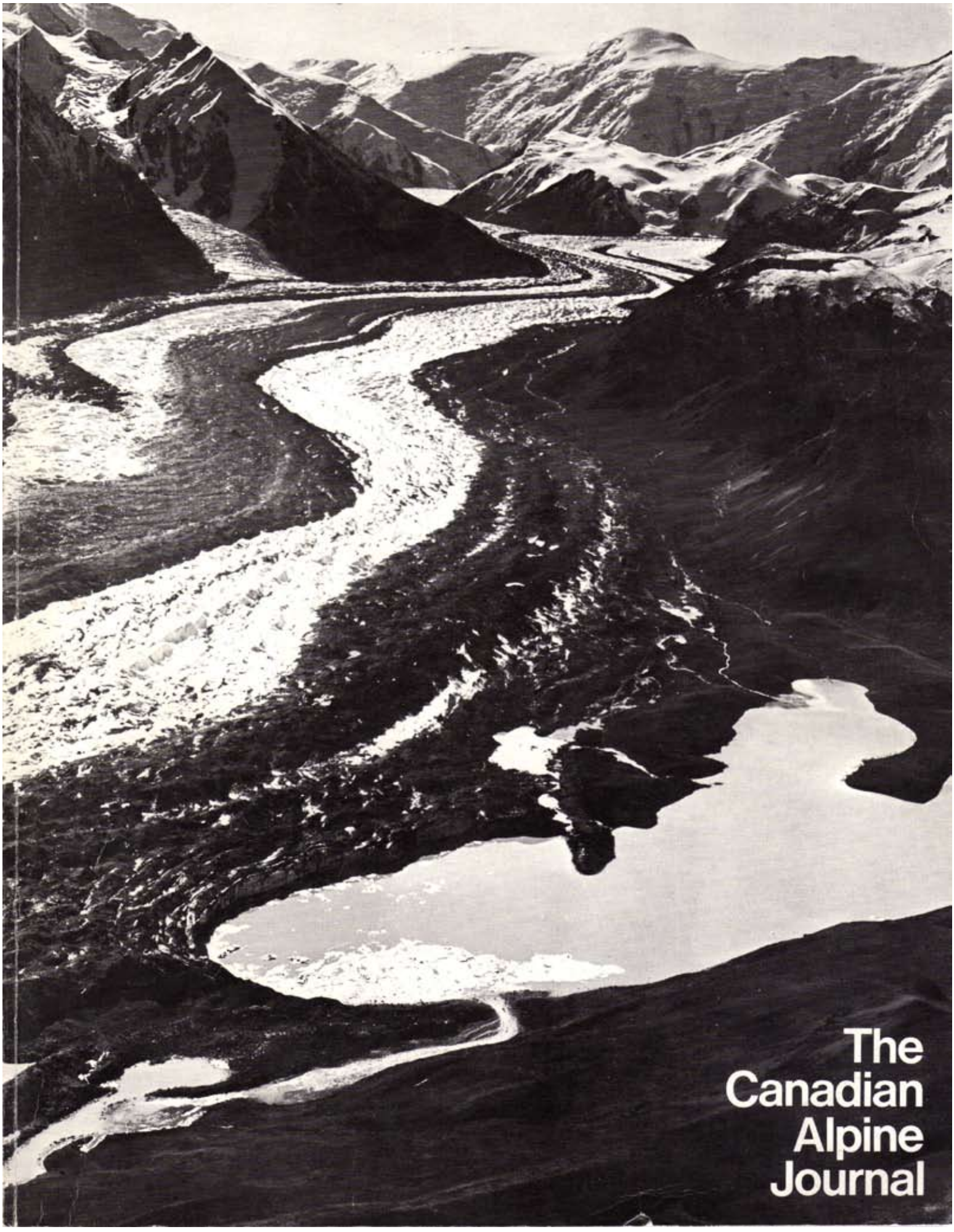

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Cover: An Ice Dammed Lake formed by the 1965-66 Steele Galc Glacier Surge. G.K.C. Clarke

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Coast Mountains 1974

Northwest of Vancouver 140 miles the sprawling flat Homathko snowfield stretches between Mts. Queen Bess and Grenville. Most peaks bordering the snowfield are easy snow climbs although access was formidable for early parties. In the northwestern part of the system the peaks are very rocky and rugged with the highest development of this on Klattasine ridge and the range south of Doran Creek. Jewakwa Glacier was used for access in 1973 but was badly crevassed on the valley section of the glacier. I returned in 1974 because an attempt on the highest peak of the area (9200 ft) was halted 150 ft below the summit on a ridge of needles. Also, Mt Klattasine itself was missed for lack of time.

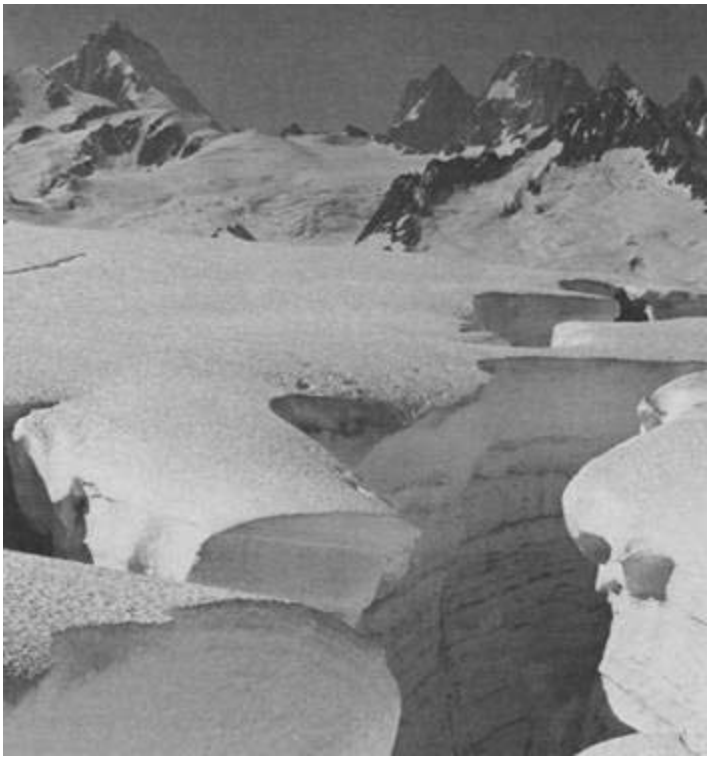
On 11 August 1974 I started up Mt Landmark but camped on a bench 1500 ft above the Homathko River in pouring rain. Next day in wet bush a camp was placed at 6000 ft on Landmark. The route lay almost over the peak of Landmark and down to the glacial pass two miles north east. Then around the north side of Jewakwa Mtn through passes and on to the head of Klattasine Glacier. A gap on the far eastern end of Klattasine ridge gave access to a camp below the snout of the glacier in the next valley to the north. Time from the Homathko River was 4 1/2 days. On the 16th the 9200 ft (contoured 8500 ft) peak 3 1/2 miles north east of Klattasine Mtn was climbed. The summit was a 30 ft needle ascended from the west on a narrow steep ridge. The east side was better for the rappel with a traverse on the north face to regain the starting point.

On the 17th I moved camp to the névé of the Klattasine Glacier and climbed the prominent peak 2 1/2 miles south east of Klattasine Mtn. Next day I climbed a needle south of the névé and moved camp down to the glacier snout just south of Mt Klattasine. The 20th was spent on a recce of the peak even getting within 500 ft of the top. Next day brought success using a long gully on the south east face which started with a chockstone with water pouring over it. The next four days were spent pushing back to Homathko River and Bruce Germyn's warm, dry, friendly logging camp.

On 28 August I left the camp for Mt Teaquahan. The route went up the Heakamie River in terrible bush and into the big hanging valley to the west of Mt Teaquahan. This creek was crossed and camp made at 2000 ft after 12 hours. Next day camp was moved to 4500 ft on the ridge to the north east which is part of the long north west ridge of Teaquahan. On the 30th Teaquahan was climbed along this ridge crest spiralling around the north side of the summit to complete the ascent on the class 3 east face. The following day I returned to Homathko River directly from the high camp.

In September a short trip was made in the vicinity of Tzoonie Mtn between Narrows Inlet and the Ashlu River. (45 miles north west of Vancouver). This was a 5 day traverse from Phantom Lake (at the head of the Clowhom River) to the Ashlu River. Peaks climbed enroute included the 6800 ft peaks 3 miles south west of Phantom Lake, the 6000 ft peaks 1 1/2 miles north west of the same lake. Also the 6800 ft peak marked Tzoonie Mtn. on the map was climbed. This is not the one ascended in 1940 by Tom Fyles and his two sons. They climbed the slightly higher peak 2 miles to the south west. Also the ridge north west of Tzoonie Lake was traversed as far as the 6600 ft peak at the northern end. The

Crevasses on Landmark Mtn. John Clarke



Mt Grenville (10.200 ft) from Mt Teaquahan. John Clarke

Klattasine Range and Mtn. from Landmark Mtn. John Clarke

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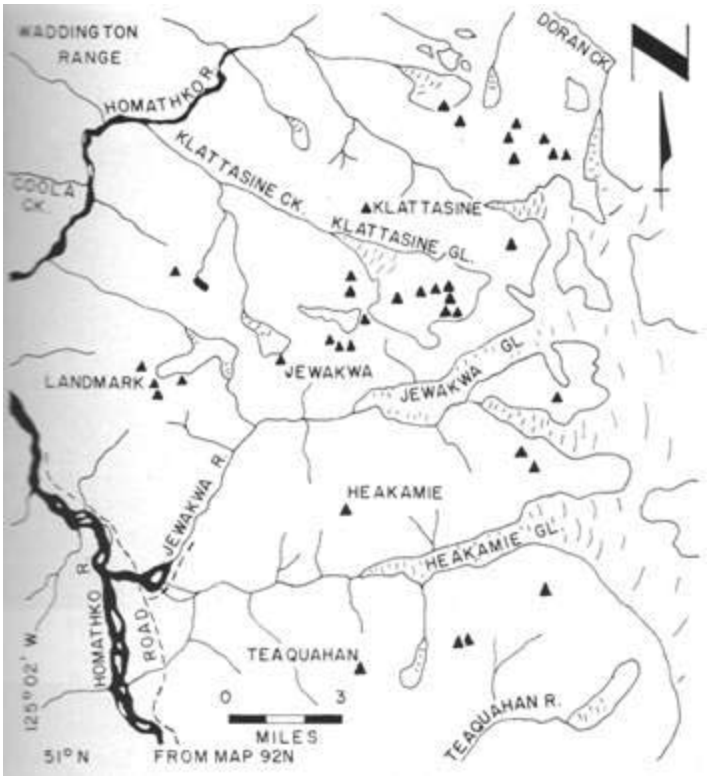
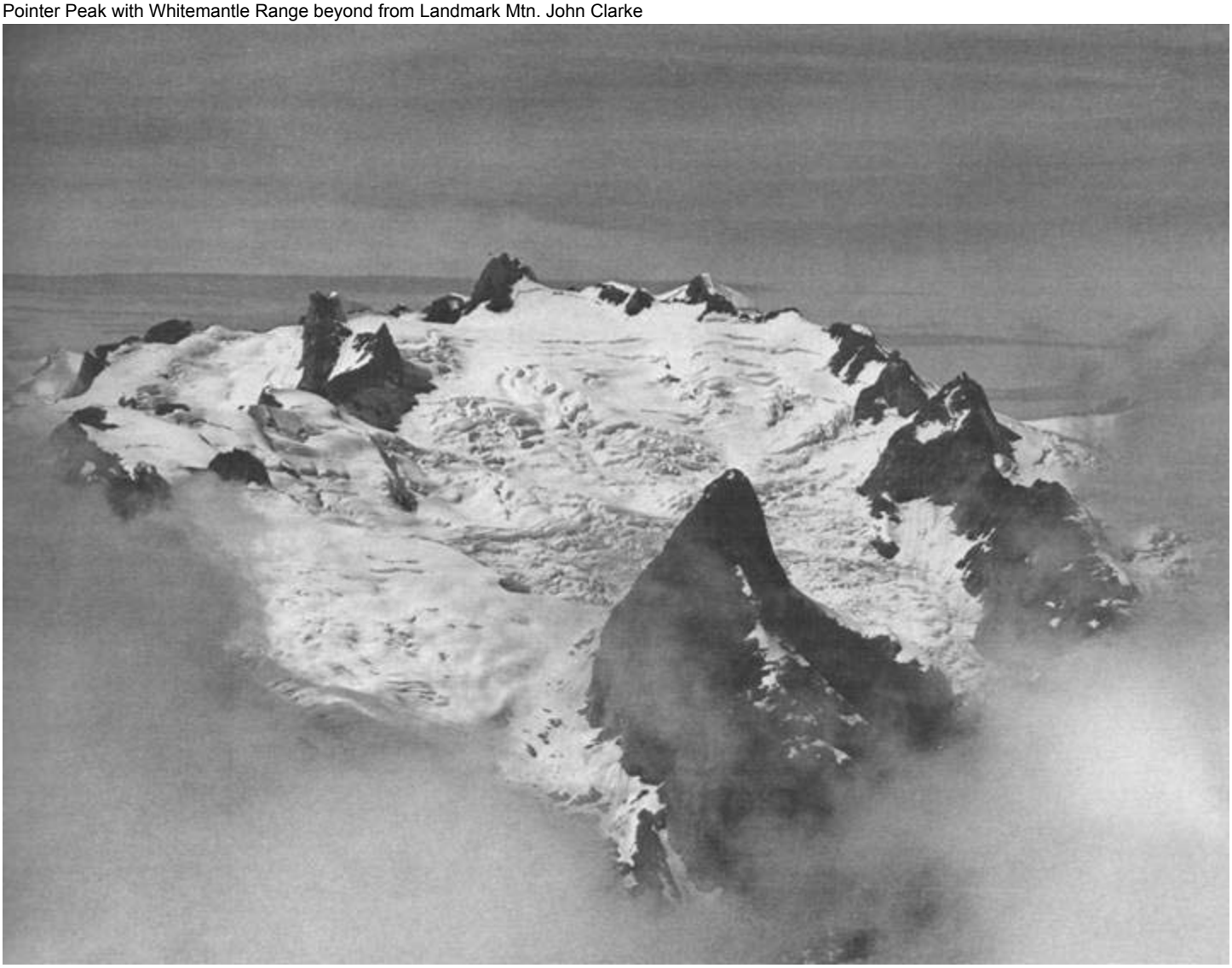


Peaks on Klattasine Ridge half mile south east of Mt Klattasine. John Clarke

Pointer Peak with Whitemantle Range beyond from Landmark Mtn. John Clarke



Waddington Range from 6000 ft on Mt Landmarke. John Clarke

Waddington Range from above the snout of Klattasine Glacier. John Clarke

Mt Stanton from Mt Landmark. John Clarke

Looking south west from summit of Mt Teaquahan (8400 ft). John Clarke

South Whitemantle Range from Teaquahan. John Clarke

Whitemantle Range from Landmark. Mtn John Clarke

long narrow lake north of Tzoonie Lake was still frozen and gave access to Falk Creek but the walk down the north side of this was very steep and bushy. This is unfortunately the only bad section of this otherwise beautiful traverse. Most of the country is open and Phantom Lake has good fishing and is thoroughly alpine despite its 3200 ft elevation.

In late September I made a 5 day visit to the area of Mt Samson which is about 25 miles north west of Pemberton, B.C. The six peaks climbed were the group of three to the west of the Samson massif and the other group of three occupying the long, high east-west trending ridge 3 miles north of Samson. The big southern tributary of the Hurley River west of Donelly Creek was used for exit but was a continuous sequence of avalanche tracks and looked dangerous for anyone using it in spring time.

John Clarke

Canadian Swargarohini Expedition 1974 (First Ascent)

One evening in 1970 Dilsher appeared at our house with our mutual friend Kalwant Singh. He had with him a little brochure Cambridge-Indian Kishtwar Expedition. They had tried to climb Brammah (21,050 ft) but unfavourable weather forced them back. We sat over a cup of tea and discussed the possibility of starting our own small, tiny, uncomplicated and inexpensive expedition to the Himalaya. Was there such a thing? Could this be accomplished? The idea hibernated for four more years. In the meantime, I travelled back to the lovely Peruvian Andes for two further expeditions — Alpamayo and Huantsan. We drowned in a rainstorm at 18,000 ft at Huantsan, then went to Logan the following year and were virtually blown off the map during a horrifying storm that lasted two weeks — but I never forgot the cup of tea with Dilsher and the idea of this tiny, inexpensive expedition to the Himalaya. Then one night — let's go! Would it be possible to find a peak, for which we could receive permission, close to a road, 20,000 ft or a little more, unclimbed? Then the happy news arrived from Dehra Dun from Dilsher's parents. Yes, Swargarohini, up the Tons River near Osla just south of the Harki Doon. J.T.M. Gibson who with John Martyn had explored the area in 1953, had published a report in the 1954 Himalayan Journal — The Harki Doon. There was a small sketch map and a lovely poem by Gibson describing the area to us in vivid colours:

First up the steep grassed mountain sides made white
By the anemone which when the sun is down
Folds up its petals and turns white to blue;
Then by ravines and crags and jutting buttresses
Where the paraqualigia grandiflora clings
In clumps of gentlest mauve or blue, and deep green leaves,
And where a slip or foot misplaced on loosened stone
Might spell headlong descent into the depths below;
Up to the waste of boulders, glacier strewn
Then by a little ridge onto the pass
Beyond which lies the Harki Doon, our goal.
Here we have lunch: sardines, chuppaties, cheese,
While our stout porters catch us up and smoke.
Then down into the misty depths glissade
Across some thousand feet of rotting snow,
Down to the alp where last year's ski camp was;
On through the dwarf, foot-catching rhododendron
To where the silver birch, bent by the winter's snows,
Trunk to the ground and then in a curve uprising
Brings us to forests and deep grassy glens
Through which pour streams along whose banks
The water-loving primula stuarti grows,
And from lush grass rise spurs of heavenly blue,
Here are the tracks of bear, their yellow turds,
And you may sometimes find the musk deer's slot.
We reach the Harki Doon where the fierce torrent
Runs in a wide and shallow bed; too swift to wade
Yet freer and less angry than below
Where down a valley step it pours confined
And roars between mighty boulders.
A group of these, huge slippery rocks,
Some twelve feet high or more,
Crashed from the crags above and ice born, now
Made for the nimble footed nature's bridge.
By this we cross, not without trepitude.
Those with nailed boots remove them and bare-foot
Spring from one smooth stone to the next.
Deb slips; his arm is caught.
Adi is pushed up by his broad behind.
Up the last hundred feet or so
Of ancient, grass-grown, lateral moraine
Where the blue Himalayan poppy blooms,
We reach at last the chosen site to camp.
Here, next the milky water from Borasu Pass
Flowing between the mountain and moraine
We dump our loads. Enormous boulders
Perch on the ridge, and ancient trees
Gnarled and fantastic, garlanded with moss.

Permission from the Indian High Commission arrived shortly after and we started to put things together. First the team — Dilsher, myself and my wife Beverly. Scipio Merler who had torn his Achilles tendon skiing still had problems with his leg and had to drop out, so we asked Bruce MacKinnon, a Banff National Park Warden. He was all keen and eager, along with a friend of his, Nancy Gordon. In the meantime Dr. Charlie Clarke, who had been with Dilsher on Brammah in 1965 and planned to go on the British West Nepal 1974 Expedition, suddenly found that permission would not be granted so 'phoned from London and asked to join us. Great, now we even had an MD on the team. Equipment presented no problem as between all of us, there was plenty. McKinley tents, hardware, ropes, etc. were all packed in inconspicuous looking suitcases along with some food. We picked the post-Monsoon October season because, as Dilsher assured us, even though it gets a bit colder, the fall is beautiful and clouds during that time of the year are simply non-existent. After Huantsan rainstorms and Logan blizzards this sounded too good to be true, and it was.

Dilsher left in early September for Europe and then Dehra Dun to organize food, transportation, etc. with Charlie. I left

in mid-September, on business, with Willy Pfisterer to attend the International Swiss Helicopter Rescue Conference at the Scheidegg. We then went on to Czechoslovakia (Strbske Pleso) to represent Parks Canada at the meeting of the IKAR (International Commission of Alpine Rescue). In Europe they talk of virtually thousands of rescue missions — quite an eye opener to us. Let's hope that the same will not come true in North America. Helicopters from all nations were buzzing around with stretcherloads suspended from ropes, cables and winches, demonstrating their expertise in picking up parties from even near vertical terrain. Willy then went back home and I travelled on to London where I met up with the rest of the expedition members. At Delhi Dilsher was nowhere to be seen. Wing Commander Bhagat greeted us and took us to a hotel where we collapsed in a heap. It is a long flight. Next day Customs. A Japanese party had run into nothing but problems, finally abandoned their plans and returned to Japan. I was full of suspense. Our liaison officer, Mr. Phatak, accompanied me to the Customs office and "Jack in the Box" — no problems. Efficiency and smiles — I was perplexed. The same day, we left for Dehra Dun in two taxies, fully loaded. One of the drivers, we soon realized, had bad eyes, but he drove the 150 miles by instinct. It was by far one of the most horrifying experiences of my life. To sit for hours, racing through herds of everything, expecting to die any second was unnerving to say the least. And then we arrived at #18 Nemi Road, the residence of John and Mady Martyn (Dilsher's parents) who had done so much to help us. Dilsher and Charlie were still packing. We were flabbergasted by the residence, which had lovely comfortable rooms, beautifully decorated, with large patios, lush gardens and flowers — what a base camp! John and Mady, while feeding us delicious food and drinks exquisitely prepared by their cook, helped us to finalize things. Then Ratan and Mohan Singh appeared. They were to be our high altitude assistants. Both are Instructors for the Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering. Their capability and willingness to perform hard work amazed us. We also hired four cooks and porters who would accompany us on the four day in, four day out hike and stay at base/ advance base throughout.

With this arrangement we assured utmost comfort for ourselves and ate neither western nor Indian food but coolie food which immediately transformed our intestines into wretched, fire-spewing, volcanic outbursts. Lomotil was the saviour. Finally we convinced them that one could live eating half the normal amount of pepper.

The morning of 5 October we bade John and Mady farewell and in a large, luxurious touring bus with 16 empty seats for additional space we set off. The air horn was a blast and our driver blew it all day long. From Dehra Dun up a thousand switchbacks to Mussoorie. Then over gravel roads up to Perola. This was basically the same route Heinrich Harrer used on his flight from the POW camp at Dehra Dun to Tibet. A lovely trip — valleys and rivers rushing through the canyons. The fear of death however was persistent as the most capable driver roared over this section of switchbacks. Looking over the edge the eyes wondered and panic mounted. To offset this, people with smiling faces waved at us and great big monkeys merrily jumped through the trees. At Perola the bus could go no further. The road was getting too bad. We unloaded and piled into a two ton truck which normally transports resin collected from trees. It was awful. Everything stuck to everything. Resin all over. On the way we met Gurdial Singh, a teacher at the Doon School and famous Indian mountaineer. He had been on many expeditions and first ascents in the Himalayas and suggested Swargarohini to us. Then we arrived at Muri. We camped for the night. Next morning the resin had glued our tents to the ground. Meanwhile Dilsher, with the help of a Forestry Officer, had hired more porters and a herd of mules which I never got around to counting. Bev and I simply started off with our liaison officer who merrily sprinted off into the distance and after a while stopped to observe our slow pace. Mind you, on the third day he overtook himself somewhat in the monkey forest and after contacting some intestinal disease to top it off, went home. We had made arrangements to be allowed to stay in the strategically located Forest Rest Houses along our route. Here we arrived at the first one— the bright-eyed, smiling caretaker had just locked himself out so immediately smashed the lock to get back in, helped by us with our empty packs. He then poured delicious buffalo milk tea for us, lit a fire in the enormous heat and prepared hot water so we could bathe. Well all this for 26¢ a night was not to be looked down upon. After the bathe he carried sun chairs on the deck and we sat overlooking the charming valley at Naitwar and watched the rest of the procession arrive.

The following morning our cooks served us tea and breakfast in bed at 4 a.m. and after a lively discussion on the beauty of it all we set out again. For much of the 12 miles we followed a path hewn into the sidehill which proved to be solid marble and I wondered why they brought the marble for the Taj Mahal all the way from Italy. We stumbled around a corner and a stunning view presented itself — a village beautifully constructed with carved beams and balconies, slate roofs, all nestled in fields of dark red and lush green. Below the sacred Tons River rushed by. Far to the back the snow white peaks of the central Himalaya, the Harki Doon. It was one of the many moments we were close to tears, sometimes joy, sometimes desperation the cause. Friendly people came to greet us. After being invited to tea (we had the crumpets), we marched on to the next rest house at Toluca. Shortly before arriving, amidst a huge field of strange looking plants (which everyone seemed to smoke), our caretaker from the last rest house shot past and when we arrived was waiting with tea, bath water, etc. Home sweet home.

The following day, eight miles, we wandered through a chestnut forest full of lovely grey monkeys feeding their babies. The liaison officer showed signs of wear and we became concerned, however everyone made it to Osla. Here the mules would turn back and porters carry the loads. The trail was getting rough. Dilsher set off for Osla to make arrangements for the next morning. Near the town the most incredible sounds were heard. Cymbals and drums crashed and a wild and mournful horn wailed atonal music. A young woman had fallen from a cliff and died. This was the funeral, the bearers carrying her body down the steep ravines to the Tons River for cremation. We stood in silence while the mourning and wailing procession passed.

Our porter hunting trip was successful and bright and early next morning we set off for base. There was a story of a cave and a lake but the only sure thing was that it amounted to an 11 mile trip, 3000ft up. Charlie and Dilsher in the lead immediately became lost and we had to backtrack two miles. More and more barren the landscape became until finally alongside a moraine we found

the lake at 12,000 ft. Silver birches and grass and rhododendrons and Dilsher, who had spoken so strongly of a dry climate, looked into the sky just as the Monsoon returned. For three and a half days sheets of water. My suitcases dissolved. One tent with no fly turned into a bathtub, eight inches of water coming through the seams.

When it was all over we were exhausted. Trying to walk across the meadow my calves cramped up bringing me near collapse. Sun rays appeared and snow, masses of it, was down to 13,000 ft. Avalanches roared and across the valley an enormous wall collapsed causing a massive mudslide into the valley. The slope above us also became lively and we retreated with all our things to a foolproof location.

As maps and reports on the mountain were virtually non-existent the need for reconnaissance was pressing. On the first day, 15 October, we marched up the Tons on a precarious trail through ravines to the tongue of the Banderpunch Glacier. On meadows we saw numerous mountain sheep, once even a herd of 25 curiously looked us over. It was a miserable path though. Very gloomy and we gained little altitude. Returning we heard a rumble high up and there came a piano in slow motion. We fled. Sticking to our ridge with this massive rockfall coming for us was not easy. But then the rocks did glance off left and right and all the rubble flew by. Even the piano came to rest 100 ft from Bruce. Let's get out of here!

So on 16 October we made up two parties. Charlie and Dilsher would explore a ridge, Bruce and I the couloir. We found a lovely advance base camp spot on a meadow at 13,000 ft with water and flowers and an old shepherd's fireplace. From here we ascended an old avalanche cone to a ridge on which we climbed a nice little peak, 14,400 ft high, which had a cairn on it. What a view of Swargarohini, the Banderpunch Glacier and Black Peak to the south east, and to the north west, the Harki Doon. We projected a route, through moraines onto a glacier, up snow slopes to a lake behind a terminal moraine. This should give us access to a ridge leading to a black peak. Up steep snow onto a mixed ridge to the upper glacier system. We were jubilant. A good route — down we ran stumbling upon a flock of the rare and beautiful Himalayan pheasants. Back at base we met with Charlie and Dilsher again and they also had found an acceptable and good route. We decided on the couloir and meadow and on the 17th in beautiful weather accompanied by all our porters and the memsahibs started to move up. Soon only the climbing party continued. We looked back and waved to the ones at base. What a camp. We were all set at 1330 hours. What a view of Swargarohini.

On the 18th we flagged our way through the enormous moraines over the glacier up to camp III, just below the saddle. Loads were dropped at 14,800 ft and on we went, finding tough travelling conditions in deep powder snow but a good route ahead. 19th — we leave our meadow camp II and by 1300 are set up at III. The thermometer which I pull out of my pack shows 90°F, the barometer is steady. The afternoon we spend exploring the way to camp IV. Ascending a lovely route, yesterday's steps up the face and on a wide granite ridge we reach a bowl, a cirque at 16,200 ft. The mountain becomes more exciting and beautiful every moment. A snow ridge soars up above a steep snow and ice slope, terminating in a rock face. Full of expectation we descend to camp III and at 1900 are in the bag, warm and full. The 20th is clear. Not a cloud. The temperature 23°F. We move a cache to 16,200 ft, camp IV, then on we go. Some step cutting on the snow face then up this gorgeous snow ridge to the rock face. Ascending it we find ourselves on an extremely exposed double corniced snow ridge. Bruce belays me as I cut off and demolish the corn ices, leaving a reasonable path. Tiring work but we proceed. And then we run into a seemingly sculpted set of granite gendarmes. But it is time to return for dinner.

21 October — it has snowed during the night but we pack up and move to camp IV. A relaxing day but it gets stormy and the temperature drops to 14°F.

The 22nd is a cold windy day. We carry a cache up to the gendarmes and then get involved in some good rock climbing. Over the gendarmes, up a face, more snow ridge and we stand at the foot of a long, steep snow face. This should bring us to the upper glacier system. At 1700 we are back at camp. Ratan and Mohan arrive, ferrying loads up from the lower camps. What a couple of lovely guys. They already have prepared tea and lemonade (fresh limes for juice at 16,200ft).

On the 23rd it is 16°F. We move up a cache to 17,750 ft and pick up yesterday's loads on the way. Dilsher feels rough and takes a day of rest. Bruce has some altitude problems and does not like chupatties and mackeral but we get the loads up and prepare a route up the steep snow face to the glacier tongue. On the way down it is foggy but we install 500 ft of handline on the technical sections. So we are set for the move up. We decide that Dilsher and Mohan will stay at Camp IV while the rest of us, Bruce, Charlie, Ratan and myself move up with one tent and if possible make a try for the summit the next day.

24 October we arrive at 1130 and while we pitch the tent it starts to snow and blow. We dig in deep. By 1400 it is howling and we crawl into the tent. It is a pleasant feeling. The wind does not bother us much. We are practically underground. We have four good days of food and the route well flagged, handline on the technical pitches and a support party below.

25 October, 4a.m., clear skies. It is 3°F. Charlie cooks breakfast and at 7 we are on our way. The snow covers our route from yesterday but we find the steps we cut and soon arrive at the tongue of the glacier. Crevasses all over to carefully pick our way through and over. It is a lovely and interesting approach to the upper glacier system. Soon we travel again on straightforward and safe ground and at 1130 have reached the saddle between the two peaks. A quick mackeral and chuppatti and mint cake lunch and we ascend the beautiful snow and ice slopes of our peak. At 1245 we stand on the summit — Swargarohini — pathway to heaven. We are not cheering, we just stand there and throw our arms around each other. What a great moment. It is a pity that the view is not better but we see peaks and peaks as far as the eye reaches. The normal noon weather is about us and after resting and dreaming for half an hour we have to leave. We climbed 2745 ft from camp V, all feel well. The tracks are good and soon we are back in the midst of the crevasses, down the ice slope and back to camp.

Tonight we have a special supper — whatever we can think

Swargarohini. Peter Fuhrmann

On ridge between camps 4 and 5. Peter Fuhrmann

of we cook and consume. And while we are sitting there I say to Charlie how are your feet? Oh fine is the answer. Cold? No! Did you look at them? No! Charlie is the only one without double boots. He checks and finds his feet frozen, solid and blue. Now this gives us something to think about. Leave them frozen? For three or four days? This is impossible anyway. Quick reheat or gradual? We follow the recommendation of the IKAR. Except instead of water bath we use Bruce's stomach. After an hour or so the skin starts to become flexible again. There is no pain and we continue thawing. Next morning I give Charlie my double boots, wear his and we leave for camp IV. Charlie has no pain. My boots fit him well. Down the ridges. The technical sections and we remove handlines and pitons. This clearing of handlines is very recommendable. On beautiful Alpamayo some party had left handlines and pitons and other junk all over the mountain. It is maddening having to climb through somebody else's junkyard. Not only unethical but also constitutes poor mountaineering practices. Keeping Charlie's feet in mind we keep descending. Back at camp IV we are greeted and congratulated by Dilsher and Mohan. We decide to descend further and as we pass camp III, which we also pick up, our packs grow enormously. Darkness approaches but full moon rises and in this beautiful light in good visibility we travel in this fairyland back to camp II — advance base. We arrive at 2200 and sit there drinking tea and enjoying the night until at 2400 then crawl into the sleeping bags.

On the 27th we descend to base. Porters carry the loads back to Osla and there at the rest house we have a culinary festival. Charlie's feet look ugly and after trying various contraptions to carry him on we decide on the rope seat and one of the village locals simply takes him piggyback and marches for eight miles to Toluca. We spend the evening with a group from Calcutta on pilgrimage to the Harki Doon. The following morning we start out for Naitwar, Charlie is still carried by the same porter. Halfway we make contact with a fellow who went ahead with Dilsher trying to hire a horse somewhere. They had to walk all the way to Muri but nowhere is this horse and Charlie is transferred. We are sad to leave this beautiful valley. The people in the villages have come to know us. Many have acted as porters and now following our head cook, Ram, the wild Gurka, back to Muri, they greet us and bid us farewell.

At Muri Dilsher had arranged for a jeep to take us all the way back to Dehra Dun. I rather would not mention that trip but there were some interesting moments. I can't recall how many times we broke down. When night approached we found we had no headlights. Then nearly froze to death and finally at Mussoorie ran out of gas. So we free-wheeled down the 1000 ft switchbacks. John and Mady greeted us at 2 a.m. How well that rum and the cigar tasted.

Later we travelled 1500 miles through the northern part of India, visiting the Taj Mahal, the Khajaraho temples, the palaces in Jaipur but this part of our journey was rather touristy and for us, having come from such a peaceful part of India, tiring though still very lovely.

The expedition was very successful. For others trying something similar in the Central Himalaya here are a few hints. The inner line has been pushed back quite substantially in some areas, so quite

a number of peaks, previously in forbidden terrain, have become accessible. It is possible to form a small, inexpensive expedition. Ours cost $1250 per person, Calgary and return. Take soups, toilet paper, soap and high altitude food from home. Go easy on cameras and radio equipment. The Indian government is suspicious for security reasons. At Customs have lists prepared of the contents of parcels. October is a good month for climbing. I am sure you will love it. Even more so if you wear double boots, and if possible take someone along who speaks Hindi.

Peter Fuhrmann

Party members: Peter Fuhrmann, leader. Dilsher Singh Virk, organization. Bruce MacKinnon, climbing team member. Dr. Charlie Clarke, physician and climbing team member. Ratan Singh, high altitude assistance. Mohan Singh, high altitude assistance. Beverly Fuhrmann, base camp. Nancy Gordon, base camp.

Winter Ice Climbing in the Canadian Rockies

Ice climbing in the Canadian Rockies in winter is a very recent development. Only in the last two years has it become popular and then only with a handful of local climbers from Calgary and Banff. There are basic differences between ice climbing here and in Scotland, the traditional hot-bed of the sport. Most significant is the quality of the ice, green and plastic at its best in Scotland, typically hard, blue or grey and extremely brittle in Canada. Here, after the first freeze in late October or November, the ice rarely gets a chance to thaw and refreeze (as it does frequently in Scotland) until late on in the spring. During the average winter the temperature may easily drop to -50°F (-45°C) on one or two occasions. Snow has no chance to consolidate except in avalanche gullies. In fact the powder snow avalanche constitutes the greatest single objective danger. Many of the best climbs emerge, not on a ridge or plateau as they might in Scotland, but at the base of huge avalanche bowls which, after heavy snowfall, can become veritable death traps. The often virtually bottomless snow poses yet another problem — the approach. People will argue 'till Doomsday about the relative merits of snow-shoes, alpine skiis with skins and climbing boots, and the much lighter cross country skiis and boots in conjunction with climbing ski waxes. I personally favour the latter and have found that even in deep soft snow, where virtually helpless on foot, one may move more quickly and with less effort than over the same distance on foot when the ground is clear of snow. After initial frustrations with technique and waxes most eventually come to the same conclusion.

The late development of winter ice climbing in Canada was primarily dictated by the extremely hard and brittle nature of the ice which virtually precluded the traditional process of step cutting. Apart from the loomingly obvious Cascade Icefall above the traffic circle on the Trans-Canada highway near Banff, almost climbed by Lloyd McKay and a friend from Vancouver in 1965, and a few other isolated ventures, nothing was done until the full potential of modern ice climbing equipment was realized and the Terrordactyl stood out as the tool best suited to the purpose.

In winter 1972/73 seeds were planted to blossom into one of the most exciting things to happen in the Rockies since the big peaks were first climbed. Cascade Icefall became a deservedly popular route, for a while looking as though it had become the only ice climb to do in the Rockies. About this time the Scottish winter grading system was adopted and the climb was considered the textbook grade 3. But it didn't take much imagination to realize that there was more to do — a lot more! In March 1973 three new ice climbs were done: the straightforward but equally enjoyable Rogan's Gully (grade 2); the short but impressive Bow Icefall (grade 3), 300 ft high, 100 ft across, drooped over the centre of a horseshoe of black crags in a dramatically remote mountain setting and on which the usual tactic of hauling skiis and overnight gear was adopted; and Bourgeau Righthand (grade 5) — the real breakthrough. From an idyllic cave found near the foot Tim Auger, Brian Greenwood, George Homer and Rob Wood climbed the 1200 ft ribbon of ice in two days.

More than anything this made us realize that perhaps the real plums were not so improbable after all. With the first freeze in early November and the first burst of activity on the 60 ft, 60° frozen spillways of the Glenmore and Exshaw dams, interest began to centre on the Weeping Wall, a 600 ft high, 300 ft wide sheet of high angle ice standing only minutes from the road. The previous winter Rob Wood and Gerry Rogan had managed to get about halfway up the right side but afternoon sun had brought down a deluge of icicles and loose snow and forced retreat. In late November Gerry Rogan, George Homer, Jim Elzinga and I found a gully up the left side, by any standards a good climb, including several hundred feet of water ice from 60° to 90° (Snivelling Gully, 600 ft, grade 4). The Weeping Wall itself remained inviolate. About a month later Rob and I returned for a supposedly more determined attempt. On Christmas Day, after three noonday starts and 10 hours climbing, we were up. The hardest part had been getting Rob out of his pit every morning. It was on this climb that we first used in earnest a technique unwittingly evolved through my own lack of boldness. On two previous occasions, faced by pillars of brittle, vertical ice, and lacking the guts to frontpoint up them, I had attached aid slings to the shafts of both Terrordactyls and had found that, even on vertical ice, I could relax and spend as much time as I wished clearing rotten ice and placing each axe alternately to my complete satisfaction. On the Weeping Wall (600 ft, grade 5) where we frequently encountered as much as three feet of loose powder snow overlying rotten 70°, 80° and 90° ice, the technique proved invaluable and was to become the key to the harder climbs which were to follow.

A week later, on New Year's Day 1974, Tim Auger, George Homer and Rob Wood climbed Bourgeau Lefthand, an elegant 600 ft pillar of ice, in three days from a bivouac at its base. The climb rises in two 300 ft tiers — thin, poorly protected 80° ice on a smooth open wall in its lower half, rearing up to finish with 60 ft of fluted, vertical ice running with water. When they completed the climb they were all soaked to the skin. With the air temperature at -10°F (-28°C) their clothes immediately took on the texture of suits of armour — and they were still faced with the long descent. No joke! Unlike the Weeping Wall, Bourgeau Lefthand had taken three long days of climbing which included establishing satisfactory belays on high angle ice. Could this be the first controversial grade 6? Certainly compared with the two existing grade 5 routes it seemed

justified, both for logistical and technical reasons.

Now the focus centred on Takakkaw Falls. The panic reaction, when the later confirmed rumour of two Colorado climbers in the area with Takakkaw Falls as their objective, was typical. For a while it seemed we had really lost our prize marrow. Exactly who they were, how far they got, or if they even attempted the climb, never came to light. Anyway it was still there! Here, however, was a comparitively unknown quantity. It was 8 miles from the road and various summer photographs of a huge volume of water spewing out over a thousand foot crag conjured up various images of an improbable, freestanding column of vertical ice; so when Rob and I skied in a few days later with Lucy the Alaskan Malamute hopefully carrying a couple of 150 ft ropes in her backpacks, we were pleasantly surprised to find a perfectly feasible ribbon of ice in the back of a gigantic gully. It might well have been a typical Scottish gully but for its scale and the huge quantity of ice anywhere from 50 to nearly 200 ft wide rising in a series of 80° and 90° steps for over 1000 ft.

Within less than a week we were back, this time with Doug Lemond's dog team and considerably more gear and food than we could possibly have carried between us. John Lauchlan, having abandoned troublesome skiis near the road and walked in, joined us later. That night in the picnic shelter below the Falls, the temperature dropped to -50°F (-45°C). Two days later, with a pillar of rotten overhanging ice mushrooms that looked like the hardest part of the climb below us, we were barely halfway up the Falls. Prepared for all the nuances of cold and technical difficulty, the last thing we expected in the Rockies in January was a thaw. Sure enough it came but only after three days of the heaviest dump of the winter. Rob and I had a close encounter with an avalanche whilst digging out some gear near the base of the Falls. Then John, immobilised without skiis, was taken out by helicopter while we staggered out to the road with the rest of the band-wagoners, Tim Auger, Jack Firth and Steve Sutton, the climb and the gear abandoned.

When things returned to normal and the big freeze set in again, John, Rob, Jack and I were back, and this time despite continuous light snow and constant battering by spindrift avalanches, we made the top in two days from a snow cave a third of the way up the Falls. But our problems were by no means over. Takakkaw Falls (1000 ft, grade 6), like several other ice climbs in the Rockies, is one of those routes which must also be descended!

With the three big plums out of the way, interest diversified and some surprisingly good routes turned up in unexpected places, such as Professor's Gully (1000 ft, grade 4) low down on the north face of Mt Rundle by Jack Firth, John Lauchian, Peter Zwengrowski, Murray Toft and Lorraine Drewes and Louise Falls (400 ft, grade 5) near Lake Louise by Jack Firth, Eckhart Grassman, Tony Mould and Peter Zwengrowski. Earlier in the winter several impressive icefalls directly above the Trans-Canada highway near Field, British Columbia, had been visited, but the ice had been found to be of hopelessly poor quality. By March however the ice had consolidated and three outstandingly good routes were done including The Carlsberg Column (700 ft, grade 5). This last, done by Jack Firth, Eckhart Grassman, Peter Zwengrowski and John Lauchian in one day has a very impressive first pitch, a free standing, 160 ft column of vertical ice.

Meanwhile I had turned my attention to a 600 ft vertical waterfall draining the glacier on the north face of Mt Stanley. Here it was only too obvious that we would really have to stick our necks out. The ice was more or less continuously vertical throughout, very thin and brittle, and overhung by several enormous icicles which threatened the lower part of the route. From an excellent bivouac in a large rock cave near the base of the climb, John Lauchian and I had a first look at this tenuous curtain of ice. I felt fully extended on the first 80 ft, a honeycombed, two inch vertical sheet, in places detached from the rock behind by as much as three feet, and with minimal protection, questioned my own judgement in continuing at all, but by the time I had rigged a bolt belay where the ice momentarily eased to 80°, I was convinced that with time, perseverance and ingenuity, the climb would go. A few weekends later, this time with Rob Wood, two more vertical pitches were added on a somewhat thicker ice over two days, and the halfway point, a narrow ledge at 300 ft, was reached. The next section looked desperate. Giant icicles hanging far out beyond the ledge. But it was a few more weeks before I finally cornered Dick Howe for what we hoped would be a final push. But I was mistaken. Leaving the comparative security of the halfway ledge, I snaked up through a long, slightly overhanging section into a zone where rotten ice, often overlying several feet of loose snow, alternated with awkward ice roofs formed by broken icicles, some as much as three feet wide, and finally smashed my way between two icicles into a small cave. Five hours, only a hundred feet higher, soaked with perspiration and utterly exhausted. The following weekend I was back again, this time alone, and several hours hard work only added another 50 ft vertical section with one 2 ft roof to the climb. Then at long last, the sixth day on the climb, Dick and I returned and finished off with a magnificent 150 ft vertical pitch, an incredible open sheet of blue ice with a clear, 600 ft drop to the snow. Nemisis (600 ft, grade 6) seemed an appropriate name. Certainly for two months of the winter it had been the bane of my life and although my tactics might seem questionable to some, I for one had enjoyed every minute of it, from the red wine and dope nights in the cave to the neckiest moments on the climb, even though I still had a toe on the ground so to speak.

The Ice Climbing Grading System

Grade 1 Straightforward snow or ice slopes up to about 50°. One hour or less.

Grade 2 One or two hour climbs which may include short, tricky or steep pitches, or longer pitches up to 70°, but nothing of any great seriousness.

Grade 3 A more serious undertaking which may take a few hours and include some longer pitches of 70° or 80°.

Grade 4 Usually a half day climb which may include similar but longer difficulties to those encountered on a grade 3, or it may be short and technically very difficult.

Grade 5 A climb which should be possible in one day under ideal conditions but including some sustained technical difficulties.

Grade 6 A technically difficult and extremely serious undertaking, including logistical problems, which may take two or more days.

Ice Climbs To April 1974

Grade 2 The Urs Hole, Cascade Mtn. Silverton Falls, near Eisenhower Youth Hostel. The Tube, Cascade Mtn. The Two Steps, north face Mt Stanley, Rogan's Gully, Cascade Mtn.

Grade 3 Coire Dubh, east face Goat Mtn. Cascade Icefall, Cascade Mtn. Sinus Gully, north face Mt Stanley. Bow Icefall, Bow Glacier. Massey's, north west face Mt Stephen.

Grade 4 Professor's Gully, north face Mt Rundle. Snivelling Gully, Banff/Jasper highway.

Grade 5 Bourgeau Righthand, above Sunshine parking lot. The Carlsberg Column, north west face Mt Denis. Louise Falls, Lake Louise. The Weeping Wall, Banff/Jasper highway. The Pilsner Pillar, north west face Mt Denis.

Grade 6 Takkakaw Falls, Yoho valley. Bourgeau Lefthand, above Sunshine parking lot. Nemesis, north face Mt Stanley.

