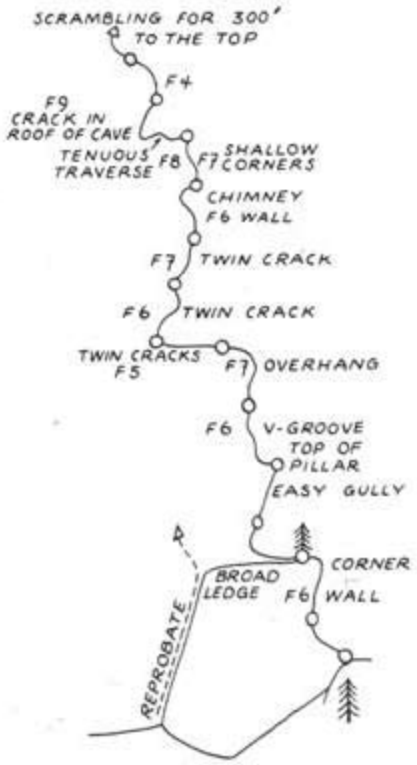
Last peak on the ridge north of Mt. French, south east of French Creek. Easy ascent from French Creek. Up one mile past last road, then up (south) through easy timber and meadows. Up scree and easy rock to summit. Descent is either the same route or down the south east ridge to Mt. Murray.

The British Military Group; Mt. Birdwood in the distance with the summit ridge of Mt. Murray in the foreground. Bernie Schiesser

High Horizons camp in the British Military Group; from the left: Piggy Plus. Mt. Robertson and Mt. Sir Douglas. Bernie Schiesser



Quasar (CMC Bulletin). Moira Irvine



MT. MURRAY (9920')

First ascent 8 August

P. Poole, J. Noakes, M. Gould, P. Findley, C. Findley with Bernie Schiesser (guide). 21/2 hours from Cegnfs (NCCS I, F4).

One mile south of Cegnfs, second peak from the north end of the ridge running north from Mt. French. Easy ascent from French Creek up meadows and scree to summit. We climbed Cegnfs first and then dropped to the Murray col. A cliff which runs around the base of Murray necessitates descent same as ascent, but Cegnfs can be by-passed.

"PRAIRIE VIEW" (10,400')

First ascent 11 August

M. Gould, P. Findley, J. Noakes, C. Findley led by G. Boesnisch. 7 hours from car at base of French Creek (NCCS I, F4).

One mile north of Mt. French. Up French Creek to base of glacier, then turn east and go up bowl to the ridge between French and the objective. Easy rock and scree to summit. This climb is not difficult but access is long and tiring. From the summit the prairies may be seen.

MT. LEVAL (9050')

First ascent 28 July

C. Findley, M. Gould, J. Noakes, P. Findley with C. Locke (guide).

The north west buttress of Spray Pass, one mile north of Leman Lake. Ascend north from Leman Lake up the south face of peak.

This face was broken by some cliffs which required roped climbing.

Bernie Schiesser

Unnamed 9850 feet, Kananaskis Range

On 17 June Don Forest, Peter Roxburgh, Gordon Scruggs and myself left Mud Lake very late because of snow and rain, determined to at least have a look at the peaks around Chester Lake. Being a late spring we quickly got into wet snow, and before we arrived at the open meadows around Chester Lake we had been in to our thighs. We wallowed across the flats to the Lake and sat down to eat lunch. Slowly the sun came through, so we decided to carry on up the valley.

We ascended the boulder strewn valley between an unnamed peak and The Fortress on fairly good snow, to a point about one and a quarter miles past Chester Lake Here we decided to climb the unnamed peak. We started up a wide snow slope. As we climbed higher the wind blew harder and the snow came heavier, but we kept going, hoping for it to break at any time. Instead it became worse. Finally we came to a wide gully — a bad spot to stop, so we clambered up and came out on a ridge. At this point the snow subsided, so we were tempted to go on. Up a very rotten ridge, iced up in places, we moved carefully, finally coming out on the main south west spine of the mountain. The snow began to descend on us again, but we were now determined to carry on. After making the first summit we followed the ridge. Making one short rappel along the way we reached the main summit, where no sign of any previous cairn was found. A break gave us a spectacular cloud framed view of the British Military Group to the west. We descended the snow slopes on the east side and made our way back

down to Mud Lake, avoiding a lot of snow we had battled in the morning.

Glen Boles

Kahl Wall, Yamnuska

This is one of those routes which was full of life, breathing existence and will into me. Captivating my every sense, every nerve moving into harmony with Tim Auger and I. It was nice weather on 1 July 1971, and we had an early start, 5 o'clock. As usual our dread of a retreat for lack of some obscure piece of equipment had us looking like an expedition. Tim surely helped, doing what needs be done without complaint, competent. But it takes a rare personality to move so easily into the life of each person one meets. They both had this personality, Heinz and the wall, that part of the mountain's face up there on Yamnuska. Not such a big mountain, but close to home, work and play. For years I wished to use his name for a climb. Ironically Kahl in Germanic refers to bald, blank.

The route starts between Grillmair Chimney and Forbidden Corner. Twenty feet of easy scrambling, then 20 feet of rock climbing unroped, takes on to a large ledge. A pitch by pitch description:

Move up the left side of a corner 20 feet, break onto the face to the left and climb up 40 feet, slightly left 20 feet, delicate move, then up to a ledge. Walk left to end of ledge and belay. (5.6, 100', 3 to 6 pitons).

Up a chimney crack system 50 feet, to the next ledge. Chimney and jam crack on the right for 80 feet to a good belay at the base of small flaring chimney. (5.5, 130', 2 to 4 runners).

Up chimney to where it is possible to exit right, 20 feet, then easy scrambling moving right to a broad ledge. (5.6, 50', one piton).

Now traverse to a point directly below an obvious open book break, 300 feet above. Climb into shallow corner, 25 feet, move on good but small holds to the right out of the corner, then ascend groove, jamming where possible for 10 feet, to easy ground. Up 15 feet and descend to platform and haul sack. (5.7, 60', 3 to 4 runners).

Follow a break slightly left 20 feet to the first bolt. Ascend the next 50. feet alternating aid and free climbing to small ledge. Up corner to where it is possible to traverse right onto the face, move up on small holds to a roof, step left to corner and jam up to ledge. (5.7-5.8, 110', 4 bolts, 8 to 12 pitons).

Climb the corner above, when level with the lip of the bulge traverse eight to ten feet to the right, then climb the wall above on small holds for several feet and again traverse right. Ascend wall climbing free with some aids to the next ledge. Half to three quarters inch clogs were placed in water runnels for aid. (5.7-5.8, 130', 2 bolts, 4 to 8 pitons and several chocks).

Chimney and gully (5.4, 120', 2" nuts).

Chimney to roof, pass on left, awkward jam (3 inch angle), belay at next ledge. (5.7, 80', angles and nuts).

Bridge walls to pass roof, belay. (5.5, 20', 1 piton).

To belay on top. (5.5, 60').

The climb is solid; sometimes delicate but always good — good cracks, classic holds, and variety, that spice of life.

Don Vockeroth

EEOR (The East End of Mt. Rundle)

In May Urs Kallen and Murray Toft opened Balzac, a new route to the right of the Guide's Route, providing some 15 rope lengths of good class 5 climbing on sound rock. The only aid was used to negotiate a 30 foot wall about 300 feet above the start.

Chris Scott and D. Smith climbed a new route more or less following the ridge on the north edge of the east end face in June (II, 5.7).

Bugs McKeith and Kathy Calvert made the first ascent of Quasar, an "astounding discovery of astronomical importance" on 3 July (1500', IV, 5.9).

Glen Boles

Lake O'Hara

It was sunny and only moderately crowded in the Lake O'Hara Meadows when the first four families established the ACC family camp, 15 to 28 July. More came during the next few days culminating in the undoubtedly record attendance of 14 families — a total of 24 adults and 31 children, from Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario, Oregon, Quebec and Texas.

Together we were quite a crowd, our tents occupying a whole area by the small lake west from the ACC cabin. The campground kitchen shelter was almost exclusively used by our people, the communal tent serving in turns as an occasional dinner hall, children's playground and shower room. During the first few nights we were regularly entertained by a marauding black bear trying to reach (and sometimes succeeding) those yellow garbage bags suspended from the trees.

The weather was generally good, with only two rainy days during the entire period. Unfortunately a thick plaster of wet snow on the northern and eastern face precluded any safe climbing on most of the major peaks. Despite the snow and a few logistic problems with baby sitting and climbing equipment (only two ropes during the first week) we managed to do some climbing. Odaray was climbed twice by its east arête (V. Bond, J. and M. Jarecki, L. Dannenbaum, M. Tyler, D. Sloan); Grassi Ridge on Wiwaxy once (J. and M. Jarecki); Owen by the north ridge once (V. Bond, J. and M. Jarecki); Yukness north peak by the north west ridge directly from the lake, once (J. and M. Jarecki). There were also two unsuccessful attempts — one on the undescribed west ridge of Cathedral and one on Biddle. In addition, several parties

ascended the Wiwaxy Peaks, Schaffer and Yukness by the normal routes. In the meantime, our children and some of the parents explored the area's trails.

M. Jarecki

Mt. McArthur, East Face Direct

On 4 August Rich Lambe and I, ascending from the Stanley Mitchell Hut, gained the Glacier des Poilus from the large alpine meadow below the south face of Isolated Peak. We crossed the bergschrund of McArthur directly beneath the summit and attacked the steep snow and ice slopes rising above. Four pitches of poorly consolidated powder snow over ice brought us to the rocks beneath the summit. Here before proceeding, we agreed that avalanche tracks were far more aesthetic when viewed from above. A rather brisk bombardment of falling stones spurred us up the remaining plaster-of-Paris pitches and onto the summit ridge. The climbing was never really very difficult, as handholds could be moved to suit convenience.

Six pitches; 7 hours; NCCS II, F5.

John Kevin Fox

"Turret Peak" (Rice East No. 1) South Ridge

On 14 August Rich Lambe, Denis deMontigny and I ascended the south ridge of Turret Peak from a camp at the large melt lake found at the head of the Alexandra River (5500'). Starting at 3 a.m., we rounded a spectacular pressure at the confluence of the East Alexandra and East Rice Glaciers and followed the East Rice toward Trident Col. Though Thorington's 1923 photographs show a heavily crevassed system, the present glacier is detritus-covered throughout, with a few very impressive moulins, several 100 feet across. Bearing right at the head of the glacier, we traversed diagonally up steep scree slopes and turned the headwall in a short chimney, thus reaching the upper snow basin below the cliffs of Mt. Spring Rice.

A serpentine moraine wriggled us onto the lower section of the ridge, which alternated schizoidally between scree slippages and rotten steps. Eventually the ridge resolved itself into a crumbling knife edge and made pinnacles and verglas at us. The last four pitches were class 5 climbing on poor rock, the key to the final section being a 5.4 chimney behind a semidetached, but becoming more so, gendarme ("Lorenzo de Medici"). A final steep snow pitch led to the summit at 2.30 p.m. Descending, an incautious remark to the effect that we should never reach camp before dark provoked a glacier stampede Balaclava style. This culminated in camp just as the final rays of the setting sun dappled the lakeshore, and rococo chunks of floating ice, destined for celebratory cocktails, beached in front of our tents. The round trip from camp had taken 15 hours. (7 roped pitches; NCCS III, F5.)

The most difficult obstacle of the entire trip, however, was by no means the architectural instability of the south ridge, but rather the fording of the Alexandra River. This was accomplished, coming and going, by means of a semi-Tyrolean underwater cable car technique. On the last day out, as we lay sprawled in a dishevelled heap of sodden gear and snarled ropes, two packers and their charges (ah, those ten gallon hats) rode up to inform us that "these rivers ain't nuthin to cross". Equus velox, victor fluminum; Pedes raptus gurgite vasto. The wetter you are, the funnier it is.

John Kevin Fox

The Siffleur Wilderness

Bill Putnam and Hans Gmoser's "Third Annual First Ascent Week" got underway from Banff late Saturday afternoon, 22 July. Our objective was to further the theme of the previous two summers (CAJ 1971, p. 86; 1972, p. 90) by visiting relatively forgotten areas that still contain unclimbed peaks. This year's area was just to the south of the headwaters of the Escarpment River in the Siffleur Wilderness. The group was led by Bill Putnam, with guides Rudi Gertsch and Frank Stark, and with Jack Cade, Frances Chappie, Ed Johann, Victor Mahler and the writer as eager participants. All except Frank were alumnae of previous trips. Unfortunately, at the last moment, responsibilities of a higher order had prevented Hans from participating.

We reached the public campsite near the Siffleur River gorge just south of the North Saskatchewan River in good time, being delayed only by a honeymoon couple whose pickup truck cum camper had gotten stuck in the mud. Their conveyance was extracted with the help of Putnam's youth corps. Hopefully, they found the true wilderness they were seeking.

Departing this camp early the next morning, we hiked along the monotonously straight though comfortable fire breaks, and then followed the Siffleur, which was crossed just south of its confluence with the Escarpment. The Siffleur's swollen waters did exact one ice axe and dampen several spirits, so that a drying-out break was called for. After some slow progress through a section of bad windfall on the east bank of the Escarpment, we finally camped not far beyond on a section of gravel at the river's edge.