THE BOW ICEFALL 300 ft, grade 3, Brian Greenwood, Rob Wood, Bugs McKeith, March 1973. The large icefall seen in the amphitheatre beyond Bow Lake, below Bow Glacier. Strongly recommended. Should stay in safe condition 'till much later in the spring. Although the climb itself is comparatively short a ski approach is involved and if an overnight stop at the Bow Hut is intended both sacks and skiis will have to be hauled up the climb. Climbed in three 100 ft pitches. The first (70° to 80°) may be avoided by a straightforward 'photographers' gully on the right. Thence up the left side of the icefall in two pitches of 60° and 80°. Under certain conditions several hundred feet of bare ice slopes may be found below the climb.

BOURGEAU LEFTHAND South face Mt Bourgeau directly above Sunshine Ski Area parking lot, 600 ft, grade 6, Tim Auger, George Homer, Rob Wood, 30 December 1973 to 1 January 1974. An impressive route rising in two exceptionally steep tiers separated by a deep basin with a good bivouac cave. On the first tier thin ice overlying a smooth rock wall may be encountered and the lower half tends to collapse fairly early in the spring. This section is sustained at over 80 degrees for the first half, easing gradually to 70° and the basin. The upper tier, which usually harbours a huge quantity of ice, starts comparatively easily with only short sections of 80° but then rears up to finish with at least 50 ft of absolutely vertical ice which may, as on this ascent, be running with water. Bolt belays are in place. If at all possible the descent should be made by the same route, as the descent along the crest of the cliffs to the left is very long and exhausting. The climb should be strictly avoided after heavy snowfall as a huge bowl above avalanches frequently.

BOURGEAU RIGHTHAND South face Mt Bourgeau above Sunshine parking lot, 1000 ft, grade 5, 2 days, Tim Auger, Brian Greenwood, George Homer, Rob Wood, March 1973. Rises in a series of thin ice pitches over several rock bands. In some winters there may be insufficient ice on the first pitch which is sustained at 75° to 80° for 100 ft. Second pitch may include a 15 ft vertical section. Several easier pitches with a couple of short, steep sections lead to the final 150 ft/750 icefall. The descent can be made down the hillside to the right of the climb.

CASCADE ICEFALL South east face Cascade Mtn, 1000 ft, grade 3, Lloyd McKay and A.N. Other, winter 1965. A classic and strongly recommended. Several hundred feet of approach slopes and short easy pitches, all usually soloed, lead to a 300 ft cone of ice usually climbed in two pitches. Steepest (80°) where it spews out over the top of the crag. Bolts in place on the right for belays and the descent. Most people descend from this point (G. Homer & R. Wood, 1971), however the climb may be continued by a short, easy pitch into a deep bowl with a 70 ft/70° pitch at the back. Then possible to traverse left through the trees and descend by Rogan's Gully (Tim Auger, Bugs McKeith, 15 December 1973).

ROGAN'S GULLY South east face Cascade Mtn, 1000 ft, grade 2,1 hour, Gerry Rogan, Bugs McKeith, 18 March 1973. A good introductory climb, it is the gully to the left of the Cascade Icefall. Starting with a 60 ft pitch (50° to 60°) easy snow slopes then lead for several hundred feet up through the Narrows and a couple of short steeper steps to a small amphitheatre where there are two alternatives: either straight up by a 100ft pitch (up to 70° or 80°) or a 50 ft pitch up the left fork (up to 70°). Early in the season before the Narrows become banked with snow there may be two short vertical pitches over a couple of chockstones, and the standard may be grade 3. Descent by the same route.

THE TUBE South east face Cascade Mtn, 1000 ft, grade 2, Bugs McKeith, Jim Tanner, 2 March 1974. The deep cut cleft to the right of Cascade Icefall. An unusual and quite unique climb which can be strongly recommended. An enormous chockstone in the lower part of the gully was found to hide a 50 ft long, 5 ft diameter, ice-lined tube with a vertical exit. The next pitch, a forbidding, flared, overhanging slot with insufficient ice, was also bypassed by a 20 ft, 2 ft diameter, vertical ice tube at the back. Surprisingly the remainder of the gully up through the narrows was a straightforward walk up 35° to 45° snow although it is possible that several tricky pitches could be encountered in this section earlier in the season when there is less snow. Descent by the same route in the upper part, then down the slopes on either side of the lower gully.

THE URS HOLE South east face Cascade Mtn, 300 ft, grade 2, George Homer, Urs Kallen, Oliver Woolcook, winter 1969. Rightmost gully on the south east face and the easiest of the ice routes. Suitable for an early season ascent but should be strictly avoided after the first heavy snowfalls as there is a huge avalanche bowl above. Early on it should start with a 20 ft/700 to 80° pitch, continue by a longer easy pitch and finish by another similar 20 ft pitch up the right side of a huge chockstone. Beyond this point the gully becomes a very deep and impressive canyon which, although easy, rapidly fills with huge volumes of deep, soft powder snow. Descent by the same route.

THE CARLSBERG COLUMN North west face Mt Denis, 700 ft, grade 5, Jack Firth, John Lauchlan, 21 & 22 March 1974. The right-hand of two columns of ice on the north east face of Mt Denis, well seen from the Trans-Canada highway at Field. A

50 ft pitch (up to 90°, free) is followed by 200 ft of easy snow slopes leading to a 200 ft column of ice. Climbed in two pitches, respectively 90° (aid) to a stance on a ledge on the right (bolt and two pegs), and 80° to 90° (free) to a stance with a sling through a hold in the rock. The remainder of the climb, apart from a 10 ft/800 step and a 15 ft/900 step, was straightforward. Some very good ice was encountered although there was some water running over the surface. With an early start the climb could be done easily in a day. Best conditions will probably occur in spring when the ice, rotten and friable earlier in the winter, has had a chance to consolidate. Descent by the same route.

THE PILSNER PILLAR North west face Mt Denis, 1300 ft, grade 5, Jack Firth, John Lauchlan, Peter Zvengrowski, Eckhart Grassman, 30 March 1974. A hard route located about a sixth of a mile left of the Carlsberg Column. Characterised by an impressive first pitch — a free standing, 160 ft, vertical column of ice on which some very bad mushroom ice was encountered (aid). Easy snow slopes with a 20 ft/700 step and a 60 ft/850 step then led to the upper icefall which gave four pitches on undulating 60° to 80° blue-green ice (all free). Descent to the left of the climb then directly down the initial pillar.

COIRE DUBH East face Goat Mtn, 1000 ft, grade 3, 1 hour, Bugs McKeith, 9 December 1973. Calgary's closest ice route and a good afternoon's outing. Very similar in character to Rogan's Gully although generally steeper and with more ice. The route follows the lower 1000 ft of the summer route, being the second obvious gully north of highway 1A near Exshaw. On this ascent the approach, largely clear of snow, took about 40 minutes. A few hundred feet of easy-angled ice and short steps led to the first and largest icefall, over 100 ft. It was climbed first directly, then up the left edge and reached about 80°. This pitch can also be climbed directly and is almost vertical at the top (Jim Tanner, Rob Robinson, December 1973). Good hard snow ice slopes then led up into the Narrows where there was about 200 ft of easy ice. Early in the season, before the first heavy snowfalls, there could be a lot more ice in this section. The climb finishes up a 50 ft icefall (up to 70°) in the base of the cirque. The upper part of the summer route does not appear to ice up under normal conditions. Descent by the same route.

LOUISE FALLS Lake Louise, 400 ft, grade 5, Jack Firth, Eckhart Grassman, Tony Mould, Peter Zvengrowski, 2 & 3 March 1974. Near the right end of Lake Louise, about 15 minutes distant on skiis. The overall angle about 70°. Two pitches, involving three steep sections, lead up to a ledge on the left of a giant icicle (bolt belay). The icicle included over 40 ft of rotten, vertical ice leading to a good stance by a tree on the left. The last pitch included two vertical bulges leading into the trees on top. There is no avalanche danger on this route and although south facing it receives no sun until March. It may become dangerous in warmer, sunny weather. Descend by traversing right for a few hundred feet then down steep snow slopes back to the start of the climb.

PROFESSOR'S GULLY North face Mt Rundle, 1000 ft, grade 4, Lorraine Drewes, Jack Firth, Eckhart Grassman, John Lauchlan, Murray Toft, 9 March 1974. Located low down on the north face of Mt Rundle about 3 miles east of the Banff Golf Course. Visible from a short section of the Trans-Canada Highway opposite. Gave six short but excellent ice pitches, the last of which was longest and steepest. Avoid after a new snowfall as there is some potential avalanche danger. At other times the risk should be minimal. Should be in good condition for an ascent at almost any time during the winter season. Descent to right of the gully through the trees.

SILVERTON FALLS Half mile up from Eisenhower Youth Hostel, 300 ft, grade 2, Jack Firth, Ray Gillies, George Homer, Bugs McKeith, Gerry Rogan, Laurie Skreslet, Rob Wood, 3 February 1974. Silverton Falls rise in six short, steep steps. The lower section was avoided as there were several deep open pools of water which could not be crossed. Possibly they never completely freeze over. The canyon was entered from the left higher up and the top section included two steep 40 ft pitches.

SNIVELLING GULLY Banff/Jasper highway, 6 pitches, grade 4, 41/2 hours, Jim Elzinga, George Homer, Bugs McKeith, Gerry Rogan, 25 November 1973. A good sustained ice climb following the gully which defines the left edge of the Weeping Wall. Start is only five minutes from the road and the first pitch (70°) a full rope length (belay/rappel bolt on the left wall). The central section gave three shorter ice pitches (may bank out later in the season) leading into the upper basin and the final 200 ft icefall. On this a short vertical section was encountered at half height and some thin ice in the upper section. Descent to the left then down the same route.

NEMESIS North face Mt Stanley, 600 ft, grade 6, 6 days, Bugs McKeith, Dick Howe, winter 1974. The lefthand of the two exceptionally steep icefalls on the Guardwall draining the Stanley Glacier, about a quarter of a mile to the right of the bivouac cave. The overall angle of the climb is nearly 85° and the climbing, apart from the narrow ledge at half height and a few very short sections where the angle drops to 70° or 80°, is on continuously vertical and occasionally overhanging ice. On the first 300 ft a very direct line up a pillar of ice on the left was taken. Some very thin, vertical ice was encountered on the initial 80 ft and adequate protection was hard to find; thereafter the ice was thicker (90°) and led eventually into a shallow chimney (80° to 90°) followed by 30 ft of bad, 70° ice overlayed by 3 ft of loose snow, to the 6 ft wide ledge at half height. Two bolts have been left in place at each stance. This lower part of the route is threatened by several huge icicles hanging from the upper tier. The first pitch on the upper tier, the crux of the climb, led diagonally up to the right and started with some 50 ft of very brittle, vertical and slightly overhanging ice leading into a zone of very bad ice, loose vertical snow and ice roofs up to 3 ft wide, which had to be negotiated. A small cave with a good peg belay near the right edge of the upper icefall was found. A short tricky pitch including a 2 ft ice roof led to a bolt belay on the right at the base of the final pillar of blue ice, a 150 ft pitch on predominantly vertical ice in a magnificent situation. Descent by the same route.

The Guardwall is the imposing, 2000 ft cliff on the right side of the valley leading up to Stanley Glacier. The lower left end of the cliff harbours two exceptionally steep ribbons of ice and several other smaller icefalls. There is also a five-star bivouac cave near the left end of the cliff under a large prominent icicle. About 50 ft deep and 25 ft high, and protected by a windscoop, it may be reached easily in about 2 hours from the Banff/Radium highway and makes a good base for the possible climbs in this area.

SINUS GULLY North face Mt Stanley, 500 ft, grade 3, 3 hours, John Lauchlan, Bugs McKeith, 16 February 1974. About 100 ft up to the right of the bivouac cave a large ice pitch emerges from a cave halfway up the cliff. Gave a full rope length of climbing on hard, blue water ice (85° at the start, easing to 70°). A short easy rock pitch on the left wall led to a traverse line with a couple of awkward moves leading to a broad snow ledge. 200 ft along to the left a 100 ft ice pitch (75°) led to the top of the cliff. Descent round the left end of the Guardwall.

THE TWO STEPS North face Mt Stanley, 300 ft, grade 2, Bugs McKeith, Chris Shank, 27 February 1974. The short stepped gully in the amphitheatre up and to the left of the bivouac cave. A good, one hour climb which included two 30 ft sections of hard blue and green water ice up to 85°.

MASSEY'S North west face Mt Stephen, 600 ft, grade 3, Jack Firth, John Lauchlan, Judy Sterner, 1 April 1974. A 3/4 mile approach on skiis from east end of Field. The first icefall on the north west face of Mt Stephen. Some very good ice was encountered. The route started with a broad 80 ft/800 to 85° icefall. A stretch of easy snow then led to the upper section which was climbed in three pitches on undulating 60° to 80° ice. Descent through the trees to the right of the climb.

TAKAKKAW FALLS Yoho Valley, 1000 ft, grade 6, 3 days, Jack Firth, John Lauchlan, Bugs McKeith, Rob Wood, January 1974. A magnificent climb characterized by sustained 70° and 80° ice throughout its length with occasional steeper sections. No apparent serious avalanche danger on the route itself, although spindrift may be a problem, but the approach slope should be treated with caution. On the first ascent the initial 400 ft icefall was climbed in three pitches up its left edge. The ice was variable quality and occasional overhanging ice mushrooms were encountered, notably at the top, which were the crux of the climb. This led to a broad 45° basin where a snow cave was excavated in a crevasse at the back on the right. Beyond this point the ice was of increasingly high quality. A narrower 250 ft section led into the upper part of the climb where the overall angle drops back slightly. The climbing, however, is no easier since the illusion is created by three short sections which drop back to about 50°. The climb finishes on a ledge at the entrance to the canyon at the top of the falls. Descent by the same route. Although the climb may eventually be done in a day in ideal conditions, a total of five days should be allowed for the trip: one day to ski in, two or three days for the climb, and one day to ski out.

THE WEEPING WALL Banff/Jasper highway, 600 ft, 5 pitches, grade 5, 10 hours climbing, Bugs McKeith, Rob Wood, 23 to 25 December 1973. An excellent ice climb, continuously steep and exposed. The wall is fully 300 ft across, giving plenty of scope for variation. The first ascent took a direct line somewhat left of centre. Continuously brittle or rotten ice often overlayed with deep powder snow was encountered and good belays were hard to obtain. There was a fair bit of absolutely vertical ice and the angle, apart from the ledge traversing the wall at three quarters height, was never less than 60°. Ideal conditions will probably occur later in the season when the ice should be better consolidated. Owing to its southern aspect a sunny day should definitely be avoided.

Bugs McKeith

An Ode to the Savage Chief

When mountaineers spend one of those enjoyable and uplifting days on the peak of their choice how often do they think of the triumphs and failures of those who challenged the peak before them. In the sweat, strain and perseverance, the moments of exalting joy, the curse when a foothold gives way they forget that others have gone through the same experiences to achieve their summit, the goal they dreamt of from afar.

In the heart of the Lake Louise group stands a peak, curving ever so slightly from south east to north west, broad shoulders capped by a pyramid-shaped summit. Many climbers have succumbed to its savage beauty. Naked of snow it's an enjoyable climb, out of shape it can be a grim undertaking, a treachery of verglas, snow and falling rock. Its birthmark is a year-round snow patch on the west face. From the road approaching Lake O'Hara, on a warm summer day, the peak commands the skyline, stark, dull and bare against a deep blue sky. In fall, from Opabin with traces of the first snow, it is a backdrop for the golden larches. From Wenkchemna its summit looks much like a Roman soldier's helmet above the peak topping its south east ridge. Dominant from the surrounding peaks, from Paradise Valley it received its name and rightly so for from here it displays massive size and austerity. The Savage Chief — a fortress to protect the head of the valley from unseen enemies.

In 1894 Walter Wilcox and his colleagues camped near the head of Paradise Valley. Impressed by the peak at the upper end of the valley they called it Hungabee, a word from the Waesgabee tongue, a dialect of the Stoney Indians of the region, meaning Chieftan or Savage Chief. S.E.S. Allen, a member of the party, was trying to master the language at the time and many peaks in the vicinity were given Waesgabee names.

The first attempt to climb Hungabee came in 1901. G.M. Weed and C. S. Thompson led by Swiss guide Hans Kaufman started out from a bivouac near the Eagle Eyrie in Prospectors Valley and attained a point about 500 ft below the summit on the south west face before they were turned back by insurmountable cliffs. They were not the only climbers after the prize. In 1902 the hopes of Outram, Collie and Stutfield were dimmed by bad weather and poor conditions.

In 1897, while on the first ascent of Mt Lefroy, H.C. Parker's interest was aroused. Finding it still unclimbed in 1903 and fresh from the first ascent of Mt Goodsir (south tower) he hurried to Lake Louise and made arrangements to assault the peak. By way of Moraine Lake and Wenkchemna Pass he descended into Prospectors Valley accompanied by Hans and Christian Kaufman. Christian had carefully studied the mountain from all sides and decided on a route he was sure would be successful. Hans, unsuccessful in 1901, was eager to try again.

There is some speculation as to the actual route this party took. Later climbers seemed to think they started from Opabin Pass but this is Parker's description. "Leaving camp next morning at 3:50

we made our way up Prospectors Valley to within a quarter of a mile of the Opabin Pass, whence, taking to an arête, we had fairly easy and interesting climbing for two thousand feet." Here they were confronted with a vertical wall through which a chimney was the key. In a short while they gained the summit ridge and from Parker's description it sounds likely that the party met the summit ridge at the spot where the standard west ridge route meets the north ridge, meaning they had worked their way north towards the west ridge as they climbed. Instead of following the ridge they traversed the steep snow on the West side, then gained the ridge nearer the summit. The top of the grim old Chieftain was conquered.

On 25 July 1909 Val Fynn and E. O. Wheeler left the ACC Camp at Lake O'Hara and made their way to Opabin Pass. Proceeding over Opabin Peak on the west ridge to the big step, they traversed south, then by couloirs and chimneys through the cliff bands to the summit ridge. By this time bad weather had moved in and they thought it best to retreat. Two weeks later they again climbed the mountain by the same route with very minor variations, thus making the second ascent. When they arrived on the summit they found they had been within 60 ft of the top on their first attempt.

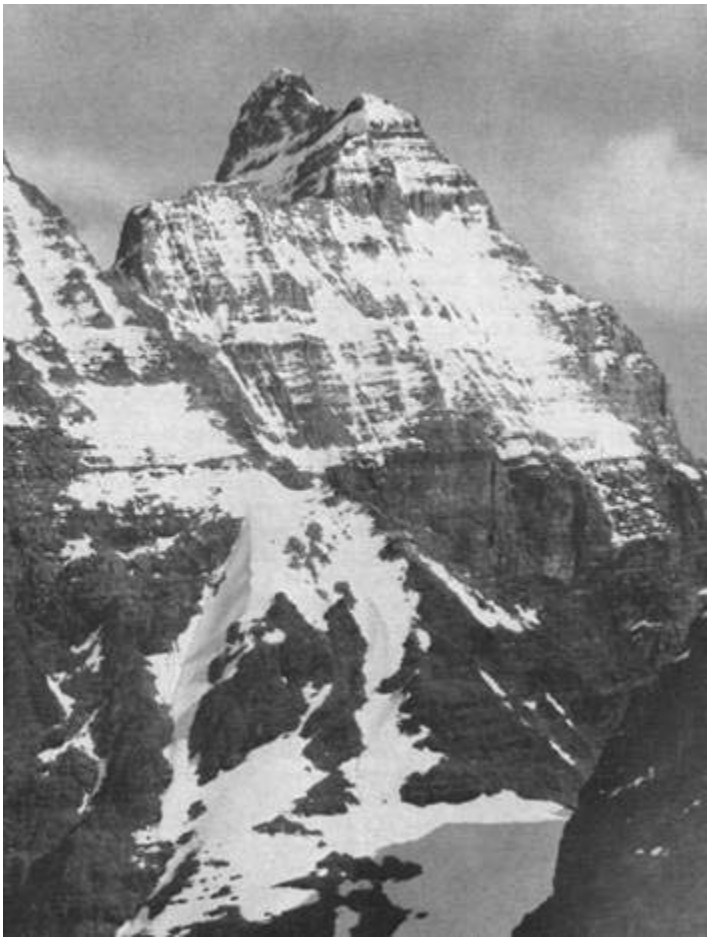
Also in 1909 Rudolph Aemmer, leading M. Goddard and W. S. Richardson, made what is now the standard or most popular climb. He followed the west ridge to the "Big Step" and instead of traversing south moved north across two large couloirs then up on the right fringes of the west face to regain the west ridge at the second step. Here the route moves right to the large couloir south of the ridge and via ledges and chimneys the junction of the summit ridge and the west ridge is gained.

It is hard to say how many times and how often the mountain was climbed in the intervening years. The next new route was the west face north ridge route in 1925 by those famous climbers of the time, Rudolph Aemmer and Val Fynn. They attacked the west face at the lowest rock, described by Val as "perpendicularly below the summit of Ringrose". They made excellent progress, veering slightly south to the Ringrose-Hungabee Col and continuing over the north ridge. This route and the Aemmer west ridge route are now the recommended climbs, the first and second ascent routes being susceptible to rock falls.

In 1933 Georgia Engelhard with guide Ernest Feuz climbed the 1925 route with a complete traverse in mind. Due to insufficient rope they could not abseil off the south side of the summit pyramid. In 1936 they repeated the climb and with more rope continued down to the huge platform on the south east ridge, terming their rappel "extremely sensational". They made their way to the gap between Hungabee and Wenkchemna then decided not to continue because as they put it "the bluffs on the north side of Wenkchemna looked none too inviting". They returned back across the platform and descended the south west face to Prospectors Valley.

After this a climb by the south east ridge was not undertaken for many years because the Wenkchemna Gap and the south east face of the summit pyramid were thought unclimbable. Not until 1963 was this problem solved. Dick Lofthouse and Walter Schrauth climbed Wenkchemna, descended to the gap and climbed to the big platform where they bivouaced so as to get an early start on the higher problem. After a miserable night in a raging storm the

Hungabee from Wiwaxy Gap. Looking through Ringrose-Yukness col at the Chieftain's west face and north west ridge. Right hand skyline is west ridge. Glen Boles



Hungabee from summit of Mt Little to the south east, over Wenkchemna Glacier and Valley. Notch on right is Wastach Pass. Glen Boles

weather settled and they successfully completed their objective. The crux, a 250 ft wall of black rock, was climbed towards the left side on loose rock with very little protection. The wall ended in crumbling black towers much the same as the ones near the top of the east ridge of Mt Temple.

This is not the last of the story. In the last ten or so years winter ascents have become a common challenge, Hungabee being no exception. On 21 December 1966 Brian Greenwood, Chic Scott and Charlie Locke set out from the ACC cabin at Lake O'Hara and skied to Opabin Pass. Caching their skiis they climbed the west ridge to the "Big Step". They chose to traverse right, where they bivouaced. Next morning they climbed a couloir on firm snow which later became interspersed with soft snow and icy rock bands, making the climb very exacting. Before gaining the summit ridge a 40 ft ice-filled chimney proved to be the crux. Soon after they made the summit then descended by the same route, arriving at their skiis by nightfall, quite a feat, as at this time of the year seven hours of daylight is the most you can hope for. A moonlight ski back to Lake O'Hara capped this adventure.

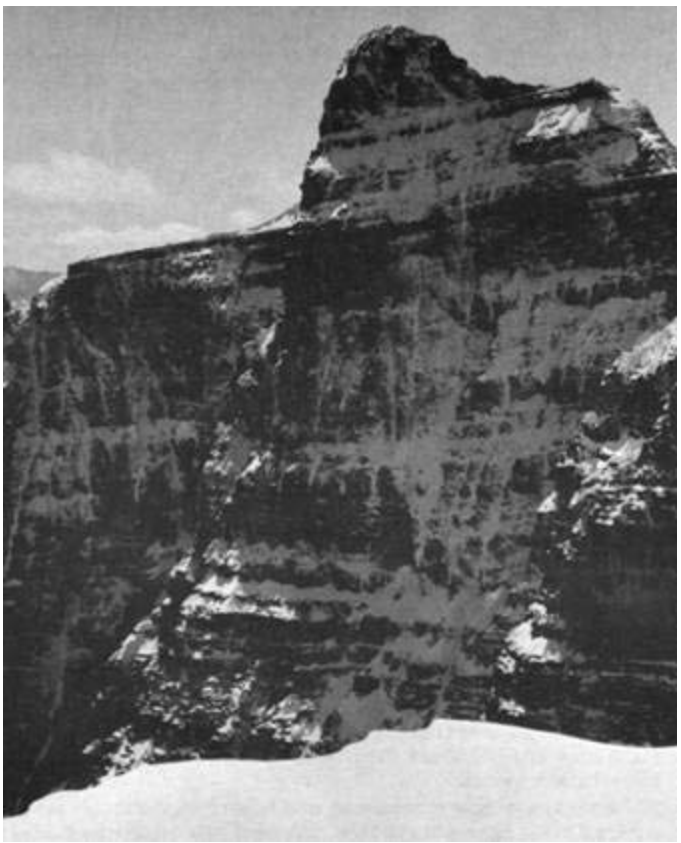
No doubt Brian Greenwood had some memories when he approached the summit that day, for he and Dick Lofthouse had a terrifying day on the peak in 1958. It was one of those days which started out not bad, but not that good. Storms were scattered on the surrounding peaks. Leaving the top their ice axes began to hum. They hurried off the ridge and had begun to descend to the west when a bolt of lightning disintegrated the ledge they were on. It struck Brian's ice axe, burning his back, leg, and splitting one of his boots. Dazed and shocked by the impact, Dick was the first to recover, only to find Brian paralyzed. In the worsening weather it was a must to get off the peak and they did. The two courageous climbers performed a drama hard to comprehend. I can imagine what their retreat must have been like, for in 1968 in company with Gordon Scruggs and Murray Toft I climbed the peak on a beautiful August morning. Leaving the summit we were hit by a furious storm. The closeness of the lightning and the deafening thunder which accompanied the frenzied snow were a white hell. An enjoyable morning romp turned to a holocaust we were lucky to escape.

In the late 60's many local climbers were talking about Hungabee's menacing 3500 ft north east face, a mile wide at its base. The lower slopes lean back but gradually steepen until the start of the wide rock band at 10,200 ft which is absolutely vertical. The top of this band of rock forms the huge platform on the south east ridge. Brian Greenwood had studied the face for a number of years and had a burning desire to climb it. During 1970, in company with Chris Jones, O. Woolcock and John Moss, he was back on the peak. Their approach led over Wastach Pass to Horseshoe Glacier where they started up the face just to the right of centre. The angle slowly steepened as they climbed, short walls interspersed with easy loose slopes. They got high on the face that day and bivouaced in a cave. Next morning they climbed up to the band. There seemed to be no weakness and the sun was already melting snow which loosened rocks and debris from above. They traversed north looking for a way through and finally, after traversing several pitches a chimney presented a way out to the north ridge. John Moss put it this way. "We were disappointed not to have been able to take a more direct line to the summit, but looking back across the face the steep black

Looking straight up Paradise Valley to Hungabee from the Temple ski area. Glen Boles

Looking through the larches at Hungabee from near Eiffel Lake. Glen Boles

Probably the most spectacular view of north east face of Hungabee is revealed from Glacier Peak. Lower 1500 ft not visible. Glen Boles



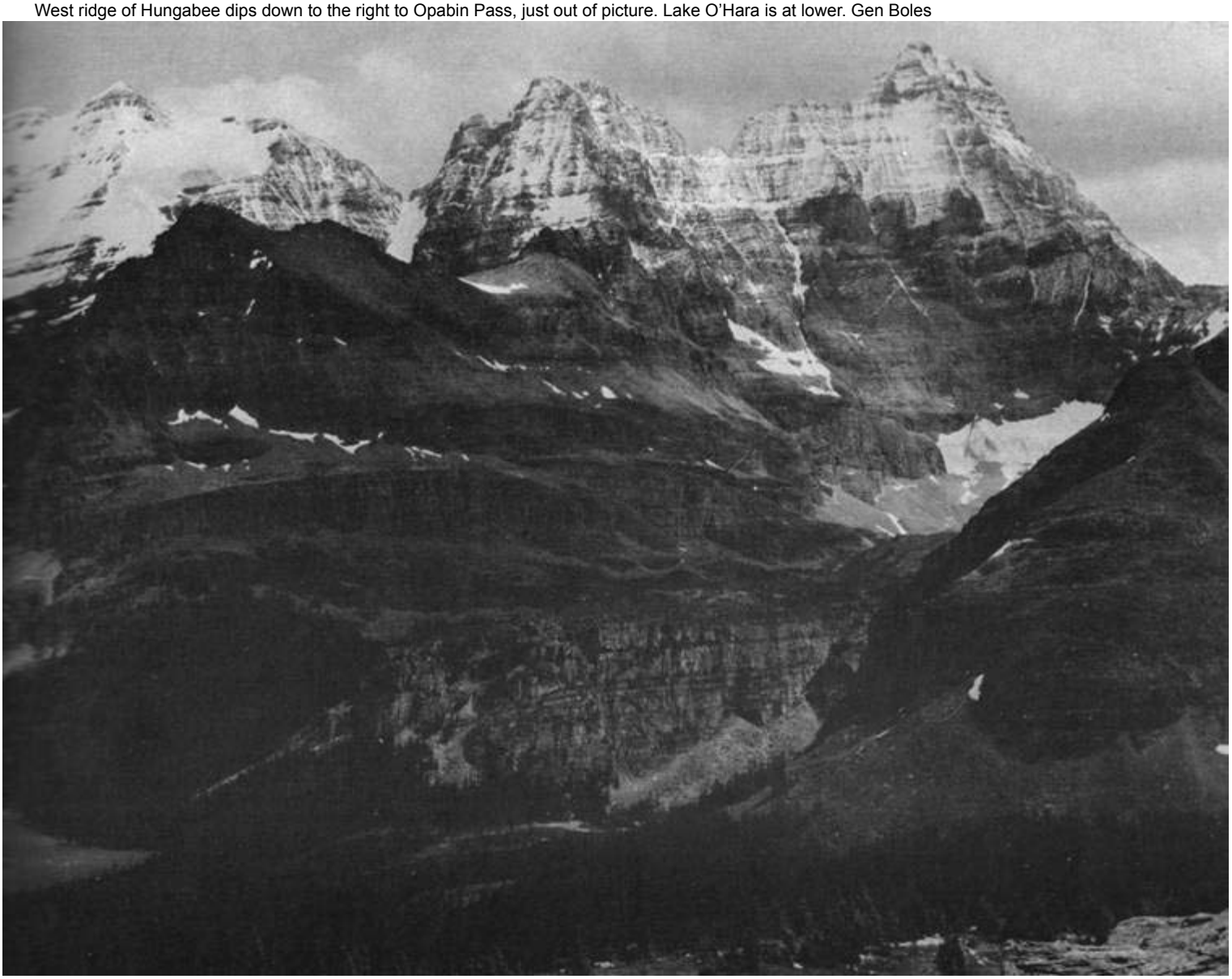
Hungabee as seen in spring from Wenkchemna Valley near Eiffel Lake. Glen Boles

band appeared more forbidding. Maybe we had made the right decision."

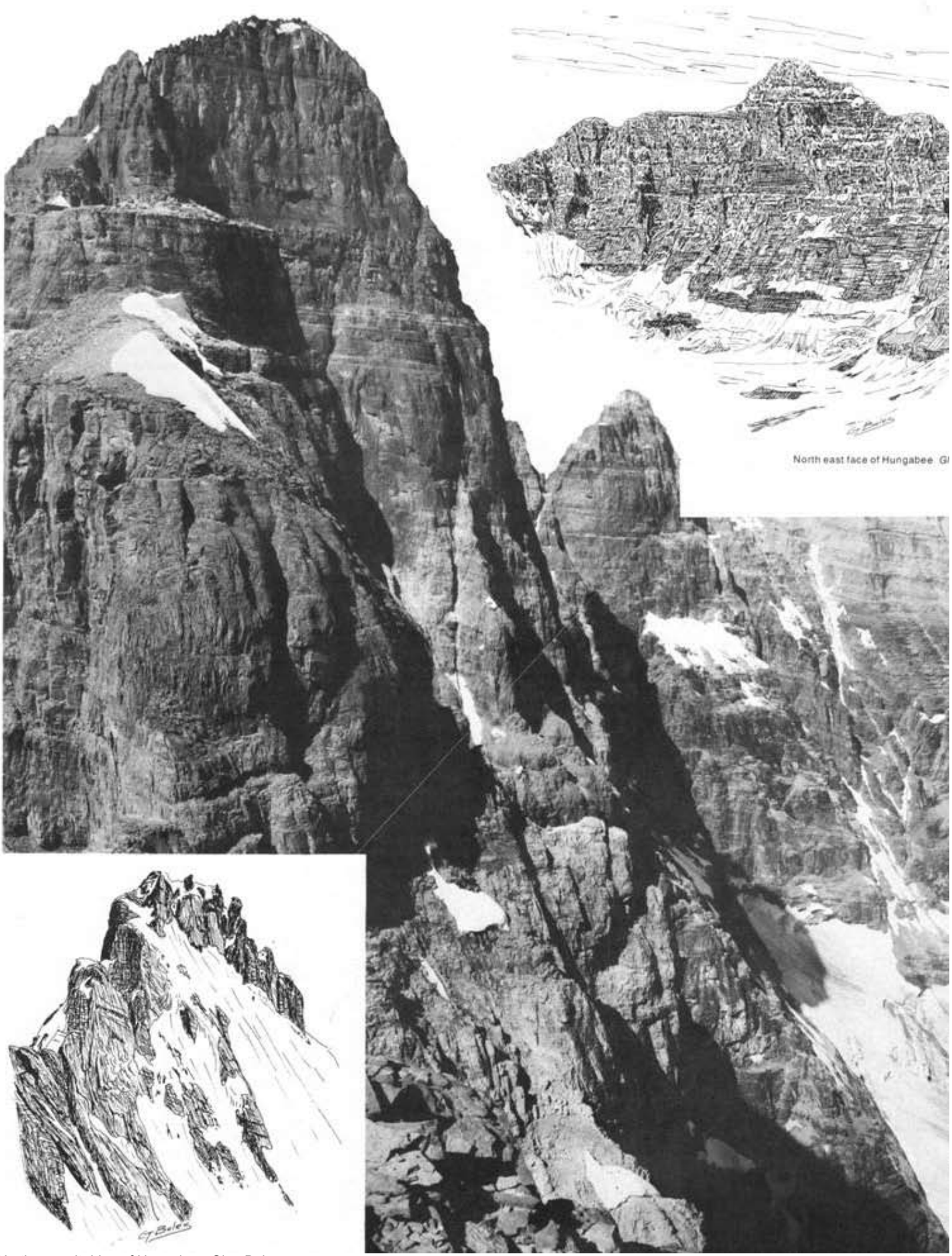
The Ode to the Savage Chief will not end here. The future will hold more adventures and no matter what takes place, the grim old Chieftain will make it a serious undertaking.

Glen Boles

Looking south south west from Odaray Plateau. Left to right: Glacier Peak, Ringrose, Hungabee. West ridge of Hungabee dips down to the right to Opabin Pass, just out of picture. Lake O'Hara is at lower. Gen Boles



Looking at the N.E. face of the Savage Chief from the summit of Wenkchemna Peak. Glen Boles



North summit ridge of Hungabee. Glen Boles

Why

Ever since seeing it three years ago,
a small flame flickered that I was to do it.
A smaller one sparked that I had to do it alone.
Not Last season or next but now.
WHY prepare myself and the night before
attempt to destroy it.
Knew that I had to but,
Knew that I wasn't supposed to.
WHY start so late, then race in
two and a half hours faster than any time before.
That evening with my eyes full of the mountain,
saying NO, YES at the same time, each over-riding the other.
That night getting up gazing there in the moonlight,
asking myself WHY?
That morning rushing with the sunlight to meet
the mountain, asking WHY saying NO!
Climbing the face, fear trying to creep in
but casting it out each time, Mingling thoughts
of the day, Death flashing by.
WHY? halfway saying that it was wrong
that I shouldn't be here, about to turn
back but didn't.
Driving myself to my utmost limits
but retreating each time.
Gorging with snow trying to overcome
thirst, but to no avail.
Muscle and mind co-ordinated, one outracing
the other with near catastrophe.
Sleeping; trying to forget that I was here.
Awaking to a world of spirit against muscle,
muscle against man, man against rock.
On the summit echoing a cry of joy, a kiss
upon the rock, but without a heart.
Looking onward to other horizons, trying to
be amazed by the panorama.
Virgin rock within the rapists' hands
but letting it pass. WHY? To come again?
Descending with might instead of mind.
Cursing the mountain and not I.
Meeting other souls speech flowing
with utter rejoicing, but knowing otherwise.
Racing out the valley WHY? for there was
no other mountain awaiting me.
WHY had I gone? If it were the mountain
others would have come. WHY alone?
WHY had I gone?
For I've been there before,
were there riches beyond
my dreams?
To become older and wiser?
For if that I would know WHY.

The mountain was Colonel Foster, the east face. Basically a repeat of Dick Culbert's route, except when I reached the main snow patch on the face I remained in the gully while Culbert moved onto the ridge. The two routes rejoined again about 500 ft below the summit at Culbert's bivouac spot.(CAJ 1973, page 34). Descent was made to the south over the southern skyline to the snow band. Down this to and across the rock break. From here it is recommended to rappel all the way down to the lower snow band and not try to down climb the last pitch even though it looks feasible. The rock is extremely rotten there. Rest of the descent is straightforward back to the lake. This is probably the fastest and best escape route off Colonel Foster now. Ascent was made in 5 hours (solo, unroped) with the descent in 3 hours. A very fine climb averaging about class 5.5.

Joseph P. Bajan

A Perspective of Waddington

I forget the source of the quote which goes something like this: Increasingly I feel that the whole business of climbing is perverted, irresponsible and immoral. But unfortunately I still like it. What a waste of time and money and life.

Graham Nourse died on 31 July from head injuries sustained in a fall from the ridge above Bravo Glacier. A small slip on a traverse along a rock ledge where neither his rope nor partner could wholly protect him — such an unwarranted consequence. Mumchance, we crept off that ridge and retreated in a day and a half to our base where we could call out to the world on our little magic radio set and ask for help in the forlorn task of recovering Graham's body.

The accident stands at the centre of the trip. Yet before that, perhaps confident in our invulnerability, certainly optimistic as to the outcome, we had gathered at Middle Lake to meet the floatplane that was to land us on the small lake at the foot of Tellot Glacier, the ramp leading to Waddington.

Earlier, aeons before, there had been the simple fun of travelling up from Vancouver in Jack's grandfather's old jeep. An honourable yet unreliable vehicle in the back of which we stacked like sandbags the packs and food rations to form a rude shelter for two passengers. In this way, fortified by ice creams and encouraged by passing cyclists we motored steadily northwards for two and a half days to our rendezvous at Tatla Lake. Driving up through the Fraser Canyon we would often collect retinues of Winnebagos and cars towing trailers, so that we looked for all the world like some sort of motorized Pied Piper, until Jack would take pity on our docile entourage and pull over to release them from our spell. We in the back would cheerfully wave them on their way and though they waved back it was often, we saw, with murder in their hearts.

Tellot Glacier and the beginning of the climb. Recollections of the immediate pleasure which comes from being amongst high mountains and moving now under our own steam. A memory too of the almost physical lust one felt in anticipation of that satisfaction to come and which is derived from matching oneself to one's capacities. More tangible memories of the hike up: of a little cyanic blue lake suddenly discovered in a hollow of the glacier, the soft taste of sun cream mingled with my sweat, those ionic creaks from my packframe —whispering jibberish in my ears, and then the relief of gaining the final snowfield where our airdrop lay

scattered, muddled with that of another party due in the next day. We moved on up to the Plummer Hut, collected and sorted the rations, fed, yawned at the fat full moon and slept.

Throughout our time in the Waddington area we had cloudless skies, fierce sun bright days when we painted ourselves like circus clowns with zinc oxide and Skreen. Still our lips hardened and cracked and the tips of our tongues burnt. Faces darkened around albescent eye patches. We began, I suspect, to smell.

Always in the mountains it is the dawn that I regard with awe. That hour of genesis. But now it was the nightfall which held us mesmerized. The sky pinked, warmed and darkened to a cinnabar roof above us. Along the horizon, in full circle, an opaque layer of deep blues and grays materialized to sit over the distant mountains and then higher up to blend into the night sky. Early in the evenings a great bloated moon would sway up from behind Queen Bess and promptly set again behind Mt Munday and its satellite peaks. While it hung over us though I suddenly had a clear impression of what it would be like to see the earth from the moon; to look across a sterile, hueless foreground and watch this dazzling white world rising from beyond jagged crater walls. We seemed at that time to be the only people in the universe.

We now moved across the Tiedeman Glacier and onto the Waddington massif. A camp at Rainy Knob and then the problem of finding a route up the Bravo Glacier had to be resolved. Every lead came to a stop at the same crevasse, an unbridged granddaddy of a crevasse which split the glacier in two. Threatened by séracs and unable to proceed, we made an escape off the Bravo and onto the rock buttress on its south side. Three leads of class 3 put us on top of the ridge and a camp spot way above the world.

The next day — the accident. Such a small error of judgment, the ones we can't guard against with a multiplicity of belays because we must take some measure of risk in climbing these mountains; and always we do so in the full confidence of our own abilities and reflexes. A timeless time while we retreated, silent and overcautious, to our last camp. Tiredness overcame the sense of sadness and failure that we bore. We backed down the mountain and the evening of the next day regained the Plummer Hut. A radio call for assistance brought an immediate response from the RCMP and then the Air Rescue people at Comox, but it was five days before we could recover Graham's body and ourselves leave the mountain.

In those days we occupied ourselves, individually at first, living in a sort of limbo sorting gear, proofing boots, mending clothes. And then after a while with less introspective tasks — building a privy, cooking meals, repairing the hut. Ed and I built a weather vane, a one-legged cockerel cut out from aluminum sheeting, mounted at one end and a homemade propeller at the other. We then attached the whole contraption to the hut roof. The dreadful vibrating noise it made however, produced immediate outbursts of indignation from the rest of the party and, much affronted, we felt obliged to take it down. Very quickly, life had become more normal.

That was, I think the difficult thing for us to reconcile. That even after a death within this temporary family we could still continue with our old routines and habits. Nature abhors a vacuum — an old school maxim, remember? And there was, within this tragedy, perhaps a more difficult lesson to accept — that in death we can find a deliberate affirmation of life. For myself anyway I was vividly aware of this unwinding process, this return to normality. The arrival of another party of climbers seemed a brutal intrusion into this little world we had created for ourselves. As the newcomers trudged up the Tellot Glacier and onto its final snowfield, we sat like vultures on the rocks outside the hut and misanthropically abused them for being on our mountain. We resented nearly everything about them; their women, their bottles of brandy, that they were American and even the fact that they had packed their food in large tin cans for the airdrop. It was time we left.

We walked out in two days to our pick up lake, this time loaded like camels with all the gear that we had so readily air dropped at the start. A dawn departure on a cold morning. We scrunched down hard snow past the new arrivals and so on down the Tellot Glacier. Unbidden images of the walkout come to mind; Peter struggling into the harness of what looked very much like a stolen wardrobe, outdone only by the sight of Mike in profile, bent forward like a gnarled old man as he fought his Mountain Mule pack down the glacier. Split into two ropes and bowed beneath our loads, we resembled prisoners more than mountaineers. The easy section completed, we stopped to lounge behind a large boulder, absorb the early sun and complain to each other about the weight of our packs. We had left the glacier and now separated by inclination for the long pull up through Nabob Pass and around Jeffrey Peak. My old British knees creaked ominously. Beyond Jeffrey Peak we dawdled over our lunch, mutinous, reluctant to move on but Ed cajoled us up to our last and best camp spot.

Here, from a dry mossy hollow at the top of a minor rock summit, with a small snow patch to supply our water, we could watch the world around us. We cooked up the last of our food and made the final brew. Another dusk of incredible tranquility. We drifted apart to find our own mossy beds while a waning moon rose to put shadows on the distant mountains. In the pale midnight, unable to sleep, I looked up and watched unquiet jets play war games overhead. It had not, under any circumstances, been worth the cost.

Early the next morning we walked down from our mountain aerie, back to a living earth. Back to its forgotten luxuriant greens and browns, the scent of pines and that moist rich smell of soil. You forget, in that world of snow from which we had come, the happy gurgling sound of running water and its play of lights. One could almost physically hold the vibrancy within the valley that morning, and even the bite of a mosquito seemed acceptable. It was good to be down.

Ian Turnbull

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Heliocourier in King Trench at 10,800 ft (3300 m). King Peak in background. Gerald Holdsworth

Resurvey of Mt Logan

INTRODUCTION

In 1968 the author was involved in a survey to determine the altitude of a research installation on the plateau of Mt Logan.[1,2] Although this work was incomplete it was possible to show that, if the altitudes of Mt Steele, Mt Lucania and two International Boundary Commission (IBC) stations were reliable, then the altitude of the main summit of Mt Logan could not be substantially greater than about 19,500 ft (5945 m). To show this I first obtained an altitude for the North Peak* (then determined to be 5560 m p/m 5 m)** the position of which was determined by resection. Using a set of vertical angles onto the West Peak* combined with a scaled map distance (with a p/m 100 m error) from the North Peak, an elevation difference between the two points was established. Unfortunately, there was no time then to make any further observations but some measurements by A. Carpé[3] proved very useful. Carpé participated in the first ascent of the summit in 1925 and took a clinometer reading from the High Peak* to the West Peak. From this angle and from the scaled distance off the Centennial Map Sheet it is possible to show that the elevation difference between these points is close to 100 ft. Since my West Peak altitude came to about 19,400 ft (5913 m) this meant that the altitude of the High Peak could not be much more than about 19,500 ft (p/m 50 ft, 5945 p/m 15 m).

On their own these values and the method of attainment appear fairly rough, but it pointed, at least, to the possibility of there being a significant error (300 ft or 100 m) in the then accepted altitude of Mt Logan (19,850ft).