The next morning we continued a bit further up the river, then crossed it and followed the southeastern tributary up to the first of a tier of three lakes, where we lunched. Proceeding further up this tributary and over a red band of rock we came to the second lake. This nestled at the foot of an impressive, 600 foot high sheer escarpment, punctuated at its centre by a beautiful Yosemite-like waterfall. While setting up camp at this idyllic spot, a family of four mountain goats were observed scampering down the southern edge of the escarpment, which promptly ended conjecture on how best to continue our ascent. The goat route was speedily verified as feasible by Bill, Rudi and Frank that afternoon, while good-naturedly ferrying a portion of our loads.

The next morning we moved camp to the top of the escarpment at the eastern edge of the third lake. Following a second breakfast, Bill and Jack made the second ascent of Kahl Peak, this time via the north west ridge, and descended via the south west ridge. Meanwhile, Rudi, Ed and Frances climbed a long, flat ridged peak of some 9500 feet, directly to the north of the third lake. The remainder of the party turned back at the 9400 foot subsidiary summit to spare a pair of blistered feet. Both spots were marked with appropriate cairns.

We departed from our camp the next morning via the 9500 foot

col at the end of the south east ridge of Kahl Peak, which Bill and Jack had scouted the previous day, and then travelled over a glaciated area to the south. Camp was set up on the glacier at about 8800 feet, south of the western headwaters of the Escarpment River, around noon. That afternoon, an unnamed 10,400 foot high summit a mile west of Mt. Martha was climbed, via the straightforward but long west ridge.

Early the next day we ascended the steep 9400 foot col directly to the west of our campsite. We then descended just sufficiently into Bill Field's Valley of 1925 to circle west and ascend 9400 foot First Pass to the north. Following an early lunch, we climbed Mt. Anteus, another 10,400 foot peak to the north east of First Pass. After again erecting a suitable marker, spectacular views of our previous day's glacier route to the east and the continental divide ranges far to the west were enjoyed. We descended to First Pass and down into Laughing Bears Valley, where we camped in beautiful surroundings at 7500 feet. The large cairn marking this place was rebuilt to its former majestic height that afternoon.

The following morning some of us scrambled to a small sinkhole lake above the ridge to the west of camp, where a lovely vista of the upper Siffleur was to be had. After returning to camp, the entire group proceeded down to the Siffleur, which was reached just north of Porcupine Creek. The Siffleur and Porcupine Creek were forded, followed by the usual drying operation. After a final camp on the Siffleur gravel flats we headed out the next morning, finding a culinary surprise in the ripened fraises du bois along the fire breaks. Our way out from First Pass followed essentially the route taken in by Bill Putnam during the Cambrian Cliffs trip (CAJ 1970, p. 39).

Dieter von Hennig

Mt. Andromeda, North West Bowl

In late August Jock Glidden, Dave Hamre and I climbed a new route on the west side of the north bowl of Mt. Andromeda, finishing just to the north west of the overhangs in the middle. It provides 11 pitches of ice climbing, ranging in angle from 45 degrees at the bottom to 70 degrees plus at the top. No steps were chopped. It is out of the sun most of the day and as a result has very little objective hazard and, as for all Andromeda climbs, has a mere two hour approach. (NCCS III). Recommended as a good ice route.

George Lowe

The Clemenceau Area

The ACC alpine climbing camp was held in the Clemenceau area from 29 July to 12 August. The camp was attended by 27 climbers, two volunteer cooks and a large white snaffle-hound chaser. The advertised theme of independent parties with numerous high camps proved very flexible and successful. Most of the standard climbs from the base camp were done: Clemenceau, Tusk, Irvine and Duplicate, while high camps were used to climb Apex, Norton, Tsar, Stanley, and Shackleton. First ascents were made of Pic Tordu, Stanley, Rhodes, "Speke", "Cowl", "Morrison", "Sharp", "Ellis" and unnamed 9700', while new routes were climbed on Tsar, Shackleton, Sir Ernest, Livingstone, Apex, Shipton and Norton.

Much to our sorrow, we lost Bill Sharp and Roly Morrison on 2 August. They were engulfed by a falling sérac when climbing through the Duplicate icefall with heavy packs. Howie Ridge was brought up short against an ice block, whereas Bill and Roly received the full force of the falling ice. Both died instantly, as verified by Howie upon reaching them. He then returned to camp for help. Both victims were recovered the same day and flown out that evening by helicopter. This was done by the few climbers in camp, and through the use of Bob Jordan's ham radio link to Calgary.

Without the radio making swift evacuation possible, the camp would have been terminated at this point. Fortunately, except for bruises Howie was uninjured, and able to continue climbing a few days later. The majority of the climbers were away at various high camps at the time and unaware of the accident. Our subsequent investigation could attach no blame to the accident. The route was an established one and was in use at that time by another party. It was a case of bad luck that every mountaineer engaged in his sport chances.

Those of us who climbed with Bill Sharp appreciated his good humour and dogged determination. He loved the sport — adventure in high places recharged his mental batteries for the intellectual challenge of academic life, in which he was a mathematician and Associate Dean of Arts and Sciences at the University of Toronto. With Bill's passing we lost a good friend and stout companion. He will be greatly missed.

Roly Morrison loved the mountains. He was a member of the Toronto Section of the ACC, and acted as Hut and Boat Chairman. He was a very active canoeist, and when he couldn't climb, would go caving, cross country skiing, or winter camping. Indoors or out, Roly was one of the rare breed that would give unselfishly of himself.

We established base camp on 29 July on a green clad ledge at the eastern base of Mt. Clemenceau at 6850 feet. From this coign we saw almost an entire season unfold during our two week stay.

MT. CLEMENCEAU

The standard west face route was done in fine weather by our party of 16 — obvious and straightforward to the 12,000 foot summit. An attempt at the Lagardier Route on the south west ridge was deferred to another time. Ascent and descent were done in a satisfying ten hours.

TUSK AND IRVINE

On 8 August the ascent of Tusk was made by Art Schwartz and Roger Parsons via the Tusk-Irvine col. They parted company within 300 feet of the top, Parsons continuing to the 10,960 foot summit solo, traversing the inhospitable north face. After rejoining Schwartz for lunch, they climbed Irvine (10,060') by the east ridge. The descent was enlivened by a brief fall into a crevasse.

PIC TORDU

Roly Reader, Peter Robinson, Jeff Mellor, Robin Lidstone and Mike Kingsley climbed Tordu from a high camp on the south east ridge of Mt. Shackleton. They crossed the glacier to the west

face, gaining access to the north end of a broad shelf below the bergschrund by a short avalanche prone couloir. A long, slightly rising traverse brought them to a point where it was easily crossed. Fifty feet of snow climbing led to the southernmost of a series of rock ribs leading to the north ridge. A 350 foot scramble led to the final ridge, the exposure to the right being impressive and the snow unsound. The summit (10,660') was gained at 10 p.m. and a quick return was made by the same route.

MT. STANLEY AND "MT. SPEKE"

After Pic Tordu the same groups turned to Mt. Stanley. They attacked the ridge between the two at its weakest point, a snow slope rising within 300 feet of the lowest section. After some firm rock a ridge walk led to the summit of a small intervening peak (9800') which they named Mt. Speke, after the explorer who found the source of the Nile. Then on along the ridge to the summit of Stanley by 5 p.m. Back by the same route making two 150 foot rappels from the ridge down the face.

LIVINGSTONE, STANLEY AND RHODES

Only Mt. Livingstone had been climbed by Ostheimer in 1927 via its west ridge. Glen Boles, Don Forest, Gordon Scruggs, Peter Roxborough and John Christian crossed the end of the Cummins Glacier to the south, then hiked up a rock strewn valley toward twin glaciers west of Mt. Livingstone, which are divided by a rock rib. They climbed half way up the west glacier, then crossed the rock rib to the east glacier and continued to the col west of Mt. Livingstone.

A fairly large glacier stretches to the south from a névé lying between Mts. Livingstone and Rhodes. They climbed an interesting ice slope, well crevassed, from the col up to the névé, reaching the base of the south ridge by 10.15 a.m. The first third of the ridge proved very easy but then overhangs barred the way. Dropping down about 50 feet they completed the climb to the summit on ledge systems and walls parallel to the ridge.

Mt. Stanley is separated from Livingstone by a sharp slightly lower peak. They descended the north ridge, which was very sharp in places, and approached the col, thinking it best to traverse around the unnamed peak. A closer look at the slabs overlayed with snow and loose rubble changed their minds. If only they could pass what looked like a large overhang at the top of the ridge. It turned out to be pleasant going, and a hole under a large rock just big enough to squeeze through proved to be the key at the overhang. Some went through the hole head first, others feet first. Rucksacks were passed through to a good ledge on the other side. From the ledge a smooth slab provided horizontal cracks for the feet and hands leading out to a notch. Over a hump and down to the col, then easy climbing took them to the summit of Mt. Stanley by 1.45 p.m.

What a disappointment to find a cairn! Steps in the snow of the north ridge told the story of the other party that had beaten them to the summit by one day. Retracing their route to the Rhodes col they started for Mt. Rhodes just after 3 p.m. Floundering along in very soft afternoon snow, staying on or near the crest of the ridge, they reached the summit at 4 p.m.

MT. TSAR AND "MT. ELLIS"

With the exception of Ostheimer in '27 and Bell in '51, no one knew of any other attempts on lordly Tsar. Don Forest, Peter Roxborough, Glen Boles, Gordon Scruggs, John Pomeroy, Bruno Struck, Bill Hurst, Roger Parsons and Ron Matthews crossed the 9150 foot col between Apex and Duplicate. High camp was set up some three and a half miles from the base of Tsar, directly under a 9750 foot peak to the east of Mt. Somervell on the upper névé of the glacial system.

The following morning they descended another icefall and approached the Tsar/Somervell col, intent upon repeating Ostheimer's route. Ascending steep snow slopes to the small north west ridge, they found that the north face glacier had receded so much in the intervening years as to make this route impossible. They continued scrambling along the ridge to its juncture with the great east ridge, which runs the length of the mountain from just below the summit mass. Six chose to climb to the top of the east ridge and follow the Bell route to the summit. This intersects the Ostheimer route high on the west ridge.

Peter, Bruno and Ron elected to try to reach the top of the hanging icefall, traversing and ascending the east side of the east ridge along a series of scree covered ledges. Going parallel to the east flank of the icefall, they finally front pointed out of the last part onto the glorious sight of the upper glacier plateau. They then crossed the upper glacier to meet the other party. The obvious bergschrund was crossed without difficulty and they climbed the surprisingly steep west ridge to the summit at 11,232 feet.

Early the following day three of the group left for base, climbing Apex on the way. Meanwhile Roger, Glen, John and Ron climbed the untrodden peak above camp by a traverse from south to north. They named the 9750 foot peak in memory of Derrick Ellis of Bow Helicopters, an old friend of many climbers, who lost his life when his machine went down at Gold River in late July. They scratched a suitable inscription on a flat summit rock and added their names.

MT. DUPLICATE

The icefall proved to be more of an obstacle than expected—except for a relatively narrow stable route on the Duplicate side the entire width consisted of a groaning teetering mess of giant ground-up ice cubes. The lower third of the route was steep, heavily crevassed névé followed by an ice ramp leading up to the left. Avoiding several rather tottery looking ice towers, the ice wall just to the right of the séracs provided the only good climbing of the day—the remainder of the route was quite straightforward, continuing up the glacier and onto the south ridge of Duplicate. Four rope lengths of steep, deep snow led to the summit at 10,300 feet.

MT. SIR ERNEST

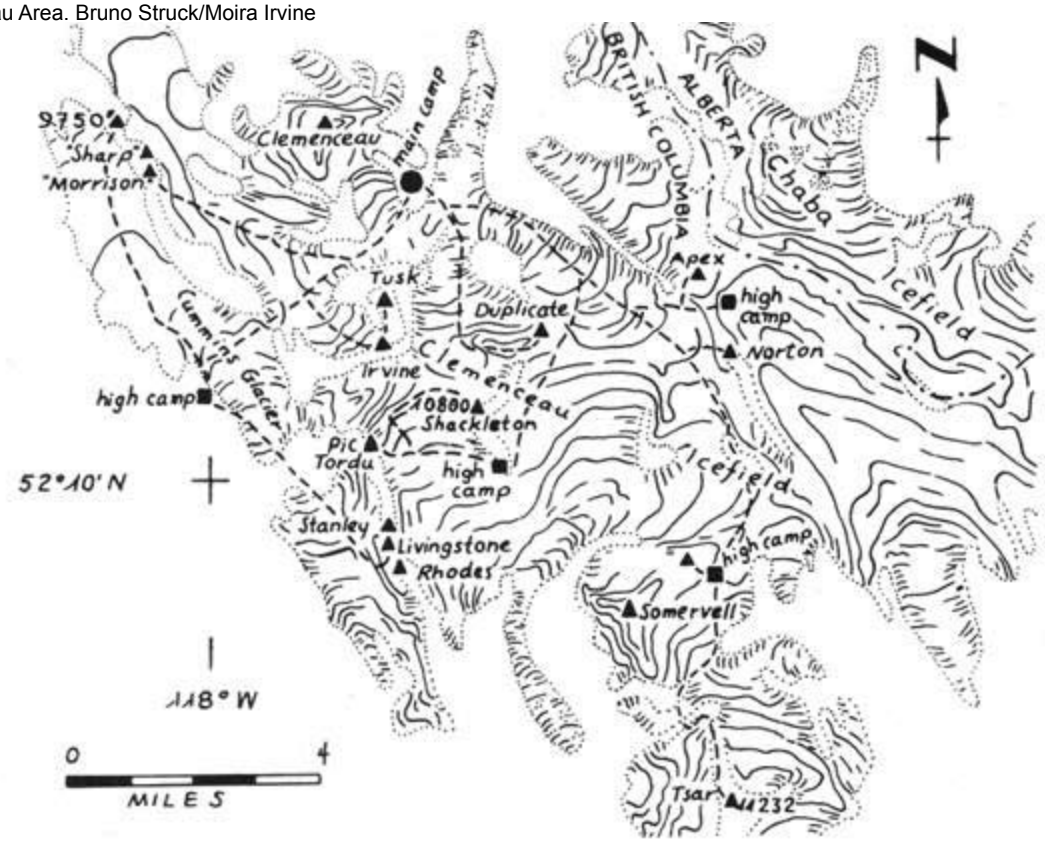
Mt. Sir Ernest is situated between the south east (called east in the guidebook) peak of Shackleton and the central peak of Duplicate. It was climbed from the Duplicate col via the north east ridge. A very clean and uncluttered climb, stimulating and enjoyable.

MT. SHACKLETON AND "COWL"

Mike Kingsley, Jeff Mellor, Peter Robinson, Roland Reader and Robin Lidstone left at 3.30 a.m. from a high camp on the Shackleton Glacier, at the foot of the south east ridge, for the face

Mt. Clemenceau from Cummins Alp high camp. Bruno Struck

Clemenceau Area. Bruno Struck/Moira Irvine



of the west ridge of Shackleton. Going straight up the face they reached the summit of a small snow peak (10,100') which sits astride the ridge between Pic Tordu and Shackleton at 6 a.m. This was named Cowl for some obscure reason. The final section was a delightful sharp snow ridge.

Traversing downwards to the main col, the west ridge was climbed to the West Peak (10,750') followed by a short jaunt to the central Peak (10,800'). The rock was generally poor.

APEX PEAK AND MT. NORTON

From high camp at 6500 feet on the Clemenceau Glacier, Helen Butling, Ilse Newberry, John Christian and John Peck ascended the icefall to gain the south west ridge of Apex, finding an excellent route with good snow bridges over the large crevasses. On the ridge they dropped down slightly, turning north west and eventually making two hairpin bends to reach the north west face, which led to the summit at 10,600 feet.

They descended by the south east ridge then continued up to Mt. Norton.

MT. SHIPTON

On 1 August Hamish Mutch and Bob Sanford made what appears to have been the second ascent of this 10,000 foot peak, and its first traverse from south to north following the original line of ascent. The snow conditions made for a slow ascent. Descent by the previously unclimbed north ridge was primarily on class 3 rock, with an occasional move of class 4. This ridge drops about 2500 feet, and is not a particularly agreeable means of descent. The traverse would be more enjoyable in reverse.

UNNAMED 9750'

Bill Hurst climbed this 9750 foot peak solo on 8 August via a ramp of rock leading from the south west corner to the west ridge with its graham-wafer-like rock. This led to the summit ridge where the rock became more massive. A beautiful view of Clemenceau was enjoyed from the summit.

MTS. "MORRISON" AND "SHARP"

We all agreed that two virgin peaks should be climbed and named in honour of our fallen comrades. Roger Parsons suggested two west of Mt. Clemenceau. After a difficult descent in the dark to the glacier below camp Robin Lidstone, Peter Roxburgh, Roly Reader, Jeff Mellor, Peter Robinson and Roger Parsons began to ascend the glacier to the west of Clemenceau. About six miles from base they chose two of the nearer unclimbed peaks as their targets. The summit ridge of the 9425 foot peak turned out to be a knife edge of good solid rock, providing a suitable memorial for Roly Morrison.

Descending the rock of the north ridge by a very exposed scramble they were awed by the east face of the next peak and the potential challenge of its sharply angled diagonal slabs. Time necessitated that they take the less demanding east ridge to the north summit at 9560 feet. The lance like formations were a natural association to the memory of Bill Sharp, the only man to have visited the area twice and to have climbed Clemenceau both times.

Glen Boles, Helen Bulling, Bill Hurst, Bob Jordan, Mike

The west ridge of Mt. Shackleton. Glen Boles

Below the col. Mt. Clemenceau. Glen Boles

The west face of Mt. Clemenceau (the normal route). Bruno Struck

Kingsley, Robin Lidstone, Ron Matthews, Hamish Mutch, Roger Parsons,

Late last July Ted Church, Erlyn Church, Nancy Rent, Michael Rosenberger, Ted Turner and I helicoptered to a small meadow on the east side of Mt. Clemenceau at about 6800 feet. Ted Church was the leader and organizer of our group. I report three climbs which may be new or partly so.

Mt. Duplicate has three summits, the central peak being the highest. On 30 July Michael Rosenberger, Ted Turner and I traversed the east peak from north to south. The lower portion of the north ridge which drops off vertically was avoided on the right. A rock ridge with several small vertical steps then leads to a prominent ice slope, which continues to the summit. The slope is a pleasant 45 degrees, getting slightly steeper at the top. The summit appeared virgin and we left a cairn. The descent on the south was entirely on the well-defined ridge with rock of the appropriate rotten quality typical of the area. Except for the top four pitches on the ice slope the climb was done unroped. The round trip took a slow 13 hours.

On 2 August Michael Rosenberger and I traversed Tusk Peak, Irvine, Chettan, and Shipton. Tusk was climbed via its north west ridge. The climb continued along the ridges connecting the above peaks. The entire north ridge of Shipton was climbed on the descent. There may be the odd piece of ridge which has not been climbed before. Except for two pitches near the top of Tusk we climbed unroped. Total time out of camp was 16 hours.

On a two day effort Michael Rosenberger and I traversed Pic Tordu and the three peaks of Mt. Shackleton. Early on 7 August we traversed over the Clemenceau-Tusk col to the west side of Pic Tordu. We climbed the long, and somewhat ill-defined, west ridge to a subsidiary peak at about 10,100 feet. The ridge then continues to the main peak. It is relatively exposed, considerably serrated and about two thirds of a mile long. Warping of sedimentary layers into vertical positions has produced the sawtooth nature of this part of the ridge, with constant changes in colour and the nature of the rock. Apparently, this was the second ascent of Pic Tordu, the first having been made two days earlier by a party from the ACC Camp via a short rock rib on the east face.

From Pic Tordu we continued along the north east ridge, which leads after a good mile to the west peak of Mt. Shackleton. Mixed terrain led over a beautiful snow hump to the Pic Tordu-Shackleton col where we bivouacked.

Next morning at the col we encountered the ACC party which had climbed Pic Tordu. Their destination was also Mt. Shackleton, but they planned to return via their ascent route, while we intended to continue our traverse.

Because Michael and I climbed unroped — we did so for almost the entire climb — we quickly left them behind. Only a short steep step in the ridge just below the west peak slowed us down for a moment. An almost horizontal ridge then leads from the west peak to the central peak of Mt. Shackleton.

A brief comment on Mt. Shackleton for the Rockies guide book may be in order. The mountain is rather large. The summit ridge, about one mile long, runs approximately from north west to south east. There are three peaks of almost equal height (about 10,800'): the west peak, the central peak which is considered the highest, and the east — more correctly called south east peak. Mt. Shackleton has no north east peak. In the middle of the one mile long ridge connecting Shackleton's east peak with Mt. Duplicate there is a pretty little snow bump (about 10,300'). According to the guide this was climbed by the Gibson party in 1936, and baptised Sir Ernest. The guide book entry regarding snow on the east ridge preventing the Gibson party from reaching the central peak is misleading. Not only is the north east ridge of Shackleton's east peak very steep as stated, but also the central peak is well over a mile away from Sir Ernest. Furthermore, this section of the ridge is by far the most difficult, offering among others the rock tower mentioned in the guide. The conclusion then is that Sir Ernest is not part of Mt. Shackleton, and that at the time of writing of the guide book the south east peak was unclimbed.

Just east of the central peak the above mentioned rock tower juts out of the ridge. Because it is quite vertical on both west and south sides, we traversed across the north face. The climbing was never very difficult, but because of some snow and ice on the very exposed, extremely rotten rock great care was required. From the east side of the tower (from which it could be climbed) we descended into a sharp notch. A short vertical rock face of the usual labile quality led to the top of a long flat tower. We continued on the ridge and eventually donned crampons for a couple of pitches on steep, bare ice. This led to the top of the south east peak, where we built a cairn.

The descent to the Shackleton-Sir Ernest col was steep, but easier than we had expected The weather finally caught up with us just as we were threading our way through the Duplicate icefall. Rain and hail belted us as we tried to find a way out of the maze. We made camp in the late afternoon.

Helmut Microys

Mt. Hardisty, North Ridge

On 16 August Gordon Irwin and I worked our way up the rough rockslide area above Horseshoe Lake on the west side of Mt. Hardisty, 2 miles north of Mt. Kerkeslin. After three hours of boulder hopping we roped up and climbed the west face leading to the direct north ridge. Climbing was easy and enjoyable on very solid quartzite rock. The exposed buttress before the summit offered very fine climbing. The summit was reached in six hours. The descent via the south side over sharp boulders and bushwalk to the highway was less interesting.

Hans Fuhrer

Sunwapta Peak, North Ridge

Saturday, 22 July found JoAnne Creore, Bill Mclntosh, John Alder, Rick Checkland and myself making our slow way up the Poboktan Creek trail in Jasper park. The attraction of the area seemed to be several unclimbed (?) peaks to the north east of Brazeau Lake. Six and a half hours of packing in nine days supply of food and gear brought us to the base of our first objective, Poboktan Mountain. There we made camp by a small creek which

Mt. Tsar, the summit mass. Glen Boles

The lower icefall, Mt. Clemenceau. Glen Boles

The summit ridge of Poboktan Mtn. John Cumberbatch

splashed down from the snow fields above.

Next morning we left everything that was inedible in the tents, and everything else dangling from trees. The climb was up a moderate scree slope which turned to snow (9000') and in four hours we had gained the summit ridge. The view towards Brazeau Lake was blocked by the summit, and being anxious to see what lay in store for us we pushed on to the top.

Huddled around the cairn at 10,900 feet we must have looked like the witches who shared one eye, for we passed around our only pair of binoculars, taking turns to have a look. The mountains to the north east of Brazeau Lake now seemed rather uninspiring. They were bare of snow, being composed of loose rock seemed to offer little in the way of true mountaineering. When we thought of the crampons, ice screws and axes which we had packed in the day before, we were soon searching the panorama for something more challenging. Our eyes quickly fell on Sunwapta (10,875') which as far as we knew, had never been climbed via its north ridge. With a glacier and icefall to tackle, together with problems of gaining the ridge, Sunwapta now seemed an attractive alternative.

After a speedy descent from the summit we replanned our trip. Having now one mountain to climb instead of several we had a few days to spare, and next day we packed everything as far as the split in the trail which leads to Jonas Pass. Then we cached the bulk of our gear, and continued along the trail to Brazeau Lake. We would attempt Sunwapta in a few days.

The trail ascended into alpine meadows, crossed a low wide pass, and plunged down towards the lake. A bridge near the lake had been washed away and we were forced to ford. Everyone dug out their own fording gear, which varied from moccasins to old socks, and we splashed around for almost an hour balancing on ice axes and rocks getting our packs across the stream. Another hour and we reached the primitive camp site at the south end of the lake.

The following day was a rest day, spent nursing blisters and wandering along the shores of the lake. I tried fishing but soon learned that trout prefer flies to spinners and caught nothing!

Day five dawned clear and by 8 a.m. we had forded the creek and began the long haul back to Poboktan Pass. The day of rest seemed to have helped for surprisingly we gained the pass as fast as we had descended from it two days before. We disturbed two caribou. Although they saw us, they paid no attention until the wind blew from our direction. We had become used to the odours by now, but the caribou took off like lightning!

Returning to our cache we found several plastic bags nibbled through, but a hard hat had proved too tough and saved our food. After a long night's rest we had a lazy breakfast and packed for our attempt on Sunwapta. The mountain was still five miles away, and we would have to cross an 8000 foot ridge to reach Jonas creek before we could begin to climb. For reasons of weight we decided to bivouac, and hoped the weather would cooperate. Most of the afternoon was spent in tramping through the mosquito swamps of Jonas Creek and performing acrobatics on the slippery rocks in the fast flowing water, then we began to ascend. The north ridge of

Sunwapta, as it descends from the summit, is covered by glacier, icefall and snow fields before dipping to a low point and then rising again to terminate as a peak on the mountain range which borders the south side of Jonas Creek. We headed for a basin in this mountain range, lying just east of the north ridge peak.

The basin contained a small lake, formed by melting snows. Although a snow filled gully led up from the lake to a ridge above, the route was blocked by cornices. We were forced to cross the outflow of the lake, scramble up the west side of the basin and ascend a minor peak on the ridge. From there the north ridge peak beckoned us, but we were separated by a snow covered ridge, terminating in a knife edge composed of very loose rock. It was also getting late, and the gathering clouds implied that we were in for a rough night.