When Dr Walter Wood of the American Geographic Society was informed of these observations he referred to the results of a survey he did in 1948-49 on the Seward Glacier. From a number of stations, forming a semi-rigid network, he resected to all major peaks, including the High and East Peaks* of Mt Logan, Mt St Elias and other International Boundary Survey Peaks. He could only obtain an acceptable (low) scatter in the derived height of his reference station, provided he rejected the value of the altitude of Mt Logan (19,850 ft).. Since there was no suggestion that the vertical angles were in error and because there were six rays onto the summit (as well as five onto the East Peak) Wood then calculated from the then accepted altitudes of his six stations, a new altitude for the High Peak (5957 m = 19,543 ft)[4] which is about 100 m lower than the value appearing on current maps. This result was not reported then, because, as one might imagine, a certain degree of difficulty would have arisen if an American expedition had reported a substantially lower altitude for Canada's highest peak, which was believed to have been surveyed by the "surveying elite" of the IBC. So the data lay dormant for 25 years.

Now, the value of 19,850 ft originates with the 1918 IBC Report[5] where, on page 163, appears the coordinates and altitudes of two peaks: Mt Logan, East Dome (17,876 ft) and Mt Logan, Middle Dome (18,523 ft) both observed in 1913. These peaks are not identified on the panorama taken from the boundary station LOW to the north, or on the triangular network sketch or the main map. Although I cannot match coordinates, I would assume from the values of the altitudes that they were points on or near our

North East* and North Peak* stations. But there is a footnote which reads: "No trigonometric determination was made of the position and elevation of the highest point of Mt Logan. A photographic determination of its elevation (altitude) gives 19,850 ft". In a recent effort to locate the original photographic plates and the marked prints, I regret to have to report that they are missing and it is presumed that they were borrowed and either lost or destroyed. Thus we have no way of repeating and checking the calculation that was made. If the position of the High Peak was poorly known at that time (and there is a likely possibility that the coordinates that appear in the 1916 edition of the Dictionary of Altitudes in the Dominion of Canada[6] were the ones used) then even the most careful photographic plate measurements could not undo the mistake caused by a position error of more than a kilometer.

HISTORICAL REVIEW

In 1890 Professor I.C. Russell, standing on the flanks of Mt. St Elias, first saw the huge massif of rock and ice rising up to the north of the Seward Glacier. He named it Mt Logan after Sir William Logan, internationally known British-Canadian geologist, and first director of the Geological Survey of Canada. Russell,[7] a geologist sponsored by the National Geographic Society and the US Geological Survey, returned to Mt St Elias in 1891 and although his attempts to climb the mountain were thwarted again a survey was made[8] by members of the US Coast and Geodetic Survey attached to the expedition, which resulted in a value of 18,000 p/m 100 ft (a mean of several values) for the height of the mountain. This value is quite close to the currently accepted IBC value of 18,008 ft (5489 m), the integrity of which is bourne out by our most recent observations that included a ray onto Mt St Elias from the North East Peak.

In James White's Dictionary6 the altitude (elevation) of Mt Logan is given as 19,539 ft and the authority quoted is Russell. But even in a book[9] published in 1904, two years before his death, Russell himself only refers to "..Mt. Logan, 19,500 ft high". The earliest reference that I can find which quotes the 19,539 ft value is Ogilvie[10] in a book about the Klondike in 1898, but no source reference is given. So far, I have been unable to find any documentation of a formal survey of Mt Logan (by Russell) which would almost certainly be implied by quoting the altitude to the nearest foot. I am inclined to agree with Hickson, who, writing in this Journal in 1925,[11] says: "Russell estimated (Mt Logan's) height with remarkable accuracy at 19,500ft."

In the rear of a book by F. M. Trimmer[12] published in 1898 is a copy of "Rugg's new map of the Klondike Goldfields", on which appears an altitude of 19,590 ft for Mt Logan. The 1910 (Cambridge Edition) of the Encyclopaedia Britannica sticks to the value of 19,540 ft (evidently rounded from 19,539 ft by a more practical person), whereas a copy of Pear's Cyclopaedia gives a value of 19,510 ft!

BASIS OF 1974 EXPEDITION

In late 1973 an opportunity arose for me to obtain further observations which would enable a recalculation of the altitude of the mountain to be made. The involvement of several Government agencies could be justified because (1) as control for future mapping, geodetic observations would be made for the Surveys and Mapping Branch, Department of Energy Mines and Resources; (2) as part of a major geological mapping programme in the St Elias Mountains, rock samples would be collected from the principal peaks, for the Geological Survey of Canada, and (3) for a future glacio-climatic study, a possible ice core-hole site was to be examined for the Department of the Environment. The Arctic Institute of North America coordinated the field operation which began 20 June 1974.

In order to carry out these endeavours, the following party was assembled: G. Holdsworth and T. Beck, surveyor-glaciologists from the Department of the Environment; F. Taxbock, a geologist from the Geological Survey of Canada and H. Brecher, a geodosist from the Ohio State University.

The planned programme was firstly to establish vertical control on the mountain by making connections with the 1913 boundary survey stations lying to the north of the Logan Glacier (see map). The altitude of the summit of Mt Logan was to be determined to a relative accuracy of better than p/m 10m since according to our previous information the summit of the mountain had been assigned an altitude (by the International Boundary Commission) possibly 100 m too high. In addition, an altitude for the High Altitude Physiology programme (AINA) camp was to be determined. Situated on the broad plateau, near the north west col, this camp has been the scene of recent research activity.[1] It is one of the few places where small fixed wing aircraft can safely land on the mountain. Secondly, in conjunction with the Geological Survey, rock samples were to be collected from the principal summits of the mountain to supplement geological work currently being carried out by the Geological Survey in the St Elias Mtns. It has been subsequently found that some previous sampling had been done (apart from that done by Karl Ricker in 1959 on the East Peak). This was carried out in 1968 and in 1969 by Arctic Institute of North America parties under Joe LaBelle.[13] However, we were able to sample rather more selectively and to take structural observations.

Thirdly we were to make a reconnaissance of a possible drill site on the north west col. The ultimate aim of this project is to retrieve an ice core from a site where the ice is known to be well below the melting point all year (the temperature at 10 m is -24.5°C) and where the ice deformation is governed by vertical compression without horizontal movement. Provided the ice thickness turns out to be at least 100 m, then by suitable analysis of the ice cores we will be able to determine something about the past climate as well as the distribution of pollutants and microparticles for at least several 100 years back in time. Such results, though short in time, might be compared with already published information from the ice cores obtained in the north west Canadian Arctic[14] and Greenland,[15] or they might provide new information applicable to the Pacific basin.

THE CLIMB

On 21 June the party was flown into King Trench (see map) at an altitude of about 10,800 ft (by aircraft altimeter) and by the 23rd we had reached King Col (ca 14,500 ft). Due to his difficulties with acclimatization (compounded by our tight schedule) it was decided on the 26th that Beck should return to Kluane Lake and attempt to acclimatize by joining the HAP programme.2 Although he subsequently occupied the intermediate (Eclipse) camp at

Camp at ca 18.600 ft (5660m) below West Peak. Centennial Range in distance. Gerald Holdsworth

Camp at ca t 5.800 ft (4820 m) above icefall. Mt St Elias in background. Gerald Holdsworth

King Peak from icefall above King Col. Gerald Holdsworth

East Peak summit. 9 July 1974, showing 1.5 m high aluminium target. Gerald Holdsworth

East, High. (with plume) and West Peaks of Mt Logan from over the Logan Glacier. Gerald Holdsworth

In icefall above King Col. Gerald Holdsworth

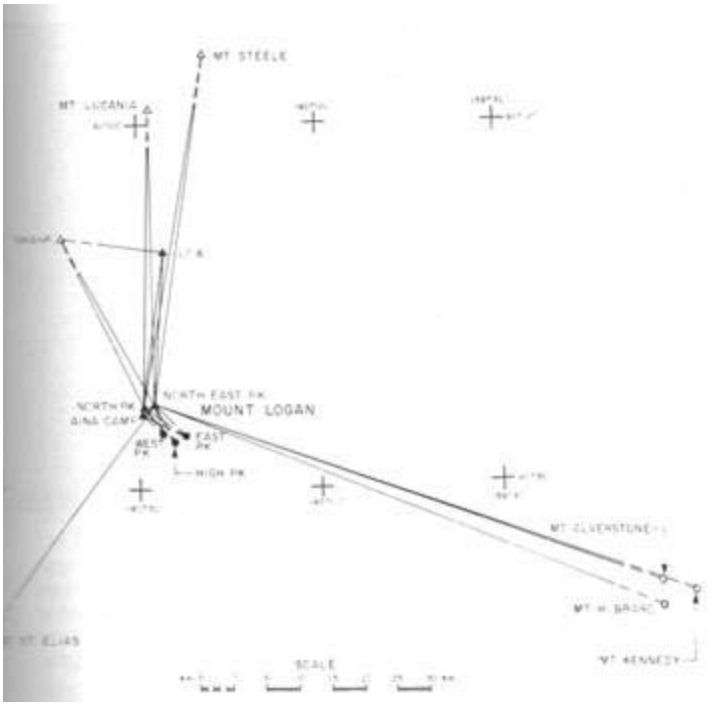
10,000 ft, Beck did not unfortunately rejoin us. After a return to the Trench, the party reached the research camp at about 17,400 ft (5303 m) on the 28th having used the normal route (see map). The survey equipment had already been flown in by Phil Upton in the Heliocourier.

Our next job was to climb the principal peaks and establish targets on the highest points. We placed a temporary camp between the North and the North East peaks. After the baseline N - NE had been measured by the small light weight (CA-1000) Tellurometer, Holdsworth and Taxbock placed a camp at about 18,600 ft (5670 m) between the West Peak and the High Peak. From there, on separate days, ascents were made of the West Peak (7 July), East Peak (9 July) and the High Peak (15 July) where survey targets were erected on the highest points. A severe storm, which began on the 10th and lasted until the 14th left us with a snapped tent pole, a bent one and a hopelessly bent ski pole used as a guyline tie. It also left us with very little food — at least of the appetising variety. Even by the afternoon of 15 July the weather was beginning to deteriorate again, preventing us from taking the precious observations from the summit. Thus the colour panorama which I had planned to take with the photo-theodolite as well as the Tellurometer distance measurement from the summit to the NE peak (where Henry Brecher was waiting) were not able to be done.

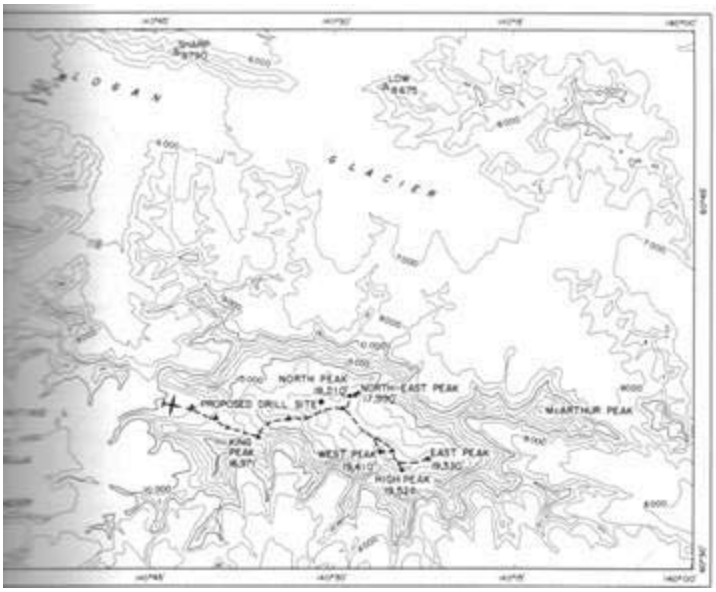
However, on all these peaks Taxbock was able to obtain rock samples, and by now, on our return to the plateau camp on the 16th, the loads, principally survey instruments and rocks, were as much as we could handle on skiis, which, because of the new snow, were certainly necessary. By now, Taxbock had to rejoin the Geological Survey group at Burwash Landing; thus we combined the helicopter pick up operation with a measurement of the distance between boundary station LOW and the NE peak, one of the vital links in the survey. Brecher took the observations from station LOW while Taxbock collected more rock samples to take out with the helicopter. Brecher returned to the plateau in the helicopter measuring air temperatures every 1000 ft on the way up (from 8675 ft to 17,400 ft) in order that we could apply corrections to the radio wave speed used in the distance calculation. Having measured simultaneous reciprocal vertical angles at LOW and NE we were then able to compute the height difference between the two points. Other prominent peaks of known height observed from the North and North East peaks were Mts Lucania (5228 m = 17,150 ft), Steele (5069 m = 16,625 ft), Walsh (4500 m = 14,760 ft), Kennedy (4238 m = 13,904 ft), Hubbard (4576m = 15,013ft), Alverstone (4439m = 14,563ft), and St Elias (5488 m = 18.008 ft). The East, High and West Peak aluminium targets were easily seen from North and North East so that good intersections were obtained. Reciprocal vertical angles between the NE peak and the HAP-AINA camp station enabled a local atmospheric refraction coefficient to be determined there. The worst triangular misclosure of the plateau survey was only about 0.2m.

On the 27th Ed Horton (an MD at the HAP camp) and I set out for our abandoned high camp on the other side of the West Peak. Stopping on the latter at 7 p.m. I was surprised to find a rare calm and generally clear conditions; the opportunity was taken to obtain a complete photo panorama. The following day we saw plumes from the major peaks, so dismissing the idea of using the

Map of survey. Filled triangles are occupied stations. Black circles are intersected targets. Gerald Holdsworth



Map of Mt Logan and vicinity based on 1:250,000 Mt St Elias sheet. Dashed line presents route, filled triangles camps. Gerald Holdsworth



Heliocourier landing on plateau of Mt Logan at 17,400 ft (5303 m). East Peak in distance. Gerald Holdsworth

phototheodolite we packed up the camp and remaining equipment and returned to the plateau camp on our skiis.

During the next few days, I made several ascents of the North Peak in quest of some angular measurements that I considered necessary to repeat. The weather was consistently unsettled with a frequent cloud deck below 16,000 ft. By 31 July I decided to abandon any further measurements since we did have sufficient data to compute the altitude of the principal peaks to the accuracy previously specified. On 5 August Phil Upton was able to fly me with the remaining equipment down to Lake Kluane.

The accompanying map shows the altitudes of the principal peaks as determined by the new survey. These are given in feet because the map is based on the Centennial Range map sheet which gives contours and altitudes in feet. The values have been rounded off to the nearest 10 ft and it is assumed that an error of p/m 10 ft (3 m) (relative to the boundary survey) could exist. A completely new relief-shaded map of the Mt Logan Massif to a scale of 1:50,000 using metric units is being planned.

Further details about the survey will be published in the Canadian Surveyor.

Gerald Holdsworth

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I thank numerous people in the Arctic Institute of North America, the Department of the Environment, the Department of Energy Mines and Resources {Geological Survey of Canada and Surveys and Mapping Branch) as well as all my companions on the mountain.

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1968 party in icefall above King Col. Gerald Holdsworth

View from North East Peak, station to (from left) East, High, and West Peaks. Gerald Holdsworth

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* unofficial name

** p/m has been used in place of the conventional 'plus or minus' sign which is not available in this type.

Warm Wind Of Peace

Listen
greenhouse plants —
don't you hear it?
Step outside.
Can't you feel the centuries roar
their thunder funneled
in this concentrated hour —
far off and high up
the predatory
prehistoric
wind of death?
Mastodons died
were buried in ice.
Now the sky shrieks...
On continents in jungles
hunger wrings a billion stomachs.
When angry multitudes breathe —
barometers fall!
On top of pinnacles
inured to absolute zero
monsters believe they are gods
and from these frozen brains
machined words click —
icicles disintegrate
as knife-edge ridges bristle in the violent air... yet far down
beneath isosceles peaks
flowers nod like pensive women
and on the sheer immensity of pavements —
Suddenly
people are vigilant.
Peace is a little wind.
Everywhere —
it freshens.
This wind
a protesting wave will rush
crashing the corniced citadels of glass —
then waves of warmth.
Like séracs
under a Himalayan sun
the icy towers come down.

Roger Prentice

Mt Challenger

First the participants — the most important items on any trip, so why do we always list them at the end? To hell with tradition. Dick and Alice Culbert, Mary Tainsh, Roy Yates and Tim Kendrick (me). We went, we saw and some of us conquered. That's the trip in a nutshell but I guess the details have to go on record.

Challenger is no great height (8236 ft) but if you look at the map you'll see the mountain is surrounded by miles of damn-all. Just no way of getting a car closer than 18 miles. Usual pre-trip panics — phone calls, complicated arrangements. We needed a boat. Dick Culbert's "Canova" was offered, accepted, and the motor tested on a picnic table sans water. Dick himself was a last minute addition who went straight from the North Pole (?) via the airport to Ross Lake where we met on Friday 29 June 1973 to start the four day trip planned as a "leisurely jaunt".

I arrive at the border, alone in the car except for 900 cu ft of rubber filling the back (the "portable" boat). Check in with the Ranger who insists on issuing a "Permit to Use Back Country" ("2007 AD" is upon us!). The tag must be attached to pack at all times — protest at carrying extra weight is useless. Arrive at water's edge at 8.30 p.m. I'm here, where are the rest? Unpack the mass of rubber slowly, hoping for help in blowing the thing up. Dusk looms. Assemble the boat with difficulty and finish pumping as the others arrive. The boat is incorrectly assembled as they had some more bits of it in their cars. Unblow, reassemble, blow up again and fall asleep on the ramp in the dust.

Next morning up at 5 a.m and cross the 4 mile lake, making two hair-raising trips. I decide not to buy an inflatable boat. We organize at the start of Little Beaver trail and eat breakfast. An obnoxious child tells us to park boat at far end of the lake. We ignore same and face the trail.

The map lied. It promised 11 1/2 miles up a gentle valley bottom rising only 400 ft but the first mile or two is all up with switchbacks. Rain starts to fall. There is lots of heel-tapping and rest stops. I decide that anyone can have the rain forest — let them flood or log the bloody lot. We pass the first shelter at 7 miles. The trail is beautifully maintained but apparently union rules forbid improving creek crossings. Roy falls off a log into the creek. Flower freaks stop to identify a common looking flower. I suggest it's a Lesser Spotted Postlethwarte's Bog Thistle. Am ignored. We arrive in the rain at Stillwell Creek shelter having done 11 1/2 miles. Members of the party put out feelers about staying here. I would love to but simulate eagerness to press on. After crossing Beaver Creek on a new swaybridge we address ourselves to a 3 1/2 mile hack up to Beaver Pass. The sun comes out. It is hot. We arrive at a shelter, eat, and sack out.

Next a.m., very early, we plunge into raw bush. "Wiley Lake High Route" is described as a "neat and rewarding" approach to Challenger. The reward turns out to be five hours up with full packs, through steep bush, to timberline — at the rate of four stops an hour. Still it goes up. We're on snow now with vigorous discussion between two altimeters. One is expensive and pessimistic, one cheap and optimistic. Guess which was right. We arrive at a ridge

and get a distant view of Luna Cirque, described in the books as a fantastic sight. To a bloodshot eye it looks like any other old cirque. A tame marmot approaches. The shutterbugs go frantic. Marmot uncooperative. Won't move. Is intent on licking salt or something off a patch of moss. We deduce the patch is where D. Culbert "went" earlier.

We are over 6000 ft now and behind schedule. The route looks hairier than the book describes. Later we find that we traversed the face by mistake. Exposed. Not my thing. Eventually we find the perfect campsite with a fantastic view but we're still not sure exactly where we are. I go on a recce with Dick and find we're not as far as we thought we were — and that wasn't far either. We sack out, deciding on a 4.30 start next morning for the final assault.

My alarm goes off and rouses the camp. I am informed impolitely that it is only 3.30. We get up anyway. Am feeling terrible but force granola into a clenched stomach and slouch off, leading from the rear. Roy and I hung up in impenetrable bush on an unclimbable cliff and have to rappel out of it. Feeling worse. Put on crampons and get onto a nice open ridge leading to final glacier. We stop to discuss the route. I feel like dying and decide to do so alone, letting the others do their thing. When alone I defiantly throw up breakfast Granola onto Challenger Arm.

Waiting for the others to reach the summit I doubt if they'll have time — it looks hours away. We must get back to camp, pack up, traverse back, and bash down to Beaver Pass again all before dark. Take photos of the specks creeping up the final snow ridge. Looks like a final fang-like rock at the summit — actually a very narrow extremely exposed ridge — viewed end on. Two specks stop on the snow just below the rock — Roy and Mary. Dick and Alice press on and reach the summit via pins already in place — it was very exposed and small. "Not a place to dance a jig on" reports Alice later. Nobody up this year before them according to the register.

As the conquerors start to descend I stagger slowly back to camp, aiming to have the tea ready and packing done before they arrive. Reaching camp at 1 p.m. I lie down, waking in fright to see an inverted hairy snout in tent door. Dick Culbert is back. The time is 4 p.m. It has taken them eleven hours for the round trip. We still have to face the ghastly bush-bash down to shelter.

We pack up and plod out. Still feeling shaky I ask for a rope at the head of an exposed gully and get much consideration. For the "nth" time thank God Dick's along — I relinquished all claim to leadership long ago. We move down fast, aided by the strong gravity in the area, reaching level bush at dusk and thrashing across small creeks following Dick's nose. Unerring navigation hits the shelter right on. The party has had enough. Seventeen hours since we put our boots on that morning. After a quick supper we agree on a "late" start tomorrow (7 a.m.).

The night is Hell, Sheer Hell! — Mosquitoes attack the shelter in strength. They get into our sleeping bags and drink "Jungle Juice" and "Off" for kicks. A dreadful, sleepless night. Continual slaps, moans and curses from the men. The women seem to be asleep — maybe they smell too bad to eat — or the mosquitoes are Women's Libbers. The men arise at 4.30, unable to tolerate it any longer, drag the protesting women out and push them onto the trail, heading down 3 1/2 miles to Stillwell shelter, hoping for breakfast without mosquitoes.

After breakfast at the shelter we start on the 11 1/2 miles to Ross Lake and home. The sun rises — a great beastly ball of heat. We trudge along slowly — on and on. Very hot, some very sore feet. We average only 2 mph. Alongside the trail there are occasional stakes with cryptic numbers and symbols. Dick can decipher them — unfortunately — and announces that we have 46,178 feet to go to Ross Lake. Silence from the rest of us as we engage in furious mental calculations converting miles, hours and yards. "KILL CULBERT" is also on our minds. Finally, after a hot dry switchback we see Ross Lake's beautiful cool, clear, blue water. The last mile is a shuffle. We reach the wharf and soak our throbbing feet. No more walking! After ferrying bodies and packs back across the lake to the cars we deflate the boat, pack up and head for the Hope Dairy Queen. Dick's car stops, with dreadful graunching noises coming from underneath. Sounds like it's being tortured to death. Failing to diagnose the trouble Dick says "To hell with it" and amazingly keeps going all the way to Hope where only a minor defect is found. At the Dairy Queen, filthy, sunburnt, stared at stinking climbers finally part and I head for home planning to resign from the BCMC, move to Winnipeg and take up croquet.

Tim Kendrick

Reprinted from The B.C Mountaineer, vol. 52, no. 7. July 1974.

Mt Challenger. Tim Kendrick/M Irvine

The Old Alpinist

He sits back with his pipe
one mild evening
to gaze over rows
of imaginary peaks
snow-streaked and solemn.
His back curls
like an old photograph,
his beard is a mat
of bleached moss.
I ask him about
the past, but he stares
deafly out the window.
I leave, wondering if
he can hold together
the tatters of the past
with old summers in his mind
and old photographs of which
he's more and more a part.
Can he discern his friends
or are they
lustrous ghosts in half-cold air
waving across meadows,
succumbing to the shadows
that draw near and
touch his window?

Gordon Burles

The Alps

The 'coldest' hour is just before the dawn.

To me the Alps of Europe offer the greatest combination of mountain experiences. Rock and ice of all difficulties, thousands of fine routes, altitude, serious weather considerations, the concentration of many fine climbers of all nationalities from whom to learn and of course the history and tradition. There is even solitude if one chooses the right places and times to seek it. For five seasons now I have been climbing and guiding in the Alps. These are some of my experiences and discoveries.

THE CLIMBS

Aig. de Triolet, North Face

Almost as mindless as ski touring. A valid comment on ice climbing. The North face of the Triolet is 2600 ft and except for a 'plateau' in the upper section, smooth and unbroken; about 60°.

The joy of the climbing is in the rhythm and freedom of movement. Pitch after pitch, front pointing, step after step, the ice and time flow by with the same mechanical functions and pattern. There are no ledges, no overhangs, nothing to hide the exposure; nothing to conceal the aesthetic quality of this magnificent sheet of ice.

The roping up at 2 a.m. by headlamp, amidst avalanche debris and the initial pitches in the dark beneath unseen séracs add some spice. The silence, stars, splintering ice, sounds of axe and crampons, the sunrise and unbroken line reveal the beauty.

This I wrote several summers ago. I made the climb with Matt Hale, a fine climber from the eastern US, and began to discover the joy and technique of ice climbing. There is no finer place than amongst the granite spires above Chamonix. Here one can spend seasons choosing one ice route after another.

Dent d'Herens North Face.

Early the next year Dave Smith and I casually wandered from Zermatt to the Schonbuhl Hut, bound for the famous Dent d'Herens north face. One of Willo Welzenbachs greatest ice climbs it is an ice climbers dream — 4000 ft, with a barrier of séracs at half height offering some complex climbing and finishing with a 1500 ft headwall of 55° to the summit. The evening was from a Swiss postcard. Bivouaced beside a boulder we make our brew — the face directly across from us shone in the setting sun. Round us sheep foraged around with tinkling bells. In the black of midnight we started out by headlamp. As it slowly grew light we soloed the first 2000 ft of snow and ice and broken rock sections. As the sun rose we ran up against the famous sérac barrier, the key to the climb. A meandering pitch of 60° led to a vertical wall of 80 ft, gently overhanging at the start. I led up with a pterradactyl and a curved axe. After 10 or 12 ft hanging by a sling from the pterra' in went a screw. Then off again with my crampons just barely touching the ice and my full weight on the 'meathooks' in my hands. Another dozen feet and another screw. A great place to try out the modern ice technique — on overhanging walls, 2000 ft up. After about 30 ft the wall laid back to the vertical then towards the top to about 80° and I could climb on my feet. Dave jumared and led off on the next pitch. We had reached a crevasse which seemingly split the wall from one side to the other. Into the crevasse and a lead of 60° to the top of the lower side — the upper lip would involve a full pitch of overhanging ice. We found ourselves on a thin ridge, the gulf in front of us 140 ft deep and 100 ft across. We traversed along the top to the other end. More of the same.

But there did appear to be a way. Off a snow mushroom we rappelled and swung out underneath the séracs where they spewed over a 1000 ft rock face. Belayed to two screws we climbed easily up the edge of a sérac hanging over the cliff. The top was barely 20 ft short of the upper lip and the plateau above. Once again the wall was overhanging and in the heat of the sun the snow and ice had begun to melt and our axes would not hold. Resorting to traditional aid techniques we hammered in the shaft of an axe, then another, then the pterra', then down on the rope to retrieve an axe to use above. Finally we were on the top. In late afternoon we climbed steadily pitch after pitch up the headwall and as the sun set we scrambled over the top, 100 ft from the summit. In the black we found a ledge to revel in the cloudless night and await the morning. Above the stars, below their counterparts, the lights in the Italian valleys. Sunrise, a brew and then the short walk to the summit and the top of one of the finest pure ice routes in the Alps. It is something to remember that these two routes and most of the other great ice classics were done in the '20s and '30s, long before pterradactyls, curved axes, front points and ice screws.

Mt Blanc de Tacul, the Gervesutti Pillar.

But it's not all ice in the Alps. 5 a.m. and a flaming red sunrise

Per Temba sherpa on Bosson Glacier, Chamonix. Chic Scott

found Matt and I at the base of Mt Blanc de Taculs Gervesutti Filler. Above, 2500 ft of Chamonix granite. After debating the weather ('Red sky in the morning....') Matt took the first lead — fine V sup., immaculate rock and cold hands. For 1500 ft it was sustained. Mainly moderate V's with some IV and some short aid sections. This had to be one of the most pleasant rock climbs in the area. All around were the spires and ice of the Mt Blanc Massif. Nearby rose the Grand Capucin whose east face I had climbed in '68, my first season in the Alps. 2000 ft of aid, it would hardly inspire a Yosemite climber with all the pins in place, but I had found it exciting. It was my first aid climb, first hanging belays and the angle never eased off. The weather held and after eleven hours, seven less than guidebook time, we found ourselves on the summit. The last 1000 ft though easy had been slow — the top is 14,000 ft and above 12-13,000 ft you begin to notice it. Probably overgraded with an ED rating it is still a superb climb. All face climbing, a pack is not a hindrance and as it faces south east it is regularly in condition.

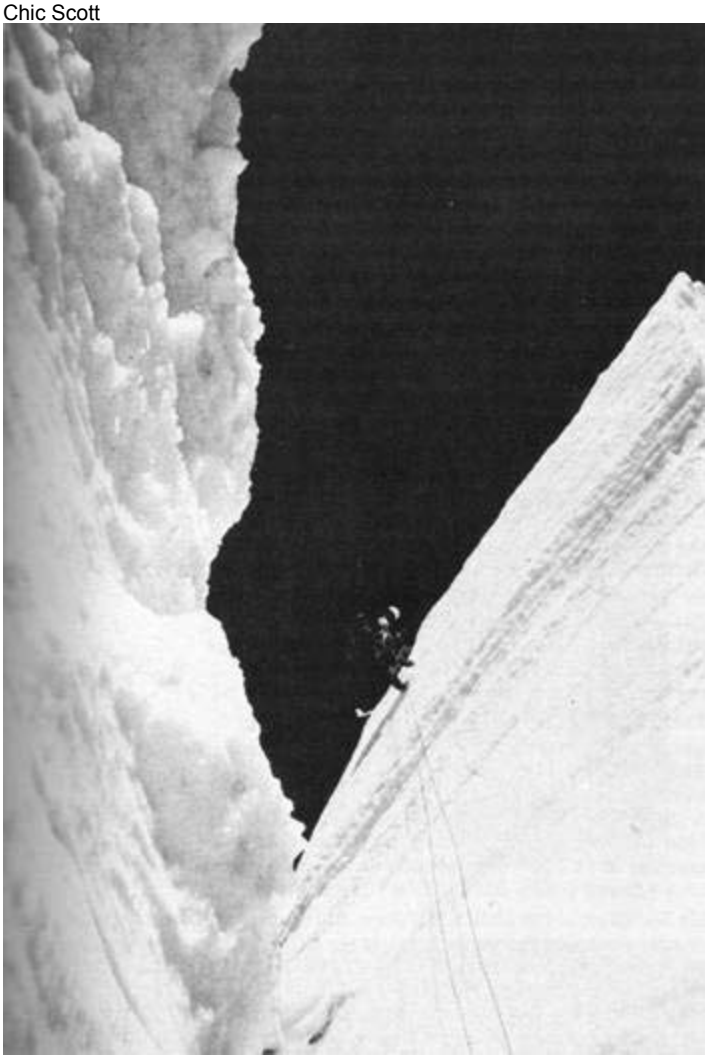
Aiguille de Dru North Face.

Not so the Dru North Face. Cold and icy, it's in the traditional north face style. In training for the Rassemblement International, Lloyd MacKay and I were thinking of greater things and the Dru was a warmup. 'Watch out for those fourth class pitches' is a general comment on the Alps and a true one. Narrow squeeze chimneys with a large pack can become desperate and those corners, trickling with water and covered with verglas, ferocious. A solid line of pins ten feet to the right witness someone else's struggle under worse conditions. The section around 'The Niche' supposedly the hard part was a pleasure. Bordering the west face, it's dry, the granite is flawless and the protection excellent. But then another fourth class pitch! Fashioning etriers from slings and hero loops, a ten foot wall took three aid pins, in place of course. Only fourth class? With a black storm looming in the west we bivouaced about 300 or 400 ft from the top. Hurrying over mixed ground, with no runners and a poor belay, nicking steps in the ice with my hammer I almost came off, so we stopped on a convenient ledge. A few sprinkles of snow in the morning spurred us on to the top and the rappels down the other side. The weather held till we reached the glacier then the heavens opened. For a month it stormed and there went our plans.

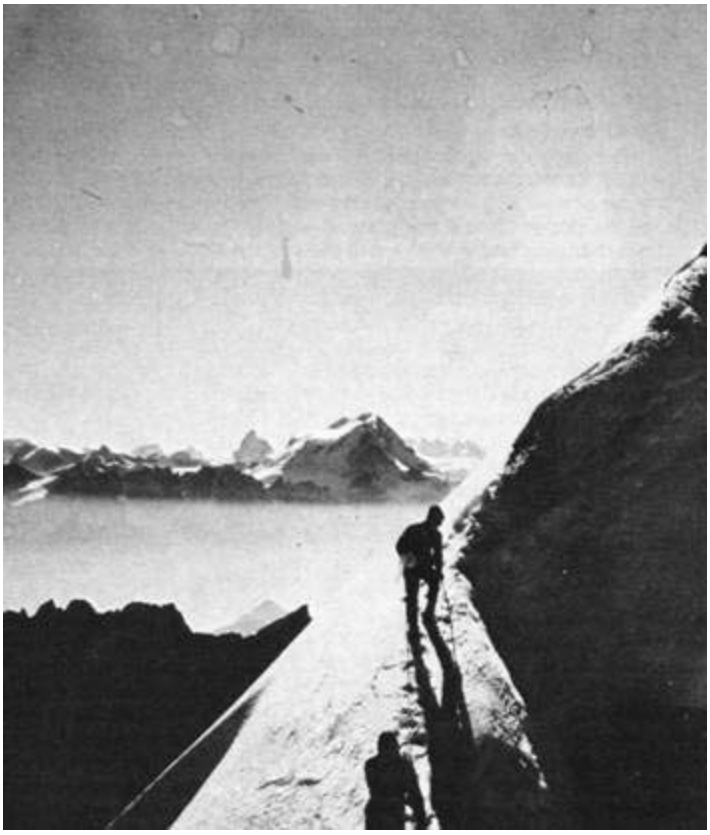
Les Courtes North Face, the Swiss Direct.

Lloyd and I had managed one other fine route before the Dru so the summer was not completely lost. The Swiss direct on the north face of Les Courtes had a hard reputation and was listed as one of the half dozen or so most serious ice climbs in Europe. Friends warned us of its terrors but undaunted we continued up to the Argentiere Hut. After a late 2 a.m. start the sun was already on the face when we reached the 'schrund. Some near vertical moves and a steep wall above led to a rib of loose rock which we followed to the start of the main difficulties, a 300 ft section of thin, 70° ice. Climbing next to the rock for solid protection, three leads took us up. It was steep enough to necessitate cutting a step from which to place a screw and one was thankful for a pteradactyl to keep one on the vertical. As we climbed over the rim onto the wide, 55° slopes above, a huge bird-like object winged through the air. The rock crashed, spurring adrenalin. No damage but we regretted our late start. Pitch after pitch followed. An afternoon storm sent down streams of spindrift but cleared as we reached a small ledge 300 ft below the top. We stopped here for the night and in sunshine the

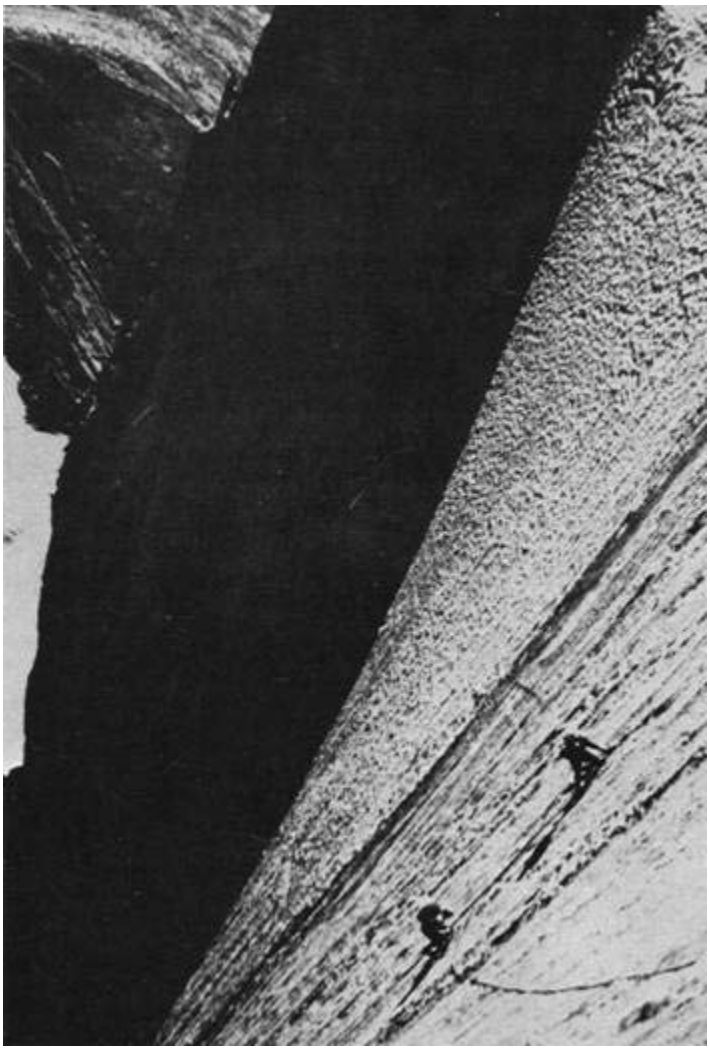
Dave Smith rappelling into the crevasse on Dent d'Herens North Face. Chic Scott



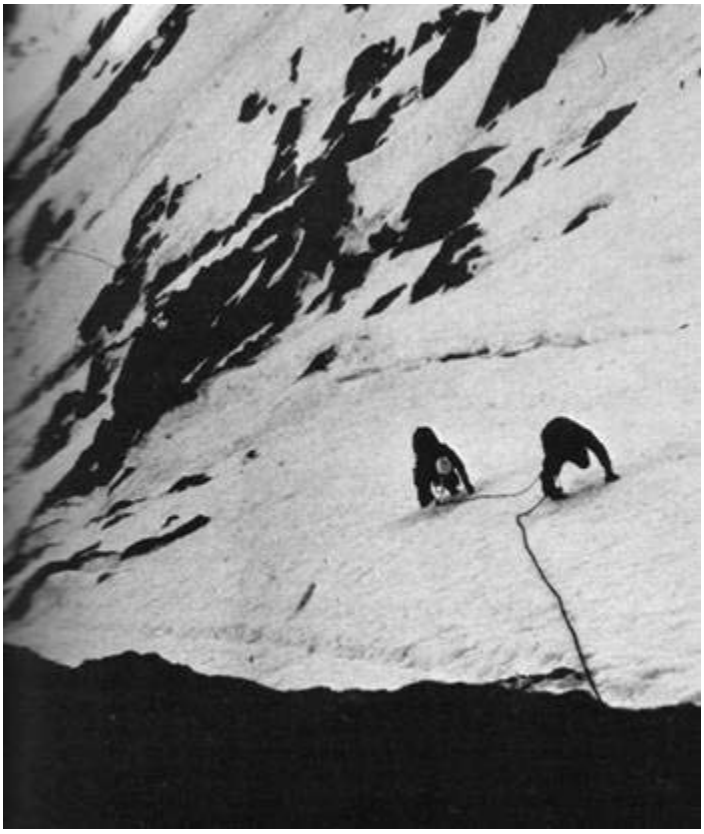
With client on summit ridge of Les Courtes. Chic Scott



Two clients in Spenser Couloir on Aig de Blatiere. Chic Scott



With client in upper part of Whymper Couloir on Aig. Verte. Chic Scott



next morning continued to the summit and down the other side to a welcome drink.

Aiguille d'Argentiere, North East Face Direct.

It's hard to find a line for a new route in the Alps but Douglas Hasten spends much of his spare time browsing through climbing journals and several springs ago came up with one. The north east face of the Aig. d'Argentiere had a fine, steep ice gully running up it into a wide icefield above. The spur immediately to the right had been climbed by Messner but not this gully so we went after it. Shortly after the climb I wrote:

As usual, another early start. 2 a.m., threading crevasses by headlamp. Silence reigns at this hour and everything is at peace. Only the occasional murmur from the ice or the crack of a solitary rock leaping to the glacier below breaks the stillness. At this hour all is frozen.

First light and you wrestle gear and ropes with numb and painful fingers. Two or three pitches and you're ready for anything. Then the angle steepens and your axe holds you on; pulls you up. It was never meant to be a walking stick anyways.

Two pitches of 70xxxxxxxx" over plates of snow and ice, with poor protection follows. Everything hits rock but sometimes the protection is in the skill and the caution. Then the angle eases onto the lower edge of the icefield. Six or seven pitches of 50°, under a new hot sun, step by step lead to the final ribs and gullies. The final slopes arrive and with them once more the clouds and mist.

Quickly, over the edge and down into the gully. The rope comes off ('Better one than two.') and 2000 ft of step kicking, each with his own thoughts brings the glacier again. An evening's stroll follows to the hut for a hot brew and a pleasant sleep.

There have been many more good climbs over these five seasons. It would be hard to forget that overhang on the west face of the Third Sella Tower in the Dolomites. Swinging like a monkey on jugholds over a square cut six foot roof was a new and exhilarating experience. And so was the wine and spaghetti at the bottom. The north face of the Lyskamm in deep new snow gave us an unexpected bivouac at 14,000 ft with no gear on a clear and cold June night. The time passed slowly but it was a night to remember.

My first climb in the Mt Blanc Range, the north ridge of the Aiguille de Peigne is one of the finest in the area. 2000 ft of the best granite in the world, the final 1000 ft is sustained and strenuous Vth class climbing. A group of Chamonix guides and guide aspirants taking their exam above us belied the guidebooks by using their etriers on the difficult sections. Then there was the incident of the rock with Lloyd on the Old Brenva route. Lloyd was hit but unharmed although the rope fared a little worse and was finished.

My first outing in the Alps was perhaps the worst, but the experience prepared me for what was ahead. It was perhaps a warning and a reminder as I set out on my way. Crossing an 11,000 ft pass above Zermatt we came upon a party in trouble. Having fallen down 400 ft of steep ice and bounded through several 100 ft of boulders and ledges one was seriously injured while the other was only bruised. My companions skied to the valley for assistance while I remained with the pair. The night passed, cold and blowing snow. All the down gear protected the injured pair. There were only cigarettes for comfort. As a golden sunrise lit a plume off the Matterhorn I vainly gave mouth to mouth and heart massage to a dying man. After an hour there was no point. It's a dangerous place.

No, I never climbed the Eiger North Face, the Walker Spur or the Matterhorn North Face, although I thought about them a lot and even prepared to head out on one of them twice, only to be foiled by the weather. They will wait and so can I. I have had five enjoyable and safe climbing seasons in the beautiful peaks and valleys of the Alps and perhaps some day things will click and I may get a go at these too. Rather than simply climb these great walls I would like to climb them and enjoy them.

GUIDING

The normal flow of guides has always been east to west, Swiss and Austrian guides coming to Canada. In 1968 I was asked to work at the International School of Mountaineering in Switzerland and have done so now for five summers. I suppose I am the first Canadian who has reversed the trend and guided in the Alps. The range of experience has varied from the 40 ft walls of the Leysin quarry to the 4000 ft walls of Mt Blanc. Private climbs I squeezed in between work weeks. It has been difficult operating in 'the home of it all' beneath the noses of the European guides. Rates and wages have been low so living has generally been on close to a starvation diet but I got what I was searching for — the experience.

The Matterhorn. It would be only right to start off with the Matterhorn, the worlds most classic guided ascent. After a phone call, a day on the train from Chamonix to Leysin then on to Zermatt I arrived in this Swiss village at the foot of the peak. I located my client then, as I had not eaten all day, found a bar for a midnight snack.

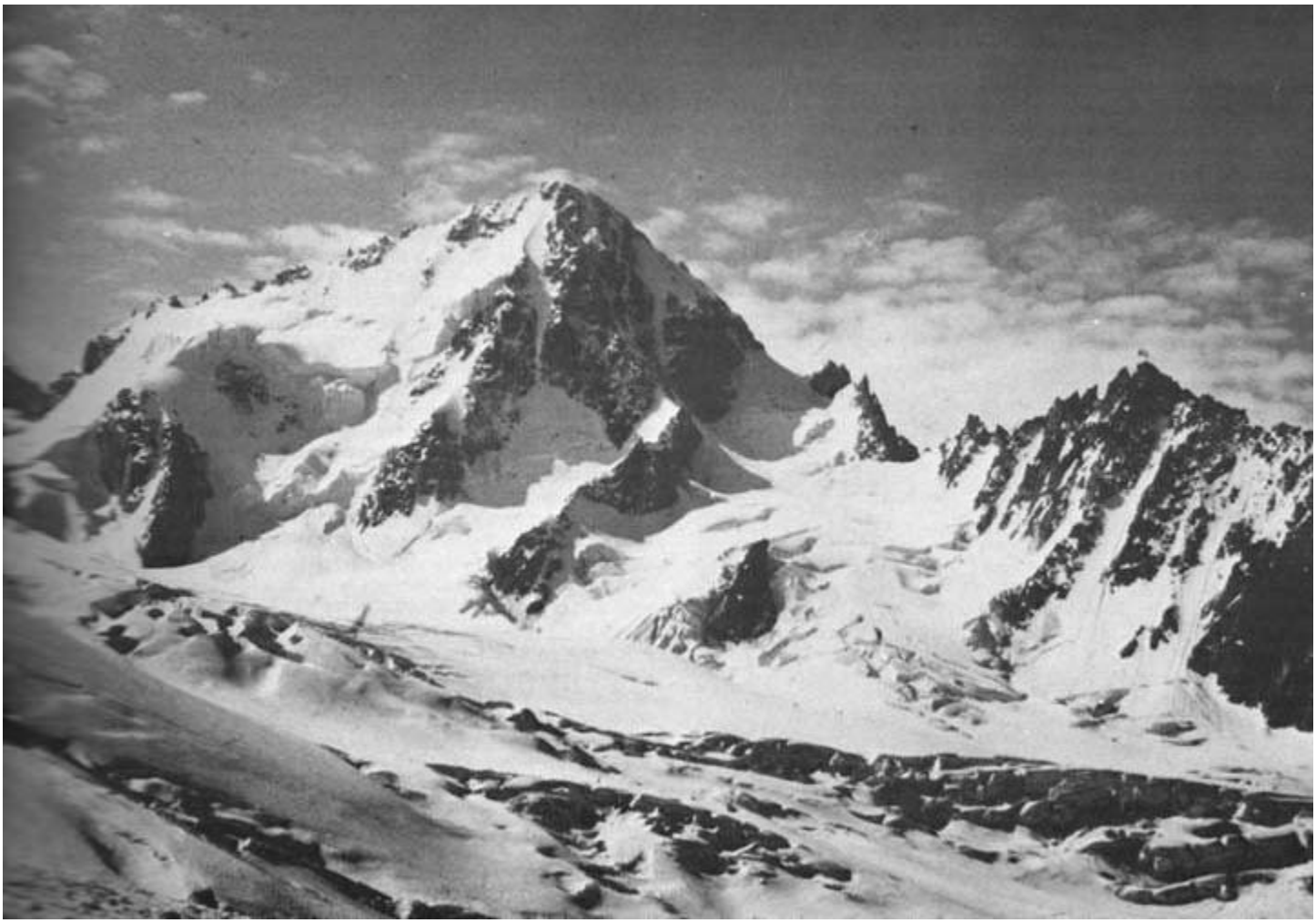
We had a late start and in the afternoon pleasantly walked up to the Hornli Hut at the foot of the ridge, the ridge of Whymper and Croz. Having never climbed the peak before I was looking forward to the experience, despite its 'trade route' reputation. Darkness brought an incredible lightning storm. Flashes danced down the ridge as I pondered the possibilities. At midnight snow was still coming down. By 3 a.m. it was clearing and the hut keeper felt it would be a good day. I woke my client. After a quick breakfast we were on our way. Soon the trail became easy second and third class scrambling but because of the snow we belayed our way up the ridge. It was the first climb of the year for my client and regularly it was necessary to scratch around beneath the snow to find a hold. As the sun rose we neared the Solvay Bivouac Hut. A Swiss guide and his client passed, climbing rapidly together. The client asked his guide why they were not belaying. 'Because we do not want to spend a night on the mountain.'