Below us to the south and east of the north ridge lay a barren rock filled valley down which flowed a tributary of Beauty Creek. We took one more look at the weather and decided to sacrifice height for the protection of the rocks below. Soon each of us was crawling around among boulders, tying down ponchos and space blankets trying to make a home. We cooked up some soup and bedded down for the night, with spots of rain blowing in the wind. The rain soon stopped, and the thick clouds above kept temperatures high so that most of us got some sleep.

Bill called us at 5 a.m. Rather than retrace our steps to reach the north ridge, we climbed up an easy spur which dropped off the north ridge from a place half way between the north ridge peak and the low point. Taking only what was needed for the climb we set off. The last 500 feet to the ridge was a scramble up loose wet rock. Part way Rick unfortunately pulled his slipped disk, and John kindly offered to go back with him. We agreed to meet at the tents by Poboktan Creek that night.

After some delay JoAnne, Bill and I reached the low point in the north ridge by 10.30 a.m. Now it was snow and ice all the way. We roped up and slowly the Banff-Jasper highway came into view. The snow turned to ice just below the icefall and we put on crampons. By keeping to the left of the ridge as we ascended we were able to avoid the bulk of the icefall and were forced to cross only one apparent crevasse. A strong wind was blowing from the south west. Although this gave some blue patches, as we neared the top it grew stronger.

By 12.30 p.m. all three of us were at the cairn. In flapping parkas with hoods pulled over our faces we munched a few nuts and chocolate, and took pictures of the icefields. It was too uncomfortable to stay longer than 10 minutes, besides we still had a long way to go.

Descending slowly round the ice fall, we needed several belays to regain the spur. It was 4 p.m. by the time we reached our bivouac site. From here things seemed to get worse. Rain kept soaking us, a crampon dropped off somewhere on the way, Bill discovered his water bottle was missing. It was 11 p.m. when we reached Poboktan Creek, and we just walked through the water with our boots on. There we found John, who had fallen into Jonas creek and lost his axe, shivering in his sleeping bag. Rick was nursing his back and cooking up some tea.

The next day was Saturday. We had not eaten a hot meal since Wednesday. One more long day and we could be in Jasper with its restaurants, and then the warm fire of Poco hut. The temptation was too much. We slung packs on our backs and headed out. That night over steaks, followed by banana splits, followed by hamburger platters, it all seemed very worthwhile.

John Cumberbatch

Fryatt Creek

Weatherwise, the summer of 1972 wasn't much of a success anywhere in Canada. The ACC general camp was somewhat blessed with only one day in two weeks when climbs had to be called off — and that day the sun came out while we were eating breakfast. Whereupon Bruce Fraser, chairman of the climbing committee, offered himself to be shot. But he'd done so well till then that we held fire. Maybe Bruce knew about no guns in the Parks when he offered. It hadn't struck me till now.

As usual at the beginning there were complaints about too much scree, and too much hiking for the amount of climbing, but after the third or fourth day this was forgotten. Climbs in the Rockies have something indescribable to offer that sort of gets into you, and certainly after you get home the long slogs over wonderful terrain leave mainly happy memories.

The camp was on the true left of Fryatt Creek, underneath Mt. Fryatt and about seven miles from the highway. Cars were parked at Athabaska Falls. We crossed the river by cable car a few miles south — beautiful trail, beautiful day.

Brussels, the other big challenge, is across the creek valley. Fryatt (11,026') was first climbed in 1926, and Brussels (10,370') in 1948. East of Brussels is Christie, where most people made their debut. West of Brussels are Lowell, Xerxes and the Mice. Olympus (9800') Parnassus (9500') Belanger (10,200') and Lapensee (10,900') form a kind of amphitheatre at the top of the creek. On the Fryatt side are several miles of rolling hills that harbour at least eight lakes and three creeks — perfect country for bird watchers and energetic crawlers.

The newly opened Sydney Vallance Hut, picturesquely situated near a lake at the top of a headwall, was our high camp. The majority of climbs started there. Getting up entails about a mile of heavy scree as you leave the camp, but soon the trail winds through the woods beside the lake just the way it should. Lots of birds and mountain pictures. Then comes the headwall. Some nimble characters scooted up and slalomed down with their packs, but I took a little longer.

Getting the supplies up to high camp was quite something, as Bill Harrison and the horses could tell you. A special trail was scraped out along the edge of the headwall. Bill said to his horses "C'mon boys, I've seen worse than this before", and they got up. Their reward was three days in the high meadow with nothing to do but eat and roll around — the horses, not Bill! Every time I made my way up that headwall I knew they deserved it.

Bill looked after us at high camp, keeping his cool as he fed

snacks and breakfasts to a hungry crowd in a limited space. When it was time to close up, all tents and gear were carried to the bottom of the headwall by willing workers; no one wanted the horses to do that again.

The guides Hans Schwarz and Hermann Frank held rock and ice schools and led many people up many mountains, as did the volunteer rope leaders. As I was only a crawler I can't make any comments on the climbs, but I gathered Belanger was favoured for snow, and Parnassus had excellent rock for climbing near the top.

All week long we wondered if there would be a climb up Fryatt, and the odd gaze was cast at Brussels with the feeling maybe the day would come. Neither was ever listed. Then during the second week, about midday, we heard that Hans Schwarz and Dan Hale should soon be down from Fryatt. Big excitement. But even they had stopped before the top, ice and snow conditions being too hazardous. Then on the final Friday, the day before the end, Hans Schwarz and Bob Hind set out for Brussels and made it. We were all proud. Bob had tried it unsuccessfully in 1936, the second attempt ever, so he was extra satisfied.

The Harrisons fed us in the usual way, camp cooking with imagination that put little touches of gourmet into every meal. Oh how we are going to miss the Harrisons!

The whole camp was fun. Two young souls enjoyed it so much they felt the urge for a queen of the mountains, and when no one did anything about it they just crowned themselves. Exactly the right spirit.

Next year I would suggest a bit more organization around the campfire. I heard murmurings from newcomers that they would have appreciated more mountain talk, and a chance to ask questions. The old practice of individuals relating their climbs in the evening might start the ball rolling. Perhaps some sort of hosting for new people the first day or two at camp, to generally explain the way things work.

To the packer and his horses, the caterers and their helpers, the guides both professional and volunteer, the camp manager and Pat Boswell, a big thank-you from every one who was there.

D. H. Peck

Brussels Revisited

It was 31 July 1936 that Ferris Neave and I set out to lead a party on Mt. Christie and attempt Brussels on the way! Our assignment was to lead the party to the top of the cliffs, send them on their way up Christie, and try Brussels while they were completing their climb. Rex Gibson, Max Strumia and others had made several tries on the north end of Brussels and we decided to try somewhere else.

About halfway along the east face there is a cleft which runs almost through the cliff band. We chose that. The bottom part was pouring water, and Ferris tried, without success, to climb the waterfall. I then led out onto the face and we climbed up very steep rock on very small holds, rejoining the cleft above the waterfall. We ascended another couple of hundred feet, over a small overhang, but were stopped by a smooth 50 foot wall, above which was apparently easy ground. This would have required drills and bolts, and we had neither these nor the time to use them. We rappelled off the mountain, rejoined the Christie party, and returned to camp.

After many tries by many parties, the first ascent of Brussels was finally made by Ray Garner in 1949 using four bolts and a bucket full of pitons. It was climbed about six times in the next 23 years.

Now in 1972 we were back at the old stand. Camp was about over when, by happy coincidence, Hans Schwarz and I found ourselves with no parties to lead. I told Hans it looked as if we had a day off and he said, "Let's climb Brussels instead."

The morning of 3 August saw us on our way at 5 a.m. The day was fine and we were at the base of the steep climbing by 9.30. Here we left Hans' pack, all surplus gear and most of our food. I carried my pack with 300 feet of rappel rope, spare slings, pitons, clothing, etc. This didn't help much on some of the pitches, but we managed without hauling anywhere.

The first pitch is short, but maybe slightly more than vertical with very small holds. The pack seemed very heavy here! Garner had placed a bolt on this one but it is gone now. A little above this is the second steep pitch in which we found several pitons after putting in one of our own. One of these makes a needed foothold. There was a little water and ice here but Hans "bloodied up", as British rock climbers say. I followed, retrieving our piton, several slings and a nut as I went. Except for this one, we only used pitons that were already in place.

A 100 feet or so above is the last hard bit. This has a hand hold left by Hans Gmoser, consisting of a sling with a knot in it, jammed in crack as we would use a nut nowadays. Without it I don't think the pitch would go. It was quite a strain to hang onto that shredded rope with one hand and retrieve a sling with the other, with feet resting firmly on psychological footholds.

That was the end of the tough stuff, and we reached the top at noon. We started down about 12.30, and after roping down about 500 feet reached our packs at about 3. We lost a little time trying to find an easy way off the ridge onto the snow on the east side of the peak, reaching the Christie col by 5, and were back in camp for supper at 6.30 p.m. As I have said to impatient climbers who want to do everything now, just remember that the mountain will always be there next year, or even 36 years later.

Bob Hind

Mt. Olympus, North West Ridge

On the morning of 2 July, Hartmut von Gaza and I left Fryatt Creek hut for the north west ridge of Mt. Olympus (9800') at the head of the Fryatt Creek valley. Most of the ridge had been first climbed in 1936, the original party avoiding the upper part by means of a traverse onto the west face.

After mixed class 4 and 5 climbing, we reached a point about 500 feet below the summit, where the ridge was blocked by a large gendarme. Clearly, this was where the traverse began. Instead of

following the original line, we attempted a route directly over the gendarme and up the ridge. Hartmut led the first pitch (5.6 or 5.7), and I the second (5.6) across the west flank of the pinnacle. At the end of my lead a handhold came away, and I took a 20 foot fall. Although my ankle was sprained, we continued to the summit (one pitch of 5.4 rock and one of 45 degree snow), and descended the easier south east ridge. I am grateful to the members of the Calgary Section of the Alpine Club who carried me for two miles over difficult moraine to the hut, and to the National Parks Board who provided a helicopter to transport me out of the valley.

Athol Abrahams

Mt. Fryatt

A reconnaissance of Mt. Fryatt prior to my accident on our previous trip had revealed that the single established route on the mountain involved a long approach and an unpleasant amount of scree-slogging across and up the south west face. We therefore resolved to try the mountain by a new route — the west ridge.

On 2 September Hartmut von Gaza and I packed up the valley of Geraldine Lakes, and made camp at the tree line, 200 yards from the bottom of the west ridge. (For a description of the walking route up the valley see The Canadian Rockies Trail Guide.) Views of the ridge had shown it to be composed of a series of steps, of which the lowest appeared the most formidable. The next morning we found a route (5.6) up this step about 75 feet left (north) of the ridge crest. We then continued up a scree slope, through the cliff line of the second step, returning to the crest of the ridge at the base of the third step. From this point we climbed with fixed belays until about 200 yards from the summit. The rock generally was sound, and the standard of climbing class 5 (up to 5.5). Our time from camp to summit was eight hours.

With only one rope for abseiling, and with new snow making some of the pitches on the west ridge difficult to reverse, we decided to ascend the south west face. Instead of following the normal route to the south ridge, we continued down the face to a lake (where the 1:50,000 map indicates a hanging glacier). A way was found down the cliff to the left (south) of the waterfall at the lake outlet, and we sidled across scree and grass around the base of the west ridge, to return to camp five and a quarter hours after leaving the summit.

Athol Abrahams

Mt. Ross Cox

During a trip into the Hooker Icefield area, my wife Harriet and I made a first ascent of Mt. Ross Cox (9840'), which lies about a mile north east of Mt. Scott at the head of the lovely valley of Ross Cox Creek.