By the time we reached the shoulder occasional clouds were blowing in and it was becoming cold. There seemed to be no large front moving in so we kept going. The fixed ropes were encased in ice and a cold wind blew as we came onto the summit slopes. Above 14,000 ft now we climbed slowly together into the clouds

The Grand Capucin. Route follows right hand skyline. Chic Scott

Aig. Verte with Whymper Couloir descending from just right of summit. Chic Scott

Aig. De Chadonet north buttress descending directly below summit. Chic Scott



and mist until the Cross and visions of Whymper and his party appeared — presumably the Swiss summit. A few pictures and we turned down. It was becoming late and 'We did not want to spend a night on the mountain.' It was advisable to belay most of the way down as fatigue was beginning to set in so it was nearing 6 p.m. when we reached the Solvay Hut. We had another two hours of light left and it was two hours to the Hornli Hut but rather than risk a slip or being caught in the dark we awaited the morning — alone with our thoughts, tea, the wind and the history of the ridge. The weather held and in the morning we descended to our 'victory beers' below. My companion safely reunited with his wife (on his honeymoon?) I was soon on the train back to Leysin.

My Best Client. I was a little shaken when Dougal informed me that there was a 16 year old who wanted to do the north face of the Dru. Regaining my composure a bit I made the introduction and we discussed plans and past climbs and decided to start with something a little less and see how it went. Thereafter followed ten fine days of climbing rather than guiding. Twice my companion complimented me by admitting that I had led something which he could not. He was partially wrong — he could probably have led those two pitches as well. He had only been climbing one full year but it had struck him with a passion. He had begun the previous summer with another instructor in Leysin and had spent the winter back in the States working on it.

We soon headed for the Albert Premier Hut above Argentiere in France. Here there was a good selection of climbs for any eventuality. We started with a gully up the centre of the Aig. de Tour. It presented a few steep ice pitches, a nice summit, some altitude and an easy descent. Apart from a snow storm on the summit everything went smoothly so we looked for something greater. Nearby the Aig. de Chardonnet, with a 1500 ft buttress on its north face invited. It was a mixed climb and at the moment was very snowy and icy. A cold and early start and we were once again on our way in perfect weather. Ahead climbed two friends and two Austrians — impressed by my young friend's presence.

Powdery snow over rocks at the start soon led to a snow ridge. After this the climb became more interesting with granite gullies filled with ice. Several difficult pitches on water ice and a few snowy mantleshelves brought us above the séracs and below the 50° headwall to the top. In shirt sleeves we climbed the final three pitches to a grand view of the Argentiere basin on the other side and an easy descent to the valley.

Several days of rain sent us back to Leysin for a rest and a rock climb. Four pitches with some easy sixth class posed no problems but I was running into the difficulty of satisfying a young tiger. There was no choice — it was a big route. I was still leery of the Dru north face, particularly in the event of a storm but my companion was satisfied with a go at the Brenva Face of Mt Blanc, the icy east face of the mountain. It offers some of the finest and most direct routes to the summit and the Sentinelle Rouge was our choice. Once again I had never climbed the peak (as in the case of the Tour and the Chardonnet) so it was an adventure for me, in the best spirit of guiding — exploratory rather than the same route and peak 20 times per summer.

In the afternoon we climbed to the Trident Hut, dried our gear and prepared for an early start. By 10 p.m. we were on our way! The face is exposed to ice avalanches from the séracs which form its upper rim and it is necessary to traverse many major and minor gullies at the start. We wanted to be at the base of the rib which forms the upper half of the route before the sun hit the face. A distant lightning storm over Italy entertained us and the moon etched out the profile of the Eckpfiler Buttress as we crossed the glacier, climbed to Col Moore and headed out onto the face. After several hours, climbing together over mixed ground, we reached the edge of the Grand Couloir. Up and across we climbed for six or seven pitches on 45° ice with one screw for a belay — not enough for a leader fall. Speed was essential on this most exposed part of the route. Below the face was beginning to sprout more twinkling headlamps as other parties began to scatter out onto the various routes. As the sun rose we reached the base of the rib for breakfast and in the warmth continued up. We were above 14,000 ft so progress was slow. The last thousand foot summit slope, most above 15,000 ft, dragged on at a measured pace. Eventually we reached the summit, the highest in Europe. The trail down the normal route was well broken. We descended to the Vallot Hut, passing the same two Austrians we had met before. Once again they were amazed at the success of one so young. After a cold night in the hut at 15,000 ft we continued on down to Chamonix for coffee and croissants.

A Good Week.

The summer before a week of good weather yielded three fine guided climbs. We, another young client and a friend looking for some routes, centred ourselves at the Couvercle Hut, showpiece hut of the French Alps. The south ridge of the Aig. de Moine was a good starter — third and fourth class with an easy descent and one of the finest views in the area. The ridge was a little crowded but we 'played through', taking in the fifth class variation for sport. After a rest day we decided on the traverse of Les Courtes, noted as being perhaps the most enjoyable and scenic ridge climb in the Mt Blanc range. After a 2 a.m. start we cramponned up superbly frozen slopes to the ridge and in impeccable weather traversed to the summit, marvelling at the wall of the Argentiere basin below. Back at the hut by noon we relaxed in the sun, the north wall of the Grand Jorasses our TV as we sipped our beers.

For our final climb we chose the Aig. Verte. A big 4000 m peak, it offers no easy routes and is a serious undertaking. We chose the simplest, Whymper couloir route, and by headlamp found our way over the glacier to the 'schrund. The climbing was once again excellent, with many 50° ice pitches at the top. By 9 we were sitting in the sun on the summit. But even 9 a.m. is late for this route since the couloir becomes an avalanche channel in the heat of the day. Soon we began making our way down. The top of the couloir was still safe and well frozen but lower down we sought out minor ribs for security until we could traverse to safer ground. A nudge by a small avalanche just as we crossed the 'schrund onto the safety of the glacier reminded us of our good fortune. With three fine climbs, all new for me, under our belts we descended again to the smoky dens of Chamonix.

Tea Sahib? Anyone who has been to Nepal will recognize this familiar morning greeting. This past summer I had the pleasure and honour of spending most of ten days with Per Temba, one of Nepal's finest Sherpas. Courtesy of a Dutch friend he was being

treated to a tour of Europe and Britain and had chosen to spend some time at The International School of Mountaineering. Back in Nepal he would be the guide and he wanted a sol id grounding in modern rock and ice technique. Having been the highest carrying Sherpa on the British Mt Everest South West Face Expedition (making a solo carry in bad weather without oxygen to camp VI at over 27,000 ft) he had already learnt much. I felt a little foolish instructing a man with a background as solid as his. I took great pleasure in our reversed roles, he being the paying Sahib and I the servant, but years of practising humility in Nepal made the game a difficult one. The finest aspect was after the day's climbing — relaxing, having a drink and listening to some music and breaking down the Sherpa/Sahib barrier. Most of our time was spent on the very basics he would be instructing back in Nepal. Belaying, setting up anchors, placing pins, and basic movement on rock were covered over and over. On the off days he would make a climb with Dougal on the local cliffs. A trip to the Bossons Glacier in Chamonix dealt with modern ice technique and the use of the modern tools. Finally a trip to the Vignettes Hut and an ascent of the Petite Mt Collon gave us a good outing and a fine view of the ranges of the Western Alps. In company with the rest of the School this was truly an interesting outing — participants being from Scotland, England, Nepal, USA, Sweden and Canada. From Leysin Per Temba continued his adventures on to some friends in Southern France then to Britain for a month.

Filming the Eiger Sanction. It took me quite a while to decide whether I wanted to be involved. I received a letter asking if I wanted to work on the filming of The Eiger Sanction, a Hollywood thriller involving some mountaineering. Made by Universal it starred Clint Eastwood. Needless to say it was a very attractive offer but after reading the book I was unsure. The author had derived all his information and story line direct from The White Spider and to me had made a bit of a parody of a number of tragedies. Weaned on The White Spider, I was reluctant to be involved in what appeared to be an insult to the dead. Eventually I sent an affirmative reply. Foremost in my mind I thought I might be able to have some effect on the movie. I even had thoughts, dreams rather, of them rewriting the whole script. As well it would be good money as I was in debt $6000 for an Himalayan Expedition. It turned out to be an incredible experience. Although the story line remained essentially the same many parts were modified. It remains to be seen exactly what will make the screen after editing.

Action really started with the arrival of Reiner Schoene, Germany's Rock 'n Roll star. We met him at the station in Aigle near Leysin. Our instructions were merely the time of arrival and that he would be 6'5" and carrying a guitar. Dave Knowles from Scotland and I met the train. He took one end, I the other, and as the platform cleared at the far end appeared the man. Dave slowly advanced down the platform to meet him, almost thinking he was in some western movie, shook his hand, grabbed his guitar and we were off. Reiner, to play the role of the German climber, was to remain in Leysin for two weeks getting fit, learning basic climbing techniques and getting used to exposure. Over the next few days Michael Grimm, cast as the Austrian climber and Jean Pierre Bernard as the French climber arrived. The casting director had spent three weeks travelling Europe to locate the trio and his choice was excellent.

It didn't take long to sense what was happening and to run through the whole production. The psychology of it all. If you are to play a top notch climber and you are a good actor you must believe that you are what you are supposed to be. Oh, oh — that could be dangerous. For the next two months the name of the game was separating the fantasy from the reality. It produced some amazing situations — the meeting of the fantasy world of Hollywood and the very real world of climbing (i.e. just what to do on a small ledge with 6 or 8 ropes, which one to untie, which one to rappel on etc.).

For two weeks the training of the actors went on while Dougal, already at Kleine Scheidegg below the Eiger prepared the locations. With him was Mike Hoover, chief cameraman on the mountain. Our arrival at Scheidegg was heralded by an incredible storm — thunder and lightning reverberating off the mountain walls, rivers swollen and raging, hail stones falling the size of golf balls. As the skies cleared dozens of huge waterfalls were visible cascading down the face. Two people from the wardrobe department shuddered as they realized that this was the Eiger and checked their blood pressure. The rest of us leaned from the train windows marvelling at the site and discussing the routes. Walking into the hotel we were greeted by the chief accountant who, feeling very much like Santa Claus I'm sure, presented us with $230 each for the week's expenses. We met some of the others involved, Norman Dyhrenfurth the Chief Co-ordinator, Eastwood and Jim Fargo the First Director.

Next morning we were dropped off at the 3.8 km tunnel (the Gallery Window) onto the face. Dougal, Mike and Eastwood climbed the fixed ropes above, over the Difficult Crack and up to the Rote Fluh, to check the location and get a few starter scenes. Dave Knowles and I climbed down and across to the Shattered Piller, fixing ropes along the way, to set up a climbing scene, i.e. put in the pins and fixed ropes leading to the location for ease of movement when filming. It was a great day, my first time on the face, and Dave who had climbed it before filled me in on all the landmarks.

The following day it was onto the face again, this time up the fixed ropes to a point about 200 ft up the overhanging Rote Fluh. The exposure was incredible as Martin Boysen on one side and myself on the other placed pins and bolts as anchor points for the cameraman's ropes. Two free rappels with a hanging station took us to the top of another half dozen rappels back to the window.

On the third day filming started in earnest. The most difficult scene was first, where the French climber is hit by rock fall, knocked off a small ledge and pulled back on again. The location was half way up the Eiger's west ridge where we could drop over the edge onto the face. A vertical wall and 2500 ft of exposure made for some sensational shots but for tricky work with a dozen or so people. The helicopter picked us up in the morning and deposited us by winch on the ridge and we went to work. I had been asked to double the Frenchman and do a 20 ft fall over an overhang but as I was a little reluctant another double was found. I received a job a little more to my liking — checking everyone before they rappelled over onto the face, belaying them and alternately lowering or pulling up ropes as they were needed.

Filming went well for two days. The scene was 'in the can',

and by the end of the second day everyone had been lifted off the mountain except three experienced climbers. Dougal and I went down with the last of the actors. As we climbed out of the helicopter it came over the radio that there had been an accident. Someone had been badly hurt.

With Martin we flew back up again. As we came into the location there was the scene we had been enacting for two days. A pillar of rock had broken off falling on Dave and Mike below. Dave was hit and killed, Mike luckily only badly bruised. There was little to be done. Such a meeting of fantasy and reality I could not have imagined. For two days we did nothing — collecting ourselves and preparing anew.

For the remainder of the production the attitude towards safety grew. As actors and film crew gradually became aware of the risks involved a more conservative approach was adopted. Many scenes were filmed on the fringes of the Eiger. Rock climbing scenes were filmed lower down on the west flank and soon all may marvel as Martin Boysen climbs an overhanging wall through a small waterfall. Some of the rescue scenes were filmed near a tunnel entrance here as well. After several weeks an attempt was made to film on the face. It was to be a major operation with the four actors, the four doubles, two cameramen, soundmen, etc. It was a warm and dripping morning and Dougal, Mike and Clint headed out first to have a look. After about half an hour a radio call came back saying that it was too dangerous. As the group appeared at the doorway the reason for the change in plans was evident — Eastwood's hand was bathed in blood, the product of a falling rock.

Some incredible scenes were filmed high on the west ridge. A metal ladder was suspended over the steepest and longest possible drop. While safely belayed, Clint climbed to the edge of the ladder and was lowered into a hanging position about ten feet down. Mike then crawled out onto the ladder and shot vertically down through the rungs. One day the camera, tied to the end of 100 ft of slack rope and protected by a steel container, was thrown off here about six times. A true view of a fall.

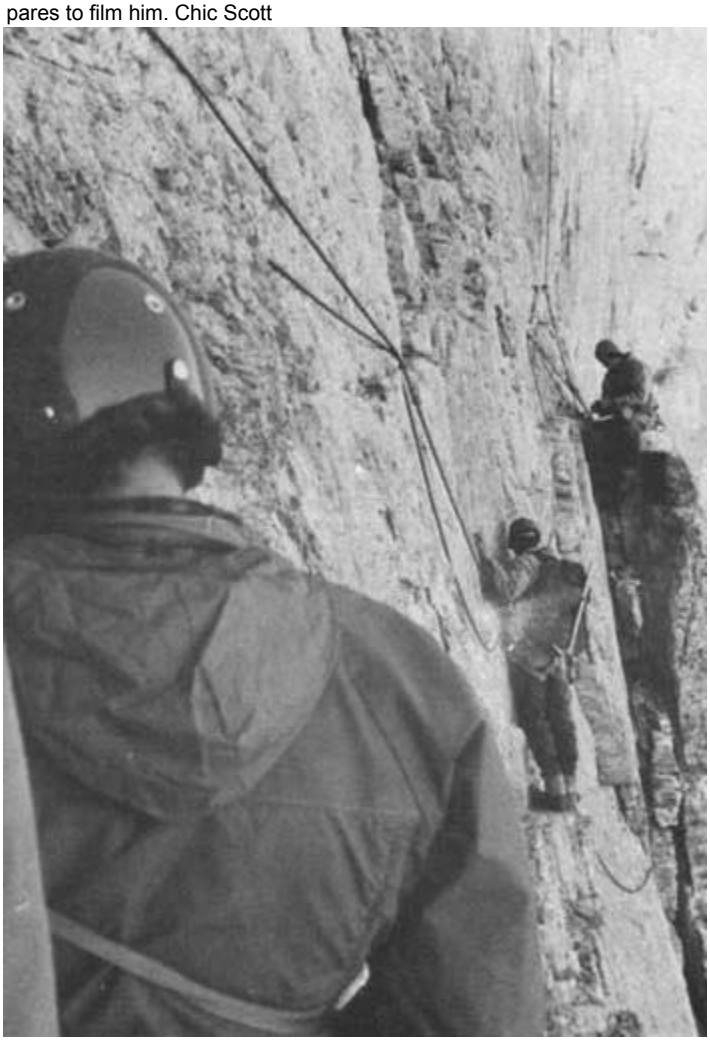
Ice climbing scenes were filmed on a small peak, the Mathildenspitz, close to the upper terminal of the Jungfraujoch railway and bivouac scenes near here as well.

Attempts were made to film the rescue scene from the 4.2 km tunnel doorway. It was necessary to erect in position a 28 ft extendable tripod to suspend Eastwood well out from the wall. Rock fall and avalanches from a heavy snowfall eventually made this suicidal.

Several days were finally spent filming in the vicinity of the Difficult Crack. The first day, Mike and four doubles scrambled around and again one can marvel as Martin Boysen climbs the Difficult Crack and the rest of us do some minor scenes. On virtually the last day of filming Eastwood again ventured out onto the face for a very successful day of shooting. By 4.30 a.m. we were waiting first light to head up the ropes. The day was spent alternating between filming from the helicopter (with many zoom type shots) and Mike filming close-ups. At one point Clint spent over two hours hanging in a harness on the end of a rope doing

Dave Smith climbing headwall on Dent d'Herens North Face. Chic Scott

Eastwood climbs across, 2500 ft up, while Mike Hoover on far ledge prepares to film him. Chic Scott

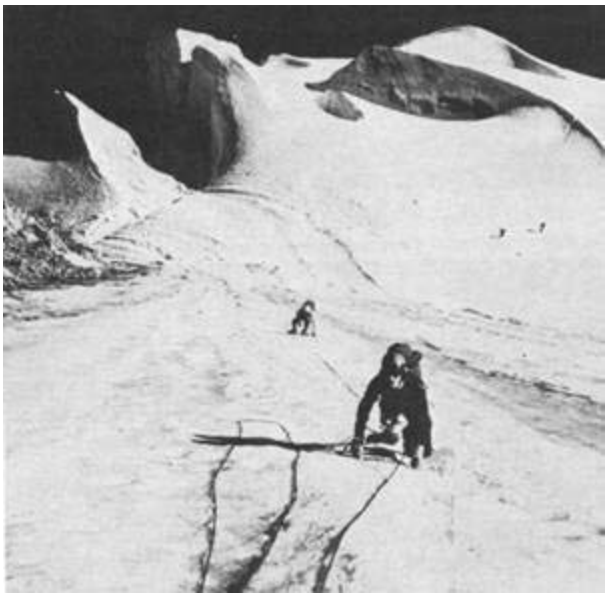


Myself fixing ropes on Rote Fluh Hinterstroisser traverse in background. Chic Scott

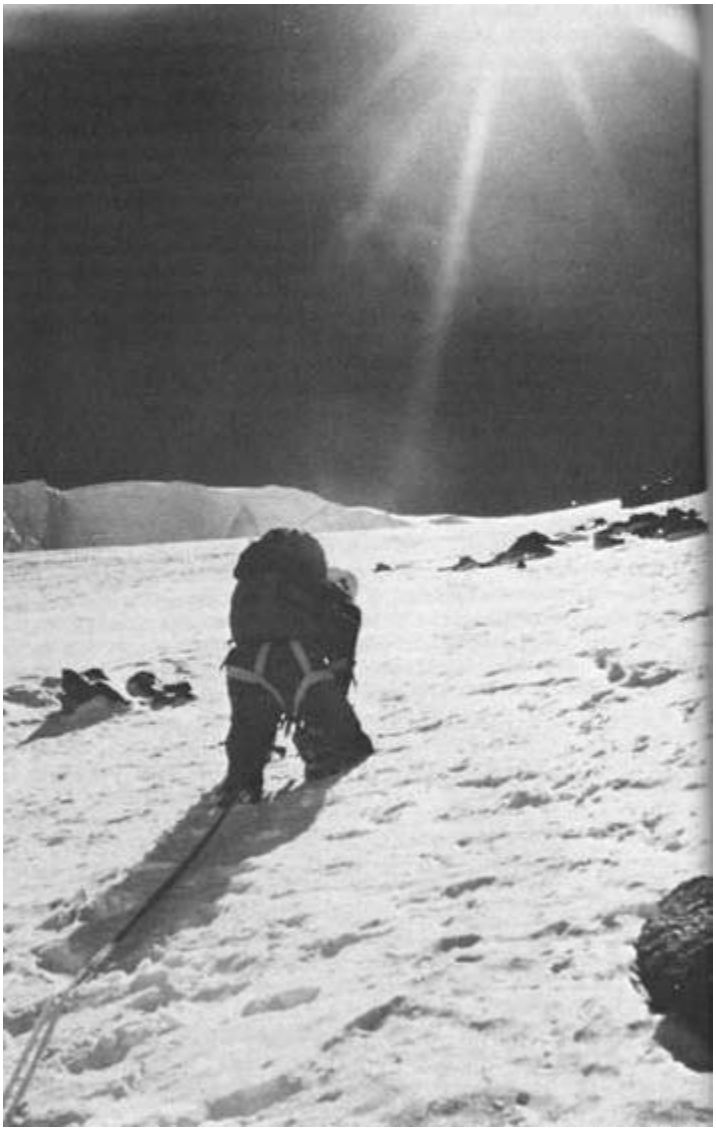
Matt Hale on north face of Aig. de Triolet. Chic Scott

Lunch break on Eager north face about 2500 ft up. C. Eastwood, Mike Hoover (camera man) and Dougal Haston at base of Rote Flub. Chic Scott

Two clients in Spenser Couloir on Aig. de Blatiere. Chic Scott



Dave Smith on north face of Lyskamm. Chic Scott



Client on north ridge of Aig. de Geant. Chic Scott

gigantic 80 ft pendulums.

These fine adventures did not all happen quickly. The start was slow and not without some discomfort. My first season was spent mainly in the local quarry doing introductory rock schools. It rained virtually without stop for one month but we went out every day. An occasional climb of 300 or 400 ft on the local cliffs provided some variety. It was worth only $200 a month, six days a week but one can't complain — it was a break and they don't come every day. One summer's guiding in Canada in 1970 was enjoyable but only confirmed that my true path remained back in Europe.

The working atmosphere with Dougal has been excellent. For two years we hardly spoke a word. He just let me get on with it. We were in charge of our own ropes and our own operations — it's terrific when someone has some confidence in you.

Each year it's a long ways back to the Alps and I don't know what the future will bring but it was my break and my chance and I'm grateful for it. It's truly a mad, mad world. My experiences in Europe have ranged between sleeping in ditches, on small ledges, and in private hotel rooms. There's always plenty of action on the Continent. If anyone's looking for a place to climb I'd recommend it. As Eric Shipton says:

But even now the Alps themselves are potentially what they were, if only a man goes to them in the right spirit.

Chic Scott

Unfinished Business

Thunderheads raced across blackening western skies, moving in our direction. One last time I inspected the anchor and rappel sling. I shuddered involuntarily as a fierce updraft flattened trousers against my legs. Then I clipped the doubled line into my diaper sling and backed off the ledge. For the third, and the final time, I was making the last rappel off Mt Eon. A surge of triumph momentarily pervaded my otherwise anxious feelings, for on this attempt Harriet and I were returning — finally — from a successful venture.

Our descent thus far had been impelled by thunderstorms gathering in the near distance — too damn near. A ferocious wind had splattered us with huge drops of melt water blown up from far below. The climbing rope had arced out from the ridge in a gigantic catenary. Furious gusts had pummelled the cliffs with deafening blows, obliterating all communication. A hand automatically clamped over a wayward hat had nearly provoked disaster. The rappel line had resisted all efforts to make it go downward, standing, instead, stiffly out from the wall. But so far, no terrifying, proximate lightning stroke, no drenching, chilling downpour.

Over crumbling cliffs and treacherous screes, we scurried more quickly than our normal prudence allowed to the col between Mts. Eon and Aye. Then we bailed off down steep snow to the glacier, scarcely pretending to safeguard each other across the bergschrund. Reaching the 1500ft headwall dropping into the valley we plunged recklessly over the brink, despite our memory of Jim's recent nasty tumble on this same slope. Slithering talus, punky snow, unyielding compacted moraine, ultimately alder and conifers. The struggle between fatigue and the desire to be speedily done with it had reached its climax. A few 100 yards more through the dim forest and then — ah — some hot soup, a warm sleeping bag. It was 10p.m. When we had departed camp 17 hours earlier, however, our tent had not been sprawled flat on the ground!

So the tale ends. For its beginning I must retrogress several years to a time when the ACC held its Annual Camp on the shores of Lake Magog beneath the impressive pyramid of Mt Assiniboine. There I nurtured the aspiration to foray over the pass into the untracked cirque containing Gloria Lake in order to attempt an untried route on rarely climbed Mt Eon.

The lure was compelling and soon I had enlisted seven other naively optimistic, but ultimately misguided climbers. Crashing through slide alder, stumbling over deadfalls, flushing a grizzly bear, tread-milling endlessly on scree — such constituted only minor handicaps to our endeavour. Even two nights bivouacing in the rain, curled up atop coils of climbing rope raising us, barely, off a slab awash with running water, fell just short of unmitigated wretchedness. Immediately, that almost palatable portion of our grim rations, Spork and those awful New Brunswick sardines, ran out. Thereafter we subsisted solely on carrots. Carrots? Yes indeed — raw, crunchy carrots, without even salt. Amid scarcely suppressed murmurs proposing cannibalism — or at minimum, a lynching — we hardly cared that we had been thwarted in our aim by the surprising defenses of Mt Eon, foul weather, and our own lack of condition.

It stuck in my craw. Apparently though, of our party only Harriet and I retained an enduring taste for Mt Eon — if not for carrots. But to climb a new route on a major peak well removed from the beaten track required a stronger party than the two of us alone. So, onto the back burner another in my ever-expanding file of unfinished projects.

And there the matter remained until last summer when I beguiled two unwitting and trusting old friends into joining us on another foray. This one almost ended before it began, since Jim's big, low-slung, gas guzzler barely survived the last few miles of the execrable Spray Lakes "road". An even greater concern though, was whether Jim himself would survive his monstrous pack. Jack, Harriet, and I were appalled enough by the size of our own loads, for it was the first day of a new climbing season and we recognized we were soft from a winter of easy living. But Jim's load weighed even more, and for him it was the first day of the first season in several years. "The Bear", however, was undaunted — openly anyway.

Fortunately the sky was overcast so the sweat flowed less profusely than otherwise it might. The trail was gradual and level underfoot. Thus by mid-afternoon we arrived at the inlet stream to Marvel Lake, having traversed the length of the lake, slogged halfway up to Wonder Pass, and dropped a 1000 ft along an increasingly rough and obscure trail. Thereafter it was like I always remembered it — bushwhacking through the tangled brush, stumbling over deadfalls, sinking into quagmires. In fact even better, because this trip we had packboard loads to hang upon

branches or to squash our noses into muck whenever we tripped.

"Oh God, is it really still that far?" Under a leaden sky, we looked dejectedly across Gloria Lake toward our intended campsite below Mt Aye, now being engulfed by mists.

"Christ, Kruszyna! You said it was only 12 miles and we've already gone 15!"

"Ah, no more peppermint," sighed Jack, fruitlessly attempting to force a way through the dense scrub, like a halfback trying to wedge through a horde of burly defensive linemen. It started to drizzle. We established our base camp amongst sparse pines on the gravelly delta at the head of Gloria Lake — but the next day.

"My hands are too cold to tie the knot," Harriet complained.

"And my toes have already lost their feeling," Jack grumbled while he stomped about trying to restore circulation.

A crisp, flawless, wintry morning. Virgin powder clothed the great peaks in soft raiment of an aching pure whiteness. Fine, feathery flakes swirled and drifted about our ankles as we roped preparatory to crossing the glacier to the Eon-Aye col. We sheltered from the penetrating wind behind the large boulder marking our earlier bivouac site, adjusting our equipment. As we floundered in the knee-deep fluff, I longed for my snowshoes. It might have been January in the White Mtns rather than July in the Rockies.

Carefully, Jack backed down. "It would probably go normally but my fingers are frozen."

"Well the last time we decided it was too tough anyway and went up the chimney," I replied. Above us surged the first band of cliffs, several 100 ft of steep but sound limestone. Snow plastered every horizontal edge which might have served as a handhold or foothold. Even more uninviting than on our prior attempt. Nevertheless it was clearly the chimney or retreat.

Admittedly I remembered it as a secure and straightforward, if strenuous pitch. But as I chinned my weight upward, my benumbed fingers groping desperately toward the next icy hold I began to doubt my memory. I bulled by the principal chockstone. A sudden, brutal gust blasted snow in my eyes and down the back of my neck. Fumbling in the wind-packed powder, I unearthed the key hold and levered myself, panting, onto a spacious platform to find a rotting sling which we had placed for our last rappel years before. All too soon unfortunately, I found myself setting another sling in the self-same place for another inglorious retreat, more ignominious than our first. Again beaten by poor conditions, by route finding errors, and by our early season lack of shape and speed. Now it really stuck in my craw!

Summer finally arrived in the Gloria Lake basin, just as our dwindling supplies decreed an imminent withdrawal. Under a torrid sun the newly deposited snow magically disappeared. Avalanches slithered down soundlessly, rather than with their customary roar. The prodigious east face of Mt Assiniboine discarded its burden, revealing once again a mountain composed of rock. It was almost a shame that some young Colorado hotshots had permitted just one day of dreadful weather to drive them out now that they could perhaps build reputations on an east face rapidly returning to climbing condition. But then, that "instant gratification" so much in demand nowadays has as its corollary to quit in a sulk, if not in a tantrum.

We four held a council. Neither Jack nor Jim evinced continued interest in Mt Eon, especially since Mt Assiniboine, which neither had yet climbed, was rounding into shape. Harriet too was attracted by the "Big A", but our two repulses by Mt Eon rankled her as much as me. Thus, the "boys" headed for the Assiniboine hut to climb the peak on the morrow while we apprehensively waited and watched a scorching sun methodically work the mountains into condition. So, after all, the two of us, a party I had earlier considered inadequate, must make the ultimate attempt. A denouement worthy of fiction.

A lurid ocherous glow suffused the dawn sky. Glowering clouds formed an ominous backdrop to the Eon-Aye col. A sudden vivid flicker penetrated the menacing gloom. A squall obliterated the top of Mt Aye. The growl of thunder. The smack of enormous raindrops. We cowered before the impending blow. An inauspicious 6 a.m.

Somehow the threat failed to materialize. By the time we gained the col Mt Assiniboine sparkled in sunlight, the sky saturated to that infinite blue which augurs the perfect day. And compared to two days earlier the climbing conditions on our route had become ideal too. To be sure, the chimney was clammy and constricting, awkward and energetic, but its straightforwardness confirmed my original memory.

How often when we evaluate the magnitude and character of a mountaineering venture we consider such factors as weather, physical stamina and strength, snow conditions, and technical difficulty as prime determinants. And how often we deceive ourselves as to what is really significant. In mountaineering, as in life in general, it is hardly uncommon that an outcome hangs on the solution of a seemingly minor, even trivial, problem. So it was for us on Mt Eon.

The crucial issue proved to be not the fifth class pitches just ahead, nor the long distance yet to travel to the summit, nor the stability of the weather, but merely the hauling of packs. To prevent our packs and ice axes from becoming ensnared in the narrow chimney on our earlier attempts we had dragged them up the wall into which the chimney cuts. Unlike those occasions, this time we had only a single rope since Jim and Jack were using the other on their climb. The previous day Harriet had already worried whether, after hauling up our gear, I could then snake the free end of the rope down to her through the labyrinth of chockstones and projections. That her concern had a factual basis was soon demonstrated, as I found it necessary to weight the end with additional hardware after each successive futile trial. By the time I ran out of Chouinard's costly handiwork Harriet had in frustration clambered up the lower part of the chimney to pluck the dangling bait. Doubtless she could have completed the pitch unroped, but given our isolated circumstance such a risk was simply unacceptable. Or, since we ultimately avoided a forced bivouac, we could have left our packs behind without penalty. But at various times later in our somewhat extended working day, we needed ice axes, warm clothing, rappel

slings, the peak-bagging kit, and above all, the lunch. Now, on to ostensibly more important matters.

Above our stance the face was cleaved by a gully heaped with debris poised in exquisite balance, patiently awaiting the slightest brush to topple off the mountain. A seductive gully too, for as I moved gingerly over the fractured stones it quite naturally enticed me higher and deeper into the bowels of the mountain — where experience warned me to expect a cul-de-sac. Resisting the temptation I worked up the abrupt encasing wall on minute protuberances to a constricting sentry box from which to belay Harriet. From our aerie a succession of thin maneuvers up the exposed face brought us finally into an amphitheater. Eschewing the bowl itself, which we had ascended on our initial attempt, we opted instead for its bounding ridge. At last the open sky! A sensation of space, of freedom, extinguishing the feeling of confinement, of restraint, of the past hours.

Soon, after some liberating scrambling along the sharp limestone crest overlooking the Gloria Lake cirque we encountered a second sheer band of cliffs, even more awesome than the first. Abstaining from heroics, we had on an earlier attempt circumvented this obstacle by traversing onto a series of ramps on the southwestern side of the mountain, in the end a dull and discursive route. During our retreat from that abortive endeavour a careful inspection persuaded me that next time we should essay an elegant and direct line straight up the corner of the buttress. Now eight years later, as I approached the wall — growing more formidable with each step — I tried to convince myself that we were motivated by practical as well as aesthetic considerations.

No longer square-edged and gritty limestone, the rock consisted of a series of friable and brittle plates. Much like climbing a gigantic stack of tied-up bundles of newspaper. Pinching or squeezing or embracing constituted the only effective means of progression — rather a sexy pitch. And of course, piton protection was out of the question. Like a worm I oozed over a slight overhang, only the snagging of my clothing on multitudinous prickly projections keeping me on the pitch. Then the route turned the corner onto the northern side. Tier after snow-plastered tier dropped dizzyingly beneath my bootsoles to the glacier some 1500 ft below. But now the sun's rays slashed obliquely over the ridge crest, acting as an antidote to the frigid northern ambience. A series of shattered steps interspersed with snow-laden ledges, and once again the spine of the west ridge, bathed in an enervating warmth.

Harriet led off along the practically horizontal ridge which stretched perhaps a quarter mile before abutting the final citadel, rising yet another 1300 ft above us. Clearly Mt Eon intended to test us severely. A last cliff band barred us from the upper slopes. Not merely vertical, this one was undercut across the width of the ridge, obliging us to traverse onto the south west face in search of a breakthrough. It appeared as a broad couloir enclosing a set of short, abrupt steps worn smooth by eons of running melt water. And now in the midday sun down splashed, spattered, and sprayed a torrential cascade, drenching us like a tropical typhoon. It was in this disagreeable section, Harriet reminded me, that we had reached with Don Forest our previous high point. But at least on that occasion an overcast sky precluded a comparable deluge.

"This must be Dr Stone's chimney," I shouted back while descending into a cramped notch in the narrow summit ridge. Before me stood a rickety cairn. And below me there dropped away the nastiest, the most odious ice — and debris choked gully I had ever beheld. From its gaping mouth a jumbled, littered, but absolutely featureless slope swept down 5000 ft into the valley of Aurora Creek — the verdure there the sole relief from a pervasive ugliness. Dr. Stone could not have chosen a more loathsome setting in which to tumble to his death. Ghastly.

We hastened away from the haunted scene. Obviously we no longer contemplated the possibility of descending on this side by the normal route. Nor did it surprise us to discover that, for the past 40 years, nobody had cared to flagellate himself up such a repellant climb.

Wave upon wave of peaks receded into the distance. Only massive Mt Assiniboine, now growing cold and colourless under a lusterless sky, overtopped us. We wondered how our comrades were faring there. Brewing squalls dotted the horizon, enlivened by sporadic flashes of lightning. Despite the threat we lingered, savouring just a bit longer our matchless adventure. The unfinished business had been accomplished. Mentally I closed the file. I arose stiffly, taking one last look around. Directly in front of us Eon's precipitous north face plunged down, swallowed in 'schrunds far below. To the west, soaring up from the glacier plane, the immense

Mt Eon. West ridge on right skyline. Bob Kruszyna

flange of Mt Aye, probably not climbed since the 1930's. And across the cirque, the sensational east face of Assiniboine, a recent route with enormous allure. Dammit!

Bob Kruszyna

Unfinished Business is an extract from a projected climbing book by Bob Kruszyna. Author's copyright therefore rests with Kruszyna and not with the Canadian Alpine Journal.M. Irvine, Editor CAJ

The Ice Faces of Mt Robson Solo

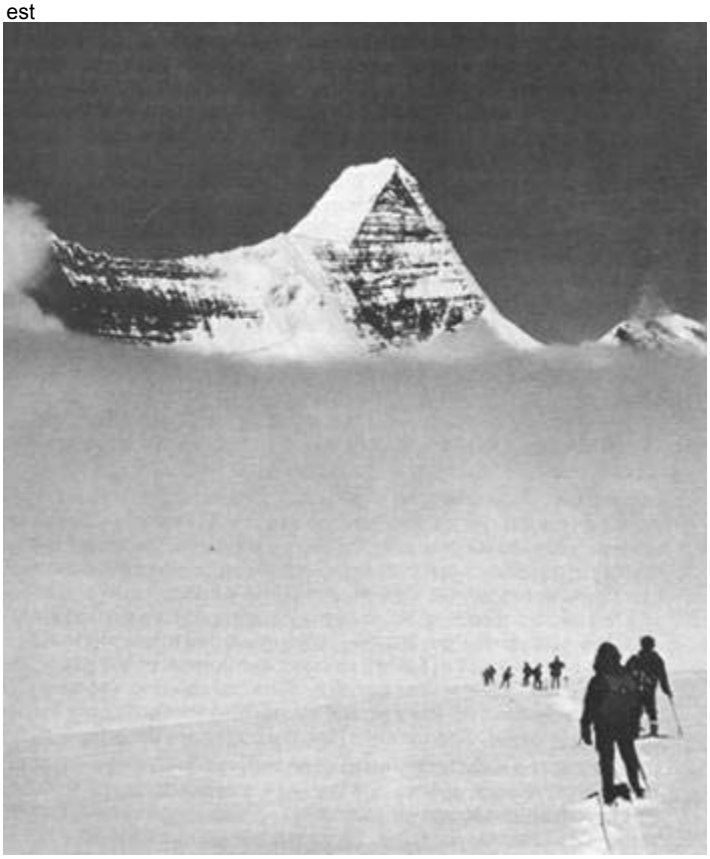
Climbing is more fun with friends when the drives and resultant organization of those involved are comparable. When the disparity is too great the friend system breaks down, but the mountain is still there — ready to give back everything you're willing to put in and more. Unencumbered by social intercourse your relation with the mountain becomes more intense, your successes more rewarding. That's how it was with Robson. I came to climb the North Face in a party of three but, due to problems sufficiently well sketched above, was left to enjoy the mountain alone. The friend system had resulted in a camp at 9900 ft, a half hour from the face, with all my gear save ice axe and a friend's jumar to boot. It also led to a late start one fine day to the face toward an already reconnoitered 'schrund crossing which fell short of that and ended with a swim across the outlet of Berg Lake using my Forest pack as a float. Being somewhat down at the time, I forgot to put my camera inside a plastic bag which produced some blotchy slides and a less than fully functional camera. Perhaps it's better that way for without slides to tell the story, a make up on the social intercourse which I escaped while on the mountain is in order.

The hike back up to high camp went well via Willy Pfisterer's route on the rock between the Berg and Mist Glaciers. Above the snow was hard and foot deep steps made some days before in some narrow snow bridges held me like a vice. The North Face was equally hard. I could see that yesterday's snow had mostly sluffed off and felt good. The weather was unsettled — so what else is new about weather in the Robson area? I mused about the sixty three 145 ft pitches which would be required but knew that if the weather was right it would go. Reaching the half collapsed tent in mid-afternoon, I dug it out and puttered around getting organized. A three man bivy sac, stove, food for two days, two flukes, two short pickets, two 16 inch tubes, four 8 inch tubes and two warthogs — too much, but what to chuck? You say you wanted to establish a hotel on the Emperor Ridge anyway?

Waking shortly after midnight on 9 August I look out — some patches of stars, no obvious fronts — go! There is a wind, but also the hope that like that day of the aborted attempt, the sun will kill it. At 2 a.m. I'm off and on the face at 3. The first pitch with an aid move over the 'schrund and the necessity of putting on wind pants takes a long time, but now the machine is tuned up and the sequence clear. Lead with the hardware placing a picket mid pitch and a fluke at the end. Clean using a lazy French technique, i.e. side stepping on the crampon edges. 35 minutes later starts the third lead but the wind is starting to slowly gnaw at my reserve energy. Cleaning I can keep my back to it but on the front points there is no escape. "Here comes the sun". Hopefully, this day the song will continue with "and there goes the wind". For awhile I forget the wind and enjoy the face for what it is — one of the most beautiful inspiring pieces of alpine terrain in the world. Its vastness is humbling and one pitch melts into another in such a way that the only inkling of progress is a slight change in the position of the rock bands. A few clouds are billowing at the base of the face but the sun will soon burn them off. The situation on top is less comforting — like someone who took a movie of clouds going over a mountain playing it back at two or three times real time. Too bad that I can't turn down the speed but someone else runs this machine and for all we pretend to know about the causes of wind, it seems very much like "someone" rather than "something.

At the top of the sixth pitch I start to deal with the realities of survival, realizing that the wind speed is going up with every pitch. If there isn't some sign of change by the end of the next pitch, retreat is prudent. A mid face bivy is possible but how much energy would be blown making a snow cave in iced snow, and without one I'm asking for it if that someone decides to turn up the wind machine. The top of the seventh pitch comes shortly after 8 with no sign of change, two thirds of the way to the big rock band coming in from the Emperor Face, a third of the way up this face. Between a quarter and a third of my reserves are spent and another quarter would go on a snow cave under these conditions with no guarantee on the next day. Prudence gets the better of me and I begin the retreat or, perhaps better, withdrawal for there is no sense of defeat. Alone one becomes united to the mountain's moods, taking what the mountain gives and leaving what the mountain holds unbegrudgingly. No bitching to hear, I enjoy the descent and

Kain route (to right of ice bulge) on Robson. From Resplendent. Don Forest



am off the face shortly after noon. A few 100 yards down from the 'schrund a view of the face confirms the correctness of my decision. The spindrifts are going horizontally across the face and the higher one looks, the faster the speed.

Sauntering back to camp, I feel the physic relief from having discharged the urge to climb the North Face and all the mental buildup that goes with it. With 14 leads and 38 pitches behind me, how much less would have been put out on any friend system ascent? How much more intimate had I become with the face and ultimately with myself? Finally, my attempt has shown the feasibility of a solo ascent of the "classic of North America", requiring nothing more than late season conditions and a day of good weather, elusive though it might be.

The next day I start late, in cloudy but calm weather, over the Helmet-Robson Col with the lighting so flat that the covered crevasses are barely discernable. Arriving at the slightly corniced col I look over the other side and wonder who pulled the plug? Thoughts come back of the stories of people falling into crevasses between the Dome and the Col on their way back from the North Face and out comes the rope. Over I go, the first pitch is easy and what is all this rope business about? Twenty feet down the next pitch and it's water ice — maybe a few steps and it will be over. No such luck as I put on my crampons mid pitch dangling from the jumar and go on down to put in two screws. The next pitch turns back to snow with a bridge over a 'schrund which proceeds to collapse under my weight. It's only four feet deep and I catch myself on the lip and pull myself over. Onward to the Dome to be greeted by a snow flurry. I pull out my bivouac sac and am "fat city". Later it clears and I bother to trudge a path to the Kain Face.

Waking at 2 a.m. I see enough stars in the unsettled weather pattern to decide to go for it and am at the base of the face sometime after 3. The face just invites me on and who needs a rope? It's water ice under the hanging glacier but when I feel like resting, in goes the axe and out comes the tie off sling. After the North Face business the machine is well tuned and soon moving up the iced snow to the left of the hanging glacier. Higher, a flagged wand tells me that the top-out is soon and close to perfect. I find myself on a knife edge ridge and start toward the summit, dumping the technical gear on the first broad spot. It is a wintry day, but with almost no wind and I play with one of the ice blocks on the ridge and go around another. The view off to the right is fantastic and 7.30 brings me to a set of footprints coming up from the regular (Bands) route — the summit. It's too cloudy to see the Emperor Ridge but a dull sun forces its way through. Ten feet from the summit it's absolutely calm and I pull out my contact lenses to put on but they're frozen solid in their case. After sauntering back to the wand, the descent of the face, which has softened considerably, goes quickly. The picks of the hammer and axe go in to the shafts. At 10 a.m. I'm at the bottom of the face in a whiteout in a light snow. Compared to the North Face, the Kain Face has been all too easy, but now the mountain must have the last laugh.

The snow has obliterated my steps. How to find a 7 by 7 ft yellow square in a quarter by quarter mile of snow? I stumble down and go over a 'schrund which never was in my way on the way up. Soon the futility of the effort becomes apparent and out comes the down parka and wind pants to wait for a clearing. The white out is hypnotic and I try to keep from dozing. At noon the clearing comes and my location is a few 100 yards from the bivy. Laying around in the afternoon, the wind picks up and I'm forced to close the bottom of the sac to keep out the drifting snow. The condensation builds up as the snow tries relentlessly to cover the sac and by morning the foot of my half-bag is a soggy mess. The inners of my double boots save the day.

Breakfast is a disaster trying to cook in the uneven snow around the sac. First the eggs go over into the snow and in attempting to recover them the hot chocolate empties into the sac. It's time to return. The mountain is no longer mine. Three people are on the Kain Face and 100 yards from my bivy another five are awaiting their turn. With my first hello after four days of solitude I muse what incredible luck has arranged things so nicely — in many ways it has been the perfect tour and now the tracks of eight to follow down the glacier. I saunter into the ACC camp and beg a late lunch. Back at camp the friends are waiting — the friend system has failed but the friendships have not.

Dean Smith

Section Huts

To be or not to be - they are a reality and our vitality

Over the decades several Alpine Club of Canada Sections have enjoyed locally constructed huts. The saga of their use and maintenance includes minimum funds, soul searching donations, bonanza giveaways, prime characters, back breaking work bees, last minute calamities, hospitable neighbours or Martin and Coy style feuds with others. Despite their riotous existence Section huts somehow slip unregarded past the management and the annuls of Club members and historians.

The Club's lifeblood is in the Sections — over half our members. We all should belong to a regional group. Unfortunately the operation of our guild is reminiscent of an out-of-date BNA act. Sections are constituted to promote a year round interest in mountaineering and to further the objects of the Club — the sharing of resources is not stated. Sections revolve around a focal point — more often than not a cabin, an asset essential to all Sections except Winnipeg, Vancouver Island and some US groups. With only three to four good months per year for alpine outings to bond the membership what is there for the remaining months? For Albertans a focal point has been easy — the most convenient Club structure. For others it has meant land acquisition, labour of love, and generation of building funds; results reflecting the size and health of the Section. To the pioneer "builders" the time is long overdue for a written record of their exploits regardless of how vague or murky the story has become over the years. We apologize for any errors in the chapters to come.

Before turning to specific historical sketches I will explore some of the problems facing Section huts. National alpine clubs have two basic modes of operation: 1. a very strong, centralized organization with all operations of consequence handled from this point, 2. a regionally organized club with Sections controlling all

facets of welfare and operation, and 3 the tight rope balancing act between the above diametrically opposed alternatives. European clubs usually run on a Section-orientated system, huts falling into the jurisdiction of the nearest Section. We tread a troublesome path — main Club controls for some matters, locally financed Section operations for others. Inequalities between Sections and huts have developed. For a few years the Sections, as non-legalized entities, were not supported in even the acquisition of land for hut ventures. Several fingers have been burnt in the last decade. Now however, not only does the Club support land acquisition by a Section and advertise their assets in the Red Book and Gazette, they also reserve the prerogative to take over the Section's assets in the event of dissolution — a nervous situation when financial input from the main Club has been lacking. An even bigger problem is to find a suitable cabin site; in British Columbia sites must be cleared by either the B.C. Environmental Land Use Secretariat or Provincial Park authorities, then pass an impact study by the FMCBC (Federation of Mountain Clubs of British Columbia). The Vancouver and Vancouver Island Sections are FMCBC members, the main Club is not.

Under our federal-provincial-regional existence what decides the status of a hut? When is it to be main Club, when a Section venture? The Tantalus Hut of poor access to all but the keenest or richest of locals is a main Club hut, the accessible Whistler Cabin is Section owned, the little known Pringle Ridge shelter a few miles from these two was built by the VOC and ACC Vancouver Section with FMCBC money and then turned over to the Garibaldi Park authorities for maintenance and operation. How is it that all ACC huts within a 90 mile line distance of Banff or Jasper were under the main Club at some time while many of those farther afield have been solely Section inspired and executed? The paradox goes even further; in Provincial Parks both Sections and the main Club have built huts turned over to those authorities upon completion — without serious confrontation. In National Parks about half our huts face colossal controversy over Park's take over, a resistance spearheaded by Albertans who, as pointed out, lack local Section owned accommodation. At today's inflated prices our Prairie kin will be hard pressed for cash to build a piece of their own action. After the legal, logistic, land ownership, authorization hurdles comes this last great hurdle — finance. In response to high main Club fees Section dues have traditionally been light, sufficient to meet only the barest of operational costs. Huts have had to be built from donations, bequests, fund raising ventures or sale of debentures to the most prospective users. Donations and bequests have by and large gone to the main Club, except material donations such as those from the nearby forest. In Vancouver the first huts were of in situ construction. Over the years operating profits allowed investment into bigger and better structures. Ottawa on the other hand has gone the rental route, a method that cannot be used in the big empty wilderness. The future of western huts depends on debentures, other fund raising, material donations and main Club support. In a modern age of spreading the risk and keeping all the eggs out of one basket the future hut will have to evolve from all these sources. Exclusive use by a Section is unlikely, but a Section should have sole authority of its focal point.

OK — all the hurdles are cleared, more Section huts are built with support from all quarters. What is the ultimate goal? We have a history of hut neglect under the old system of many main Club structures and insufficient local residents to look after them in the off season. No local pride of ownership means a lack of willing volunteer manpower unless the hut qualifies as an off season focal point. How many focal points can a Section generate? In Vancouver we find that two is too many and the recently maimed igloo over and above that is completely beyond the realm of adequate yearly maintenance. That's too bad. The Red Tit igloo now sits at the Serratus-Dione col with a floor to ceiling split and the 1974/75 winter's onslaught is certain to permanently flatten it. About 75 to 100 man days of effort each year are required to keep a two story cabin in good order. Full time winter operation demands that much more time again. Experience dictates that we are looking at one major hut plus possibly a smaller so called "low maintenance" structure (placed on higher crannies) at the current membership of 250 to 300 members per major Section. Obviously the broad expanse of the Canadian Cordillera will require either larger existing Sections or more regional Sections, and more Provincial Parks to help look after our vested interests. Kokanee, Garibaldi and Bugaboo Provincial Parks are already well stocked with huts — Garibaldi sporting eight at present, four donations from various clubs.

To date expenditure on Section hut construction has totalled roughly $30,000. However, in to-day's market of deflated money and inflated values the Vancouver Section's Whistler hut alone approaches that value. What of the future when big repairs are necessary? What when those Sections currently without huts decide on the need for a viable home? It's back to the resource sharing of the BNA act — some central money will have to come back to the regional group in order to maintain peace, vitality and equality. Fortunately we do not have to buy back our resources from the foreign multinational corporations but we do have to buy Sectional strength — the backbone of a national alpine club.

Karl Ricker

Keene Farm*

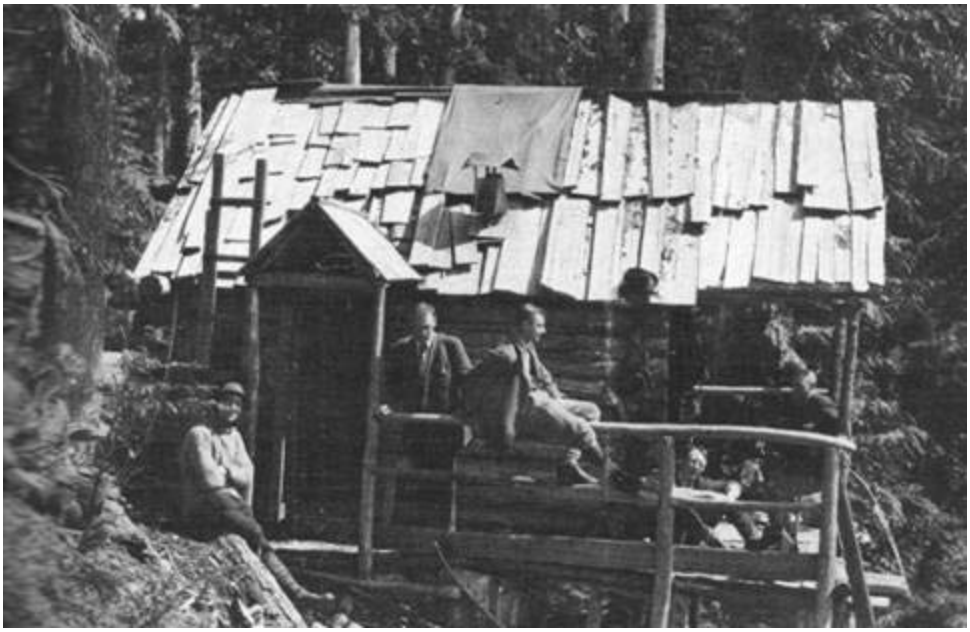
The Montreal Section owns 80 acres of wooded hillside and meadow in the Adirondacks, New York state, near the village of Keene. There are marked trails with good views and practice cliffs on the property and easy access to the High Peaks area of the Adirondacks with countless forest trails, most with good views from open summits. Short drives lead to all grades of rock climbing on a variety of cliffs.

There is one lean-to, a picnic shelter and plenty of camping space in the meadows. Good stream and well water are available. An old frame house near the road offers comfortable indoor accommodation. Large areas of foam in five bedrooms plus foam pads on built-in benches in the sitting room sleep a goodly number of people. Kitchen space, pots, pans and cutlery can be used in rotation. Cooking and heating is by wood burning stoves and there is no electricity.

The property is reached by making an east (left) turn onto Glen Road off N.Y. Highway 9n between Upper Jay and Keene. The house is the first on the left after a steep hill.

The Montreal Section also rents a house in the Laurentians from November to April for skiing etc. This is usually in the Val David area and is fully furnished etc. Sleeping bags are necessary and

Trorey Cabin. Tom Fy/es



Little Seymour cabin. Ev Gee

Little Seymour cabin. Ev Gee

perhaps foamies depending on the number of people. Meals are on a shared cost basis so reservations are necessary.

Dorothy Tyler

*Keene Farm was destroyed by fire in November 1974.

Ottawa and Toronto Sections were approached regarding articles dealing with their Section cabins. No mss. received at time of going to press.

Vancouver Section Huts

A kaleidoscope of huts describes the Vancouver Section scene. Four huts have been constructed in mountain to mountain moves to keep up with the effort of the other principle clubs, the VOC (Varsity Outdoor Club) and the BCMC (British Columbia Mountaineering Club), to remain on the fringe of wilderness. The Section has also used and periodically improved other huts through squatting, sharing, or other survival tactics necessary in this part of the world. No one seems to remember the official founding of the Vancouver Section but almost all old timers recall their dual ACC/ BCMC memberships before the ruckus of the late 1920's — the age old dilemma of alcohol and its place in the mountains. The squabble heralded awareness of the Vancouver Section on the local scene as significant defections swelled its ranks overnight.

Periphery Joint Use Huts

In Garibaldi Park the first expeditions usually wound upon the shore of Garibaldi Lake at the Mimulus Creek cabin of which not a trace may be seen today. Later in the 1920's Fred Taylor's Water Board cabin on the edge of nearby Black Tusk meadows became the focal point for the next 25 years or so. In the early 1950's the lake shore QCA (Queen Charlotte Airlines) cabin became available to the general public and spring ski touring groups in particular were heavy users. Between Garibaldi and Vancouver boat access to a variety of points about Howe Sound led to a number of huts: the boys' camp cottage on Lions Bay, the ski club cabin near Utopia Lake, the Mill Creek cabin above Woodfibre, the Henrietta Lake cabin nearby and probably others. Henrietta's cabins are still in use though the modern car and ferry access usually precludes its necessity. Behind Britannia the Utopia Lake cabin was of utmost practicality and comfort and it was a sad day when it collapsed in the last few years. Moving to behind Vancouver in the local hills a privately owned cabin between Hollyburn and Strachan was very active though, curiously, the adjacent Hollyburn ridge craze never caught the hut construction attention of the mountain clubs. Another ACC used hut was at Burwell Lake.

Farther east up Indian Arm way a shoreline cabin was sometimes used for the seldom scheduled Mt Bishop climb. Beyond the head of the inlet a lake shore trapper's cabin surrounded by rotting cast-off flesh was the base of Alan Melville's many sieges on Meslillooet Mtn. Still farther east, in the Golden Ears area, the attack forces were divided between the Pitt Lake access and its old lake shore huts or the longer southern approach via Lake Beautiful and the Kirkland cabin of split cedar. The latter slept about eight and was maintained by a variety of groups passing through until it too fell to the forest floor in the late 1960 snowfalls. I always remember a dank, moist, deep forest, wondering if one of those 200 ft high trees would flatten the whole operation. Luckily "Tycoon Freda" arrived in the autumn of 1963 — out of season. The giant stalks fell into a frustrating maze.

Beyond the local high spots the Kulshan cabin still stands at Mt Baker. It easily slept 40 to 50 and fed hoards onto the volcano's slopes in all weathers. Vancouverites sometimes ventured across to Vancouver Island to the old CPR cabin on Mt Arrowsmith or the three or four cabins on scenic Forbidden Plateau. Then there were the long train trips to McGillivray Pass cabin or the old mining camp on Mt Roach near Lytton. These were in the rain shadow and McGillivray was the wildest of dreams (and still is) to the skier. The VOC now operate a cabin there, a modern development.

But we shouldn't divulge all our secret haunts of today — besides they are given in Culbert's latest high quality guide book.

The Trorey Hut On Dam Mtn

The first Vancouver "Section" hut was built in about 1910 by J.C. Bishop, first BCMC president, and acquired in about 1913 by J.J. Trorey (first ascent Mt Garibaldi, 1907) after Bishop's death in a crevasse accident on Mt Baker. The small cabin was on the western flank of Dam Mtn near the 3000 ft contour. Dam was the fringe of the adjacent Grouse Mtn popularity where the rival ventures of VOC and BCMC were ensconced. Getting to the base of this complex was time consuming — the harbour ferry, the tram to upper benches of Lonsdale or the Capilano and the steep trails through the timber to the bristling activity at the cabins. The ACC hut used the Capilano route to the Grouse-Dam saddle where the Munday's had their own cabin — a side trail led to the vertical split cedar Trorey hut. There was even electric light powered by a small creek dynamo. However, the "action" was at the rival cabins fed by the Lonsdale approach to the south west ridge of Grouse. The BCMC hut was equipped with a giant hand wound gramophone. Needless to say the cabin was surrounded by satellite private cabins built by those members who required sleep during their weekend stay on the mountain. One of the points going for Grouse, and forgotten today because of water shed restrictions, was the proximity of Crown Mtn and the Camel and other fine rock climbing areas so easily reached by the high level trails — the best doorstep alpine rock work the Section was ever to have. Continual developments on Grouse plus a too small and old Trorey cabin (last used about 1926-27) pushed the forces to a bigger and less populated mountain.

First Mt Seymour Cabin

In the early 1930's the Section moved to Mt Seymour and expansive alpine skiing terrain, alpine ponds and breathing space. Initially access was arduous — another harbour ferry ride, a ride from Lynn to Seymour Creek and skid roads to a trail leading to "The Meadow", the present day chairlift terminus, at 3500 ft — a four hour grind from Vancouver by the swiftest. All construction materials had to be packed up — Phyl Munday recalls all day ordeals with a few boards on her back. The first Seymour cabin was located on a small bluff opposite the present day Ranger's headquarters. The two storey cabin was of conventional sawn materials and featured a shake hip roof. It slept about 20 people, which turned out to be too small, and lacked an in-house water supply. The Park authorities were concerned about possible pollution of the Goldie Lake water supply and wanted the cabin site for skiing. The Section decided to rebuild about a half mile down the ridge to town. The Little Seymour cabin, a base camp during

Big Seymour Cabin. W. Mathews

Meslillooet cabin. Ev Gee

Whistler cabin. Colin Monteath

Burwell cabin. Gus Fraser

the construction of the Big Seymour cabin, was then dismantled. The new site was on a 21 year lease — the little cabin having been a squatter.

The Big Mt Seymour Cabin

The Big Seymour cabin was open for business in 1936. It featured 36 bunks plus floor space for more — often the case. Construction costs were about $1000 with Gus Johnson collecting about half of this on the two story log work. For 10c a night there were the comforts of tongue and groove flooring, pump water, gas lamps, drum heater and soft furniture. Rules were rigid — no boots and no alcohol. The latter was eventually rescinded in concert with increasing overnight fees to the two bits level — 50C by the late 1950's. By 1938 roads were pushed a fair way up Seymour with bus service to the "Mushroom" at about 2000 ft. A summer road led to Bates' shack just below the present day TV towers at 2800 ft easing the material movement problems. A winter trip from the Mushroom to cabin took only 45 minutes with a heavy pack. The Section apparently owned the land of the cabin site but converted it to a moderate term lease when Seymour became a Provincial Park. By this time the BCMC was also on Seymour but VOC held off until the Park's authorities pushed a road to the 3000 ft level in 1949. With the Park came the evils of over development and the wrong kind of misplaced facilities. The clubs enjoyed bumper crowds in 1950 but continual road improvements made access and the temptation to use the mountain on only a daily basis too easy. The slopes sprouted dangerous rope tows on short runs while chairlifts opened the door to longer and more peaceful runs elsewhere. Visits to the Seattle Mountaineers' cabin at Mt Baker were on the increase. After several warm winters in the late 1950's Seymour and its desperate crowds successfully conquered the alpine clubs. The final insult came with the planned construction of a ski lift on the site of the cabin. With a nostalgic farewell party and a government cheque for $2500 the Section, and BCMC, moved off the mountain to lick their damaged prides. Some complained that $2500 was too little; others claimed we had skinned the government. Nonetheless the once successful Seymour cabin had now generated a bankroll of about $5000. The problem was where to go.

After Seymour Then Where To Go

After a long hard look at access and aesthetics the Section finally decided on a Tantalus cabin on the mystic shores of Lake Lovely Water — often described by the rare visitors as "beautiful even in the clouds". Aesthetics won — it was to be the ultimate haven — if one could get there without a sweaty bushwhack. In 1960 the way to the Tantalus was licked with the completion of the Howe Sound highway. Members, I fear, had the problem of eyes bigger than their groin muscles and the plan became ambitious. Main Club financial support was sought — first a rebuff, then a counter that the Section would build regardless, and finally a $10,000 Club grant provided the hut was run under Club rules. Fips Broda and others designed a very sturdy and attractive shelter of components that could be carried by float plane. While professional Carpenters put it together the membership built the access trail from the troublesome Squamish River crossing and in the autumn of 1961 the cabin was opened for business. VOC were also on the prowl for a new hut site and finding promise in an adjacent cirque built a trail from the same river crossing. The opening of the Tantalus was spiced with our members steaming up the wrong trail to an elevation of 3500 ft or more! More troubles were to come. After an initial wave to test the excellent climbing it was discovered that winter access was most arduous — muddy approach to the river, a heavy boat crossing with skiis, a slog through luxuriant forest to snow line at about 2000ft, rough side hill gouging in forest roughened snow, avalanche prone slopes in the basin below the cabin. The restrictive covenants of main Club hut use meant constant summer season break-ins by outsiders. The trail became unappetizing after doing it once and as a natural Section focal point the project fell flat. Criticism today suggests the site was overbuilt and that the hut should have been farther down the lake on the north shore. Thanks to recent and massive block bookings on an open door basis and late summer float plane approach the cabin has not fallen into total disuse, but today the ratio of users is seven outsiders to each member.

In the early 1960's the quest for suitable Section winter headquarters and a base for the other nine months of the year continued. The Tantalus had demonstrated that long "tiger" approaches were out. Brandywine area west of Garibaldi Park appeared of promise and several members were indeed keen. A trail was carved through majestic forest to a large alpine valley and proposed hut site but a winter recce party returned complaining of prolonged agony. Subsequent summer foot parties were not enthralled by the four hour walk and set out to explore Rainbow Mtn farther north. In came glowing reports of alpine lakes and rolling terrain for hikers and skiers. Then in 1964 the oft rumoured Whistler Mtn ski development, nearby to both areas, finally took a turn to reality. The lifts on Whistler meant easy access into Garibaldi Park and perhaps ski touring par excellence. However, elaborate construction within a Park was not permissible and many of the classic mountaineers objected strenuously to a valley bottom site with activities dependent on ski lift access. Nonetheless a valley cabin would give daily access to Rainbow Mtn as well as the virtues and sins of the lifts. A tally revealed about a dozen one day foot trips to nearby peaks of which about half were also suitable for ski touring. Although the management declared no interest a large local component realized the necessity for an accessible winter focal point and cited valley hut locations in the Rockies, Selkirks, Alps and New Zealand in rebuttal.

Whistler Hut

The Whistler issue was finally settled, after many months of politicking, by mail ballot. The result was 2 to 1 in favour of construction. Unfortunately the Brandywine site was scuttled — many of us felt there was room for both projects. VOC led the way at Whistler by forcing the government to create a club cabin area. On the knobby terrain VOC chose an old logged-off site, others built on or in the fringe of primeval forest. A football field size parking lot only three quarters of a mile from the lifts guards the ten minute walk to the cabins. In 1965 the Section heavies arrived in the midst of VOC clamour, chose an even better cabin site and reviewed student construction skills. The ACC component grew every weekend as exams took their toll. After Xmas Nick Schwabe headed up a construction committee, over the summer Bill Tupper and Dave Molson laid the plans with Nick organizing the foundations. It was to be a two story, Maltese Cross plan, intersecting A-frame. Thirty bunks upstairs; a lounge, dining area, kitchen, bathroom (eventually) and workshop below. After 40 years electricity returned. Members toiled inefficiently the following autumn and it was a tussle to have the drafty shell enclosed with

plastic by Christmas. The lessons of the VOC colossus the year before somehow did not sink in. Also lack of member construction work on Tantalus was another drawback. It all added up to sporadic performance. Lugging lumber a quarter mile to the site required the help of our VOC neighbours on more than one occasion. Nonetheless by New Year there was an enthusiastic open house. In the months to come the interior began to take shape. By autumn 1967 a roof replaced the tattered sheet plastic — the last supreme effort for years to come. Hut construction and maintenance became passé to all but Dave Blair and Norm Purssell and in the next few years the untreated surfaces of the exposed subsurface woods took on an ugly, if not ghostly, weathering. Hut use began to fall off and the hawks cried "sell" — but no one buys a weather beaten barn on lease hold land.

When the writer surveyed the scene in 1972 verbal questioning revealed that the Whistler Hut showed a slim operating profit based mainly on rentals to youth ski groups; people complained bitterly about its appearance, lack of comfort and cold atmosphere. The Section made little attempt to use the facility as a base for annual social events or easy trips; potential users were also disenchanted by queues at the access lift to the mountain. Changes however, were on the way. More access lifts were constructed and at the cabin renovations were rushed forward. By the winter of 1972/73 at least some of the interior was up to the standard of old Seymour comforts. Section schedules have since been realigned to hut use and full-time attendants have been found to allow use by members or outsiders without pre-arrangement or hassles. Major alterations and repairs were effected in the summer and autumn of 1973/74. The only big projects now outstanding are a basement and roof renewal.

The changes have opened the way to visitors from other Sections. As long as work hike accommodation credits are extended the hut should remain locally popular and in good shape for years to come. Surrounding developments since initial construction have turned the property into an envious piece of land. Now that upper elevation huts are controversial the Whistler Hut, in a non-consequential area, meets all the "guidelines" of today's philosophy. As developments continue in the surrounding region the hut's pivotal position takes on more prominence. Growing pains will enhance the exposure and base camp features such as toilets and shower (or sauna) will have to be installed to keep up with the clamour. The hut is a bottomless sump for these sort of improvements.

The Aftermath

The annual maintenance requirements at Whistler and Tantalus have left Section hut projects elsewhere piecemeal. In the summer of 1968 the Section foolishly accepted a warped and battered igloo discarded from the Bugaboos. It was to be sited on the 6500 ft Serratus-Dione col for the climb of Tantalus. Despite extensive fibre glass repair by Section members it was still a leaking sieve. On installation day the humourously decorated structure was pronounced the "Red Tit" hut, the official title of F.J. Green Shelter never catching on with users. The crowning blow came during winter 1973/74 — a heavy pack of snow flattened the ill-fated design. A late summer effort to dismantle it fizzled with lack of manpower on a sizzling weekend, the site being seven hours from the Squamish River.

Another hut endeavour was a joint effort on the Squamish Chief in 1970. Byron Olson designed a bi-pyramidal panelled structure to sit against the wall of the Dance Platform ledge for use by those on University and Grand Wall routes. The easiest route to the Pardoe Hut is a class 5.2 traverse. The triangular panels were packed up the back side of the Chief and then rapped down to the platform. Rumour has it that the hut is gradually being bombarded by cascading winter ice.

The last hut project involving Vancouver Section manpower was a joint effort with VOC in Garibaldi Park. The hut, of the Himmelsbach curved A-frame arch design, was flown in pieces onto "Pringle Ridge" (Garibaldi névé divide). The project got off to a bad start when the helicopter was forced to dump a load from thousands of feet. It was a stormy autumn weekend before the 12 bunk cabin could be completed. Money came through a government grant to the newly organized FMCBC. The site met their criteria of no possible environmental damage — rather the elements have been harsh. The very rocky, uneven ridge collects snow to leeward of the hut to create a creep problem. So far the cabin has withstood the pressure admirably and it appears that the coastal Himmelsbach design is indeed superior to those terrible phony-looking igloos.

Section huts have spanned about 60 years for the Vancouver Section. The pioneer builders are to be admired for their self sustained effort. Huts were the focal point of Section growth but now that the Lower Mainland is filled with many mountain clubs the competition has again strangled our membership. How to break this is largely dependent on the hut situation. The Whistler centre, now refurbished, may sway the odds into our favour.

Solo in the Rockies

After three months of infantry officer classification training in the mosquito infested swamps of New Brunswick, only nine days free to climb in the Rockies was all too short. Determined to make the brief break as refreshing and challenging as possible I decided to climb solo and to consider only peaks over 11,000 ft with some special attraction — accessibility, reputation, spectacular surrounding scenery. I also resolved to climb regardless of weather and to avoid over researching routes. Each climb would thus offer, within certain obvious limitations, all the uncertainties and pleasant surprises experienced by the first ascent party.

So late August found me at Lake Louise and Moraine Lake — traversing Mt Victoria in a blinding blizzard one day, the next morning scaling Mt Lefroy (in the same misbegotten blizzard). The following day saw me again battling that persistent blizzard, this time to the summit of Mt Temple where I built an igloo shelter to reduce the effects of the lashing wind and just to see if I could. The weather broke the next morning and I scrambled up and about the icy flanks of Neptuak and Deltaform in brilliant, warm sunshine. The nine days were to culminate I hoped with a hike into and ascent of Mt Assiniboine, whose striking form and intriguing symmetry had so often fascinated me in photographs. My journal for the four days captures some of the excitement and difficulties I experienced.

1900, 27 August, camping on the Divide. Got up to magnificent

weather, drove to Moraine Lake and hiked into Consolation Lakes. Beautiful in there, and what a view of Mt Temple! After that headed for Banff and on the way picnicked and dried out gear. At the Banff Warden's Office the so-and-so told me it was impossible to get into Assiniboine via Spray Lakes because the valley had been damned up (construction or something); anyway, the entire route was flooded out. Last month an outfitter tried to go in and lost all his horses. Placed me in a hell of a fix — only other way in about a 25 to 30 mile one way trip with lots of ups and downs via Sunshine Lodge. So I decided (ha,ha!) not to go in. Instead, head up to the Icefields or something. Then I had car troubles. Finally found a Ford dealer. Head gasket was leaking, just after it had been supposedly fixed! It would take (guy said) about 4 to 5 hours and $50 to fix. Said it wasn't too bad, so could probably leave it (I did). Had to replace a headlight for $5 though.

Anyway, on my way up to the Icefields I kept thinking how nice it would be to hike into Assiniboine, see the country, and attempt the mountain. Besides, I didn't feel like going all the way north to country I'd already seen and climbed in. So, after lots of humming and hawing I pulled a U-ey and headed for the Sunshine road. Started up around 1530 and saw a herd of friendly bighorn ewes and lambs on the road. Stopped at a parking lot about 3 to 4 miles and a lot of vertical feet from Sunshine Lodge because not allowed to go further. Ate a last hearty meal from cans, packed my climbing gear, freeze dries, etc. and hit the trail about 1630 to 1645 with a very(!) heavy pack. Arrived at Sunshine Lodge a bit before 1800. Hockey camp in progress there. Went about a mile past that on the trail onto the Divide and saw the sign to Mt Assiniboine. Only 21 miles to go! Was only supposed to be 18 miles from the lodge...mais c'est la vie! Shocked me, though. Beautiful high, rolling alpine meadows, lakes, rocky peaks and snow patches. FANTASTIC. Even if I don't climb Assiniboine (and I'll do my best), it sure is worth the extra effort to see this country. Passed one lake where I wanted to camp but a horse party had already stopped there — hundreds (literally!) of fish jumping all over the lake though. Oh for a fly and line! (Gotta get Dad up here sometime.) Am now camped about 6 to 7 miles from Sunshine and 10 to 11 miles from the car. Met two girls from Oregon who are camping here. Very nice and friendly....

1110, 28 August, a couple of miles past Citadel Pass... Right now the weather is beautiful — sunny and warm. Millions of chirping gophers here playing in the grassy meadows; not at all afraid of people...

1515, 28 August, at Og Lake... Beautiful lake here, with an awesome icy Assiniboine looming up to the south. Maybe another 5 to 6 miles to go? Or 3 to 4? Anyway, it was a long old haul from Citadel Pass! And, damn, met some hikers who said that the Spray Lakes road is open; all except for the last four miles, and that still makes it SHORTER by more than 70 miles! SHIT!! Going to give that Warden in Banff hell....

1720, 29 August, at R.C. Hind Bivouac Hut, about 8500 ft on Assiniboine. Last night I hiked from Og Lake to Lake Magog. Lodge owners said they wanted to observe-spectate my climb. Provincial Park official told me about this hut and a bit about the mountain. As a result moved up to the hut for a better shot at Assiniboine. I was beat (pack very heavy) — had to finish the day by ascending a steep snow couloir to the hut. Got in around 2100, ate, fixed my gear, and went to bed. Hut very well built; beautiful location and well equipped. Good water supply, beds (no blankets), cooking and heating stoves, utensils, lanterns, etc. No one else up here!

Up this morning before 0500, lit the lantern and cooked a freeze dried stew (the good life). Started off to brilliant starlight around 0600. In good conditions — i.e. no ICE on the rocks — Assiniboine should present few problems. But when she's all iced up, and covered with 8 to 10 inches of fresh snow, she's a bugger. First major problem at the 'Red Band', and the problems got increasingly worse with the 'Gray Band' and then the 'Black Band' (so named for the colour of the rock). Weather was great — SUNNY, but with quite a high wind. I was really psyched out three or four times climbing near vertical rock (covered with verglas and loose snow) to pass pitons already in place. Began to wonder, "What the hell do I think I'm doing here?" Pretty legitimate question under the circumstances; but after scaring myself silly numerous times, wondering how the hell I'd get off the bloody mountain and vowing NEVER to solo such a climb under similar circumstances (ice!) again, I finally made the summit about 1200. The summit — a huge, long, winding, corniced snow ridge with very little rock and no cairn on top (at least not visible with all the fresh snow). Then, picture taking time!! View probably surpasses that of even Robson's, with so many familiar peaks visible — Temple, Lefroy, Victoria, Valley of the Ten Peaks, Bugaboos, etc. All surrounded by a deep, deep blue sky and sun reflecting off glistening snow. Lake Magog nestled below, with Spray Lakes, Marvel Lake, Og Lake, and my entire route is spread out beneath my feet. Fantastic!! Even took a self timer picture. Stayed on top quite a while, just soaking in the superb scenery.

But the moment had to come — to descend. This (and the ice) was my biggest worry because I knew that I could not come down in perfect safety without a belay — the trials and tribulations of climbing solo? Four or five places had me worried — a lot. So at the first bad spot I rappelled off a rock (no sling this time — didn't have too many). OK, it went. Next time I had to spend close to half an hour just to find a feasible rappel point, then about 15 minutes to chip away rocks with my ice axe to make it safe; to actually go ahead, set it up and rappel down — another 15 minutes gone! I actually down climbed using the rope for protection; none of 'em were classic rappels, although I went past overhangs, etc. Then I hit a steep, narrow snow and ice couloir going straight down the north west face. I started front pointing down; actually the safest way, since I was already in the self arrest. But after awhile, because of solid ice, the two front points on my left crampon bent and were useless. SHIT!! Piss me off. Not only did it make the descent that much more hazardous, I'll have to buy new crampons. At least though, the couloir got me past the black and gray band levels... these levels are very apparent now, as I sit here at the hut and look back up at the face. Very impressive!

The next day I just hiked about in the area, generally relaxing and admiring the spectacular mountain scenery before the long trek out the following morning.

P. J. Deaden

Surging Glacier Studies

Participants in the ACC's Centennial Expedition to the Yukon were fortunate to witness a rare natural event: the surge of a great glacier. For many years prior to its surge the Steele Glacier was nearly inactive, but in the early 1960's it began to show signs of increased activity which culminated in a spectacular seven mile ice movement. The main part of the surge is believed to have started in the fall of 1965. By the summer of 1966 the Steele's previously moraine-covered hummocky surface had become an alpinist's nightmare of crevasses and the ice was flowing at the startling rate of 50 ft per day. Time Magazine dubbed it the "galloping glacier" and scientists flocked to the Yukon as if to a gold rush. By 1967 the surge had stopped and interest in the Steele dwindled. Although much useful work was accomplished by glaciologists who observed the surge, the fundamental question of its cause remained unanswered.

One year after the Steele surge, geophysicists at the University of British Columbia made plans to begin a long range research programme aimed at discovering the causes of surging. Many puzzling facts require explanation: only a tiny fraction of the world's glaciers surge — the number of such glaciers in North America does not exceed several hundred and the majority of these are concentrated near the Alaska-Yukon border; those few glaciers which are known to surge do so repeatedly, often with an amazingly constant periodicity varying from 15 to 100 years depending on the individual glacier; at the onset of a surge the flow velocity may increase by a factor of a hundred or more. Any acceptable theory must encompass these facts by explaining the cause of the large velocity increase and the factors which control the periodicity and geographic distribution. The years following the Steele Glacier surge have seen a proliferation of theories but there is no real conviction that the problem has been solved.

Work on the surface of Steele Glacier was thwarted until 1972 by the deep crevasses opened during the surge advance. For this reason initial field research by expeditions from UBC (beginning in 1968) was conducted on the Rusty and Trapridge Glaciers, two small glaciers near the Steele. Both the Rusty and Trapridge have surged in the past and are thought to be in a pre-surge condition. In view of their rarity it is remarkable that at least nine surge-type glaciers lie within a short distance of the Steele. All these glaciers must surely share some common feature which causes them to surge, so results obtained from the Rusty and Trapridge should apply to the neighboring glaciers as well.

Geophysical studies on the Rusty and Trapridge were aimed at determining the channel geometry and ice temperature, two factors which are known to have a strong influence on glacier flow rate. The surface boundaries, of course, can be readily mapped using aerial photography or surveying methods, but measurements of ice thickness are more difficult to obtain. On the Rusty and Trapridge the Glaciers depth to the bed was sounded using radio echoes, a technique based on the same principle as radar altimetry from aircraft. Pulses of radio waves are beamed through the glacier and reflected back to the surface by the underlying bedrock; timing the return echo gives the ice thickness. In this way crude picture of the channel shape can be obtained. Both glaciers proved relatively thin and no recorded depths exceeded 500 ft.

Measuring ice temperature can be discouragingly slow and unpleasant work. First deep holes are melted through the glacier ice using a thermal "hotpoint" probe. Ideally these holes should penetrate to the glacier bed, but dirt bands in the glacier or probe burnout usually stop the drilling before the bed is reached. A multi-conductor cable wired to electrical temperature sensors is dragged down the hole with the hotpoint and allowed to freeze into the ice when drilling ceases. The following year, when the thermal disturbance caused by drilling has subsided, the ice temperature at various depths within the glacier is measured from the glacier surface — provided, of course, that one succeeds in rediscovering the previous year's site!

Temperature measurements in the Rusty and Trapridge Glaciers appear to give a consistent picture. Both glaciers have cold ice near the surface (around -60°C on average) and the temperature warms to near the melting point as the glacier bed is approached. Large patches of ice covering the glacier bed appear to be at the melting temperature so that within these zones of warm basal ice the glacier is not frozen to its bed and sliding can occur. As the amount of sliding would depend on the extent of the warm-ice zone, we think of the sliding as being "thermally regulated".

A cycle of quiescence and advance will occur if the bed temperature oscillates near the melting point of ice. When most of the bed is frozen the glacier cannot slide and remains inactive; when the warm ice zone is extensive, the glacier is able to slide. Basal temperature turns out to depend on the surface temperature, ice thickness and the rate at which heat flows from the bedrock into bottom ice. A quiescent glacier will tend to thicken and this leads to a warming of the bed as cold surface ice recedes from it. Eventually a large portion of the bed reaches the melting temperature and the sliding rate will increase, causing the snout to advance and the glacier to thin; this marks the onset of a surge. As the glacier thins, cold surface ice moves toward the bed and eventually cools it below the melting point, stopping the advance. The surge periodicity of a particular glacier would depend in a complex way on the surface temperature of the glacier, the rate of heat flow into the glacier from the underlying rock and the rate that the glacier thickens during the quiescent stage. Only glaciers in relatively high latitudes, such as those along the Alaska-Yukon border, have cold surface ice; this in combination with other factors might account for the non-random geographic distribution of surge-type glaciers.

A drilling program begun in 1972 on Steele Glacier is still in the early stages but initial ice temperature measurements are at least compatible with the requirements for a thermal control mechanism. There are, however, disturbing indications that thermal regulation of glacier sliding cannot explain all surges. Certain surging glaciers in Alaska, Iceland the USSR. appear to be warm at the surface so these are unlikely to be frozen to their beds. It is hard to imagine how the sliding of these glaciers could be thermally regulated and we are left with a very confusing situation. Perhaps there are several different causes for glacier surging or perhaps the idea of thermal control is simply wrong. At this point one can only conclude that the problem of glacier surging is still a long way from being solved.

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Bugaboo Christmas

Closer....hard to see the difference between cloud and snow.... skids hit....too soon....power. ...touch down again....crevasses loom ahead....power....over the Vowell Glacier back through the Snowpatch-Pigeon col....hard turn....down. We jump out into foot deep powder and unload the airplane. Bob Ambrose, our pilot, takes pictures then is gone leaving us to a most incredible scene. Bugaboo, Snowpatch, Pigeon and the Howser Spires surround, eyes escape to the Vowells. We remove our gear from the "runway" for the next landing. They arrive; we eight organize and prepare for the ski down to Boulder Camp. We tour over to the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col. It looks steep (translation; will it avalanche?) so some start walking down. Fred can't be bothered so down he skiis. Many turns later (all linked) he yells up informing us that, no, it won't avalanche. We ski the rest.

The cabin is quite large but has no provision for winter residence, i.e. no insulation and the only internal heat sources the propane stoves and our bodies. Consequently it never got over 37°F inside. (It never got much below 0 ° F outside.)

For the next couple of days the cloud swirled around so we skied in the area above and below the cabin where the powder was really fine. The boulders strewn above camp make unexpected ski jumps in flat light as Roland will attest. Also we made an excursion to the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col and one to the Pigeon-Snowpatch col via the Bugaboo Glacier, a route being found through the icefall closer to Pigeon.

On the 27th we went up to the "runway" to meet Bob Brusse and eight more. They were late due to morning cloud cover so Roland, Erich and I skied to the Pigeon-Howser Spires col.

The next day Paul, Marilyn, Fred and Neil skied to Cobalt (Blue) Lake, over the ridge on the other side, and down to Gmoser's Palace. Paul said the skiing was nice and powdery until they hit the mogul field above the lodge. They arrived back at the cabin after dark.

It finally cleared up on the Upper Bugaboo Glacier so we toured beneath Marmalota, Turret and Howser Spires then made a run down beside Pigeon to Snowpatch. Part of our group skied down the Vowell where they had only slight difficulties with crevasses but a good run nonetheless. They toured back through the Snowpatch-Pigeon col and down the Bugaboo Glacier where they lost Sara. We arrived just as they were pulling her out of the crevasse she found. It had been bridged by approx. 8 inches of snow which she broke through, landing on a ledge about 15 ft down. One ski detached itself from her in the fall so armed only with a rope and an almost dead lumijet Steve W descended and recovered the ski at 80 ft. We were happy she had only bruised herself.

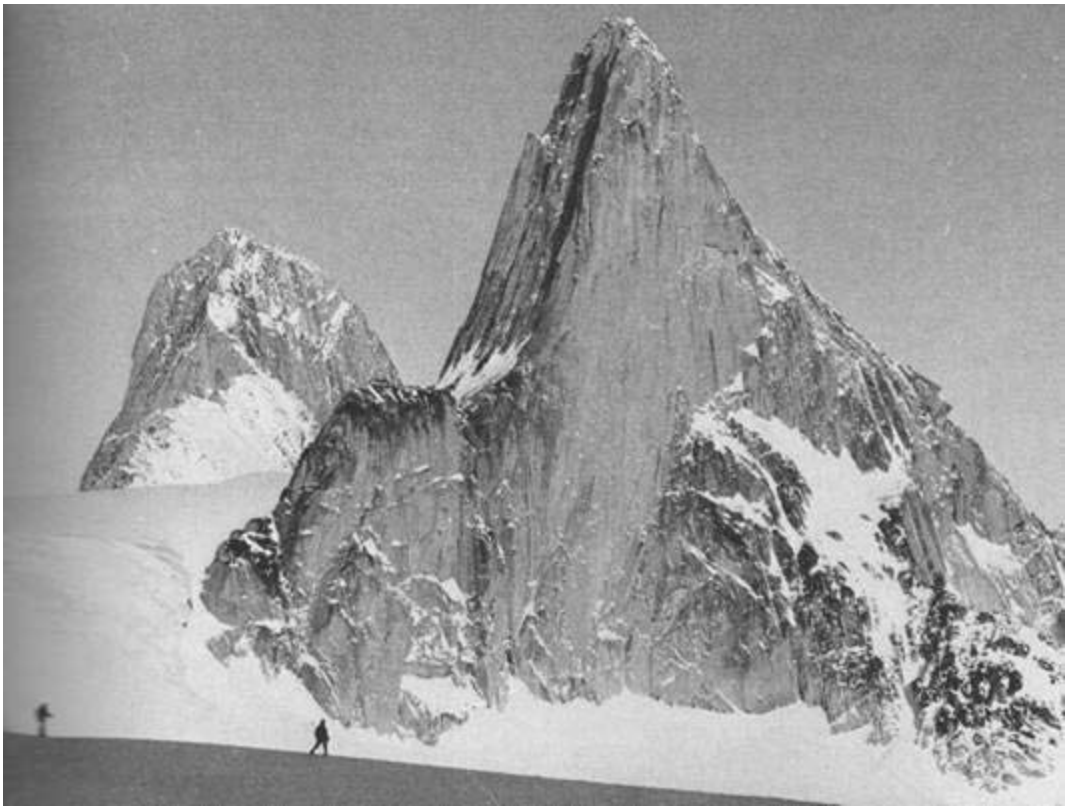
The weather remained clear for the remainder of our stay in which time we did a lot of skiing around and generally enjoying ourselves. We toured to below the face of Bugaboo and were impressed. Another day was spent going to Cobalt Lake again but Steve W, Neil and I detoured from the rest and climbed Eastpost. More runs were made in the valley where the wind hadn't packed the snow.

On 4 January we skied across the Bugaboo Glacier and then descended to the valley bottom. At Gmoser's Lodge we discovered the road was clear and, courtesy of Rotvold Trucking, were all in Radium that night.

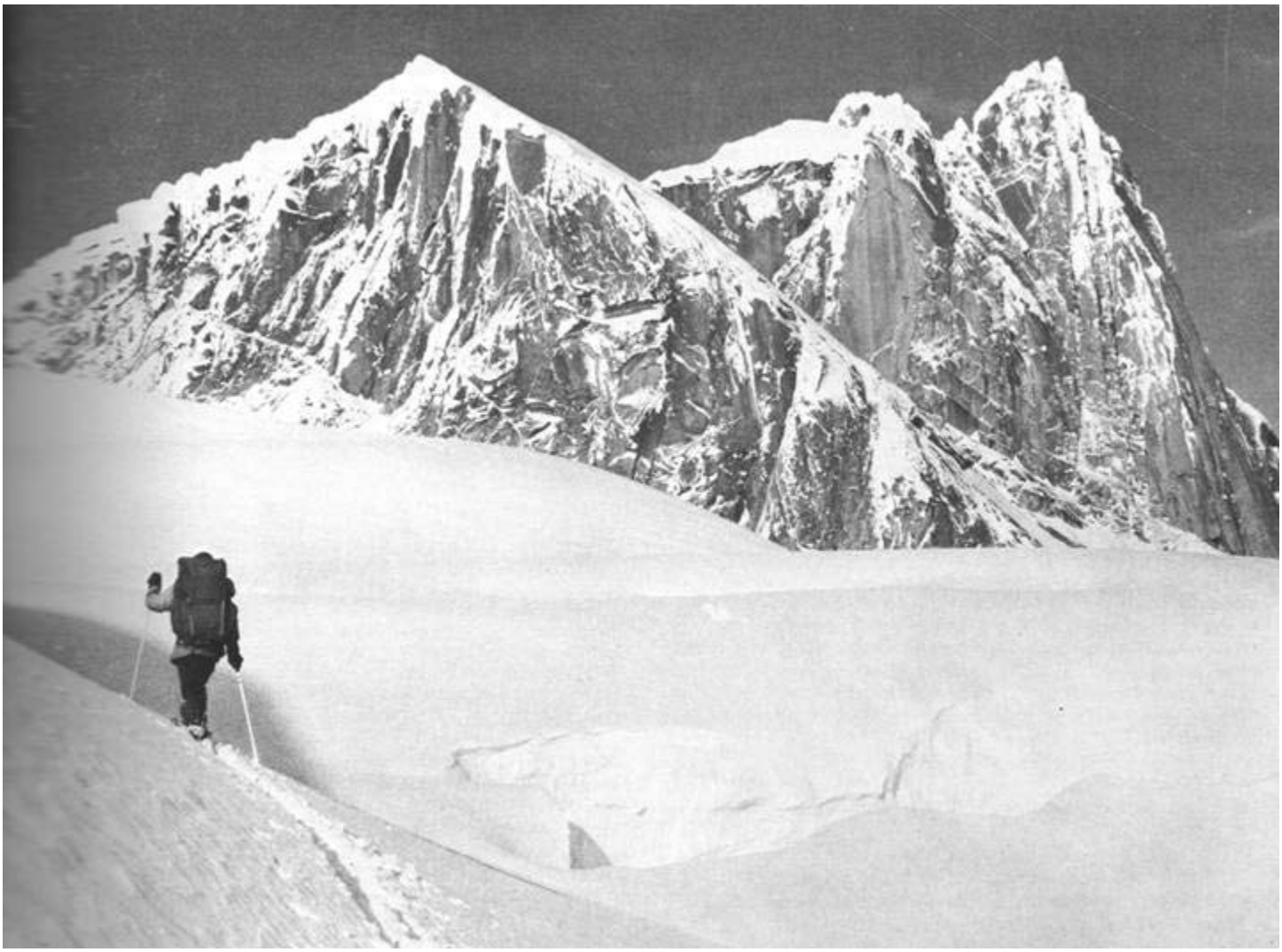
Grant McCormack

Party: Roland Burton, Paul and Marilyn Starr, Erich Hinze, Fred Douglas, Sara Golling, Steve White, Neil Humphries, Bob Brusse, Mike Miles, Wynne Gorman, Chris McNeill, Moira Lemon, Steve Chatwin, Sue Preston, Sheila McLean. 23 December 1973 to 4 January 1974.