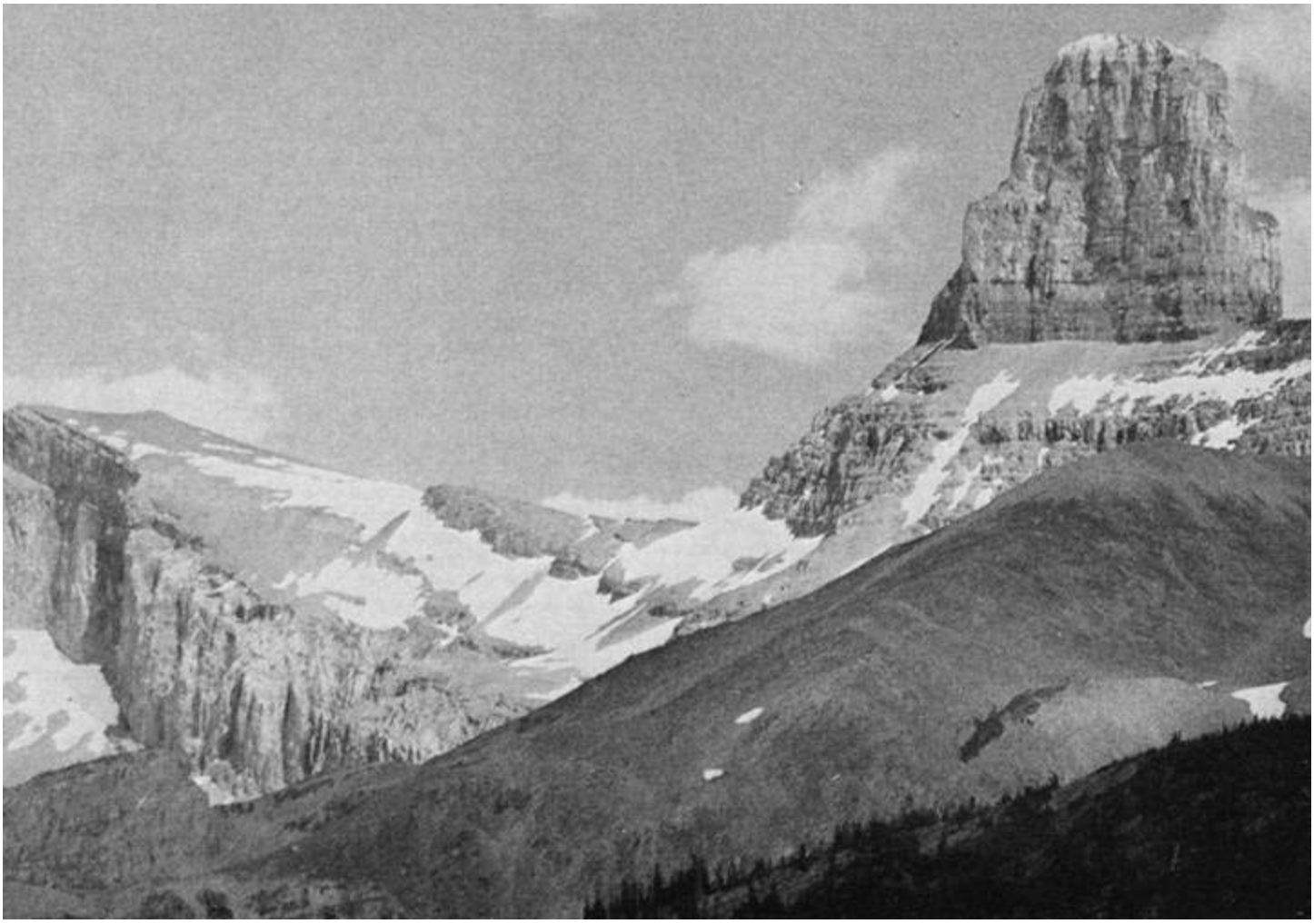
Starting from our camp amidst the bleached ruins of the 1953 ACC Camp at 5 a.m., we waded Scott Creek — oh, to be Jesus Christ, or at least St. Francis of Paola — and bashed 3000 feet up execrable gravel to the crest of the ridge separating the valleys of Scott Creek and Ross Cox Creek. After dropping some 1500 feet of that hard-earned altitude, we tramped up a small glacier to the col between Ross Cox and its neighbor immediately to the south west. This striking peak has the traditional Rockies strata, but rotated 90 degrees!

Our route from the col followed an exposed ridge composed of the same upended strata, which offered some sport in spite of its friability. When the ridge finally butted into the steep face of the mountain proper, we contoured south east along one of those marvellous horizontal ramps so characteristic of easy routes in the Rockies, to the south ridge, giving a splendid view down the symmetrical green valley of Alnus Creek to Fortress Lake. The rock on the ridge proved sounder than that which we had encountered until then. We enjoyed our class 3 scramble to the top, arriving at about 4 p.m.

To descend, we chose the east ridge; first sloppy snow, then rock, and finally two steep and narrow couloirs loaded with sodden snow. When we regained the glacier, we had no enthusiasm for treadmilling back over the ridge separating us from camp. So we followed Ross Cox Creek down its narrow valley to its confluence with the Whirlpool River. Unfortunately, in trying to avoid wading, we found ourselves forced by cliffs to bushwack uphill, but luckily were shortly overtaken by darkness. Next morning, an hours walking — much of it in the many stream channels we had tried so desperately to avoid the evening before — brought us back to "Woodhenge".

Bob Kruszyna

Mt. Christie and Mt. Brussels. Moira Irvine



Caving in the Rockies

Canadian caves are few and far between, but the best are undoubtedly in the Rocky Mountains. This summer one cave was rediscovered and a sizeable extension found in another, making it the deepest cave in the USA and Canada at 1250 feet.

The rediscovered cave is in Arctomys Valley in Mt. Robson Provincial Park and was reported by the Alberta/BC border survey (CAJ 1912 p. 25). They descended 250 feet (measured by barometer!) to where a stream enters the cave. We in fact found their hob-nailed boot prints at this point. Beyond it descends steeply to 800 feet where a very large waterfall enters from the roof, effectively ending the cave. Two 30 foot handlines and one 70 foot rope are needed to reach this point. If the waterfall could be passed the cave may well go nearly to the Moose River, 1800 foot below the entrance. The trip to and from the cave is enlivened by a swim across a sizeable melt water stream, Resplendent Creek.

A trip to Yorkshire Pot in the Crowsnest Pass area this year was made considerably easier by persuading the pilot to airdrop our supplies and tackle on a narrow col between Mts. Ptolemy and Andy Gord. Instead of the usual rush and rout through lack of food, we were able to take our time, finally fixing some bolts for proper belay points and making several trips in the cave. The cave drops almost vertically for over 400 feet in six drops which must be abseiled and prussiked but beyond this the passage is steeply undulating. At the upper end of one of these passages, where it was necessary to squeeze by some flowstone, a new half mile passage was discovered.

The cave is now getting long and deep enough that it may be worth camping underground so that the many unexplored side passages can be explored. Nearby, the entrance crawl of the partially explored Mendip Cave (over 500' deep) is now so solidly blocked by water-ice that even explosives would probably not clear it. No other caves were found in the area this year; some promising holes spotted from the air on the south cliffs of Mt. Ptolemy proved surprisingly easy to reach but did not go.

Ian Drummond

Climbing Reports: Ontario

Last winter saw several organized trips to the Adirondacks in New York State and to the Bon Echo hut for cross country skiing, ice and snow climbing, and cold fingered rock climbing. Spring came with a flurry of activity, with many university and school groups turning out for rock school at Rattle Snake Point. Several promising young climbers were born as a result, which is quite encouraging. We even had good weather this year at the 'Gunks, the ACC Toronto section's favourite climbing spot. We will be contributing to the trust fund this year, for the acquisition of more land in this area for climbers.

Several routes were put up at Bon Echo and Rattle Snake Point, and a new guide book is shaping up for these areas. Comparing the new grades in the guide book to those of the old, it is quite encouraging to note how the climbing standard is increasing. Many of the areas, such as Killarney, Kimberley, Park des Laurentides, Val David, Laurentians, Saguenay, Barnston Pinnacle, and the Titons, which were explored last year, saw many new people this year.

Apart from the local scene, our jet-set members could be found having a "pot of brew" in Britain, occupying huts in Chamonix, and other European countries, as well as participating in a British expedition in Nepal and the ACC expedition to Peru. Western organized ACC activities found members at all the camps. If you want to meet some of your neighbours from home you need only to go to one of these!

This past year was rather sad, with the tragic deaths of two climbers in the Clemenceau area and several of our old climbing buddies moving away. The coming year should be even more active.

Robert Rick

Impressions of Bon Echo

What to say of a 300 foot dimple on the crust? Like the ripples on an orange, man — one tenth of the cap! Gymnastics or pin pummelling, what else? Practice for the west? Hell, they're human too. . . .

Where to turn next in the circus? The funniest gravity game of them all, roofmonging. Not overhanging, but dangling, a new medium. Those pitches catch the pulse — Arches Direct, one on the N. A., Cathedral Direct, Twilight Zone. Come limpets and bats to Bon Echo, and the Spider Man. Let the secret out. If you're decrepit and hard you can always lie down under a roof in your swami. It's better than top stepping overhangs. It makes you look hot when really you're slightly crazed ... but you have the ol' jumies at hand . . . more air than rock . . .

Step out of a boat straight onto a climb — something else. The rock is new too: flavour unusual, texture massive, friable granite — hard, rotten, jointed on a consistent diagonal of 45 degrees, sheared; a constant adjustment. Crack puzzle: thin, good, bottoming, rotten, wide; never the same.

You get into endless odd gyrations here: 20 feet out, stemming off a foot, leaning off a palm, tipping a toe on a crinkle and reaching over there for another hold in opposition. Nobody who learned to climb here could write a text.

One gets weird. Sitting on a pin on a pimple of smooth vertical wall for 15 minutes. Slipping fingers and nails into every black line. Staring at the water. Staring at the rock. Then a perfect pin tip hole materializes two feet away. They'll sweat this ten years hence. Unadulterated ego dividends.

As with Poco, some of the names make you think. L'ldiotie, free now, and too hard. Swing gently under power into space. Always keep three points on the rock, two hands and your attention. It's a long way to the lake and there should be a jug next please, Yes! Swing back and down and rest. Now! Chin, reach and chin. Mantle. Anticlimax. Stand up leaning back and rest? Squat and rest? Lie down? So be it. The next hazy hanging 15 feet took at least an hour, right past the tight muscle to the rubber flesh stage.

On the hard routes you better have the eye, 'cause they've hidden the holds and you get the screaming neemies so easily here. That pin? That cloud? This pitch! That ramp! Smack right in the eye no Joke soaring leftward, upward, outward over space, always straining, crouching in the corner of the ramp, laying bricks and back, will it end, shit I did four cruxes already! If I could stop I'd smash a pin, 30 feet out now, snapping! Every move hard leftwards over air; follow ramp around a corner — oh no, more! Rest, ha! One tiny foothold, even a pin. You're in the fire of fiend leading semi-soloing iron will muscles please to the foothold stance. Raw guts stuff, every move to standard and hard hundred proof.

Inferno, two hot sharp oven walls smooth. Splay in a corner, legs here and there rag-doll like. Sight over the left shoulder at a jug. Do a hook shot with the right talon and fall off dangling from one claw, whoopee! Another Chinese puzzle . . . good thing I don't have to put it together again.

For bongs try a little Perversion. Even a modern classic (Mother Fletcher's Overhang) with lots of free overhangs.

The cliff has matured in the past year or two, not so much aid still not many visitors besides Ottawa and Toronto folks. Many a vibe has bounced off this 300 foot dimple. I was Eastbound for many a year, but real vibes spills and skills are about the same, 300 feet or 3000 feet.

(Spiderman 5.7, A4; L'ldiote 5.10; Joke 5.9; Inferno 5.9.)

Eric Marshall

Climbing Reports: Quebec

Two main themes dominated the climbing picture in 1972: a frenzy of activity in organized climbing and the big new rock and ice routes done by the Quebec City group.

The Federation des clubs de Montagne du Quebec (FCMQ) was once again responsible for the high voltage action, mainly in the area of organized climbing schools and clinics, climbing literature and equipment.

A new means of popularising the FCMQ's activities was introduced in the form of week-end initiations called "découverte populaire». Twenty-four of these were held throughout the province from early January (cross country skiing) to the middle of November. Five week-long courses of instruction of the type «formation de cadre» were held — four in climbing and one in cross country skiing. Some 60 climbers were awarded certificates, including two instructors — Normand Lapierre and Kevin O'Connell, who now figure as professors of I'Ecole Quebecoise des Sports de Montagne. The number of certified climbers has now reached 150. These climbing schools have resulted in the formation of two new clubs called the «Club de I'Estrie» at Sherbrooke and the «Club Vertige» at Hull. The FCMQ is presently made up of 13 clubs.

In the field of literature, after so many years of nothing — two books in two years. The first, mentioned in last year's report, was Ben Poisson's guide. This year it is Alpinisme Au Quebec by Andre Hebert. The latter is an interesting account of the activities of certain well-known Quebec climbers inside and outside of Quebec, as well as Hebert's impressions of climbing. The FCMQ also published a monthly bulletin which was sent to each of its club members.

Because of the high cost of equipment in Quebec, the FCMQ has purchased some material, in the hope of eventually starting a cooperative.

Kevin O'Connell of the McGill Outing Club reports that the MOC has enjoyed another very active year, with members travelling to New Hampshire's Whitehorse and Cathedral Ledges, and the Adirondacks for challenging routes outside the province. Most of their climbing activity still centres at Val David, Mt. King, Mt. Hilaire and Shawbridge Cliffs. Over half a dozen new routes of high standard were opened on the Shawbridge Cliffs, and a new trail has been built along the base of this escarpment to improve access. A guide book on the area should be published shortly. Two trips were organized this year to Park Laurentide and two new grade III routes were started, if not yet completed on l'Ours at St-Urbain.

The MOC successfully obtained two large "Opportunities for Youth" grants for the development of X-C ski trails in the Laurentians. A comprehensive bilingual map was published jointly with the Laurentian Ski Zone as a result, and made available to the public. The club maintained a house in the Laurentians in Shawbridge, and climbers in the area are encouraged to contact the club for further information.

The big new rock route of 1972 was La Picouille — The Old Woman — climbed on the Mont des Erables in the valley of the Malbaie river by Jean Sylvain and Guy Gilbert. This impressive route, 1045 feet in length, took 27 hours to climb (including a bivouac). One particular section deserves mention — a 100 foot roof! Jean and Guy compare the seriousness of the route with those on Cap Trinité.