Bugaboo (left) and Snowpatch Spires from Bugaboo Glacier. Grant McCormack



Touring towards Pigeon Spire on the Upper Bugaboo Glacier. Grant McCormack



Goat Slabs

Goat Mtn near Yamnuska
COUP-JACK

A long, complex route on predominantly good and often excellent grey limestone, strongly recommended. On the left half of the main section of the face are two obvious black water streaks. Midway between is a cave like feature "the limestone pussy" set in a system of left facing corners. The route starts below and somewhat to the right of this feature, about 50ft left of a left facing corner capped by a large roof.

1 Up and right to a short wall (5.7) then more slabs to a ledge leading right into the main corner.

2 Up the corner (5.8) to belay below the large roof.

3 A short pitch leading left under the roof (5.6).

4 Up a short slab and overhanging crack (5.7) in a corner to broken ledges, then up and left into another corner with a few awkward moves to start (5.7). Belay about 50 ft below a short chimney with a jammed flake.

5 Two alternatives exist here: either straight up into the chimney around the jammed flake (5.8) then down left onto a ramp, or left onto the wall, up a flake, left past a small tree, and up a short, fingery corner (5.8) onto the ramp leading up right to belay at the same place.

6 Up a short, vicious, overhanging corner (5.9).

7 Up and left on easy slabs and ledges trending away from the main corner system to a bolt belay about 100 ft down and left from the "limestone pussy".

8 Horizontally left on smooth slabs until possible to move up on steeper slabs to a small ledge and bolt belay (5.7).

9 A few moves (5.7) lead up to a right trending ramp.

10 Continue up the ramp, then back up and left on easier slabs to a broad ledge.

11 Horizontally left on easy slabs and ledges below a huge, over hanging yellow corner to foot of a right facing grey comer.

12 Up the corner (5.6) to a small ledge.

13 Up and right to a cramped stance in a V chimney below a large roof (5.6).

14 A thin traverse left (5.8) about 15 ft below the roof, then up and left to ledges.

15 A loose, easy gully leading up to the right.

16 Straight up steep slabs, short walls and bulges (5.6).

17 Continue by more steep slabs, walls and across a couple of ledges to the top on a knife edge arête (5.6).

Descent to the left via Coire Dubh.

1700 ft, IV, 5.9, 12 hours, Ian Rowe, Dick Howe, Bugs McKeith, 13 July 1974.

COIRE DUBH

To the left of highest part of Goat Slabs and directly below 6800 ft south top of Goat Mtn is a huge cirque like depression. The route follows the line of least resistance to the notch in skyline several 100 ft down and right of summit, and the rock, despite its appearance from a distance, is good. A deep gully with several smooth water slide sections leads into the lower scree filled basin of the cirque, then, keeping to the right of the watercourse, a yellow, then a black band of rock with a left facing corner is climbed into the upper basin of the cirque. A narrow, twisting gully then leads up and right under a huge overhang to obvious left facing corner leading in several 100 ft to the notch.

2000ft, II, 5.1, Bugs McKeith, 3 July 1971.

DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP

This route takes a direct line up the shallow buttress in centre of highest part of Goat Slabs. For the most part, climbing is 4th and lower 5th class on very good rock, although it tends to deteriorate towards the top. The main feature of the route is a shallow, 300 ft, left facing corner with a dogleg to the right, in the centre of the buttress. Start below and to left of this feature at a cairn where a gully can be seen winding up and right onto the buttress. An initial 40 ft wall leads over a bulge (5.7) onto smooth slabs then the gully, which ends on a ledge at the right end of a line of overhangs. The next four pitches, culminating in the crux, lead first right, then up and left on excellent rock to an area of ledges. A loose wall is climbed on left, then a subsidiary crack, about 100 ft to left of the dogleg corner, lower part of which looks uninviting. A ledge leads back into the dogleg corner and is followed for about 200 ft 'till possible to move out left into another smaller corner and steep, broken rock leading to an obvious break in upper, light grey band. Directly above a broad, scree covered ledge, continue at first by a thin crack, then in larger cracks leading up under final left facing, overhanging yellow arch and the finish, a short distance below crest of the ridge.

2000ft, grade IV, 5.8, Brian Greenwood, Bugs McKeith, 4 July 1971.

CHOCOLATE FROG

The route follows east ridge of 6800 ft south top of Goat Mtn and all difficulties are confined to first 800 ft. A rounded buttress is climbed directly on right side, starting several 100 ft to south of entrance to Coire Dubh. 200 ft of easy scrambling lead to a ledge where the wall steepens sharply. Climb up left over a small bulge then trend up towards the right to belay at start of a narrow ramp below an overhanging yellow wall (5.6). A short pitch then leads left up the ramp to a sloping ledge, straight up the overhanging, yellow wall (5.7), then right to a ledge. Two straightforward pitches lead up to a broad alcove with several trees. Now climb straight up from right side of the alcove to belay below a right facing corner. Two more pitches, first up the corner (5.6), then much more easily up slabs, lead to the unroping point. The remaining 1000 ft of ridge to summit is low angled but affords plenty good scrambling.

800 ft. III, 5.7, Bugs McKeith, Judy Sterner, 11 July 1971.

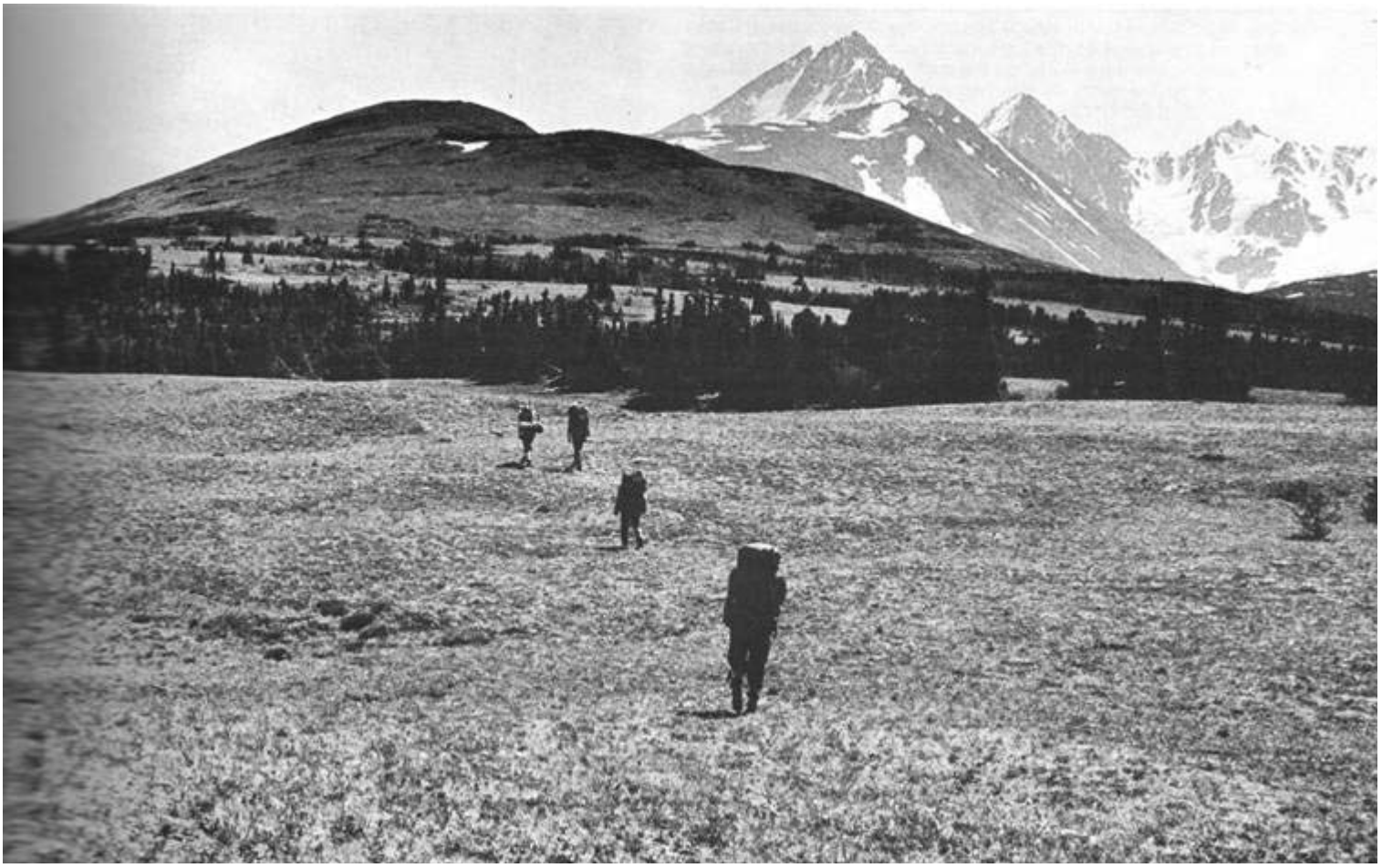
Bugs McKeith

Chilko Lake

The cold, clear water of Chilko Lake three inches below the gunwale of our patched and leaky 14 ft canoe made me think, just for a moment, that maybe we should have ignored ethics and flown in. We looked back to the sun rising over the beaches and grassy headlands of the incredibly beautiful Nemaia Valley where we had just spent three enjoyable days basking in the sun and waiting for the wind to stop blowing. Now three frail canoes were making their way across the four miles of usually rough water towards a knot of rugged peaks between Tredcroft Creek and Franklyn Arm. These peaks drew us, partly because of their great scenic

Mt. Good Hope group and Franklyn Arm, Chilko Lake. Peter Jordan

Approaching Mt Tatlow. Peter Jordan



With the sun of course, came wind; an hour and a half later we were forced into a small bay several miles north of our intended starting point. After a fruitless and wet attempt to get by a wall of standing waves at the mouth of Girdwood Creek we resigned ourselves to waiting yet another day.

The next morning we paddled two and a half easy miles up the now glassy lake to the mouth of Tredcroft Creek where, at 6 a.m. we pulled our canoes into the forest and cached a week's supplies high out of reach of bears. After the usual sorting and packing, we turned, unsuspecting as innocent babes, into the maw of the green hell waiting to swallow us. As expected, the light interior forest consisted of lodgepole pine with only grassy meadow in between. The catch was the pines were only 12 inches apart! The entire west shore of Chilko Lake as far south as Franklyn Arm has been burned at least once in the last 50 years, creating hazards to the backpacker almost as bad as those found on the coast. At the edge of the burn, windfall piled five to ten feet high did battle with us for several hours before we broke through into a mature forest little better than the coastal jungle we had come here to avoid. Finally, after nine hours to travel four miles, we emerged into the meadows at 6000 ft. The cirque was every bit as beautiful and impressive as our distant gazing had led us to believe! Only a few patches of heather showed yet through the snow and on one of these we made camp.

The weather was clear and sunny and was to remain so for the rest of the trip. On our first day (26 July) we climbed the 8800 ft peak directly in front of our camp, since it appeared to be the easiest. Our route followed the east ridge and was mostly easy snow with a few pitches of largely unnecessary class 4 on poor rock. Grant, our peak bagger, was disappointed to find a cairn on top, indicating an ascent from Franklyn Arm in 1969 by Rolf Kellerhals and Basil Dunell. The peak offered a fine panorama of Chilko Lake below us, the Good Hope group immediately to the south, and the Homathko Icefield and Waddington to the west.

The next day we decided to go for the highest peak in the group, a 9000 footer to the west, although we were by now sure it had been climbed. Grant and I went for a hopefully new route on the north east side while the others searched for an "easy way up the back". Gouin remained in bed, suffering from an unidentified but contagious ailment which we named "Barford's Barf".

For 1700 vertical feet we climbed up easy glaciers. The heavy snowpack and late spring meant that almost no crevasses were showing but it also meant less than ideal snow conditions on steep north faces. Soon we found ourselves on an airy col between our objective and a group of spectacular rock spires which are presumably still unclimbed. They are very prominent from the lake and will make a fine objective for some more daring party, although the quality of the rock (tuffs and breccias) is an unknown factor. From this point we did a tricky ascending traverse for 500 ft on steep, soft snow above a large bergschrund and completed the climb on a narrow 500 ft ridge of rock and ice. The others met us at the top as we finished a very enjoyable new route. After ogling the view for the customary period of time we descended the easy slopes down the back and circled around to the glacier and our camp.

On Sunday Dave, Ellen, Grant and I made a rather late start for

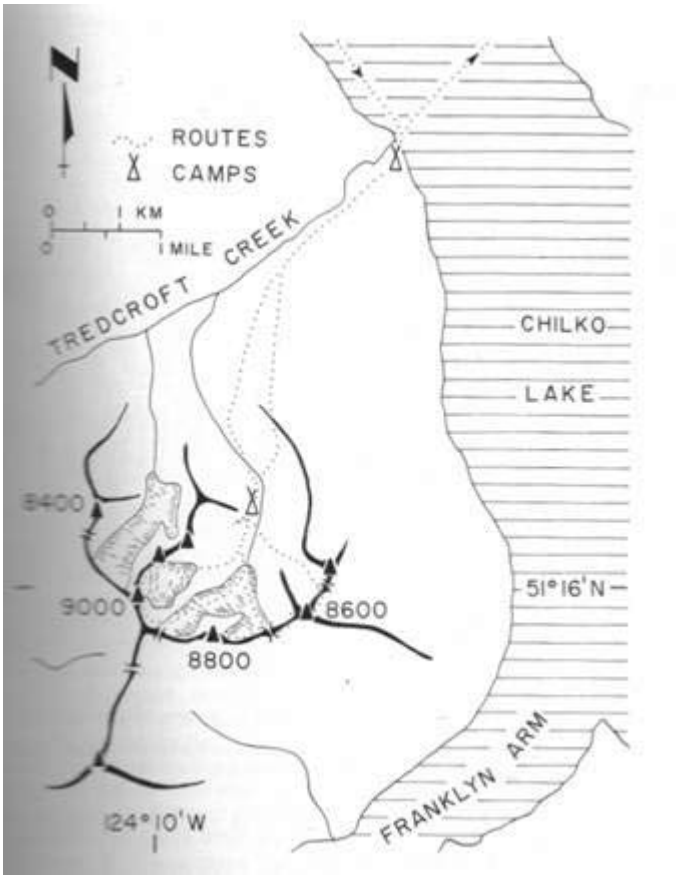
Grant McCormack on Peak 9000, Chilko Lake. Peter Jordan

On Peak 9000, Chilko Lake. Peter Jordan

Peak 8800, Chilko Lake. Peter Jordan

Chilko Lake and Tredcroft Creek group. Peter Jordan

Tredcroft Creek group, Chilko Lake. Peter JordanlM Irvine



the sharp 8600 ft peak which stands directly above the corner of Chilko Lake and Franklyn Arm. We took our time, enjoying the meadows and the view, since we expected the climb to be an easy walk up a snow ridge on the north. As it turned out the foreshortened view of this ridge from camp made it appear much shorter and less steep than it really was. The ridge was very exposed on both sides and the snow was dangerously soft, requiring a lot of excavation and liberal use of snow flukes. Finally at about 4 p.m. we emerged on the summit, after about 18 rope lengths of belayed climbing on slopes averaging 40 to 50°. To our great joy there was no sign of a previous ascent. The necessary ceremonies were performed and we then looked for an alternate route down, since our ascent route was becoming very unhealthy in the afternoon sun. A hidden system of loose gullies led us down the west face to the glacier and back to camp. It turns out this peak could be climbed more easily by the east ridge directly above Bateman Island.

The excellent weather continued but we had brought only five days of food with us, so on the 29th we bushwhacked back down to our cache at the lake. This was little better than the climb up, taking eight hours. Next day, Dave, Ellen, Gouin, and myself (Gouin having passed his illness on to Grant) made an exploratory canoe trip down to Franklyn Arm. Rounding the point into the arm we were met by strong winds and could not progress beyond Bateman Island. This ruled out any possible trip to Mt Good Hope so the next day we crossed the lake to our camp at Nemaia Valley.

We still had several days, so before driving out on the rough road to the Bella Coola highway we made a 21/2 day ascent of 10,043 ft Mt Tatlow. This is a climb notable for its beautiful approach across miles of rolling alpine upland. All of us except Pat, who was suddenly stricken with Barford's Barf, reached the summit by way of an easy rock ridge and the small summit glacier. To escape the midday heat and mosquitoes we hiked out next day under the early morning full moon. After a bath in the Taseko River later that morning, we made the long dusty drive back to Williams Lake, only to find that because of a strike there was not a drop of beer to be bought in all of central B.C.

Peter Jordan

Party: David Lemon, Pat Javorsky, Grant McCormack, Gouin Barford, Ellen Woodd, Peter Jordan. 21 July to 3 August 1974. New routes on peaks 9000 and 8800 and first ascent of peak 8600, above Franklyn Arm.

The Naming of the Lyells

The Alpine Club of Canada has held three of their annual climbing camps near Glacier Lake, formed by the icy discharge of the immense Lyell Glacier. At each of the camps, in 1940, 1965, and 1973, there have been many successful and enjoyable ascents of the five peaks known as the Lyells, each of which rises to over 11,000ft. The Lyell massif, straddling the Alberta-British Columbia border in the Rocky Mountains, was discovered and named by Dr Hector of the Palliser expedition in 1858, after Sir Charles Lyell, an eminent British geologist.[1] Although Peak 2 of the Lyells was first climbed by Sir James Outram with the guide Christian Kaufmann in 1902, the other peaks did not succumb until the 1920's. Each first ascent party was under the leadership of a Swiss climbing guide, and in fact the whole history of the opening up of the Rocky Mtns for climbing purposes is inextricably bound up with the story of these men.

Recognizing the need for a fitting tribute to these deserving guides who had so far gone without any permanent recognition, Mr. Sydney Vallance, a former President of the ACC, began a lengthy correspondence in November 1970 with Mr. G.F. Delaney, Secretary of the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names, which culminated in early 1972 with the naming of the Lyell Peaks after five prominent Swiss Guides; Christian Häsler, Rudolph Aemmer, Ernest, Walter and Edward Feuz.

This story of the Swiss Guides in Canada began in 1899 when the Canadian Pacific Railway realized the need to provide the services of well-qualified mountain guides for the numerous climbers and tourists flocking to the Rockies and Selkirks in ever increasing numbers after the completion of the Trans Continental railway. Edward Feuz Sr. and Christian Häsler Sr. were the first to arrive and they were soon followed by others, including their sons. These men were stationed at the three CPR summer resort hotels at Glacier, Field and Lake Louise, their headquarters being at Glacier House. They all returned to Interlaken in Switzerland for the winter seasons until 1912 when they brought their families out with them to make their homes at the new CPR settlement of Edelweiss, located about 1 1/2 miles west of Golden.[2] To return the guides to Switzerland at the end of each season had become a bit of a problem which the CPR hoped to resolve with the creation of their version of a Swiss locale. They believed that this would induce a whole colony of Swiss people to emigrate to the area

and thus provide an added tourist attraction but the guides made no move to entice their fellow country men and Edelweiss never expanded beyond its original six houses. The arrival of these Swiss guides created a new era, as climbing was no longer restricted to only well-known and influential mountaineers. Now others were able to indulge in this sport as well, under the skill and watchful eye of these competent men.

Christian Häsler Sr. and Edward Feuz Sr. never permanently settled in this country, continuing to make seasonal trips from their homeland. The family tradition was continued by their sons, Christian Häsler Jr., and Ernest, Edward Jr., and Walter Feuz, who along with Rudolph Aemmer, remained in the area. They continued as the only permanent CPR guides until their retirement by the company but each continued to pursue mountaineering activities and related interests.

These men became well-known and revered by explorers, climbers and mountain lovers throughout the world and during all their years of service in the Rockies and Selkirks they never met with any serious mishap. Not only are they credited with scores of first ascents but in this wild and uninhabited country they soon developed into first class pioneers with their skills as bushman, axe handler, and horse packer. They endeavoured to set the example of maintaining the huts in the exemplary Swiss tradition by always bringing up some extra food and firewood to be reserved for emergencies due to accident or inclement weather.

An amusing reference to the Swiss Guides and their clients in the 1928 CAJ claimed that "they haul them up cliffs, lower them down precipices, place their hands and feet where they should go, soothe their ruffled feelings, carry their paraphernalia and cheerfully assume the responsibilities of life and death; then, just before reaching the summit, they stand to one side, take off their hats and say, 'After you, sair'; you step on the summit, and according to mountaineering etiquette, have made a first ascent or otherwise, that is blazoned forth far and wide."[3] Little wonder the guides were so indispensable! Each of the five guides had an illustrious and interesting career and all took an active part in the ACC summer climbing camps.

Rudolph Aemmer, having received his Swiss Guides' license at Pontresina in 1907, came directly to Lake Louise in 1909 where he remained until his retirement in 1949 at the age of 65. A special guides' House had been built at Lake Louise around 1920. Rudolph assisted in the erection of the Swiss type stone hut on Abbot Pass and was instrumental in the rescue of Mrs. Stone when she was stranded on Mt Eon after the accident which claimed the life of Dr Stone on the first ascent of the mountain in 1921. In the spring of 1950 he returned to Interlaken, where he lived until his death in the summer of 1973.

1909 also saw the arrival of Ernest Feuz, who came to Glacier in that year but was transferred to Lake Louise after Glacier House was closed in 1926. In 1927 he led the first ascent party of Peak 4 of the Lyells and in the 1930's, with his client Georgia Englehard, completed the first south to north traverse of Mt Victoria,[4] as well as the first traverse of Hungabee from Ringrose Col to Prospectors' Valley. Ernest led in the rescue of the survivors of the 1954 Mexican tragedy on Mt Victoria. He was made an Honorary Life Member of the ACC in 1947, and died in Golden in 1966.

Christian Häsler Jr. gave up a promising career in the Swiss Mountain Artillery as it would interfere with his guiding interests. He came to Golden in 1912, having received his Guides' License at Meiringen in 1911. Although originally stationed at Field, he was soon transferred to Glacier House where he remained until its closure in 1926. He and Ernest were responsible for the maintenance of the Hermit and Glacier Circle Huts in Glacier National Park. Lillian Gest accompanied him on climbs each season from 1932 until his death and accompanied him on his last first ascent in the summer of 1940. Although badly clawed by a grizzly bear the previous September, they completed the climb of a 10,283 ft peak above Panther Falls, between Nigel Peak and Mt Cirrus.[5] Miss Gests' proposal that this mountain be named after Christian Häsler was rejected by the Geographic Board at that time as it was felt that the family had been sufficiently commemorated, a mountain in the Selkirks having been named after Christian Häsler Sr.. Christian Jr's. last climb was Peak 5 of the Lyells during the 1940 ACC camp at Glacier Lake. The recent death of his wife, combined with the tragic death of his son three years previously and the fact that he likely never totally recovered from the bear attack all took their toll and he died in October 1940 while at work on a house.

In 1912 Walter Feuz came to Glacier House from Interlaken to work for the CPR. guiding activities. Walter continued his close association with the mountains by guiding ground parties and offering every possible assistance to the other guides. After 1942 he was caretaker at the Lake O'Hara lodge and Chateau Lake Louise. He is living in Golden now, as is Edward Feuz Jr..

Edward arrived for the 1903 season and guided until retired by the CPR in 1949, He passed his Guides' exam in Grindelwald in 1908, and in 1926 led the party making the first ascents of Peaks 1,3, and 5 of the Lyells and the first traverse of Peak 2. With over 100 first ascents to his credit he was featured in a 1966 TV special, when at the age of 82 he led a group across Abbot Pass between Lake O'Hara and Lake Louise. The CPR tea house at the Plain of Six Glaciers at Lake Louise was for many years managed by Mrs. Edward Feuz.

In spite of this admirable record it was not to be an easy matter for these guides to achieve permanent recognition. The business of providing them with a suitable commemoration was taken by Mr. Sydney Vallance, as one who knew them well. Since prominent peaks had been named after the guides Sarbach, Kaufmann and Pollinger, whose visits to the mountains were brief and who are relatively unknown to the climbing fraternity, Mr. Vallance felt that the five guides who had devoted all their adult lives to their profession and are remembered with affection and nostalgia by a multitude of people surely deserved a tribute.

As the Banff National Park authorities had indicated they were giving consideration to the naming of a "Guides' Group" to perpetuate the names of distinguished climbers Mr. Vallance wrote Mr. Delaney of the geographical names Committee to suggest that this naming would gratify all who had benefited from the service and advice of these men. The negotiations were to prove complex. Unnamed features are a diminishing resource and the stipulations and rules surrounding the naming of peaks has vastly changed

from the time when Prof Louis B. Stewart of Toronto, and Miss Edith Cox and her little dog walked up to Edith Pass and named Mts. Edith, Louis and Fifi after themselves.

Originally it was suggested that the names of Feuz and Häsler be commemorated in the first two of the unnamed peaks at Moraine Lake but officials pointed out that there were already two peaks in the Dawson Range in Glacier National Park so named. Mr. Valance overcame this objection by explaining that these names honoured Feuz and Häsler Sr., the two original Swiss Guides whose activities were chiefly in the Selkirk Range, and that these mountains were virtually unknown to most people. It was hoped that peaks in the Rocky Mtn Range and in close proximity to the highways where they could be seen and remembered by the travelling public could have the Guides' identity bestowed upon them. Eventually it was decided that no other group would be as admirably suited to the purpose of honouring the memory of all the Swiss Guides in one compact group as the Lyell peaks, even though they cannot be viewed by the General Public. As it would not be significant to repeat the surnames of Feuz and Häsler in remembering the sons, Mr. Delaney suggested that the Guides' Christian names might be used. This compromise delighted Mr. Vallance as well as Edward Feuz, who had been consulted in the negotiations, for of course the guides were better known by their first names. The names to be perpetuated grew to include Rudolph Aemmer, and all the Feuz brothers; Edward, Ernest and Walter, as well as Christian Häsler Jr..

Although the situation of the peaks on the Provincial boundary would involve extra negotiations with the Boundary Commission it was felt that concurrence would be forthcoming from this source as the guides had always enjoyed excellent relationships with the survey commissioners.

The last hurdle to be overcome was the problem of Peak 3 carrying the name of Mt Lyell on the maps, as well as being the actual boundary peak. This was resolved by Mr. Vallance who pointed out that all who were familiar with this area associated the name of Mt Lyell with the whole massif and its icefield. The five peaks were always referred to as Peaks 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 of Mt Lyell, and the Swiss Guides themselves made no distinction and never called Peak 3 by any other name. Attention was drawn to the fact that in a similar situation Mts. Feuz and Häsler rise out of the massif named Mt Dawson. Fortunately the Federal and Provincial authorities agreed with this opinion and saw no reason why the five peaks could not be named independently. After determining that the English spelling of the Guides' names would be most suitable the new names were approved 19 January 1972 and the prolonged and *intricate negotiations were at last terminated.*

Due to the efforts of Mr. Vallance and Mr. Delaney the five Lyell peaks are now known as: Rudolph Peak, Edward Peak, Ernest Peak, Walter Peak, and Christian Peak. All who visit this area will be reminded of the part in history that the Swiss Guides played, and be aware of the esteem and respect which was accorded these men by all who knew and were associated with them.

Jan Burks

Archives of the Canadian Rockies

The Lyells and the Swiss Guides. Bruno Engler

Footnotes:

1 Holmgren, Eric J and Patricia M 2000 Place Names of Alberta. Modern Press, Saskatoon, 1972. p 111

2 Kinbasket Country. The Golden and District Historical Society, 1972. pp 53, 55

3 Canadian Alpine Journal 1928. p 42

4 Edward Feuz Jr. and Rudolph Aemmer had completed the first north to south traverse of Victoria in 1909, guiding Mr. G.W. Culver of Winnipeg.

5 Canadian Alpine Journal 1940. p 169-172

Additional References:

Golden Star. 7 June 1972

Canadian Alpine Journal 1931:138-139. 1926-27:141-49. 1940:231. 1942-43:189-97. 1944-45:49-52. 1967:133

ACC Gazette. November 1973.

Thorington, J. Monroe A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada. The American Alpine Club, 6th edition 1966. pp 195-97

Sydney Vallance Manuscript Collection, Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta

Bill Peyto Alone

"It's time to go; I've had enough!
Damn this town, all those
pettifogging shopkeepers and piddling government men — especially
that interfering muddler, Jennings.
There are too many of them, and
you never know what they're up to.
I fought in their wars — I guess
I had to do that; but they're not
going to make a hero of me for it.
It was tough enough; but, by God,
we're men, aren't we?
But I don't care. As long as
they do as they're told

when they're out here around
Healy Creek. They're such greenhorns!
Someone's got to help them,
doesn't he? And those damned police!
They'd better leave my guns to me.
A man needs his gun: there are dangers
you can't always predict, you know.
No bear's going to take me before
my time, either; when he comes
stealing my grub, he'll learn
about it from this gun barrel.
Anyhow, I've been around and had fun;
I'm let alone when I want it.
Soon I'll be back up in the larches.
There's snow on the ground now
and I'll see who's been bothering
my cabin. It's mighty pretty there
when no one's around: we'd better
like it while we can, because
we're not going to be around long!
Damnation, I s'pose that wife's
going to cry. By God, that's God's
affair, or somebody's, I don't know.
Whoever made the mountains made me
and I'm not waiting: I'm going."

Gordon Burles

Bill Peyto was a packer, trapper, prospector, guide and park warden around Banff from 1887 to his death in 1943.

Waddington Area

On the way to the airport our overloaded pickup lost its left hind wheel, so by the time we air dropped on the Tellot Glacier and landed on its terminal lake, it was already midafternoon, 26 July. The magnitude of the mountain-glacier complex was astounding. Through the plane's windows a thousand tilting images of ice and rock spun round as we frantically forced unwilling boxes through the bomb bay door. Glaciers welled and twisted up over summits only to drop chaotically between massive granite faces and ridges to a vast plain of ice. On the firm sand of the moraine we were incredulous; this range was bigger and more beautiful than we had imagined.

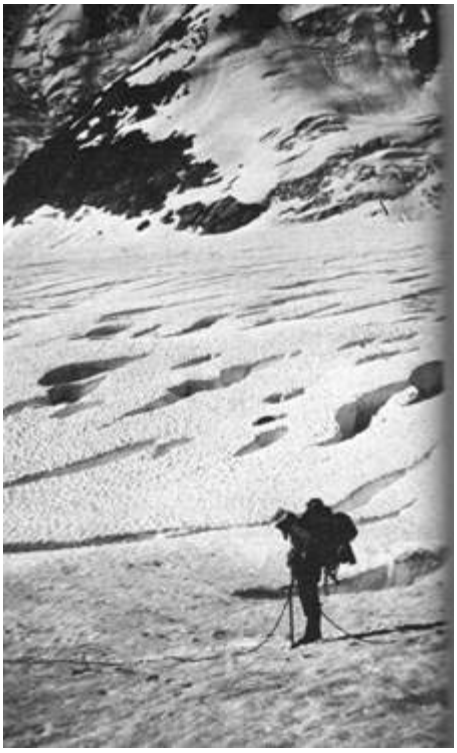
After collecting and sorting our airdrop at the hut and an ascent of the Claw, we (Dirk and Ted) concocted a bold plan to climb Mt Tiedeman by the Radiant Glacier and traverse the Serras back to the Tellot glacier. At dawn the next morning we were peering over the top of the Tellot down 2000 ft of 60° gray green ice to the Radiant and Chaos Glaciers. The drop was more than we expected, as was the cold and altitude, so we retreated to move our camp to the upper Tellot, revealed so magically that orange morning ringed by fantastic towers and spires. South we could plainly see the curve of the earth from the Cariboo to the ocean, the Coast Range bulging in between.

After setting up our new camp we climbed the thin and beautifully sculptured south west buttress of Argiewicz. Later Rob and Bruce

Bruce descending Mt Munday. Ted Davis

Climbing on the Tellott Spires. Ted Davis

Tiedeman Glacier. Ted Davis



Avalanche on Teideman Glacier. Waddington right of centre. Ted Davis

joined our camp after climbing Eagleshead and Dragonback.ln the next few days the four of us leisurely climbed all the Tellot Spires; fun climbing, solid rock spectacular views and excellent acclimatizers. On 5 August, after a difficult ice pitch to the Serra II III col, we got into the precarious and treacherous frost fractured piles of granite known as Serra III. We traversed its west side to a summit which we then thought was Serra IV and bivied just below it. The next day we climbed what we thought was Serra V but now believe was Serra IV. Beyond 500 ft of rappelling was needed to begin an unnumbered Serra after which rose the truly formidable south face of Serra V. It was more than we were prepared to handle, so we returned to our bivy site and back down to the Tellot the next day, relieved to be off intact. The next few days we climbed most of the claws or rested at the hut with books and popcorn. The four of us tried the fingerlike claw beyond Harvard Claw, retreating for lack of rurps and boldness as the clouds dumped wet snow on us turning the lichen covered rock into black snot.

Soon after these adventures we organized for an ascent of Waddington and subsequent hike out over Mt Munday and the Franklin Glacier. On 16 August we set the bulk of our food at the base of Waddington and the next day went directly up the ridge from Rainy Knob to Bravo Col, a strenuous day on rotten rock and steep snow. Supper was just a bowl of soup, for rumour had it that a BCMC airdrop lay up the col. The next morning Ted stormed out of camp dragging his rope, stamping his numb feet, with Rob chasing after him to tie in. Bruce and Dirk caught them later feasting on chocolate and jam. Most of the drop, including naphtha, we left under a rock cairn on the west edge of Bravo Col. Many fixed pins and much webbing desecrate the summit block. Descending, a rappel off an ice tower was needed to thread the Bravo icefall.

The next morning clouds pushed up the glacier and over us as we reluctantly kicked steps up the east ridge of Munday under 70 Ib packs. Kicking our way up those steep snow slopes, often plunging through with our heavy loads, crossing bergschrunds and crevasses, awkwardly climbing exposed loose rock, Dirk announced to our unanimous agreement, "It's amazing what you can do if you're dumb enough to try it." Over the top of Munday we dropped, not without some difficulty, into ice valley (icefalls on all four sides) a place of special light and a fantastic place to camp.

Plunging down the Corridor Glacier we wished for the 30th time we had some short skiis. On the Corridor we found thousands of iceworms, an inch or more long, black and smooth, presumably feeding on the red algae. On the average they occurred one every square yard, but in places increased to six or more per square yard. After about five miles they disappeared. After several hours on the Franklin Glacier's vast expanse, past immense glaciers sliding in on both sides, we came to a narrowing of the valley and a huge icefall. Crevasses 50 and 100 ft wide stretched over 1/4 mile across the glacier. We zigzagged into these far enough to see that the glacier stepped down there about 600 ft, so sidetracked to some steep snow and ice ramps against the north valley wall. Beyond the crevasses were smaller for a couple of miles, but then another icefall blocked our way and proved extremely difficult to get through (some super highway!). On 24 August we again lay on moraine sand, very satisfied.

Our airdrop and food was so successful that we want to share our method with you. Brown rice and some barley were our daily staple, Japanese soupmixes, cheese and some fish supplementing them. Breakfast was cooked cereal or granola, depending on our time and energy, with nuts and milk powder supplementing. Dried fruit, nuts and cheese made our lunches. Malt extract and popcorn (with butter) were our favorite snacks. We brought in 8 Ibs of salted herring and 8 Ibs of smoked salmon which proved too much fish for our vegetarian stomachs. We all gained weight and lost fat. The Beaver bomb bay is 19 by 19 inches. We obtained 14 by 14 by 14 and 12 by 12 by 12 inch cardboard boxes. The smaller box was packed and tied with strong twine, placed inside the larger box with cardboard filler and tied again. The cubical boxes rolled well and thereby stayed intact. Most boxes were 22 to 28 Ibs; our two 35 Ib boxes survived reasonably well but our 45 Ib box came open, though not much was lost.

The most of our experience on our little expedition was of harmonious friendship and co-operation in some joyous adventures. We were Bruce McMullen, Rob Early, Ted Davis and Dirk Brinkman.

Dirk Brinkman, Ted Davis

Hoy

There's nothing greets your bloody eye
But bloody sea and bloody sky
All bloody cloud, all bloody rain
In bloody Orkney

"I say Charles; that was a jolly good climb!" I said in my best public school accent.

"Yes, it was rather, despite the rain."

Charles Walmsley and I squatted precariously atop the Napes Needle. It was pissing down. A strong wind out of the south west rushed up the slopes of the Great Gable and banks of heavy grey cloud soared in over Wasdale. This was where it had all begun: the birthplace of rock climbing. Now Napes Needle stood immutably a monument to the sport. But I had a long way to go that night. We reversed the famous and highly polished mantleshelf, slithered down the crack and bounded off down the scree.

In Edinburgh that night, a few enquiring phone calls, and I drove the empty midnight streets by the eerie yellow glare of the sodium lights borrowing suitable climbing equipment. About 1 in the morning I lifted the phone.

"Hello, Chris?"

"Uh, Oh, what's that?"

"It's Bugs — you been sleeping or something? Are you ready to go?"

"Uh — Oh yes. Sorry I was asleep. Yeh sure, I'll be round in about an hour."

Chris Masterton's MG purred up the M9; a mile-long string of yellow lights arced over the Firth of Forth, the dark towers of the road bridge and the intricate cantilever structure of the old railway bridge silhouetted against the grey-blue glow of the northern sky. I dozed off….

I gradually became aware of the crick in my neck, my head far forward, the movement of the car, stretched, opened eyes blinking to the bright glare of morning sun peeping out over banks of low cloud — Aviemore. North we headed, through the still empty streets of Inverness, round the Beauly Firth and the Black Isle, up the north east coast by Dunrobin Castle, the hillsides now a blazoning mass of yellow broom. As we dropped slowly into Thurso from a bleak stretch of moorland the view north opened up. Far across the Pentland Firth beyond the north coast of Scotland we could just make out the dark shape of the Orkney Islands ending abruptly on the left, where huge cliffs plunged sheer to the Atlantic, the top of a stack projecting unaccountably from the otherwise smooth profile.

"That must be the 'Old Man'."

The St Olaf pitched and rolled violently in a freshening Atlantic swell and wreaths of mist streamed from the crest of the cliffs of Hoy. Ironically only a quarter mile away, the cairn atop the Old Man of Hoy still seemed very far away; an improbable column of deep red sandstone and long streaks of green lichen. Just beyond, St John's Head, the highest sea cliff in Britain, rose in one clean sweep of 1250 ft, the scene of Ed Ward Drummond's five day route, The Great White Hope'. Clutching the stern rail, an old woman looking immensely sad, ejected a long thin column of vomit into the sea, the last few drips clinging to the tufts of hair on her chin. On my left a stout, balding man, head in hands, retched violently.

The ferry swung round the headland into the Sound of Hoy and calmer water. Stromness, on the Main Island, combined a curious blend of the Scottish vernacular architecture and something else, decidedly Scandinavian — a huddle of grey stone buildings, white-washed gables and red-roofed corrugated iron sheds round the harbour. A heavy drizzle fell from a thick blanket of mist. The main street was narrow and twisting, mediaeval, paved with huge flagstones, and the few cars seemed totally out of place. Mr. Brown's old police launch took us across the Sound round the island of Graemesay to Hoy. We slipped him a pound…

"Aye, it's a dreich yin, al right! You'll no be climbing the Old Man in this weather. Will you be staying at Rackwick Bay?"

"Yes," Chris blurted, "we were thinking of dosing in the old schoolhouse."

"You'll no be dosing there!" His soft Orcadian accent concealing more threat than it implied. "It would be creating animosity! But if you see Mr. Isaac Moare at the Post Office he will run you to the Youth Hostel in Rackwick."

A Youth Hostel and a lift were not exactly what we had in mind but the prospect of a long walk in the pissing rain with our vastly overloaded sacks made the choice unavoidable and we concurred.

Rackwick Bay is one of those idyllic spots, totally unexpected. An assortment of stone crofts roofed with stone slabs and turf, only one inhabitant and his dog, a few cows, a few sheep, the shore heaped high with round boulders in a kaleidoscope of colour dropping to a crescent of cream sand and the Atlantic rollers. All this framed by rolling heather hills and the red sandstone cliffs climbing into the mist on either side of the bay. There was nobody else at the hostel. We got the stove going and our feet up to wait out the bad weather. All the next day the mist hung low over the bay, dead calm. A fine persistent drizzle gave no promise of a change. Then in the early evening a wind sprang up out of the west, patches of blue appeared, the view opened south over the Pentland Firth to the north coast of the mainland and the last wreaths of mist drifted from the hilltops.

"Well, should we go now or do we risk waiting till tomorrow? There should be just enough light to climb right through the night!" I suggested.

"Why not, let's go."

We circled the hillside, rising gradually to skirt the crest of the seacliffs. The wind was freshening, buffeting us, showering us with thousands of droplets of water drained from the crest only to be picked up and blown back on itself. The path swung inland across the moors and the top of the Old Man appeared above the clifftops.

As we emerged on the crest of the cliffs a million seabirds erupted into the air screeching their protests. Fulmars, puffins with their multi-coloured beaks, shags, cormorants and a host of others. This was the nesting season. The entire foreground was dominated by the dark profile of the Old Man of Hoy, 450 ft from the ocean and its granite plinth to its deceptively close summit cairn now slightly higher than us. At one time it may well have been possible to walk to that point along a narrow neck of land linking it to the island but apparently the entire neck had collapsed during the 19th century, thus isolating one of the most impressive sea stacks in Britain.

As we picked our way down through a break in the cliffs the setting sun sent shafts of yellow light in a huge fan to reflect in flickering pools on the ocean. In one of those a fishing trawler drifted slowly north. It was about 9 in the evening when we roped up and started climbing. Large loose holds, still wet and greasy from the last few days' rain, and liberally sprinkled with sand, took us to a big ledge on the south east edge. I peered round the corner onto the east face and felt very glad indeed that I had been prepared for the worst. The second pitch appeared all it was made out to be and a little more. I could see the crack about 20 ft across disappearing through two large roofs. A tattered old fixed rope, now hanging by only one thin strand 15 ft out from the face looped in to a bunch of rotting slings. Directly below the face was undercut with a clear drop to jagged black rocks and a seething mass of water. The roar from the sea was deafening.

Chris lowered me about 20 ft to a traverse line and I faltered over a few awkward moves to the base of the crack. The footholds were large but I was out of balance and the few small handholds were both crumbly and greasy, a nasty combination. Suddenly

the light around me seemed to grow. I glanced over my shoulder. Overhead the sky was black. Sheets of rain angled across the cliffs now bathed in bright yellow sunshine and solid bands of colour in a spectacular rainbow arced down to the sea. Chris stuck his head round the corner. He frowned, whether at what I had still to climb or at something else I didn't know. I wondered if he was thinking about that bizarre conversation two weeks before when I had first suggested we climb the Old Man.

"Well what about it then?" I had said.

"I don't know, I've only been climbing 6 months. I'm not sure I'm up to it yet!"

"Oh come on, I've seen you climb; you'll piss up it. It's not that hard!

You can get time off work, can't you?"

"Yes, that's no problem, but still I'm not sure…."

"Well, what is it then?" I asked.

"Look, I know you smoke grass and I thought your judgment had been impaired. I mean, well, I wouldn't touch the stuff myself, and there was that climb at Ravelrig!"

"Oh Christ — that!" I said, and thought, but he'll never believe me. He had led with ease, this short new route in a quarry near Edinburgh and I had struggled up behind him, trying to look cool but finally conceding and asking for a tight rope to pull myself up the last few moves. Of course I had the usual excuses: new mountain boots, couldn't reach the last holds, etc. etc. and perhaps I had smoked a little dope. Anyway I'd managed to talk myself out of that one and here I was face to face with what fate had obviously intended as a chance to redeem myself and put aside any misgivings he might have had about my ability. But now I felt less than enthusiastic about this opportunity. I moved very cautiously over the first overhang, trying desperately to control quivering legs, and squirmed into the comparative comfort of a bottomless chimney, where I noticed with relief that Chris could no longer see me. With no critical eyes upon me, I could now proceed as unscrupulously as I wished, climbing as badly as the situation dictated and making full use of the paraphernalia with which modern technology has blessed the climber. I could even attach a prusik loop to that tempting fixed rope hanging behind me and nobody would be any the wiser. The second overhang forced me out of the chimney and a long offsize crack led to a small ledge. Under normal circumstances I would already be half-sprawled on the ledge, elbows and belly. But it was already occupied — by a puffin and her egg. Not a foot from my face, she eyed me askance, shuffling to the back. I don't know who was the more frightened. Hanging there pondering the solution to this impasse I suddenly realized I need only step right and I would be on a ledge. Chris came up. He seemed impressed.

We cast the occasional wary eye on sea and sky. The hoped for clear sky which, at a pinch, would have enabled us to climb on through the night, was being rapidly obscured by dark clouds sweeping in from the south west. With every wave the sea turned into a surging mass of white water. Curiously enough, on this, the lee side of the stack, scarcely a breath of wind. Chris led on in gathering darkness. Easier now, but still very steep with large, greasy holds. I followed, the grey shapes of several fulmar petrels scuttled off along a narrow ledge. An egg spattered at my feet. A choking noise in the semi-darkness and a filthy, stinking message sputtered across forehead and shoulder. Six weeks later the pungent smell, reminiscent of the rotting contents of an ancient can of sardines, was still there. We emerged on a sloping grass ledge. Chris peered at his watch — half past one. The darkness almost complete. Directly above the final, vertical open book no more than a black V in deep greyness, greyer than the sea, whipped now into a fierce fury of air and water, the storm at its zenith. Huge waves frothed high over the narrow neck of land far below. For the moment "to go on was impossible, to retreat unthinkable!" Shivering violently in the occasional eddy current, we huddled into our jackets to wait for the pre-dawn light, thankful at least for this leeward haven.

Three o'clock. The light seemed to be improving. With numb hands and body chilled to the core I moved off, bludgeoning my way up the crack, using everything not in the book — elbows and knees devising the most strenuous possible means of progress in an attempt to generate some warmth. Another noise somewhere, mingling with the roar of the sea, like the scream of a boiler's escape valve. 30 ft up, the noise increasing in intensity, I reached up to jamb my left hand in the corner crack. Suddenly my arm was swept backwards, away from the crack, momentarily upsetting balance. I realized then that the crack severed the entire upper portion of the stack and the full force of the southwesterly blast, funneled into a corner on the far side, emerged a knife edge of cold, compressed air. This was going to be a struggle. As much as possible I tried to stay on the right wall out of the main line of fire. Every time I was obliged to reach for a hold on the left wall or in the crack it required the same degree of concentration as to hold one's extended arm steady out the window of a fast-moving vehicle. The situation must surely have been unique. As the crack widened I was forced into it more and more often, and at the top where it became a chimney, I had to brace myself against the full fury of the wind before sprawling onto the grassy, summit platform and crawling to the cairn….

There's nothing greets your bloody eye
But bloody sea and bloody sky
All bloody cloud, all bloody rain
In bloody Orkney

When Chris joined me on top we found that, although badly buffeted, we could stand up without too much risk of being whisked away, the worst of the wind deflected to arc up over our heads. In complete contrast to the east side and the summit, which were bone dry, the west side's sodden surface streamed water. More than anything the sea held our attention. I had the impression of standing on a tall island far above some gigantic river's dancing spray. North, south and west, 'till cloud and water blended in a grey furore, there was not so much as a patch undisturbed. Wave upon wave, grey and white, whipped into the air, thrust up against the cliffs, hints of red rock and green, boiling over the crest to disappear in the mist. Now we only had to get down

Bugs McKeith

Mountain Names of the Central Selkirks

The first name givers of the area we now know as the Selkirk Mtns were the Shuswap Indians. Unfortunately they didn't put up sign posts or possess a written language, so little remains for us today except handles on some of the rivers, and precious few of them. Even the names of the principal ranges are not local; Cariboo is an Algonquian word, Monashee may have an Irish derivation, Selkirk was a Scots earl, and Purcell, an Irish professor.

The earliest of the white men to apply any names that stuck was David Thompson on his map of 1814; almost none of his remain, a fate which, regrettably, has befallen many others since. It is an unhappy tendency of many to feel that we of any current generation can improve upon the names handed down to us from the past. Experience should tell us we lose as much as we gain, and maybe more. It is sad indeed, for instance, to see the name of Chief Kinbasket, a local politician of 100 years ago, thrust aside or drowned in the interest of memorializing a politician of the present year.

An excellent reference work with a broad view of the development of nomenclature throughout the province is that written by the Akriggs entitled 1001 British Columbia Place Names. Unfortunately for the mountaineer their acquaintance with the Interior Ranges has, to date, been minimal. Nevertheless, I will not seek in the descriptions that follow to duplicate territory they have already covered, or dwell within the valleys, where a further wealth of toponymic adventure awaits the more scholarly.

The purpose of the following recitation is to recall and refresh the intriguing history of Canadian mountain nomenclature while records and memory may still be with us. Hopefully, the derivation of certain mountain names which are our present heritage will at least be known to those that follow.

One of the founders of the ACC, the distinguished surveyor and geographer, Arthur O. Wheeler, in his two volume work, The Selkirk Range, detailed much of early nomenclature with respect to those portions of the Selkirks most attainable from the Canadian Pacific Railway. His only predecessor in local alpine topography was the Reverend William Spotswood Green, an Irish clergyman who visited the Selkirks with the opening of the railroad in the company of Henry Swanzy, another clergyman, who had, in turn visited the Selkirks even before the railroad was complete.

Otto Klotz, whose name appears in the Clachnacudainn, did make some preliminary mapping above the line of the railroad grade in 1886, and, as we all know, Major Albert B. Rogers carried out his surveys and exploration in 1881. Walter Moberly, a man who felt himself bypassed by history, and who may thereby have been embittered, had explored the Tangier fork of the Illecillewaet River in 1865 and had covered a good bit of the adjacent country over the next ten years in his repeated searches for wagon roads and railroad routes. The scholar will thus find much of interest in the various CPR reports published for several years after 1874, over the signature of Sandford Fleming.

The high points most easily visible today from the Trans Canada highway are the same that were most accessible when railway transportation first reached western Canada. These include the peaks of the Hermit, Sir Donald, Bonney and Albert groups. Present day Hermit Mtn was originally Stony Mtn because of its relationship to the creek of the same name which lies to the east. The name Hermit itself was applied by railway surveyors to the prominent gendarme on the west ridge of Mt Tupper. When by Order in Council, Sir Charles Tupper was memorialized by this prominent peak on the north side of Rogers Pass, the name Hermit was shifted to the undistinguished lump of a peak at the north east of the group. The northernmost and least of the Hermit Group was named by the CPR for its second chief operating officer, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. The first president, also American born, was Sir William Cornelius Van Horne: but he has been honoured only by a snowfield, and even that at some distance south of the high iron.

The Truda Peaks next west of Hermit Mtn were named by the Dominion Survey for Miss Gertrude E. Benham, the first prominent lady mountaineer to climb in western Canada. Part of her prominence was due to her making the first traverse of that entire ridge crest, of which the small Truda Peaks are but a part. Carl Sulzer, an early Swiss amateur climber in these ranges, applied the name of Major Rogers to the highest point of the Hermit Group. Rogers, a native of the state of Maine, educated at Yale, spent most of his life in railway surveying around North America. With his nephew Albert (Canyon) and a party of Indians, he was the first to traverse the pass which now bears his name. Sulzer also insured his own posterity by naming a nearby summit Swiss Peak.

The Topographic Survey named the central and easterly peaks of Mt Rogers after Sir Sandford Fleming and George Grant, Secretary and biographer to the distinguished engineer-in-chief, the man most responsible for location work of railways in both eastern and western Canada. The Topographical Survey people also flattered their boss, the Honorable Clifford Sifton, by giving his name to a relatively minor peak (which his Eminence never saw) in the Hermit Range. Apparently Sir Clifford wasn't the only important person in their eyes, for at the same time an even less distinguished bump across the way on the west side of the Bonney massif, was named after James Smart, the deputy Minister of the Interior.

The relatively minor peaks west of the main Hermit Group have a series of zoologic names applied by the Dominion Survey in keeping with the frequency of wild life in that area, encountered from the earliest days of their exploration. Two gold prospectors, Messrs Woolsey and Scott started this trend with what one assumes to be a different and unexpected kind of rush initiated by various bears and mountain lions. In 1904 a more enterprising prospector, C.H. Deutschmann, returned to the Cougar Valley and staked out a mineral claim encompassing what later became known as the Nakimu Caves but that's somebody else's story. The only anomalies among the bear type names are those of McGill and Corbin. The latter was an unsuccessful prospector whose name was applied by railroad crews, and the former wasn't really thought about much until Professor J.W.A. Hickson memorialized his alma mater and lifetime employer. Mountain toponymy in many parts of the

"Canadian Alps" owes much to Professor Hickson and this was one of his earlier contributions.

To the south of the Illecillewaet River names become more significant to mountaineering. Mr. Harold Perley, the first manager of Glacier House, though not a climber himself was extremely popular with the many who frequented his hotel. As a result, a "level" rock area on the then edge of the Illecillewaet Glacier, used frequently as a bivouac site in earlier climbing days, was so named by the Reverend Green.

The CPR named the imposing south buttress of Rogers Pass after its principal political patron, the Hon John A. McDonald. But its neighbouring peak to the south was named even earlier by Major Rogers for the prevalence of avalanches down its west slope, one of which carried a portion of his first ascent party most of the way down (a practice which has been emulated by more than one climbing party in the 90 years since). Railroad people also named Eagle Peak after a not very prominent gendarme on its south ridge, which to some seemed to resemble an eagle. Professor Fay, a proper Bostonian explorer and in his day the most prominent and persistent mountaineer of North America, named neighbouring Uto Peak after the section of the Swiss Alpine Club to which his friend, Emil Huber, belonged.

The best known of the Selkirk Peaks is, as every Canadian school child knows, named for Sir Donald A. Smith, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, the principal promoter of the CPR. It wasn't always named for Sir Donald; the Railroad changed the name from that originally applied by Major Rogers, Syndicate Peak. In those days the word "syndicate" may not have been as all bad as it has later become in the popular mind, though even then a few people felt that perhaps some people were doing better at the public trough than they deserved.

The southernmost peak of the Sir Donald group was climbed by the Reverends Green and Swanzy and named by Mr. Green for himself, as it was the first significant ascent he made in these mountains. The Dominion Survey later decided that the name Green's peak was not appropriate here and more properly belonged on a western subsidiary of Mt Bonney. The Reverend's peak was thereupon officially called Terminal.

The peaks to the west of the Illecillewaet River and Icefield were largely named by Professor Fay and his companions Philip Abbot and Charles Thompson, all members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, who spent many a summer in the mountains of western Canada. The northernmost and least of these peaks was named for a different Abbott though; Harry, who was at that time the general superintendent of the railroad. The neighboring Mt Afton, another minor summit, got its name as an acronym of the names of Professor Fay and his companions. The Asulkan valley, glacier, pass, brook and ridge were named by the Reverend Green after the Shuswap word for mountain goat, a few of which can still occasionally be seen in the high country thereabouts. Professor Fay and his companions marched up that valley looked at the prominent wall on the west, naming it the Rampart, and the rounded shape beside it The Dome. The nearby peaks, which all fitted neatly together, they named in true mythological fashion Mt Jove, along with its subsidiaries, Castor, Pollux and Leda. In later years the Permanent Committee on Geographic Names altered Jove, the vocative, to Jupiter, the nominative. However no one has taken formal issue with the ongoing misplacement of a Latin name in a story of Greek origin. The Reverend Henry Swanzy, a cousin of the Reverend Green, had been over the entire route of the CPR in 1884 before it was completed. Upon his return home he had so inspired his cousin that the two of them returned four years later, as a result of which Reverend Green's volume Among the Selkirk Glaciers appeared in 1890. This book and its accompanying map gave the first names to a number of peaks. But that of Swanzy himself was applied several years later by Professor Fay and his companions to the lesser peak above Lily Col at the east end of the Bonney Massif.

Clarke Peak, a rather insignificant bump farther along the ridge towards the summit of Bonney from Mt Swanzy, was named by the Topographical Survey for Charles Clarke, a Swiss, if you can believe it, guide stationed at Glacier the same year that the Topographical people under the leadership of Mr. Wheeler climbed the main peak. This, the most prominent peak west of Glacier was named by the Reverent Green after Thomas George Bonney, a mountaineer and geologist of distinction, author of numerous books on the Alps, and at the time of the Reverend Green's visit to the Selkirks, President of the Alpine Club.

A second and very historic area in the history of Canadian alpinism and the toponymy of the Selkirks is that which lies beyond the crest of the Illecillewaet Névé and even south of Glacier Circle. Reverend Green named the major massif and dominant topographic feature of that area after George Dawson, who was at the time Director General of the Geological Survey of Canada. Green, who never visited these peaks, but studied them at length from the névé crest, the Asulkan Pass and the Geikie Glacier named the highest peak of the Dawson group, that at the east extremity, after Edouard G. Deville, who was then the Dominion's Surveyor General. Deville apparently didn't have enough friends to hang in on the mountain, though the name has stuck on the largest glacier system in the Selkirks, and in due course the Topographic Survey people changed that mountain's name to that of Alfred Selwyn, Director General of the Geological Survey when the Canadian Pacific was being built across the Cambrian Shield formations north of the Great Lakes.

Professor Fay and his sometime climbing associate, Herschel C. Parker, a Professor of Physics at Columbia University, named two of the high points of Mt Dawson for their favourite guides, Christian Häsler and Edouard Feuz Sr.. The Topographic Survey is responsible for giving the text of these high points a name in honour of another of the Swiss guides, Friedrich Michel, who accompanied Mr. Wheeler's party in 1902.

Reverend Mr. Green named Mt Macoun after the notable Dominion naturalist-biologist, Professor John Macoun. He named Mt Fox and Mt Donkin after two members of an Alpine Club party who failed to return from a climbing trip in the Caucausus in the same year (1888) that Green first visited the Selkirks. William Frederick Donkin and Harry Fox lost their lives during an exposed traverse across an unexplored portion of this high and distant range, at the time the object of much attention from British mountaineers. Green did not learn of the disappearance of his friends until he

returned to London. Their bodies were never found, though a subsequent party did locate their final bivouac. The companion peak of Mt Macoun, the south portal of Glacier Circle, was named for Harold W. Topham, a member of the Alpine Club who had climbed in that area with Messers Huber, Sulzer and Forster, the same gentlemen who were also responsible for the name Glacier Circle. Huber, Topham and Forster kept on moving south after they went through Glacier Circle and first viewed Grand Mtn with its then spectacular easterly glaciers, from which appearance they derived the name.

The Bishops Group, which lies next south and parallel to Mt Dawson, was named by Arthur Wheeler because of the mitre appearance of its principal peak when seen from the north. Cyprian was a Bishop of Carthage about the middle of the third century and Augustine, the subject of many a sermon, held the same office in a neighbouring community a century later. Mt Kilpatrick was named by Mr. Wheeler after Timothy Kilpatrick, the superintendent of the CPR at Revelstoke who was very helpful to the surveying parties. No description of the earliest names given to the peaks of the central Selkirks would be complete without reference to the delightful humour in the name of Mt McBean, a double peak isolated at the west end of the Deville Icefield system. Someone in Arthur Wheeler's party had a taste for good Scot's whiskey. Near the Findhorn River, some 50 miles west of Banff and the complex of distilleries around the River Spey, is Tomatin, one of the lesser known but older distilleries in Scotland — only a connoisseur of the finer things in life would have thought of a combination of names like that.

William L. Putnam

Huascaran by Bus

On a dark and dismal night, a year before all this took place, Bill Prescott and I met John Ricker and he showed us racks of books in many languages, all about the Andes. A fine photo of Huascaran caught our interest. John said that it was very high, 22,300ft, and not difficult, so it was not too surprising that when we both found ourselves among the ranks of the unemployed we decided to go south. When Joy Petty heard of our plans she quit work and joined us.

By February 1974 we had accumulated passports, immunizations, letters of credit, travellers cheques, secret compartments, moneybelts, and books designed to teach us painless Spanish. We set off in Bill's VW van and were soon in San Diego where we left the van and a lot of other things. Tijuana is a short bus ride from San Diego and here we caught another bus south. It took us a while to learn all about buses, how well they keep to schedules, the classes of bus and what to expect for the additional cost of going first class, and how far we should ride without stopping for a rest. Where possible we travelled by day and camped at night, usually in some desolate place strewn with empty beer cans. We stopped at Guaymas, Topolabamba, Mazatlan, Tepic, Guadalajara, Mexico City. From Mexico City we assaulted Nevado de Toluca, 15,800 ft, which involved some rather tricky hitch-hiking to within 1000 ft of the summit. None of us had been this high before and were quite pleased to not suffer from altitude effects. Toluca is a fine outing and it's possible to get to the top even when suffering from Montezuma's Revenge.

Next we tried Orizaba, 18,900 ft, but were soundly defeated by sunstroke, thirst, Montezuma's Revenge, and mainly ignorance. If you want to try it get an accurate map, a broad brimmed hat, lots of water, rent a VW and approach from the north, more or less. Start walking very early in the morning. Talk to somebody who has been there.

Continuing, we travelled through the land of the Mayan ruins, with side trips to Palenque, Nazca, Chichen Itza, Tulum, and Tikal in Guatamela. After a couple of weeks of this we decided we were not archaeologists as we found the tourists about as fascinating as the ruins. Many of the tourists were not interested in the ruins either but rather the hallucinogenic plants which grow in the jungle among the ruins. They were a dedicated bunch, getting up at 4 a.m. daily to search for mushrooms on the fresh cow shit, then lying in their hammocks for the rest of the day, becoming hallucinated, merely bored, or violently ill, depending on what mushrooms they happened to find.

We spent about a month in and around Guatemala City, enjoying the large Mayan Indian population. We climbed Pacaya, an exciting active volcano, and attempted Agua, an extinct volcano, where we were washed off by the leading edge of the rainy season advancing from the north. Climbing in Guatemala should be done before May unless you like rain.

With the rainy season in mind we decided to lose some latitude as fast as we could and took off through Central America, hitch-hiking at the rate of about one country a day. We continued this hectic pace for four countries until we could no longer remember which country we were in, what their unit of currency was, and what reception to expect at the next frontier. This got us to Costa Rica, where we went up volcanoes Irazu and Poas. No technical difficulty, we hitch-hiked to the top. Then to Panama, a plane to Medellin in Columbia, buses and trains and hitch-hiking some more, until we found ourselves finally in Huaraz, Peru, only about 30 miles from Huascaran.

Huaraz is not the most pleasant town. A third of its citizens were killed in the 1970 earthquake, not soon forgotten. In addition, help pouring in from all over the world, while saving many lives, has reduced the self-confidence of the citizens, diluted their mountain way of life, and made them yearn for things they cannot yet afford. We spent three months in and about Huaraz and got to know it fair, though would have done better if we'd known more Spanish or Quechua. We found a Benedictine Seminary a mile to the east of town and there stored our climbing food and the small amount of equipment we had with us, and more which was sent down from Canada. The poorest hotel we could find cost over a dollar a night, so we sometimes camped near the Seminary. We gradually learned what to eat and what to avoid. Charqui, sun-dried llama meat, cooked in our pressure cooker for two hours, was tender but indigestible. Hamburger patties from Ecuador, small tins with green labels, are to be avoided. Most tinned meats were not to be trusted. For food which had to be carried we finally settled on Paraguayan corned beef, Peruvian tuna in one pound tins, local hard cheese well cooked with "tuco" spaghetti sauce, Peruvian

Maggi soups, and the usual noodles, rice, jello, mush, etc. In Lima we bought a great quantity of non-perishable food, as well as some Peruvian nylon (very rare), and foamy, to make overboots, mittens, and hauling sacks.

Our objectives while in Huaraz were to get in shape and acclimatized, see some of the fine Alpine country other than Huascaran, and get our gear together. We did several fine hikes. We went to Laguna Llaca, 15,000 ft, and fed Maggi soup packages to the cows. A trip up Quebrada Calcayhuanca ended after a night's snowfall at 15,800 ft when I developed strange bubbly sounds in my lungs and, not knowing exactly what pulmonary oedema is all about, we figured we'd better get down. We hiked over the pass from Olleros to Chavin on a trail built perhaps 2000 years ago. We hiked into the lakes to the west of Yerupaja to look at the Cordillera Huayhuash, going via Chiquian and returning via Cajatambo, on spectacular century old trails. I went on a modest trip to the Negra to take pictures of the Blanca. Bill climbed Pisco, 19,100 ft, and Vallunaraju, 18,600 ft, with a couple of Americans who were passing through. Part way through all this Joy decided she'd had enough and flew home. Bill and I decided that though we weren't absolutely rabid about the climb of Huascaran we'd already put a lot of effort into it so we'd better give it a try.

We hired an excellent porter to be with us the first three days. One of his jobs was to hire two burros and a burro operator. We spent the first night in Musha schoolyard where some inebriated locals threw rocks at our tent until our porter dispatched them with flowery Quechua.

The next morning the burros arrived. Though we used them for only four to five hours, they saved us much effort and enabled us to get everything to 15,000 ft by early afternoon. The porter explained that cows sometimes come to 15,000 ft at night and trample tents so just before supper he went on a wild cow chase lasting two hours. A more helpful and obliging man could hardly be imagined.

Day three we arrived at 17,000ft by 11 a.m. and waved goodbye to our porter. We hauled a load to the ice wall at 17,500 ft and found that a fixed line which had been left by a Mexican party had been taken by some Americans. The only way up for us was to attack with our three ice screws. It took three exhausting days to get ourselves and our loads up. We decided that we were not very good ice climbers and that technical things at this height were tiring. Slightly daunted, we continued without incident to a campsite just above the garganta and below the col at 19,500 ft. This site had been used by the Mexican and American parties so a fine assortment of leftover food and other debris was available. Abandoned Bleuets and fuel were most welcome because our stove had started to give off bad fumes. We had been cooking on a Baby Ender burning dry cleaning fluid as white gas is not readily available in Peru and had not developed a taste for kerosene.

Except for the stoves, we preferred the garbage left by the Mexicans. Their food tended to be more like ours whereas the Americans tended to use freeze-dried indigestible things and we suspect they might have been quite ill much of the time. They had left hastily after one of their party was killed in a fall on the north peak.

After a day's rest we sauntered up to the col and had a close look at the two peaks. The North certainly looked attainable and straightforward. The South also looked reasonable, if the patch of shiny material at about 20,000 ft turned out to be snow and not ice. We went up to take a look, and it was snow OK so we kicked steps up the patch and returned to camp. We packed two large lunches each, planning to get up very early the next day and do the climb.

That was as far as we got for the next day the wind was blowing so hard that we could only just stand up. It blew like this for four days and on several occasions we expected to lose our tent. Inside the tent we leaned against the walls to lessen the destructive flapping and were bruised by pieces of air borne ice. Two tents 2500 ft below us were demolished. On the fourth day things calmed slightly and we escaped with all our gear and some fine things left by the other parties. We had to leave an ice screw on the wall that had taken us so long to get up. Down at 15,000 ft we met another American party and sold them some of our surplus gear. It was still quite windy and their tent collapsed twice as we talked to them.

After we got off the wind continued for at least four more days. We dispersed our surplus gear and continued hitch-hiking, busing, etc., through Bolivia, to Buenos Aires, Mendoza, Chile, then back to Peru, and eventually we flew home.

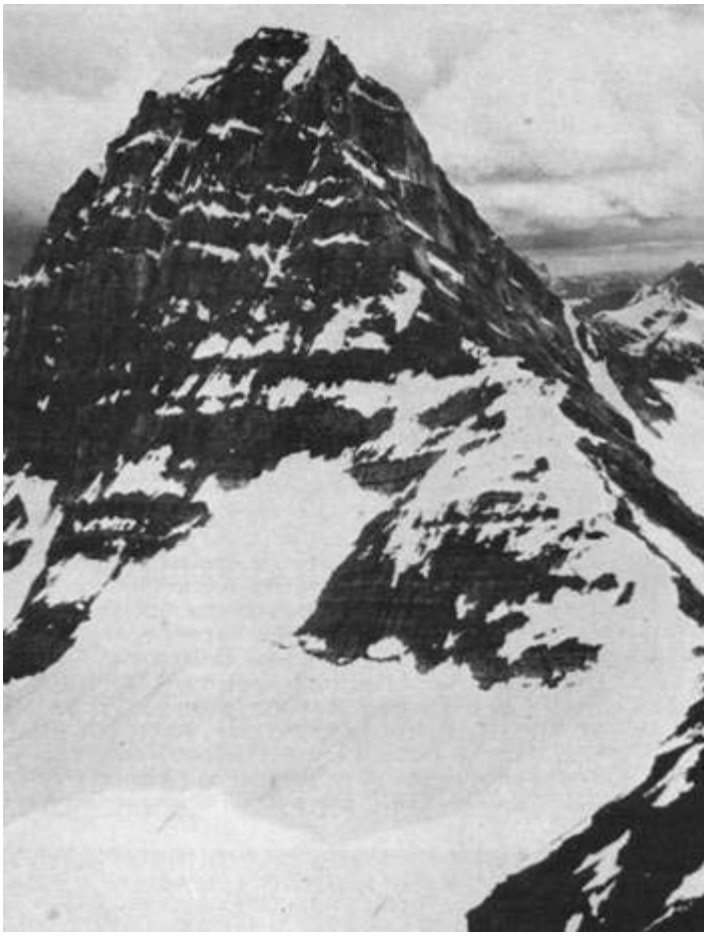
Roland Burton

Mt Churchill Group

An appeal to the ACC from the University of Newcastle-upon-Tyne Exploration Society for information on the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin group prompts us to report on our brief visit to these mountains in August 1973. The area has only limited mountaineering appeal; the rock is generally an exceedingly friable shale, the approaches involve potentially hazardous river crossings, and the few summits exceeding 9000 ft have mostly been climbed. Information on the area is sparse (see W. L. Putnam, R. Kruszyna and C. Jones, Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada - North, 1974, pp. 264-265) and only a 1:250,000 scale map (Tuchodi Lakes Sheet 94K, National Topographic Series) is presently available. Nevertheless, the major summits (i.e. those of 8500 ft or more) afford magnificent panoramas over a sea of glacier-hung peaks — fair compensation for the long journey necessary to reach this area.

Access by private car is possible from Mile 401 on the Alaska Highway, using the Churchill Copper Mine road to the ore crushing plant on the west bank of the Racing River near Delano Creek; intending visitors should contact the plant manager before going. The mine was not operational in 1973 but is again being worked at the time of writing. We crossed Delano Creek by the rather slender trestle bridge, but had to ford Goat Creek (8 miles south) — this could be dangerous on foot in times of high water. Streams in the area are generally heavily silt laden, which makes wading a game of chance and limits the choice of campsites to places where there is spring water. Our camp was therefore located on the "wrong" (east) bank of fast flowing Churchill Creek at the 4000 ft contour, 4 air miles from Mt Churchill at a bearing of 25°.

Churchill from Clemintine. T.W. Swaddle



The 8500 ft outlier one mile north of Mt Churchill was climbed by all of us on 4 August, ascending the south west fork of Churchill Creek and gaining the east ridge via the glacier (8 hours round trip from camp). A summit cairn recorded the single previous ascent by J. Ulf Bitterlich in 1957. We named this summit "Clementine Peak", after Lady Churchill. The imposing view of Mt Churchill from this point discouraged a direct attempt on its 9000 ft summit from the north as the rock appeared extremely steep and loose. However the second recorded ascent of Mt Churchill was made by MHB and TSS on 6 August (our only day of completely clear weather) by traversing a minor spur north west of Clementine Peak to gain the glacier west of Mt Churchill and thence ascending the summit pyramid from the south west. Crampons and, at one point, piton protection were necessary because of ice on the rock slabs; this problem was not encountered by the Wallerstein party on their 1966 ascent (16 hours round trip from camp).

An 8500 ft peak (which we called "Mt Howe", after Canada's wartime "Minister of Everything" in the Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin era) dominates the view up the main south east branch of Churchill Creek from about 1 mile upstream of our campsite. This peak, 4.2 air miles due east of Mt Churchill, was climbed for the first time by CJ and TWS via the stream entering Churchill Creek three miles upstream from the campsite, cramponning across the glacier to gain the easy but incredibly rotten north west ridge. The rather leisurely 11 hour round trip presented no problems other than the swarms of small, concealed crevasses on the glacier, and the inevitable pantomime negotiating Churchill Creek.

A further 8500 ft peak five miles north east of Mt Churchill (2.3 miles east of the campsite) was climbed on 8 August by TSS and TWS. Access was by the east branch of the creek system entering Churchill creek 1.5 miles downstream from camp. The ridge of the cirque was traversed clockwise over a minor summit with no problems other than some scrambling below the main summit which merited the rope on account of the looseness of the rock. Since this centrally located summit provides an exciting panorama over these little-known ranges, we suggest it be called "Darien Peak" (from Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer"). Descent was rapid by a 2500 ft scree run to the south fork of the creek system (11 hours round trip).

Concern over the rapidly rising rivers, swollen by several days of warm though unsettled weather, persuaded us to beat a retreat to Delano Creek on 9 August.

T. W. Swaddle

Party: M.H. Benn, C. Jablonski, T.S. Sorensen, T.W. Swaddle

The era of unclimbed peaks is long past in Europe so our attention was drawn to a mountainous area of northern Canada where few peaks are named. The Mt Churchill area seemed particularly attractive as it was the centenary of Churchill's birth and a relatively unexplored area. Our party, which included two women, stayed in the area for six weeks undertaking scientific projects as well as climbing, in order to finance the expedition.

From Churchill Copper ore crushing plant we transported our equipment over Delano Creek, in the bucket of a D7 earthmover as the river was in flood, and continued to the confluence of Churchill Creek and Racing River. We established a base camp on a flood plain on the west side of Racing River, 12 miles from Mt Churchill at a bearing of 55°. Five days walking, shuttling loads between three camps was required to get 1000lbs of equipment to base camp. We constructed two 30 ft bridges to facilitate difficult river crossings. Exceptionally bad weather for the time of year (including 14 inches of snow overnight in mid July) led us to build a log shelter, in which emergency supplies have been left for future use. Most of the food was stored in a cache near the top of a tree which was quickly climbed by means of prusiking.

Our first climbing camp was located at 5000 ft at the head of the Racing River valley, one mile north of the main glacier and surrounded by giant erratics. The route from base camp followed the west side of Racing River for three miles to a confluence where both rivers have to be crossed, the second being particularly hazardous, sweeping two of us 100 yards downstream before we were able to catch overhanging branches. Progress up the east bank was slowed by having to avoid river gorges and head high scrub birch growing over steep loose scree.

On 2 August the first ascent of an 8900 ft peak at the left side of the snowfield, nine miles from Mt Churchill at 96°, was made by PDB, TJ, RGP and PGR. After following the moraines and snow bridges, a short steep snow slope on the left, a half mile north of the main glacier, led up on to the snowfield and the north ridge. The ridge was followed to 300 ft below the summit, where a traverse across the face above a rock band was necessary. Midway across a steep snow slope was followed direct to the summit. Very poor

rock and soft snow made belays impossible so the traverse required great care. We thought "Geordie Peak" would be an appropriate name in respect to Newcastle's unique local culture.

The rotten north west ridge was followed to the snow col from which an easy snow slope was ascended to an 8500 ft peak overlooking the snowfield which we named "Lindisfarne Point" after a similar looking landmark on the north coast of England. The descent to the snowfield below was barred by a long bergschrund which necessitated a detour to a rock ridge and a dangerous downward traverse below a 300 ft sérac. The heavily crevassed snowfield further delayed progress, 1000 ft of abseiling down extremely loose rock with few suitable belay points, ending with an overhang over a crevasse, bringing us back to the foot of the glacier after a hard but rewarding 17 hours. Poor weather halted any further climbing here and we just managed to cross our makeshift bridge over Racing River before it was washed away by flood water.

Subsequent climbing took place from a 5000 ft corrie at the head of a magnificent valley running due south from Racing River, four miles west of its confluence with Churchill Creek. On our only windy day PDB and GDW made the first ascent of an 8700 ft peak, 9.3 miles from Mt Churchill at 47°. The route followed the right hand ridge of the corrie to avoid the soft snow and then followed the loose scree of the south west ridge to the base of the 300 ft summit tower. A series of easy snow and scree gullies led to the dramatic short summit ridge with huge cornices. We hope to call this mountain "Exploration Peak" as it typifies the mysteries of the area. The ascent took 3 1/2 hours and the descent by the same route 2 1/2 hours. An empty whisky bottle was left on the summit with a message in it and we hope to present the finders with a full bottle as consolation for not making the first ascent.

With time running out, PDB,TJ and GDW decided to make an attempt on an impressive rock tower, the higher of two towers with sheer rock walls rising 3000ft from the glacier below. The valley was followed upstream and the glacier snout, avoided by ascending the couloir to the right, then across the snowfield to the snow col north east of the peak. The first 500 ft of the east ridge required scrambling on unstable rock. The difficult rock face was avoided by traversing left to join the main gully which offered an easier grade 3 route. This led to the col between the two rock towers from which an exposed 150 ft grade 4 pitch, slightly overhanging, led out onto the sharp summit. The first ascent of the 8500 ft tower, 9 miles from Mt Churchill at 50°, had taken 8 1/2 hours. The descent required 750 ft of abseiling and followed the same route, taking 7 1/2 hours. We named this peak "Claremont Tower" after a similar looking university building.

Despite poor rock and snow conditions these mountains have much to offer, the effort of getting there being rewarded by a variety of interesting routes on snow and rock. The area is well worth a visit; for the contrast, before proposals to flood the area are enacted and while the unclimbed peaks remain.

P. G. Rogers

Party: P.O. Brettell, T. Jacks, R.G. Pearce. P.G. Rogers, S. Whately, G.D. Withers, University of Newcast!e-upon-Tyne Exploration Society.

Further information: A A J 1968, Mt Churchill-Mt Roosevelt area, AJ 1962, Mt Statin area.

Rassemblement, Chamonix 1973

"WHY NOT". And with that answer to Chic Scott's Question in April of 1973 we were headed for the Rassemblement in Chamonix, France.

I have known Charles C. (Chic) Scott since he was an underage drinker sneaking into the bars in Calgary for the informal meetings of the Calgary Mountain Club. Chic is a wonderful companion and first rate climber, never known to complain or criticise and always volunteering to lead that first cold pitch in the morning or that repulsive collection of ice water and rock that you can climb but hate to face up to. As a plus in Europe Chic is fluently bilingual as opposed to my oral French which Chic when deep in his cups sincerely advised me "sounded like a calculated insult to the whole French Nation".

The Rassemblement is an international meeting of mountaineers normally held every second year at the French National School of Ski and Mountaineering, Ecole Nationals Ski et Alpinisme (ENSA) in Chamonix, France, jointly sponsored by the French Alpine Club and the French Government. ENSA, staffed with professors who are the elite of the French skiers and mountaineers, is the training ground for the French National Ski Team, ski instructors, alpine guides and climbing instructors.

Two-man teams of climbers from 28 countries, nominated by their respective climbing clubs, attended the meet in 1973. The climbers are billeted at ENSA in Chamonix, provided with meals, food for climbing, free use of alpine climbing huts, and free railway and cablecar privileges in the Mont Blanc area. The railway and cablecar privileges are of great assistance in getting to the base of climbs which are usually 5000 to 7000 ft above Chamonix.

I arrived in Geneva and subsequently Chamonix on 2 July, and before heading up to the mountains on 4 July, Chic and I took the opportunity to stop off at the "Communications Centre of the World of Mountaineering" known locally as "The National" presided over by the imperturbable near-sighted Maurice. Here in rapid succession, in a multitude of languages, you are informed of all the mountaineering that has taken place, is taking place or will be taking place. Equipment, new and old is praised and condemned and odd bits of information are passed along, such as a German's theory on the advantages of having the front half of each foot frozen off "terrific on ice as it cuts down on the leverage on the calf muscles"! The booze flows, the juke box screams and the endless miniature soccer game never ceases.

The north face of the Dru was our first objective and on the 4th we went up on the railway to the Montenvers Station which overlooks the Mer de Glace. Leaving the crush of tourists we descended to the Mer de Glace, crossed it and went up to bivouac on the rocks below the north face of the Dru. From our bivouac we

Tour Ronde, north face. Lloyd MacKay

Chic Scott on Les Courtes north face Swiss Route. Lloyd MacKay

North Face of Les Courtes

Lloyd Mackay climbing steep section of Les Courtes North face, Swiss route. Chic Scott

had a magnificent view of masses of clouds swirling around the Dru above and the Grand Charmoz across the Mer de Glace. Towards nightfall four climbers tramped silently past, coming down from an unsuccessful attempt on the north face of the Dru.

The clouds cleared overnight and at dawn we left the glacier for the rock which we soloed up to the first snowfield on the face where we roped up. Above the snowfield the climbing quickly established itself, cracks and chimneys not extremely difficult but requiring considerable effort. Below the prominent snowfield in the middle of the face "Niche de Drus" many of the cracks and chimneys were wet, some were miniature waterfalls and above the Niche de Drus many of the chimney were filled with ice. The weather was variable with a lot of cloud and little snow. Night found us just below the summit where we bivouaced below an iced up chimney complete with an overhang adorned with a beautiful, but at the same time, repulsive collection of icicles. In the morning we avoided the chimney filled with ice by some difficult face climbing and were soon to the top where we enjoyed the early morning sun. At a leisurely pace we traversed the Petit Dru, climbed the famed Z pitch to the top of the Grand Dru and descended the south east face. Just as we reached the Charpou Glacier it began to snow and rain and a dense fog settled in. We pushed on down the glacier and eventually tramped into Chamonix in the rain. In retrospect it is a highly recommended climb and the French vallot guide, consulted afterwards really tells it as it is — "requiring great physical effort, predominantly cracks climbed by jamming and opposition, rarely in good condition and much verglas".

The weather was very bad so we took a side trip to Switzerland and on 10 July set out in doubtful weather for the Swiss Route on the North Face of Les Courtes. As we were departing the English in the National advised us that the climb was in bad condition and that we were something less than sane to attempt it. With these pleasant admonitions ringing in our ears we then rode up into the clouds on the Grand Montets cablecar, carrying a picture of the North Face of Les Cortes in my pocket as our guide.

From the cablecar we descended in the clouds to the Argentiere Glacier then up to the Argentiere Hut which to our surprise had been torn down and was being reconstructed. We bivouaced under a huge boulder which was nearby and were awakened about 10 p.m. by a loud blast as a dynamite charge went off in the excavation for the basement of the new hut. Peace and tranquility in the mountains. We cowered under our rock as the boulders fell and to really fray our nerves they set off a few more charges during the night.

The North Face of Les Courtes is about 2700 ft high and has an overall angle of about 55°. About one quarter of the way up it became very steep with three pitches of about 70° ice, somewhat thin in places, then several pitches of about 60°, another short steeper bulge and then the last half is about 50°. The morning started off sunny, quickly switching to snow and below freezing temperatures which made for poor ice screwing. All considered a really fine ice climb made somewhat easier by the modern ice hammers and ice axes.

The weather got very bad on 11 July and remained bad until 26 July. The Rassemblement commenced on 16 July and continued until 6 August. It went through three distinct phases. The first week was competitive, teams eyeing each other, packing and unpacking sacks, setting off in bad weather and returning in bad weather, nothing of any significance being done. The second week was marked by depression and the stark realization that the weather was so bad that the big rock routes just wouldn't get back into condition during the Rassemblement. The Germans, Austrians, and Bulgarians left for better climates. By the beginning of the third week everyone just relaxed, the competitive atmosphere disappeared and a round of international drinking and goodwill became the order of the day. Some of the more interesting discussions I recall were the Americans and French on climbing techniques and ethics, the Swiss and Poles on Communism and Capitalism, and the Indians and Iranians on the future development of their 5 to 20 mile ski runs with vertical drops of 11,000 to 18,000 ft.

The weather cleared on 26 July and on the 27th, without any definite goal, we went over to the Torino Hut on the French-Italian frontier. While riding the cablecar from the Aiguille de Midi to the Torino Hut we decided to climb the North Face of the Tour Ronde which is a popular and accessible ice climb located a short distance from the Torino Hut. The ice face is approximately 50° and about 1300ft high.

On the following morning we were wading in the snow up to our waist at the bottom of the face but once on the face we found good ice with a thin snow covering. We wandered up the face at a leisurely pace taking pictures of each other climbing and of the many faces of Mont Blanc across the valley. While taking pictures of Chic coming up to the top of the final slope I glanced at my watch and realized it was less than one and a half hours since we left the bottom. I am not by nature a solo climber and we had set out with a rope but the conditions were excellent, we both felt very secure and simply enjoyed climbing along on our own. On the summit we lay around watching two helicopters unsuccessfully searching the Brenva face of Mont Blanc for three missing British climbers who had disappeared on the Brenva Ridge.

As the snow and ice conditions on the North Face of the Tour Ronde had been very good we decided to climb the North Face of the Aiguille Blanche and then up the Peuterey Ridge on Mont Bane. This necessitated a return to Chamonix for supplies and on the following day we went up to the Trident Hut. There were 12 people in the hut, and the other ten being headed for the Brenva Ridge of Mont Blanc. We left the hut in the dark and were almost immediately rudely surprised by the conditions going down from the hut to the Brenva Glacier. Breakable crust, a few steps on top then through the crust and up to your waist, crawl on the crust, get up, breakthrough again. I cursed Chic and his natural superior physical attributes, lighter weight and bigger feet. Eventually we got to Col Moore at the bottom of the Brenva Ridge after about two hours, guidebook time 35 minutes. We were about halfway to the Aiguille Blanche and unanimously agreed that we weren't going that last mile or so to the Blanche but decided to head up the Brenva Ridge. The lower part of the ridge consisted of deep rotten snow, higher up we climbed a few pitches of rock liberally plastered with snow. Above the snow conditions improved and the upper half of the ridge was in excellent condition. It was very straightforward and easygoing to the final séracs which provided a couple of moderate pitches of ice climbing and from there a long

hike to the top of Mont Blanc and down to the Grand Mulets Hut, a lazy evening and the best bacon and eggs I have ever had in Europe.

The climb had been quite moderate, however in the lower portion of the ridge all the climbers had turned back with the exception of a French team, probably due to the bad snow conditions coupled with the thunder which kept rumbling in the east. We had a little snow and some whiteouts but nothing serious. In retrospect it is interesting to note that we were being advised that the climbing was over, a large boulder chopped the rope, a crampon broke and the pick broke off an ice axe.

The following morning we went down to Chamonix in nice weather which turned stormy in the afternoon and ended the climbing for the Rassemblement, with the exception of that done by the climbers who were caught out in the storm. The Poles struggled in off the North Face of the Triolet after three days and one of the French teams who had started for the North Face of the Aiguille Blanche and the Peuterey Ridge one day after us struggled in after four days on the route. Next rumour at The National "four Canadians disappear on the Brenva Ridge". Truth will never stop a good rumour and this bit of rubbish was subsequently printed in Mountain Magazine.

The Rassemblement ended in a relaxed, congenial atmosphere and must be recommended as a really worthwhile international event in which it is an honour to participate.

Lloyd MacKay

Students in Baffin

As a teacher it has long been my ambition to introduce young Canadians to the delights of the north country and to mountaineering. Having recently been employed to a teaching position in Banff the opportunity seemed to present itself and I accordingly set about organizing an expedition to Baffin Island for the summer of 1974. Hectic months of fund raising and preparation finally led to our departure from Calgary on 1 July. Three days later we arrived in Pangnirtung, having flown to Yellowknife and from there to Frobisher Bay through the kind auspices of the Government of the North West Territories.

During our planning we explored all available literature regarding the climbing potential of the Cumberland Peninsula and discovered that the majority of ascents were being made in the immediate vicinity of the Pangnirtung Pass-Summit Lake area. I was pleased to find an interesting valley lying north east of Pangnirtung never previously visited by a climbing party. Every peak in the area was unclimbed, most of the high country remained unexplored. Having bought most of our food in the Hudson Bay store in Pangnirtung (we brought only freeze-dried food from Banff, although a limited supply was available in Pang) we flew by helicopter into the "Valley of the Lakes" to establish base camp. The area lay about 50 air miles from the settlement and was adjoined by the valley explored by Van Cochran in 1972 and 1973 (CAJ 1974, p 95) and another by Dave MacAdam also in 1972. Ten miles south east of our camp (66.26°N, 64.44°W) lay Kingnait Fiord which we were to use during our return to Pangnirtung by Ross Peyton's boat, some two weeks later.

Since arriving in Baffin the weather had been perfect and had obviously been that way for several weeks. We had been amazed to note that there was absolutely no snow in the high country, testament to the early summer experienced during 1974. During several previous years parties were utterly dependent upon snowshoes for glacier travel during July but now, on only 6 July, we found ourselves walking on bare ice, only a trace of snow on the northern exposures. The fine weather did have its disadvantages. After roasting during a daytime first ascent of "Crown Peak" (66.28°N, 64.47°W) and a sub-peak (66.26°N, 64.45°W) lying to the south of our camp, we decided to make the most of the 24 hour daylight and climb during cooler night hours.

At 7 p.m. on 8 July eleven of the party set out to attempt the first ascent of "Throne Peak" (66.27°N, 64.52°W) and its outlying Spire which dominated the camp to the west. We had become accustomed to crossing swiftly flowing arctic streams and it was not long before we had established ourselves on the vast glacial moraines which terminated the glacier flowing to the south of our objective. Here we split into two groups, Herb Bleuer leading four of the students on a frontal attack on the peak via the east face and north east ridge, myself leading the others via a flanking attack on the easier southern slopes. Five hours later we arrived, almost simultaneously, on the summit. Despite the late hour of 1 a.m. the view was incredible, the highlight being the twin towers of Asgard standing out far to the north west. Bleuer's party completed the traverse of the peak and the entire group reached the summit of the Spire via a traverse of the intervening ridge. We arrived back in base camp at 9 a.m., tired but happy after a 14 hour excursion.

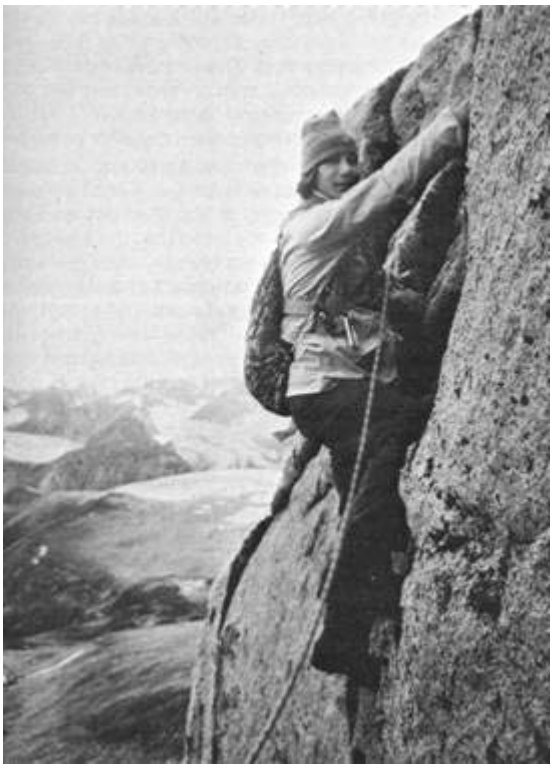
During the following week it rained more or less continually and it became obvious that the fall weather was upon us. On 15 July the helicopter arrived to ferry our heavy equipment to the fjordside for the boat pick-up. While most of the party packed their personal gear down the ten miles to the pick-up site, Bleuer, Smit, Little and myself set out in a last-ditch effort to climb the peaks lying to the south west by a two-day traverse and descent. Once again the weather did not cooperate and we had been on our way no more than an hour when we found ourselves wading through knee-deep snow. Abandoning all ideas of climbing we continued upwards and across the watershed in whiteout conditions, dropping down into the western valley explored by MacAdam in 1972. Originally we had intended to bivouac during the descent to the fjord but it says much for the courage of the two students that they would not let us stop until we had completed the hike to where the others had already pitched camp. At midnight that night we rejoined our companions, exhausted and footsore, having completed a 30 mile trip, the first crossing of an unknown col, and an ascent and descent of over 3000 ft, all in a long, 18 hour day. Quite an accomplishment for a 16 year old and an 18 year old, not to mention the two 'oldtimers' who had trailed along behind them.