The invitation to "Go East Young Man" in the 1971 CAJ was answered in May, when New Hampshire climbers Paul Ross and John Porter put up a 1500 foot route on le Mont de l'Equerre. The climb, Redcoat's Resurrection, goes up the central buttress between two great waterfalls and was considered dangerous because of the poor rock. Apparently the views were magnificent. A second route, Vendetta, was put up on le Cran des Erables by John Cote with John Porter. This later turned out to follow a crack system immediately to the right of La Picouille, sharing the same start and exit.

While on the subject of big routes, this report would not be complete without a mention of the two fine ice routes done towards the end of the winter. The Delaney falls in the Cte. de Portneuf was climbed by Real Cloutier and Jean Sylvain. The route was 450 feet in length, took 5 hours and was named La Transparente. It involved sections where the climbers could clearly observe the rushing water through the ice beneath their feet! Even more impressive was the ascent of les chutes Montmorency, close to Quebec City. This 295 foot ice wall involved free and artificial climbing, took 7 hours and was named «La Congelée». Jean Sylvain and Pierre Vezina were the artisans on this climb. I believe these two first ascents will set off a rush of ice climbing activity, after all there is certainly no lack of waterfalls in the province. Already word reaches us of a 1000 foot ice slab in a deep glacier-carved valley somewhere north of Quebec city.

François Garneau

Vendetta, Mont des Erables

In the centre of the cliff are a pair of very prominent vertical crack systems. Vendetta follows the line of the left hand one which has the very large roof at about mid-height.

The climb is all free with the exception of two pitons used for aid on the fourth pitch, in clearing the roof. They may not be necessary under dry conditions.

Begin at the base of the cliff directly below the crack.

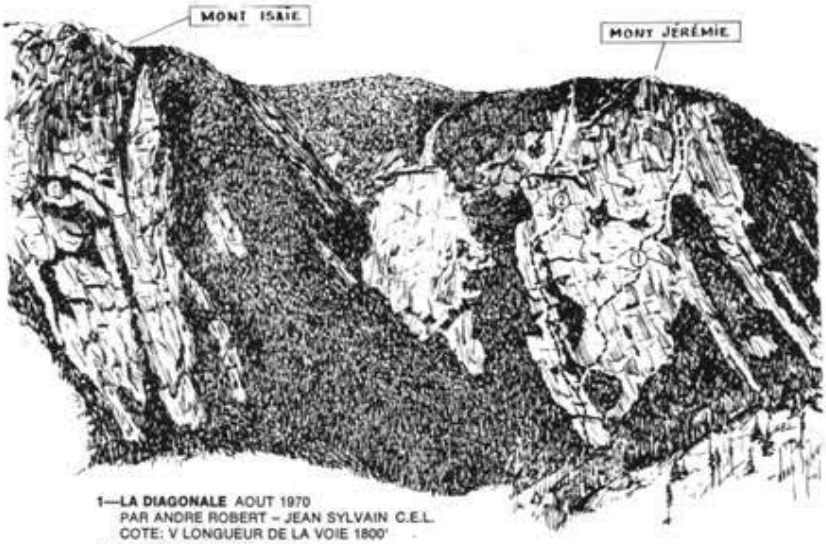
Pitch 1. Moderate climbing up a faint dike with poor protection leads to a tree ledge.

Pitch 2. Easier climbing directly above the ledge is followed by an inside corner, with a belay spot slightly higher.

Pitch 3. Traverse right along the only weakness in the inside corner and ascend with difficulty out onto the face. One should now be at the start to the crack. Follow the crack to the first adequate stance and belay.

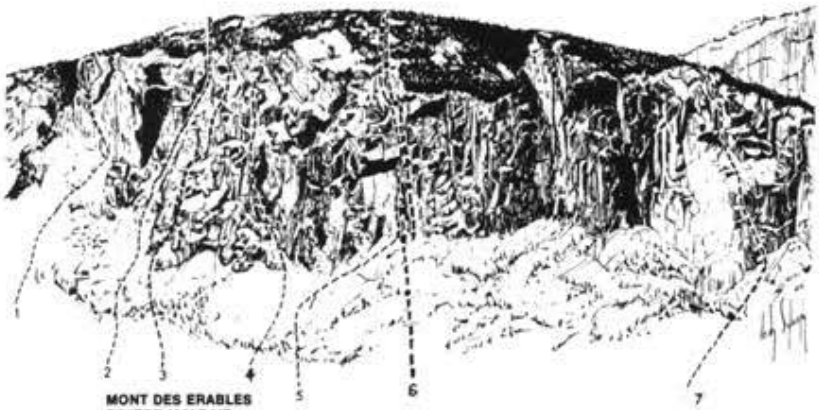
Pitch 4. Continue straight up the crack. When at the level of

LA CONGELEE
PREMIERE PAR PIERRE VEZINA C.E.L.
JEAN SYLVAIN C.E.L.
FEVRIER 1972
LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE: 295'
TEMPS D'ESCALADE: 7 hrs.
COTE: V (BONNE GLACE)
LIEU: CHUTE MONTMORENCY
TYPE D'ESCALADE: LIBRE-ARTIF



1—LA DIAGONALE AOUT 1970
PAR ANDRE ROBERT – JEAN SYLVAIN C.E.L.
COTE: V LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1800'

2—LES CARIBOUS SEPT 1972
PAR LEOPOLD NADEAU – GUY DROUIN C.E.L.
NORMAND ALLARD – MARCEL-LEBEL MONTAGNARD
COTE: IV+ LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1500'



MONT DES ERABLES
RIVIERE MALBAIE

1—LES COURANTS D'AIR JUIN 1970
PAR YVE BALLU – MAX LECAVALIER C.E.L.
COTE: V+ LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 800'

2—LA VIRE CREUSE JUIN 1970
PAR JEAN SYVAIN – REAL CLOUTIER C.E.L.
COTE: V+ LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1250'

3—LA PYTANCE JUIN 1970
PAR YVES – MAX LECAVALIER C.E.L.
COTE: IV+ LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1200'

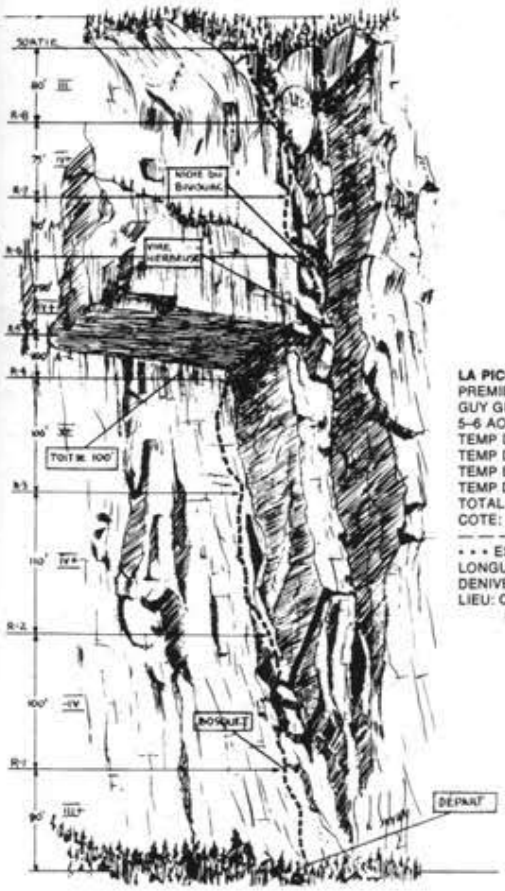
4—L'OUBLIEE (NON FINIE) JUIN 1968
PAR JEAN SYLVAIN – JACQUES PELLETIER C.E.L.
COTE: IV+ LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 800'

5—LA PICOUILLE AOUT 1972
PAR JEAN SYLVAIN – GUY GILBERT C.E.L.
COTE: VI A-2 LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1045'

6—VENDETTA MAI 1972
PAR JOHN PORTER – JOE COTE
COTE: LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 800'

7—LA REVANCHE JUIN 1970
PAR YVES BALLU – MAX LECAVALIER C.E.L.

8—VOIE OUVERTE 1968?
PAR OVE OMBACHER (PAS DE DETAILS) C.E.L.



LA PICOUILLE
PREMIERE PAR JEAN SYLVAIN C.E.L.
GUY GILBERT C.E.L.
5–6 AOUT 1972
TEMP D'APPROCHE: .30 min.
TEMP D'ESCALADE: 16.00 hrs.
TEMP BIVOUAC: 9.00 hrs.
TEMP DESCENTE: 1.30 hrs.
TOTAL HRS EN MONTAGNE: 27.00 hrs.
COTE: U.I.A.A. V+ A2
— — — ESCALADE LIBRE
• • • ESCALADE ARTIFICIELLE
LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE 1045'
DENIVELATION VERTICALE 800'
LIEU: CRAN DES ERABLES
RIVIERE MALBAIE

LA TRANSPARENTE
PREMIERE HIVERNALE PAR REAL CLOUTIER C.E.L.
JEAN SYLVAIN C.E.L.
11 MARS 1972
LONGUEUR DE LA VOIE ENV: 450'
TEMPS D'ESCALADE ENV: 5 hrs.
COTE: IV+ (GLACE POURRIE)
LIEU: CHUTE DELANEY CTE DE PORTNEUF
TYPE D'ESCALADE: LIBRE
— — — TRAJET DE LA VOIE

the large roof, two aid pitons may be needed to reach a fine belay ledge just above.

Pitch 5. Another fine pitch following the crack to its end. Belay at a ledge on the left near the crack's finish.

Pitch 6. The level of difficulty diminishes here as moderate climbing leads to a band of trees where it is possible to unrope and scramble several 100 feet to the top.
(800', III ,5.9, A1.)

Joe Cote

Les Caribous, Mont Jérémie

Très belle fin de semaine en perspective. Ce matin, il fait beau soleil. Le lendemain et le jour suivant, la pluie s'occupera de nous garder très humides.

On part de Québec en autobus. Arrivés à St-Aimé des Lacs, on continue à pied pour se rendre coucher à la tour à feu du Mont Élie. Un bout à pied, un bout à bicyclette, un bout à pied et, à 3 heures nous sommes à la barrière du Club du Lac Noir. On a pas trop de problèmes à passer. A six heures nous arrivons dans la brume à la tour à feu. On accroche un poncho après le mur pour fermer les fenêtres cassées. On bouffe et on se couche. Bientôt, on se réveille gelé comme des lièvres dans up collet au mois de Janvier. Nous n'avions pas apporté de sac de couchage.

A 5 heures, le lendemain matin, le 2 septembre, il bruine. On bouffe et on part. Deux heures après, mouillés superficiellement par notre marche dans les «grands arbres» de la vallée, nous sommes au pied des dalles.

La brume et la pluie, nous empêche de voir à plus de 200 pieds. On part quand même.

Au début, la voie ne présente aucune difficulté. Les 4 ou 5 premières longueurs peuvent se faire presque sans encordement. Les trois autres longueurs sont respectables tandis que les deux suivantes sont très très délicates dû à la pluie qui ruisselle sur la dalle. On est en dessous de la grande barre de surplomb mais on ne la voie pas. II y a trop de brume. On ne voit même pas les autres membres de la cordée. Je fais une longueur de 200 pieds sur cette belle dalle sans pouvoir mettre un piton. J'ai mon voyage mais, il faut continuer. On attache les deux cordes bout a bout et je continue. Enfin, quand j'arrive en dessous du surplomb, je peux mettre un piton psychologique, à ce piton suit une traversée sur la mousse imbibée d'eau. Enfin, je peux mettre un bon piton d'assurance. Avec I' eau qui coule sur la dalle et la mousse, cette longueur de corde de 225 pieds sans piton d'assurance est très très respectable. On place une corde fixe pour aider la progression.

La barre de surplomb ne présente aucune difficulté. Une courte échelle et c'est passé. Les deux autres longueurs de corde sont très faciles.

Maintenant, il faut revenir. Remonter la pente au Mont Élie dans le sapinage nous décourage quelque peu. On opte donc pour la rivière. Les problèmes se présentent assez rapidement. La nuit tombe et il fait bientôt noir comme chez le loup. De plus, iI pleut à «sciaux». Deux ou trois plongent dans la rivière, I' eau alourdi la corde et les sacs et nous laisse sans un pouce carré de linge sec. On se couche sur une grande roche plate du centre de la rivière. On est complètement mouillé mais, avec notre pratique, on réussi à dormir quelques heures.

Le lendemain midi, on est au Cran des Érables. On rencontre des grimpeurs de I' Alpine Club d'Ottawa. A nous voir, ils ne doutent pas d'où on revient.

En conclusion, une voie de 12 longueurs de corde, au vent et a la pluie et, I 'initiation de trois grimpeurs à une grande paroi. Cordée: Guy Drouin, Marcel-Marie Lebel, Normand Allard et Léopold Nadeau. Ce n'est pas une voie difficile par temps sec. Vu les conditions, je pense que certaines difficultés devenaient double.

Léopold Nadeau

Redcoat's Resurrection, Mont L'Équerre

The climb goes up the central buttress which is formed by massive steps — in May two waterfalls drop down either side. The rock is not too good, but the scenery is excellent. John Porter and I climbed this first route on the face all free, taking eight hours on the 13/14 pitches.

Starts about 100 feet left of the very toe of the buttress. Climb rightwards for about three pitches (this part is the most rotten) to easy slabs right of the buttress. Take the first step on its left, the next step on its right, and next on its left. One can break out here following a short knife ridge to the top. (1500', 5.6-5.7)

Paul Ross

La Transparente, Chutes Delaney

Vendredi le 10 mars, Jean Sylvain m'appelle et m'offre d'aller grimper avec lui le lendemain matin dans le comté de Portneuf, sur la rivière Ste-Anne plus précisément aux chutes Delaney.

Le lendemain matin, il fait très froid et il n'y a pas un nuage dans le ciel. La température se maintiendra d'ailleurs toute la journée aux alentours de 0°. L'escalade commence par une randonnée en ski de fond au travers une forêt bien dégagée. Et là, nous avons failli retourner car il a été difficile de trouver un passage où la glace était suffisamment solide.

Enfin, rendus au pied de la chute elle est très imposante et une bonne portion du bas est recouverte d'une épaisse couche de neige que nous nous employons à «gravir» en ski de fond.

Nous nous débarrassons des skis et enfilons bottes et crampons le plus vite possible car il ne fait pas bon de travailler à mains nues. Nous établissons le premier relais dans une voute transparente où I'on voit I' eau couler derrière. La pose de deux pitons à glace provoquera une fissure horizontale qui nous fera craindre de voir partir la plus grande partie du relais. La première longueur de corde proprement dite, c'est la traverse par la gauche d'un rognon de glace friable incliné à 70°. De I'autre côté Jean monte en revenant

vers la droite mais après 50 pieds de creusage de marches, il doit revenir pour continuer toujours en tirant sur la gauche.

Un pleu plus haut, nous pourrons traverser sur la droite pour rester dans la chûte. Et là, après un petit mur incliné à environ 80° nous voyons un magnifique dôme de glace absolument transparent ayant la forme d'un bulbe de «plexiglas» d'avion à réaction. II était tèllement cristallin que nous avions la certitude qu'il mesurait tout au plus 1/4» d'épaisseur et c'est avec une prudence extrême que Jean s'en approchait. Par ce hublot géant sur la chute on voyait couler I' eau et les bulles d'air qu'elle transportait. Nous devions par la suite y tailler des marches de 6 pouces de profondeur sans en atteindre le fond!

La dernière longueur se fit dans une alternance de glace et de neige. Le temps de redescendre par la droite au travers du bois, de revenir en ski de fond, de retrouver un passage favorable car I' autre avait foutu le camp, il était 4 heures de I' après-midi.

J'étais heureux d'avoir vécu l'une des plus belles journées de I'hiver. Je conseille à tous ceux qui aiment la glace d'aller y faire un tour, les chutes Delaney en valent le coup!

Réal Cloutier

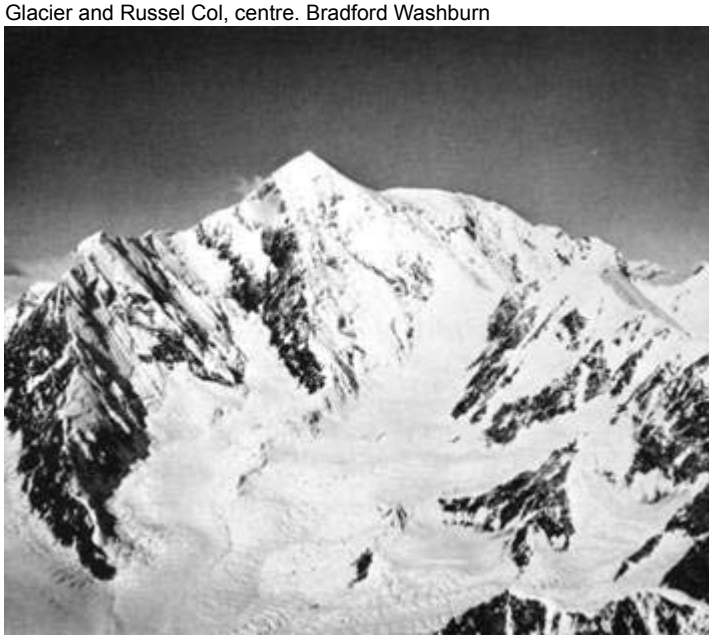
Climbing Reports: The Yukon

The season started with an expedition to commemorate the 2nd Arctic Winter Games, held in 1972 in the Yukon. The party was made up of representatives from the four Arctic regions of North America: Martyn Williams (Yukon); Scott Foster (Alaska); Jim Boyde (NWT); Louis Lambert (Arctic Quebec) and myself as leader and general factotum. The objective was an unclimbed, unnamed peak, part of the Hubbard massif, lying south east of Mt. Kennedy at 60°13'N and 138°46'W. The ascent was made via the east face, and the climb has the dubious distinction of being the first winter ascent in the St. Elias Mtns. The party occupied igloos and conditions of temperature and wind gave an exposure equivalent to 90 below zero in terms of wind-chill. Jim Boyde sustained severe frostbite to the extent that he has since lost all his toes. This peak, 10,160 feet in altitude, has now been officially named Ulu Mountain since the Ulu (Eskimo utility knife) was the symbol of the games, all medals being cast in the shape of an Ulu. The peak was reached by all members on 6 March.

A party from Haines, Alaska led by Bruce Gilbert made the ascent of Mt. Logan via the Western route (King Trench) on 1 July. Members of the party were Richard Folta, Malcolm Ulrich and Paul Swift.

Mt. Logan was climbed for a second time on 7 July by the same route. Organized by "Mountain Travel USA" it was led by the writer, ably assisted by John Fischer. Members of the party included Mr. and Mrs. L. Sherwood, Sharon Crawford, Dr. J. Prahl, Dr. L. Olin, Dick Dietz and Bob Joy. The West Peak was reached by seven members of the party, and the Central Peak by four.

Mt. St. Elias: south east ridge, left; east ridge, left centre; the Newton Glacier and Russel Col, centre. Bradford Washburn



Peaks around Kaskawulsh Mtn. Moira Irvine

Looking north from Kaskawulsh Mtn., the Kaskawulsh Glacier below. Bernard Faure

All other ascents in the region are described separately.

Monty Alford

Mt. St. Elias

Our California Mt. St. Elias expedition arrived at Kluane Lake on 9 June. By 13 June all six members — Bill Feldman, David Gladstone, Richard May, Charles Ringrose and Timothy Tracey and I — had been landed by ski-wheel plane at a base camp at the junction of the Jeannette and Seward Glaciers (6200') and a carry of supplies to Jeannette Col and two airdrops on the Newton side had been made.

Following the route of the 1971 Hall party, we ascended the five mile snow slope to Jeannette Col (9000'), then descended steep snow on the south side to set up camp I at 8000 feet. To avoid cliffs, the route of descent begins several 100 feet south east of the low point of the col. It drops straight down for the first 600 feet — fixed rope would be helpful — then goes right diagonally down to the glacier.

After some bad weather, camp II was established at the first air drop at 7000 feet, on 17 June. From here, we descended to the Newton Glacier (6000') by passing directly below the ridge extending south east from Mt. Jeannette. We then continued up the Newton to place camp III in the uppermost icefall at 7500 feet on 20 June. Unable to find a route through above this point, we retreated to 7000 feet and ascended the glacier between the east and south east ridges of Mt. St. Elias, setting up Camp IV at 8700 feet on 21 June. From this camp, we crossed the east ridge at about 9000 feet and descended to the main Newton about a half mile above the upper icefall, where we recovered the second air drop (8600') on 25 June. The only obstacle on this route was a 30 foot icy overhand on the north side of the ridge, where it was necessary to place a fixed rope for climbing and hauling packs.

On 26 June, passing through the avalanche danger zone of the Upper Newton basin between midnight and 4 a.m., the time of least activity, we carried camp and five days food up steep snow slopes and through an intricate crevasse field to Russel Col, where camp V was set up (12,300'). After waiting out a three day storm, all six expedition members reached the summit of Mt. St. Elias (18,008') on 30 June. We climbed the Abruzzi Ridge route in a 23 hour round trip from the col.

We descended from Russell Col on 1 July, again travelling by night through the avalanche area. After climbing the fixed rope and hauling packs up the overhang, we dropped down to a campsite at 7000 feet. Then, in continuing good weather, we crossed Jeannette Col and returned to base camp on 3 July. We were picked up by our glacier pilot the next day.

Barbara Lilley

Mt. Badham Region

An Arctic Institute of North America party, under the leadership of Joe LaBelle, established a new scientific camp on the 10,000 foot glacier plateau south of Mt. Badham in early July. The camp is located at 60°48'N, 139°50'W, at the southern edge of the plateau, about 100 yards from the edge which drops to the upper Hubbard Glacier. This facility will be used in future years as an intermediate acclimatization camp for the Mt. Logan High Altitude Physiology Program. The Institute's old Divide Camp, on the Kaskawulsh-Hubbard divide, was closed down. All of its equipment was moved to the new camp, to be known as Eclipse Camp, because of the solar eclipse observed there.

From this site three climbs were made during July. On 10 July Gail Ashley, Gary Gray, Dennis Solomon, Susan Krieckhaus, and Joe LaBelle made the second ascent of Peak 11,580 feet, the highest point on the Kaskawulsh-Donjek divide, by a new route up the west ridge. On 12 July Ed Hartlin, Gail Ashley, Susan Krieckhaus, and Joe LaBelle did the first ascent of Peak 11,100 feet, south west of Mt. Badham, by the north west ridge. On 24 July after two previous abortive attempts, Gary Gray, Gail Ashley, and Joe LaBelle accomplished the first ascent of Mt. Badham, (12,100') the highest peak in the region, by the south west ridge.

Joe LaBelle

Mt. Harrison

On 12 July my brother David and I were flown onto the Donjek Glacier. We spent the next 36 days at and above our base camp (10,200 feet) a half mile west south west of the Walsh Col and eight miles south south east of Mt. Steele. Despite vigilant shoveling, we could not prevent the collapse of our two man tent at various times under the weight of new fallen snow during 24 storm days. On 20 July, and again on 26 July, we attempted in vain to climb the west ridge of Mount Walsh (14,780'). The second time we reached 14,300 feet before adverse weather again forced our retreat. On 31 July and 1 August we climbed Mount Harrison (c.13,000'). From our Walsh col camp we proceeded up the Spring Glacier four miles to an icefall below the Harrison Glacier, and climbed the long, winding north north west ridge. We traversed over several summits to the highest (south) one on the greatly exposed and corniced knife edge ridge. We descended the shorter west ridge to the Harrison Glacier.

Ron Wielkopolski

Mt. Archibald and "Mt. Crumble"

Selwyn Hughes and I climbed Mt. Archibald for the second time by a new route on 2 April. Starting from the Alaska highway north of Haines Junction, we snowshoed the four miles to the glacier terminus on the north west side of the peak, camping at 6000 feet. The following day a couloir led to a ridge and the top, where the temperature was -10°F. The next day an unnamed peak one mile north west of Mt. Archibald was climbed by cramponning on hard snow up a gully on the south side.

"Mt. Crumble" (c. 11,500') is situated on the Spring-Donjek divide seven miles north east of Mt. Walsh. David Alford, Selwyn Hughes and I were landed by helicopter at 6000 feet on the Spring Glacier. The following day we walked up a three mile long glacier and then climbed up the headwall to a camp on a snow ridge at 10,000 feet. On 10 July we ascended the three mile undulating snow ridge, in poor conditions. Climbing through soft snow up to our knees and dodging hidden crevasses, we reached the peak at approx. 7 p.m.

On 12 July we made an attempt on another peak to the north east. We got onto a difficult very sharp ridge in soft snow and so turned back, however had fantastic views of unclimbed peaks. We were also flown out of the area.

Martyn Williams

Peaks Around the Kaskawulsh Glacier

In June Andre Robert, Leopold Nadeau and I met in Banff, found the Rockies covered with snow, so headed for Alaska. At Kluane Lake we think we might get an overall view of the St. Elias range from the base of the Kaskawulsh Glacier, but are told Mt. Vulcan would be better, so next morning we start up the glacier. We bivouac on a rocky ridge about 1000 feet below the summit. A real "river of ice" flows towards us from a huge massif of glacial summits, topped by Mt. Logan some 80 miles distant. Faced with such a panorama, all we could do was to go and take a closer look at the glaciers and perhaps climb a summit or two.

Back in Whitehorse we badger Mrs. Monty Alford with questions, trying to organize ourselves. Collecting maps, we learn that we require a permit to enter the St. Elias Mountains, and that the committee chairman, Monty Alford, is out on Mt. Logan. Mrs. Alford tells us the officer in charge of permits has asked her about us. Next day, still sceptical about getting the permit, we make our last purchases. At 4 p.m. we rush into the permit office to keep our appointment. Thanks to Mrs. Alford, in ten minutes we have our permit!

We pack up the Slims River to the Kaskawulsh Glacier. Our loads are heavy — 80 to 90 pounds each. Working round a bend we discover a large bay of clay that seems to offer a more direct path than the bush that borders it. We remove our boots and wade knee-deep through the mud for an hour. The following day, after a bivouac on the moraine, we are entangled in the forest for eight hours. At nightfall we put down our packs and after a good meal we set up our tent. Soon Andre fills the tent with his snoring.

On the third day we come to the foot of the glacier, where we find the Arctic Institute camp. The students invite us for coffee when we return. We camp at the foot of Mt. Maxwell, and next day move up the glacier to a site under the shelter of a lateral moraine below Mt. Kaskawulsh.

The following day we plan a recce of "Mt. Wayne Smith", named after a good friend and climber, who made the first ascent of Mt. Alberta in the Centennial Range. He died in an avalanche on Mt. Edith Cavell. The north face seems too difficult for our party, so we start up a glacier that flows from its west side. We turn back when it gets late as we have not had a real rest for five days. We sleep for 14 hours, spend the day in camp and leave about 8 p.m. By daybreak, at about 3 a.m., we are on new ground on the glacier. Soon we sink up to our waist in soft snow. Andre takes the lead, carefully crosses a crevasse and starts into an ice couloir. We follow him quickly. I lead the next length that takes us above the séracs. Luck is with us, no block of ice has fallen. We continue to climb up the glacier in increasingly soft snow. Another wall of ice, a very reliable one this time, takes us onto the last plateau. We move slowly, sinking up to our thighs, only reaching the crest after several hours of intensive effort. The ice is covered with unsafe snow and our progress is slow and hazardous. At 11 a.m. on 13 July we reach the summit.

Descent is slow and we are pleased to reach the hard ice of the lower glacier. We finally reach our camp at 10 p.m., 26 hours from our departure.

Two days later we set out in the afternoon to have a look up the south arm of the glacier. We climb up towards a secondary glacier that comes from the Leacock group and camp on the glacier hoping that by morning it will be hard enough to permit us to ascend the summit above. We watch a fantastic sunset.

At dawn we are off on hard snow. From the west col we start up a crest to "Pic du 24 juin", part of "Mt. St. Jean Baptiste". Conditions are quite good and we climb up huge masses of ice, reaching the top at 9 a.m. The whole massif of the St. Elias mountains lies before us. We can scarcely realize that we have just climbed another virgin summit and added two names to the Yukon map. We think we have forced the door that hides a treasury unknown to men. We have only a few cans of sardines to celebrate our moment of indescribable joy. Andre pulls us back to reality and gives the signal to descend.

Rapidly regaining "Pic du 24 juin" and the col we elect to return via a rock couloir rather than the glacier now fully exposed to the sun. A few hours later we reach the south arm and on this huge boulevard of ice return to base camp.

The next day is a rest day. The day following we must leave this untamed country that we have been able to explore for a few days.

In one day we reach the Arctic Institute camp. The students tell us how they covered the distance to the road in seven or eight hours with a light load. We decide to do the same — with 60 pounds apiece. The first night back we are so tired we cannot sleep, but it does not matter. We have lived a tremendous experience — one we dreamt of but never thought could be realized.

Bernard Faure

Climbing Reports: Eastern Arctic Mountains

Summer scarcely came to this region in 1972. But activity was greater than ever before, and several hardy groups carried huge loads and swam through deep snow, when they were not shivering in their sacks. One lot even parachuted into action.

On the Cumberland Peninsula a large number of the most exciting peaks are now included in the new Baffin National Park. Publicity regarding this together with increasing reports from the mountaineering community resulted in an influx of climbers and tundra hikers, half of whom came from Europe.

Doug Scott fresh (?) from the disintegrating International Everest Expedition with Dennis Hennek and two other Nottsmen

returned to the assault on Asgard's big walls. Failing on the west side where a blank face ahead would have needed despicable bolts, they made a splendid route in 30 hours up the east face of the north (original) tower, which curves up in more than 1000 metres to an eventual vertical.

A dozen members of the Italian Alpine Club (Section Tortona) led by Bruno Barabino were based at Summit Lake and made three first ascents and the second of Mt. Baldr. Six Dauphinois led by Jean-Louis Georges were also in Pangnirtung Pass.

The 'chutists', undeterred by the non-function of one of their parachutes (cargo — not personnel) climbed two mountains some 15 km. to the west of Summit Lake. They then descended the Turner Glacier, making a king-size trough in the deep melting snow with their sledge.

Dave MacAdam continued his lone wandering in the area between Pangnirtung and Kingnait fiords, climbing nine peaks on a very successful 33 day excursion. Dr. Van Cochran of New York with four companions arrived at Pangnirtung on 2 August after failing to establish in the Clyde area due to the local airline's non-compliance with schedules. After a rather hair-raising and icebreaking trip by canoe around into Kingnait fiord his group explored the valley running north west from the fiord head, and climbed a 5700 foot peak located at 66.26°N, 64.35°W.

Further north there was an invasion by the armed forces of the UK. A seven man Royal Navy party led by your reporter's nephew, Cdr. Erskine, ascended 14 peaks in north west Ellesmere Island, reporting hopelessly friable rock but good ski-mountaineering. A British Army group on Axel Heiberg Island was less fortunate; one member was lost down a crevasse.

A noteworthy fact was that of the 40 odd climbers mentioned above (and add ten tough hikers in Pang Pass to our Eastern Arctic mountain samplers) no more than four were from Canada. I know that the editor of the Journal has been taken to task by some for his remarks in the 1972 CAJ, but this is further evidence that we must correct the non-trend of Canadian mountaineers to seek fresh and exciting areas for our sport.

P. D. Baird

Peaks South of Mt. Thor

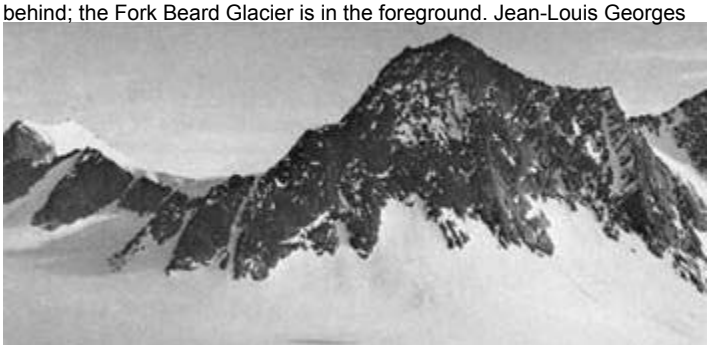
In July and August Jean-Louis Georges led an expedition to the Pangnirtung area of Baffin Island. Other climbers were Suzanne George, Maria-Pia Ambrosetti, Piero Ambrosetti, Maurice de Gail and Jean de Goer. On the advice of Pat Baird, the expedition concentrated on the peaks south of Mt. Thor in the middle of the Weasel Valley. Transportation of the six climbers and 394 kilos of food and equipment from Pangnirtung to the head of Pangnirtung Fjord was by Eskimo canoe.

Base camp was established at the foot of Sif in the Weasel valley. During 11 days of good weather, eight peaks were climbed. Two advance camps made, one at 1300 metres on the east face of Mjolnir just below the Mjolnir/Sif col, and the other at the south end of Summit Lake. Five of the climbs were first ascents ("Aiguille de Couchant", "Cime des Lacs", "Hugin", "Munin", "Sleipnir")

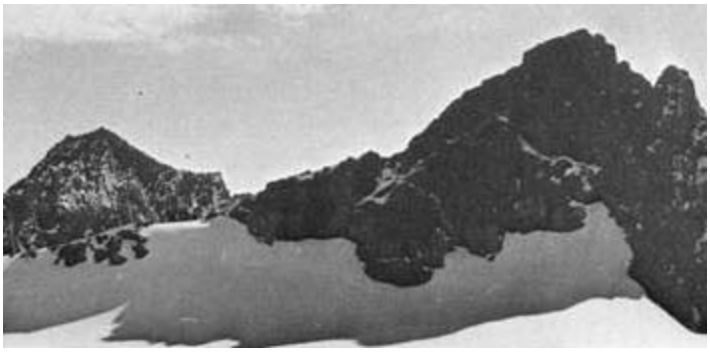
On the summit of the north peak of Asgard. Jean-Louis Georges

Crossing the torrent at the end of Summit Lake. Jean-Louis Georges

Tête des Cirques and Cime des Lacs; the route ascends behind the left skyline, traverses the ridge to the right and descends across the face behind; the Fork Beard Glacier is in the foreground. Jean-Louis Georges



Cime des Lacs and Aiguille du Couchant; Meraq Glacier in the foreground with the north west ridge above. Jean-Louis Georges



made in very difficult circumstances — the snow was very soft and crumbly, not even freezing at night. The party climbed the north peak of Asgard, made a second ascent of Mt. Thor and climbed Mjolnir.

From the "col de la Botte" between Munin and Sleipnir we climbed the rocky south west ridge (III) to Munin (c. 1690 m).

Then cross the col to its twin peak of Hugin (c. 1700 m) and down by the south face back to the col de la Botte. Sleipnir (c. 1520 m) was climbed by its easy north east ridge (Georges, Georges, de Gail, de Goer; 7 August).

Cime des Lacs or Tatsit Qaqak (c. 2000 m) was climbed from the "col des Patangeurs" by the east ridge, returning via the south east face (Georges, Georges, de Gail, de Goer, Piero Ambro-setti; 8 August; 15 hours).

Aiguille du Couchant or Unuq Qaqap Ingia (c. 1600 m) was ascended by the north west ridge providing a fine rock climb (IV +). Descent was by the same route (Jean-Louis George, de Gail, de Goer, Ambrosetti, Ambrosetti; 9 August 8 hours).

Mt. Thor was climbed by a new route on the east face easy except for three rope lengths (IV-V) near the top (Georges, Georges, de Gail, de Goer; 4 August; 16 hours).

Jean-Louis Georges

(Translation: Florence Wilton)

Peaks Around Summit Lake

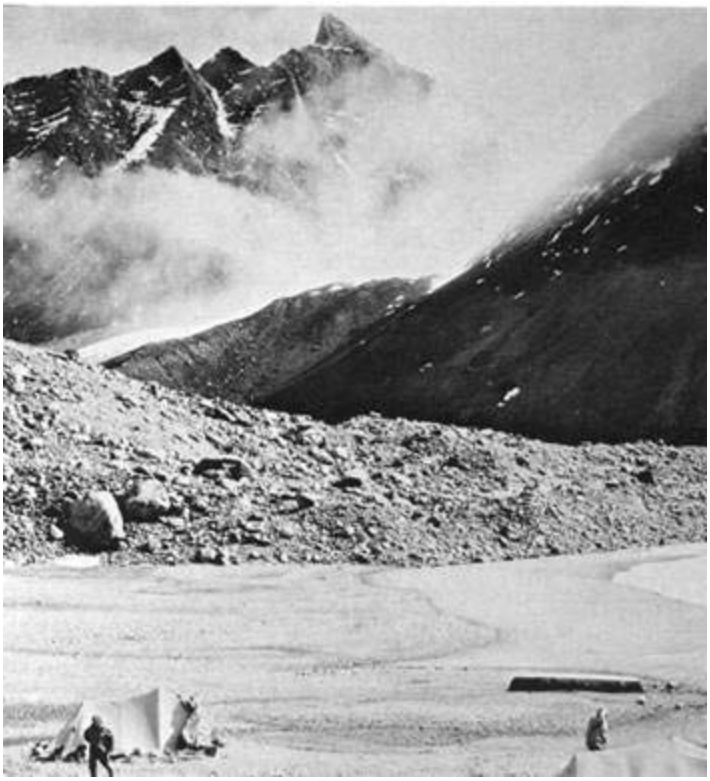
The "Terra di Baffin" expedition of the Club Alpino Italiano, Tortona, spent approximately four weeks climbing from a camp at Summit Lake, leaving on 15 August. Three first ascents were

Peaks around Summit Lake, Baffin Island. Moira Irvine

Mt. Volpedo. Bruno Barabino

The Weasel Valley 10 kms. from base camp. Bruno Barabino

Mt. Siqurd from base camp. Bruno Barabino



made, as well as the second ascent of Baldr and an ascent of a forepeak of Mt. Tyr, overlooking base camp. Various geological studies were also carried out.

"Mt. Sigurd" (c. 1760 m) was climbed on 23 July. Crossing the frozen surface of Summit Lake we climbed the moraine between Mts. Sigmund and Sigurd to the tongue of the glacier. Ascending the glacier for two hours the moraine on the west side of the peak is approached. Here the mountain steepens, and after a zone of granite steps the south east corner leads directly to the summit. Time 17 hours; III-IV.

"Mt. Marta" (c. 1800 m) was climbed on 3 August. This granite peak emerges at the centre of the upper Caribou Glacier, in front of the snowy summit of Mt. Adluk. From the Caribou Glacier the east ridge is climbed over many sub-peaks to the summit. Time 13 hours; III.

"Mt. Volpedo" (c. 2000 m) was climbed on 4 to 5 August. This splendid mountain with dizzy granite walls lies across the valley from Baldr on the edge of the "Lieone blanc" glacier. Approaching from the south side, the party split into two, one rope climbing the closer ridge, the other the ridge farther west. All the peaks along the crest were climbed to the summit. Time 14 hours; III.

Bruno Barabino

(Translation: Massimo Verdicchio)

Near the summit of Mt. Vulcan *Bernard Faure*

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