Over the next two days the party was ferried back to Pangnirtung. Another week was spent in the Pangnirtung area, during which time one small group travelled to the head of the fjord by Eskimo canoe and hiked up into the Arctic Circle area of the Pangnirtung

River Crossing on approach to “Throne Peak”. Spire in right background was by Banff expedition. John Amatt

“Throne Peak”. Ascent route up left skyline and glacier in right foreground (centre) to right ridge. John Amatt

Cornel Yarmoly on “Throne Peak”. John Amatt



Pass. Now, almost five months later, what remains of the trip? In climbing terms, four first ascents, and the first exploration of much of the “Valley of the Lakes”, although we did find evidence that Eskimo hunters had once passed through some of this country. And there was the first traverse between that valley and the adjacent valley lying to the west. The experience had been of unique educational value to the students. They set foot “where no foot had trodden” — an experience that would remain with them for the rest of their lives. We had proven that such an expedition, with competent leadership and sound planning, was definitely possible; and now hope that others will follow our lead. It is in these young people that the future of Canadian climbing must lie. Let us not neglect them in the pursuit of our own ambitions.

John Amatt

Banff Baffin Island Expedition 1974 —student expedition from the Banff Composite High School. Ten students — five boys and five girls — between the ages of 15-18 years; two mountain guides and three adults.

First ascents:

“Crown Peak”. 7 July via South Glacier and south west ridge. Bleuer, Gillis, Smit, Little, Sykes, Young, Yarmoloy.

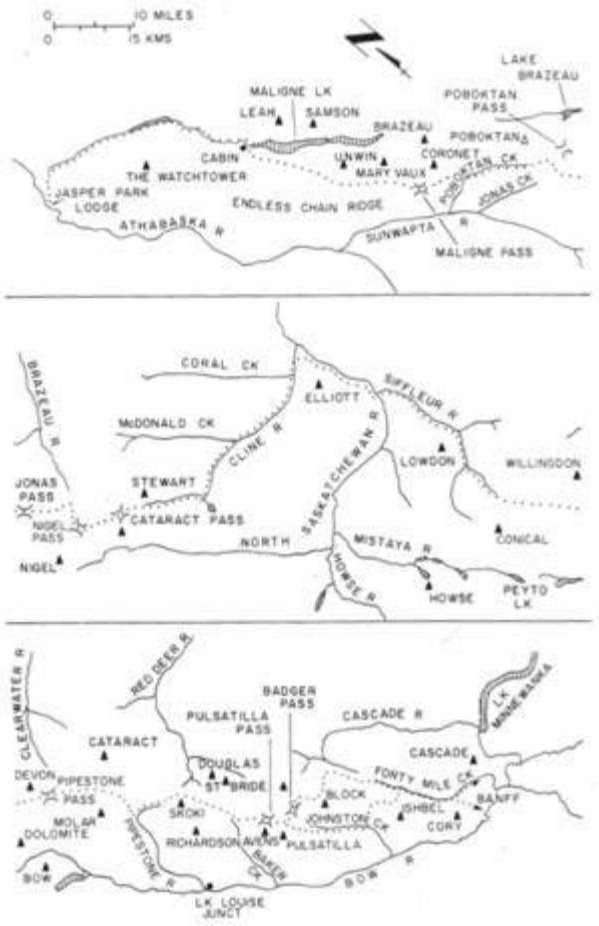
“Sub-peak”. 7 July via north slope and east ridge. Amatt, Baird, Brattland, Webb, White, Robinson and Wood.

“Throne Peak”. 9 July via east face Glacier, east face and north-east ridge. Bleuer, Smit, Little, Brattland, and White. Traverse and descent via south ridge. 9 July via glacier to south and south ridge Amatt, Baird, Gillis, Young, Sykes, Yarmoloy.

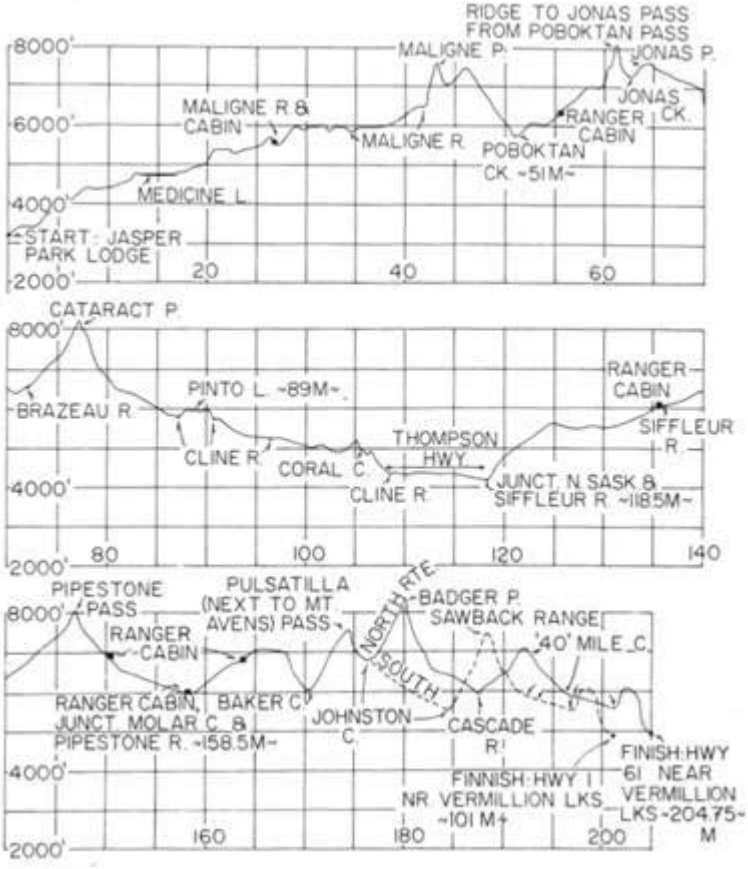
“Spire”. 9 July via traverse of east ridge from “Throne Peak” and upper south face. Bleuer, Amatt, Gillis, Smit, Little, Young, Sykes, Brattland, and White.

Participants: John Amatt, Herb Bleuer, Ryan Gillis, Catherine Whyte, Pat Baird, and students Fenny Smit, John Little, Clint Sykes, Cornel Yarmoioy, Mike Young, Anita Brattland, Susan Webb, Tara White, Leslie Wood, Wendy Robinson.

Plan view, Jasper/Banff ski tour. M Bernier /M Irvine



Section view, Jasper/Banff ski tour. M Bernier/M Irvine



An Hoary Winter's Tale

Even the worst of us can serve as horrible examples for the rest.
Spinoza

To those who participated in this tale, it was a bittersweet adventure whose success was not measured solely in terms of its objectives. Conventionally it could easily be termed a failure, an overambitious adventure, a singular example of a waste of time. But perhaps therein lies its real value, for as a useless activity it has no need for such justification. To do it is in itself its real worth. Therefore, what follows can never be an apology or an excuse. It is simply a statement of experience, the value of which each reader will have to judge for himself.

If past trips serve as a guide to future ones, then they are also the fertile ground upon which future plans are built. This one was no different. It was certainly simple enough in concept. A ski tour from Jasper to Banff had surely been thought of many times before and, in fact, some challenging trips along those lines have been completed. But someone else's experience is definitely not one's own and before long what had started out as next year's project began to gather momentum. A route was selected and maps made of plan and profile views. What's on paper is never the way it's going to turn out — still, it's a start. The idea germinated during the winter, spring and summer of 74 and by the fall enough support and interest had been gained to see it through to a kind of realty. The magnitude of the task was apparent well before the trip began, only the details remained unknown until the actual start. The sort of organization that it was beginning to lead into seemed to dictate a fairly large group and a complicated supply scheme. Too complicated, it seemed to have much chance of success. Time, situations and circumstances finally dictated a small group or nothing at all. Only a nihilist or a realist would have chosen nothing. So on 22 December 1974 four of us met at the ACC Clubhouse to get it all together. Ironically, three of us almost didn't make it due to an airport strike in Montreal and a heavy snowfall. Our first impression of the Rockies was that we'd have been better off skiing back East. There may also have been some basis for having that same opinion after our debacle.

If preliminary planning and organization hadn't provided enough problems there was worse to come. All of our food, fuel and ski equipment had not yet arrived by rail. This possibility had been anticipated. What was not was that in spite of our best precautions, our supplies would still not arrive in time. I think we even seriously considered doing the trip without the skiis at one point, but that was before the snow fell. Most of our lounging around the Clubhouse was spent in endless deliberations on what we had done to deserve our situation. Fortunately, the equipment did arrive at the eleventh hour, shortening the already very tight schedule by two days. What had been estimated as a 21 day trip reduced to 14 was now further reduced to a 12 day trip. Worse still ski conditions were far from excellent. It was bad enough that we were trying out a largely unknown trip at the worst time of year without the added burden of rotten snow, but it was either start the trip or head to the Bar. I'm not so sure that the latter wasn't the better idea, however we found ourselves in Jasper on 24 December repacking for the nth time and rediscussing plans over and over

again. It wasn't that we were disorganized, not completely anyway, it was that the detailed reality of the situation was beginning to weigh heavily upon us all. Our perception of reality had not been wrong up to this point, merely incomplete.

In darkness and in cold we began the trek on the morning of the 25th. The first leg, from Medicine to Maligne, went smoothly enough and our gloom soon gave way to cautious elation. Equipment, food and supplies were functioning very well and, in fact, continued to do so throughout. If we could manage comparable mileages each day, we would stand a chance of completing a good portion of the northern section. We had even worked out a fairly flexible resupply plan for either Poboktan Creek or the North Saskatchewan and Cline River junction. The second day was unmitigated disaster. Not only were snow conditions on the Maligne trail unbelievably bad, but after 5 hours of trail breaking we managed to lose the trail in the snow and clouds. With the little daylight remaining we tried to locate the right trail but the task proved impossible. The return trip to Maligne Lake was discouraging to say the least, particularly when measured in terms of the time it had taken to break the trail in. Aside from that detail, it was a fine ski run.

To make a long story short, the only real choice was to return to Jasper. It would be an understatement to say that we were a little stunned by the circumstances which forced this decision upon us. With 5 to 6 day's food remaining and considering the snow conditions, we would only have been able to make Poboktan Creek, presuming we had been able to locate the correct route. Perhaps our losing the route was good after all, as it forced us to concentrate our efforts elsewhere. Still, it was all somewhat to our chagrin, I'm afraid.

On our way back to Banff the following day we checked out the possibility of starting the southern end of the trip at the Siffleur River. We did find a suitable bridge crossing, but were somewhat appalled by the poor road conditions just outside the Park. Our embarrassment lay back at the Clubhouse as we were endlessly asked why we had returned so early. This was, in fact, quite a reasonable question, but unfortunately not one of which we needed to be constantly reminded. We took an extra day to repack and replan. On the 29th we headed up to Lake Louise having shelved the idea of starting from the Siffleur River. By now the uncertainties of resupplying ourselves enroute and indeed of carrying enough food to safely complete some of the longer sections became a real worry. We had decided to ski from Whitehorn at Louise Junction back to Banff. In light of our experience this seemed a very reasonable choice. It was still a very substantial trip, even if it only represented a small part of our original plans, and it offered many possible escape routes should the occasion arise. As it turned out we planned better than we knew. It took us from 29 December to 3 January to ski through Boulder and Deception Passes down Baker Creek up Wildflower Creek over Pulsatilla Pass and finally straight down Johnston Creek out to the highway. In retrospect it's hard to believe this took us six days. Given the conditions at the time we figured that it would probably take another six days to make it to Banff via our preplanned route. Aside from the usual tedious trail breaking this part of the trip was perhaps the most enjoyable. We had a few very cold nights, an encounter with a wolverine and some very enjoyable downhill skiing. And in the end, we had had our fill. The journey had really come to an end and pecuniary commitments loomed a few days away.

Looking at the whole venture only a short time afterwards one gets the feeling that the events somehow lack a true perspective. There is some truth in this but that's not all. Hindsight and experience dictates that the project would be carried out differently if it were attempted again. There is no doubt that the trip was very ambitious but it was also very enjoyable in many ways. That the snow would be unconsolidated at that time of the year was known beforehand, but it was the severity of the depth hoar which made the trail breaking so difficult. We also had very critical problems of time, resupply and supply, all very difficult to avoid. The amount of daylight at that time of year places a very real constraint on daily progress particularly in terms of breaking and establishing camp each day. We also had the problem of keeping our down equipment dry after several day's use.

Given more time, better snow conditions and a better resupply system the outcome could have been somewhat different. A larger and stronger party or embarking in March might also prove advantageous. There is no doubt in my mind that the trip can be done — that someday it will — but it will not be easy. And certainly the larger and more organized and better equipped and supplied a project is the better will be its chances for success. But something will have been lost in the process. Perhaps it is the feeling of uncertainty, that sense of the unknown, an open eyed wonder of the mountains as seen from a new perspective. Or perhaps the closely shared feeling of disappointment and success too, of simple joy and uncomplicated feelings. Its hard to say in words alone, but surely that's what great experiences are.

There's no success like failure and failure's no success at all
Dylan

Kevin O'Connell

Address all editorial material to Moira Irvine, Editor CAJ, 1565 Haywood Avenue, West Vancouver, B.C. V7V 1W4, all business enquiries to Evelyn Moorhouse, ACC Manager, Box 1026, Banff, Alberta TOL OCO.

The deadline for submissions is 15 DECEMBER 1975. It is most helpful to receive material as soon as the ascents are made. Contributors who wish to read their mss. after editing must submit it no later than 10 November 1975 and must return it no later than 12 January 1976. This does not preclude further editorial changes if we have too much copy. No changes can be made on galleys — only typographical errors can be corrected.

Submissions should be typed in normal letter fashion (upper and lower case), DOUBLE SPACE, with a 1 1/2 inch margin on the left hand side, on 81/2 by 11 paper. Maps submitted should include a north arrow, latitude and longitude, and a scale. Photographs should be sharp and clear, minimum 5 by 7 inches, glossy finish. Black and white prints should be made from colour slides. When photographs with routes marked on them are sent a separate unmarked print should be included. Alternately the route may be marked on an overlay. If captions are written on the back of the photograph do not press hard, do not use ballpoint pen. 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 Brank, 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. Persons wishing assistance with the selection of geographical names should contact Dr. Neal Carter, ACC Geographic Names Advisor, 1122 Millstream Road, West Vancouver, B.C.

The Lesser Inquisitor

"We must laugh or we should scream"
Ian McNaught-Davis

Well, it's no longer a laughing matter. Rest assured, if it didn't seem intuitively obvious, I wouldn't be screaming. But there really are occasions when you must shout "Bullshit!". As war to diplomacy, it's laughter carried on by other means.

Dave Cook has remarked that climbing comes equipped with a "Golden Age" which is fairly consistently taken to end a year or two after the raconteur started climbing. I don't know whether I started climbing in the Golden Age, but I do know that I had nothing to do with it. It's worth pointing out that this article doesn't either.

What it's about is climbing as education. To use the name the stuff is sold under. It's damned under the heading of character building, rather as predestination survives primarily for the use of others in making Calvinists squirm. It's glorified as adventure education, though to my notion of the intuitively obvious this last is misled, or even misleading. In common with genuinely academic pursuits, educational mountaineering generates occasional meetings and annual reams of screed. Some of this verbiage seems calculated to keep folks aware that good men are waiting in the wings when the nation calls for a supremo for mountaineering education. All of it lends an air of respectability and seriousness. At the very least a degree of permanence is assumed and expansion taken as likely. Solemn words there are and these be they, that even this shall pass away (Bugs Bergland, and Christ knows who he got it from). The advocates, of course, take the whole business as good. They set about generating qualification schemes, which, as is only natural for the brainchildren of bureaucrats, will tend to expand and engulf, until they demand the certification of those already qualified. (That's the paranoia dispensed with.) Objection is humorous or at best rueful. Everyone seems to accept educational mountaineering as a valid entity.

So, here's the scream: CLIMBING SHOULD HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH EDUCATION.

Absolutely nothing. Education is not what climbing is about. The sooner the two are dissociated the better off climbing will be. That's what this rant is all about. The jerking prose and speckled quotes are only thrown in to make it read like a climbing article should. That's the big message, the grand assumption challenged, the "Bullshit" shouted.

But then anyone would agree with that, even if they didn't agree with me. Personal notions of the intuitively obvious motivate and retard climbers, critics, comics, and cynics. And most notably cranks of all description. So I'd best elaborate.

For a start, how much good teaching have you had? How close did "music education" come to putting you off good music for ever? Did it succeed? How about the Scouts? It was about seven years after I'd done my hitch in the Scouts that I realized camping could be fun. In teaching as in all human endeavour, ability is distinguished by rarity. How many good teachers have you had? Indeed, how many apt pupils do you know? Though we all be players, we all teach and learn as well. It's just never that clear-cut.

Now the educationalists delight in arguing from climbing to life. I feel no qualms about arguing from life to climbing. Or any other activity. It makes substantially better sense. The product of educational mountaineering is people who have been taught about climbing as the educationalist sees it. Some may not be put off climbing for life. Some may not decide climbing is a load of pompous crap. (The heavy-handed idiom consistently adopted by educationalists dealing with anything "dangerous" never fails to amaze and repulse me. Presenting to the average person as revealed truth that which only a cretin could fail to perceive.) Most will be thoroughly unimpressed. Perhaps not as kids; kids are an impressionable lot. But upon sober reflection. When they're older. Like twenty. It can't be all bad, I would admit. But it can be mostly bad. It doesn't even follow that those who may come to appreciate climbing through courses wouldn't have done so without them.

So, for a start, I think that its institutionalized teaching can only do climbing more harm than good.

But that's only for a start. There are clearly more fundamental considerations. These have to do with what recreation is all about. Recreation is escape, or at least partial escape, from institutionalized living. If it makes you happier, read "everyday" for "institutionalized". That these are essentially synonyms is the reason for recreation. As lives vary, so too does recreation. Some exceptionally well-conditioned academics find recreation in applying their minds to researches outside their fields of specialization.

For those in whom society has instilled competitiveness, recreation is found in cerebral games such as chess and bridge, in competitive sport, and so on. Plenty of nine-to-five people find recreation sitting on their backsides watching the box. What recreation is, is flaking off, is skiving, and knowing you are. Most sane people need it. It should not be work, and it should not be boring. Chess is too much like work for many people; serious scholarship is a formidable endeavour for all but a few. Another few find standard television excruciating. Recreation is exceptionally personal. It is fun.

Now, I don't think you can teach people to have fun. I think attitudes toward the balance in life of enterprise and leisure are pretty well internalized. Some people always have fun, some never do. Most have a very moralistic notion, perhaps not overt but there none the less, of how much fun they are entitled to, how much they should allow themselves. Educationalists would probably agree — they often complain — that in the development of basic attitudes the general environment outside the classroom — or the short hill-man course — well outweighs any teaching. Precept will not do. It is at best pomposity, and more likely to be taken for hypocrisy. Even kids can be cynics. Like love, like kindness, like courage, example has it. Words fail. Maybe in the one-to-one situation when someone teaches a friend to climb, but not very likely for a mob of paying (much less paid for) adventure customers. You can teach the forms, the rules, the moves. But not the attitudes.

When only the forms of recreation are practised, when the basic attitudes are lacking, no recreation results. The sanity of the pursuit, and the pursuers, is lost. You all know the picture. The man working at his golf. Or going berserk after he misses the squash ball. The homicidal arguments between husband and wife after each hand of bridge. Indeed, the dragging up a route of the unwilling woman/wife/child/erstwhile friend. Admittedly, a common madness, but madness nevertheless. One of the worst aberrations society has to offer. So, the following fundamental objections arise:

(1) Recreation should not be taught. It should not be institutionalized at all. Formal education is part of the process of institutionalizing both kiddies and adults. To the extent that recreational activities are used in this process they are prostituted. Very bluntly, educational mountaineering is necessarily a hypocritical business.

(2) In fact, there is a real sense in which the fundamental values of recreation cannot be taught.

It's about time for the cries of "Boring!" to arise. I wouldn't deny it. Some people are easily bored when they want to be. But there's a better, because slightly subtler, put-down. It is "Selfish!"

"You had the opportunity to learn to climb, yet would deny it to others."

Well, that's not what I said, but let's start at the beginning.

Belabouring selfishness is, again, hypocrisy. "Society as we know it will collapse if..." Fill in the blank. It's so popular a game one must suspect that both recreational and competitive players exist. Society as we know it will collapse if even a tenth of its members deny themselves the exercise of generalized and complete selfishness. (What the hell do you think industrial economies are all about?)

We could mention crowding. Many climbers do. Even (moderately perceptive) educationalists would admit that vast mobs of pupils plodding about Britain's miniscule and well-trampled patches of hill country must detract from anything but the caricature of "adventure education". It is not just the standard climber who should object to crowds. But again, this is superficial.

If this argument is selfish, then a basic question might well be: "Does everyone have a right to learn to climb?" My answer would be "Maybe". And I would suggest as a more informative question: "Does anyone need the right to learn to climb?" To which I would answer: "Definitely not". Most people have more important things to worry about. One hears little fuss about the inequality of opportunity to learn polo or skydiving, or about the inequality of opportunity to learn to sail with (or even against) Mr. Heath. Indeed, one hears not nearly enough about inequality of opportunity in general.

But, as large numbers of autobiographical cult figures and heroes of all ages have amply demonstrated, equality of opportunity — being provided with climbing lessons on a platter — has little to do with it. Indeed, when they're not busy selling their subject, educationalists in any position to offer advantages to their charges are usually busy berating the indolent louts for failing to take them. The wasting of opportunity and the overcoming of adversity are life's two major occupations. And again, these skills are not readily derived from the precepts of educationalists.

To close, we could move the argument to the emotional plane it seeks, and mumble that in some very real sense climbing does us "good" Surely we should share something we appreciate at such a gut level. Well, to the extent that climbing is recreation, it must of course do the recreational climber "good". What we who feel this way tend to lose sight of is that lots of people feel the same way about other sorts of recreation. The ultimate blasphemy: "I seriously suspect that if most dedicated climbers had stumbled onto another path, gotten hooked on another recreation, that they'd not have been much better or worse for it." Does everyone need the right to learn to climb? Definitely not.

Enough. Sorry, Mac. Sorry, Ivan. But you see, the devil is sitting there across the room. I've been talking rationality at him for too long to deny it, and as he pointed out himself, to start talking is to lose.

John Bear

Reprinted from Mountain 36 June 1974

On Ethics for the Non Elite

The confrontation with ethics goes on and will become a major issue as the mountaineering and hiking population grows. Organizational leadership is sorely needed and here the leading alpine journals (certainly including the Canadian) are studied for their contributions. To the extent that words begin to solve problems, or at least place problems in context, a spectrum of opinion is valuable. Nostalgic sentimentalism will not help: we need to govern ourselves, and we need to communicate the values intrinsic to the alpine experience.

Mr. Gruft's 1973 editorial contained some provocative views and he spells out problems symptomatic of the modern disease he deplores. As our resources become trampled, cut-over, and eroded it is evident that study, education, and perhaps even some control is mandatory. However, the recent editorial has validity perhaps only in the "expedition game". In the hierarchy of games climbers play, "ethics" are based on various matters such as the size of the objective and its geographic locale. They are governed by a set of rules that systematically exclude techniques and equipment too overpowering to fit the problem.

Many of today's climbers are in love with superfluous equipment, even on pedestrian climbs. Yvon Chouinard laments that faith in equipment has replaced faith in self and that the common man is bringing the climbing art down to his value level. There is a value in a certain elitism; where else is the leadership? The rocks of the world have their limits. Why not do in style what you can? There are golf courses, ski runs, and football fields for all variety of ability and aptitude, and it is not a corollary that one needs to be a good skier to find pleasure in the winter snows. The same with climbing. But why ruin the classic rock routes with practices that will eventually ruin the classic nature of the perishable route? In less than a decade, many over used cracks in numerous climbing areas are shown to have eroded badly. What will The Chief, the Bugaboos, Yosemite look like in 300 years? Wouldn't it be well to save the routes in an archival state?

Chouinard's characteristic emphasis on prescriptive ethics is not intended to discourage and humiliate today's climber in the shadow of yesterday. But it is true that before technical inventions one had to rely solely on personal courage, awareness, and be without the benefit of books, topos, and rescue.

Fred Beckey

Mountaineering and Communications

During my ten year association with mountaineering I haven't found climbers to be a very communicative lot. But I'm not writing about this kind of communications but of the radio kind. Several years ago at the Farnham Creek camp it took 17 hours to get a helicopter to come in for an accident and some of us decided, somewhat belatedly, to look into the use of radios for short and medium range communications. Here I might point out that my own enthusiasm on this subject is not universally shared by all climbers and in fact there has been some outright hostility to the idea of violating the pristine purity of the climbing environment with anything as modern and disruptive as a radio. Despite the objections of these very few purists the availability of emergency communication equipment has been welcomed by most climbers.

Short range, line of sight, communication for distances of up to ten miles is no problem. A bewildering array of citizen's band and commercial equipment and frequencies is available in the VHF and UHF (very high and ultra-high frequency) bands above 27 MHz. For the last several GMC's the ACC have rented VHF 'walky-talky' transceivers from Alberta Government Telephones. These are ideal for communication between high camps, climbing parties and base camp within approximate line-of-sight limitations. Except during very unusual and infrequent periods of ionospheric disturbances, these units are useless for communication over medium and long distances.

Medium and long range communication with the 'outside' requires use of lower frequency bands, considerably more complex radio equipment and power source, and cumbersome and awkward antenna, and antenna tuning, systems. For a number of GMC's, climbing camps, and ski camps over the past few years, outside communications have been handled by amateur radio using a YAESU FT101 side band transceiver with a power input rating of 260 watts on voice and 180 watts on CW (Morse code). Power source was a standard car battery providing about 20 hours of intermittent operation. The antenna commonly used is a 135 ft long dipole centre fed with open wire feeders into a multi-band antenna matching tuner designed to operate in the 80,40,20,15 and 10 meter amateur bands. The availability of this broad spectrum of frequencies gives about a 90% probability of being able to contact another radio amateur at any time, day or night (the fact that he may be in Melbourne or Capetown could present some minor problem!). Daily schedules have been kept with the Alberta and BC amateur radio emergency networks on 3.77 and 3.755 MHz. For emergencies in off-schedule hours it is usually possible to contact amateur operators on the North American continent on the higher frequency bands. This equipment including power source, antenna etc. weighs just under 85 Ibs and can be broken down into three compact packs of less than 35 Ibs each.

For camps where more compact equipment is necessary a very small CW transceiver weighing only 3 to 4 Ibs has been used. This unit is a 2 watt Ten-Tec' which operates on the 80 and 40 meter amateur bands and although not as reliable as the larger FT101 has proven to be useful. Contrary to most conventional thinking, radio propagation from mountainous terrain has proven to be remarkably good. During the 1973 ski camp in the Eremites it was possible to communicate regularly and reliably with stations in Vancouver, Edmonton, Calgary and Golden using the Ten-Tec 2 watt transceiver. During the Clemenceau camp a helicopter arrived two hours after our message for help was originated.

One year ago the club purchased a small portable SSB transceiver for use on commercial frequencies. This unit is a Spillsbury Tyndall SBX 11 which can operate on four fixed frequency channels in the

1.6 to 8.0 MHz range, has a power rating of ten watts and weighs only 8 Ibs including the 12 volt power source. At present this unit is set up to operate into two BC Tel channels on 3.27 and 6.8 MHz, one Alberta Government Telephone channel on 3.2MHz and the BC Amateur radio emergency network on 3.755 MHz. Excluding the amateur channel, this unit can be operated in emergencies by unlicensed non-technical people. For the present our biggest problem with this equipment is the required use of a fairly cumbersome and complicated antenna and antenna tuning system and lack of people familiar with the use of radio equipment. Despite these and other problems radios beat having to rely on walking out for help.

R. Jordan, VE6CS

Major Crevasse Rescue

From time to time over the years one hears of a fatal crevasse accident. One such occurred in August 1972 on Axel Heiberg Island in the Canadian Arctic, when two men fell into a crevasse. One with fractured limbs was rescued, the other who fell 200 ft was killed. Mountain climbing journals and manuals, and snow and ice climbing courses of instruction deal adequately with prevention of such accidents and rope techniques when the accident has occurred. Most of these techniques are satisfactory for minor crevasse falls, but even so are very difficult for the victim who may be winded and badly shaken, if not actually injured seriously, and extremely strenuous for a small party on the top.

It is however, the major crevasse accident that needs more comment. This is the type where the victim has sustained a large fall of over 30 ft, where he may be seriously injured, and usually occurs when unroped. Personal experience of one such accident and detailed knowledge of several others has resulted in some interesting conclusions regarding major crevasse accident rescue.

1 A man may fall 150 ft vertically into a crevasse and still be alive and even relatively uninjured.1 It is essential for someone to go right down to the victim to see if he is alive. A voice below 70 ft in a crevasse cannot be heard from above. In the past, several men have been abandoned as dead without anyone having personally verified.2

2 A relatively uninjured man may survive for several days at the bottom of a deep crevasse. Recently a member of the British Antarctic Survey fell into a deep crevasse. The party on top was unable to pull him out without more help and equipment, so lowered food and clothing to him and returned three days later to effect a successful rescue. The author descended 106 ft vertically into a crevasse during winter in the Antarctic in 1947 and although the surface temperature was -20°F, at the bottom of the crevasse the temperature was only a few degrees below freezing with no wind at all.3 It would take many days for a man to die of exposure and freezing under these conditions.

3 The victim of a major crevasse accident is frequently tightly wedged by the gradual narrowing ice walls of the crevasse. In 1946 one such victim in the Antarctic actually had his legs hanging free where the crevasse widened but was held by his wedged torso.4 In addition, movements of the glacier of only one inch may compound the tight grip in which the victim is held. The author clearly remembers feeling the ice movements on either side of his chest at the bottom of a crevasse during a crevasse rescue. The wedging of the victim makes it extremely difficult for the rescuer to get down to the victim and it may take many hours to free the victim. An ice axe is usually useless as there is no room in which to swing it, but a piton hammer or either end of a sawn off ice axe is valuable for chipping away the ice.

4 It is important to arrange slings on the victim so that his weight is taken by both thighs and also by a chest or shoulder harness. These must be arranged so that he is not tipped upside down when being hauled up, especially if he is injured or unconscious. Care must be taken that a chest loop does not press on the armpits and paralyse the nerves to the arms as occurred in one instance.4 The arrangement of the slings is especially important when a tightly wedged victim is being forcibly extracted by pulling from above. If there is danger of the victim falling further he should be secured by a rope from above immediately.

5 The difficult major crevasse rescue may seem impossible at first but prolonged and well organised rescue attempts are usually very rewarding. Help must be obtained so that there are four to eight men on the surface of the glacier. 300 to 600 ft of climbing rope is necessary. A pulley block attached to a ladder, sledge or tree trunk straddling the crevasse is quite invaluable. Carabiners acting as a pulley are second best. A strong flashlight from above and a flashlight for the rescuer in the crevasse are essential as it is dark at the bottom of a crevasse. A whistle and a pre-arranged set of whistle signals should be used by the rescuer in the crevasse when beyond earshot.

A. R. C. Butson, MD

I am grateful to Mr. E.W.K. Walton for advice and help in preparing this paper.

References

1 E.W.K. Walton, Crevasse Rescue. The Polar Record 1956, p 514

2 Douglas Mawson, The Home of the Blizzard. Chapter XII.

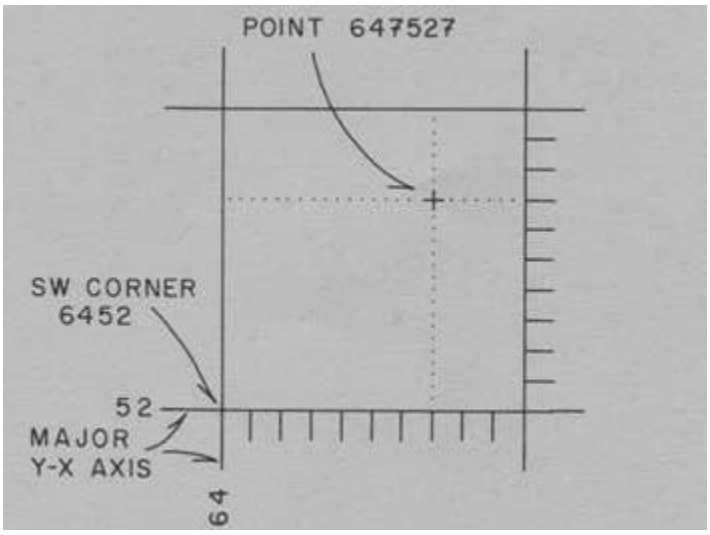
3 American Alpine Journal, September 1949, p 244 and 362.

4 E.W.K. Walton, Two Years in the Antarctic. Lutterworth Press, London, p 82.

Metric Map Grid Reference System

With increasing emphasis being given to the metric system this is perhaps a good time to remind climbers of the very useful map grid reference system, the Military Grid Reference System (MGRS), developed for use with the Universal Transverse Mercator (UTM) grid.

Each Canadian Topographical map has printed, usually along its right hand margin, an example of how to use the MGRS. It is first necessary to locate the appropriate grid square in which the object to be referenced is located. Once this has been done it then becomes a simple matter to read the number of the Y and X coordinate axes



Sample metric map grid.
This 1000 m square is 6452, where 64 indicates this co-ordinate is 564,000 m east of UTM grid zone edge, and 52 that it is 5,652,000 m north of the equator. Indication of this will be found on lower left hand corner of map. Kevin O'Connell/M Irvine

printed along the edge of the map. This yields a four digit number which identifies a particular 1000m square. It is helpful to think of this square as the plan view of a two-story house. The 'house' must always be entered by the lower left hand (south west) corner of the grid. In order to remember in which sequence the digits are to be read, use the mnemonic phrase "into the house and up the stairs". The foregoing procedure will yield three digits for the west/east coordinate and three for the south/north. The six digits together in the sequence indicated are a reference to the nearest 100 m. The last digits are an estimate obtained by dividing the 100 m square into 10 by 10 units.

It would be of considerable help if the authors of climbing articles and guide books would, 1) give the map reference by title, e.g. Mt Goodsir 82N/1E and, 2) the peak reference by grid number, e.g. 647527.

Kevin O'Connell

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Canadian Topographical Maps, 1:50,000
May, W.G. Mountain Search and Rescue Techniques. Rocky Mountain Rescue Groups, Inc., 1973

National Inventory of Mountaineering Areas

Pressure on land is mounting all the time. As population grows and spreads it is inevitable that all areas of the globe will be used. Highly accessible or attractive areas will bear the brunt of the pressure. Land prices in town and country already demonstrate such pressure, and conflicts over the purpose uses will be a bitter struggle, especially if the uses are a minority. Mountaineers are but one group competing for space. They require a specific type of landscape both in physical and human terms. Such landscapes are quite limited even in Canada. The number of people wishing to use them for various ways is growing rapidly. It is important that we identify the areas that are pre-eminently suited to mountaineering and develop a list of priorities for their protection in the long term. In short, we need an inventory and detailed evaluation of Canada's potential for mountaineering.

Both Federal and Provincial governments have already undertaken surveys of the recreation potential of various areas.[1] However, such surveys do not cover the whole country, do not assess mountaineering potential in detail and do not suggest any priorities for protecting mountaineering areas. Planning agencies and some citizen groups have provided considerable detail on other potential uses for mountainous wild areas, such as game potential, mining potential, skiing potential.[2] The fact remains that the evaluation of mountain landscapes for mountaineering has been largely ignored. It is often assumed that any mountains afford good potential or that highly suitable areas will already be obvious from the number of climbers presently found there. Such, however, is not the case. Some areas are better than others while some are of appeal for particular types of climbing.

The ACC as Canada's premier national mountaineering club, is uniquely placed to work on the inventory required. Each regional group could be assigned a particular area to examine, and a programme drawn up for the systematic collection and presentation of data. Some of the work might be undertaken as contract work for the agencies responsible for the mountain regions of Canada. It could also be a satisfying volunteer task.

Such an inventory and list of priorities would emphasize the high potential of Canada for mountaineering and indicate the concern for sound management of this potential. It would allow future land use plans for mountain regions to take into full consideration mountaineering potential as well as the potential for other uses and activities. Furthermore, the publication of such an inventory would provide mountaineers with much more information on where to climb. It might serve to disperse climbers and to relieve pressure on overused routes. It would help to ensure that what is treasured and treasured most is recognized for what it is worth, by other individuals and agencies as well as by mountaineers and the ACC.

John Marsh

Footnotes

1 See for example the Canada Land Inventory, land capability for recreation maps currently being published and the survey of shore-line capability in Ontario by the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests.

2 See for example the reports for the public hearings on the future of the east slopes of the Rockies, published by various groups, companies and government agencies in 1973.

Correction: An Analysis of Alpine Hut Use in Banff and Yoho National Parks

Caption for figure 6 should read "Probability of more than 'N' person occupancy vs months in Use", that for figure 8 "Probability of more than 'N' person occupancy on any day of the month in percent vs months in use".

Climber's Guide To The Rocky Mountains Of Canada — North

William L. Putnam, Robert Kruszyna, Chris Jones. American Alpine Club and Alpine Club of Canada, Springfield, Mass. 6th edition 1974. 289 pages. $7.80 members, $8.80 non-members
ALPINE GUIDE TO SOUTHWESTERN BRITISH COLUMBIA
Dick Culbert. Published by Dick Culbert, Vancouver, B.C. 1st edition 1974. 441 pages. $9.75

Two climbing guides of Canadian mountains were published in 1974 and this rare event provides the opportunity for a review of each book and for a comparison of the different styles adopted by the authors. Climbing guides are competing for book store space with numerous, often very good, mountain hiking guides. Their purpose is different but it appears that climbing guides are beginning to adopt the more interesting and readable style found in the hiking books.

The Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada - North is the second half of a two volume set which will replace the previous single volume Thorington 5th edition. Both the North volume and the South, which was reviewed in the 1974 Journal, have been written within some of the constraints imposed by the Thorington volume. However, both have been so completely rewritten that it seems hardly fair either to Thorington or the present authors to term these books a 6th edition. North covers the Rocky Mtns from about Saskatchewan Crossing to the Roosevelt-Churchill-Stalin Group in northern British Columbia. The Northern Rockies were outside the range of the 5th edition and only sparse details are contained in the 6th edition. Approach directions are given but for more detailed information the reader is referred to The Canadian Rockies Trail Guide. The Alpine Club of Canada contributed as a joint publisher with the American Alpine Club, however the book was printed in the United States and all three authors reside there.

Alpine Guide to Southwestern British Columbia is a 1st edition, replacing the first half of A Climbers Guide to the Coastal Ranges of British Columbia by the same author, Presumably and hopefully the author will undertake the monumental task of writing a companion volume for Northwestern B.C. The area covered by the guide includes most of Vancouver Island and the Coast Range Mtns from the US border to approximately the latitude of Lillooet. In general terms it encompasses all the mountains which are accessible within weekend range of Vancouver. Approach directions are given in detail and this book will serve the needs of the wilderness hiker as well as the mountaineer. The author is a Canadian and the book is published and printed in Canada. The cover is in colour but not as durable as the Rockies guide.

Early climbing guides were little more than a list of mountains with somewhat vague description of the routes of the early climbers as taken from published records. Later guides also contained maps, photographs and route sketches, in conformance with the adage that a picture is worth a thousand words. Both these volumes have had difficulties with the maps. The Culbert guide is well supplied with photographs, with names and routes printed over. Some are air photos but definition is excellent and routes are very well defined. However, for the small scale area maps, satellite photos were used which are sometimes difficult to understand due to lack of detail. A few small scale topographical maps instead of some of the satellite photos might have given a clearer picture.

The Rockies guide made frequent use of contour maps but failed to overlay access routes or even title the maps. Sometimes maps are not in the section to which they apply and since there is no cross reference, these maps are of limited use. An excellent idea is the printing of a map in the front and back cover of the book. However the choice of maps was unfortunate since the map on the inside front cover is outside the area of the book. The map on the inside back cover shows most of the guide area but the Northern Rockies are omitted. Also the cover maps were poorly selected since they showed railroads but not the roads which are now generally used for the approach. Photographs of peaks are good and names have been overprinted but routes are not shown, or if shown are the most difficult, presumably in keeping with the introductory statement that "the book does not attempt to give a pitch by pitch route description for to do so would destroy the sense of adventure we seek in the mountains".

Not found in the previous Thorington issue but added to both North and South Guides are the end of chapter fillers, a miscellaneous collection of quotations of biblical, Latin, mountaineering and literary origin, often too much out of context or unrelated to climbing to be of any use in the guide. Abbreviations where used should be explained. (Ar) means "arctic drainage slope" but it is necessary to refer to the Thorington edition to find this.

One of the most interesting of several innovations in the Culbert guide is the index. It covers 74 pages and in addition to peak heights which is common in several guides, it includes in abbreviated form the difficulty of the trip, the popularity, the aesthetics (from unpleasant to very attractive), the time required, the access problems and finally some general remarks. There are approximately 1200 entries as compared to the Rocky Mountains - North index, which has about 730 entries but contains no information except page number. Culbert's index is a very valuable browsing and quick reference aid which clearly shows the great depth of local knowledge contained in this guide.

Both of these volumes are highly recommended as references for the subject area, both are well produced with good photographs, maps and general information. However the Culbert guide has clearly superior qualities with its highly readable style, excellent route descriptions and photographs and very useful reference index. These and other innovations have set a standard which future guides may find it difficult to emulate.

N. Purssell

Rock Climbing In Ontario

ACC Toronto Section, 85 Fallingbrook Road, Scarborough, Ontario. 1974, 1st edition. 96 pages. $4.00

There is no finer guide available for the Ontario Region. The reason is simple — there is virtually no other book. Although Ontario is the most densely populated province there are few

high rocky areas available to climb. As one would expect there is a large number of Alpinists and would be Alpinists proportionate to the population. Fortunately, due mainly to the enthusiasm and perseverance of a re-activated ACC Toronto Section, many challenging rock faces have been sought out, explored and described. This has fostered a new and growing participation in rock climbing and bouldering in Ontario. There has been a growing demand for a guide of this calibre for a long time.

The book sets out a brief history of the Toronto Section from its start in 1956 to the present day, explanations of the areas and the climbing routes, comparisons of grading systems and equipment. It provides a full guide to the two most popular climbing areas that are within easy reach of the majority of local climbers. For Bon Echo at Mazinaw Lake there are excellent photographs of the cliffs with the routes clearly marked, and detailed descriptions complemented with interesting data on the surrounding area. Rattlesnake Point and its affiliated cliffs, Mt Nemo, Kelso and Sunset Rock are presented complete with descriptions of established routes. Other areas that are available within easy driving range of Ontario, the Laurentians in Quebec, the Adirondacks and Shawangunks in New York State as well as some top spots in New Hampshire are temptingly suggested to augment this pocket size manual.

It is to be hoped that this handy guide will be continually updated. There are still many areas, notably those north of Lake Superior, to be explored. Layout and typography might be criticized for not achieving a more professional quality to aid legibility. The cover, although looking neat when new, leaves something to be desired considering the wear and weather that this book is destined to receive. Ontario has many exciting, exhilarating climbing challenges. This book helps to safely put them within reach of the enthusiastic climber.

John Brooke

Walks And Climbs In Romsdal, Norway

Tony Howard. Cicerone Press, 16 Briarfield Road, Worsley, Manchester, England. 1970. Illus. in line and halftone, 174 pages. £140

Imagine the Squamish Chief area at the head of Howe Sound, then drop the tree line by 600 m, add Banff of the 1940's, eliminate the logging scars and replace the valley urban encroachment with quaint farms. Oh yes, and remove the eye-sore of the Woodfibre pulp mill. This is the magnificent setting of a little guide covering about 1600 square kms. Over 200 routes on about 80 peaks are described including those on the Trolltindwall and the scenic Romsdalshorn. The Andalsnes is the Mt Blanc, the Yosemite, the Squamish Chief/Garibaldi Park of Norway. Granitic rocks and intense glacial scouring are common to all. Romsdal-Andalsnes is unique — Norwegian summers are long on daylight and climbing goes on until one tires. High walls and bivouacs thereon are thereby a much more pleasant undertaking.

Norway is covered by guides in one form or another, mainly in Norwegian. One by Prag in English gives a useful rundown of all the known mountaineering regions. Howard's is the third detailed guide in English on the small Romsdal region. The 35 page introduction has French and English prefaces. Norwegians have written some parts of the text including Historical by Arne Randers Heen, Norway's equivalent to Joe Brown, who writes the English Foreward.

The introduction also covers natural history, grading systems, travel hints and usual mountaineering procedures of the region. The writer has wisely used local customs sticking with prices in Norwegian kroner and metric measures. Norwegians pioneered many routes of this area, but despite Norsk prices the region is now being invaded by Europeans and Commonwealthers.

Five ranges are covered, the "Andalsnes" being subdivided into five groups. Route descriptions are concise, informative, yet not a move by move ascent. Depending on the character of the peak considered there are fair to good sketches of routes with marked pitch difficulties. However there are no references to other sources of information which by now must abound in the various national alpine journals. All types of routes are considered from grade I to grade VI sup (European designation) and the non technical descent routes are included. There is an innovative index listing routes alphabetically by grade. Locating the actual base of a route could be a difficulty — the map in the book is no more than a simplistic ridge crest and valley bottom sketch showing only the Andalsnes groups. For ranges beyond sketch limits a topographic map, according to the guide available in Andalsnes, will be required. Photographs scattered throughout the text are fairly well reproduced though not exceptional. They emphasize the severity of the climbing and the aesthetic grace of the region but at least two of them could have had routes overprinted.

Guides by outsiders are not usually received enthusiastically by the locals. Tony Howard's humble approach will probably make his guide an exception. The question is will the local Norwegians be able to cope with the influx of foreign mountaineers as a consequence of the guide? Regardless of the outcome this flexible, hard covered and hip-pocket-size effort is convenient, durable and very worthwhile. Per Prag's guide of the Norwegian climbing scene is no longer a priority reference to this area.

Karl Ricker

Mountaineering: The Freedom Of The Hills

Peggy Ferber, editor. The Mountaineers, Seattle, Washington, third edition 1974. 205 drawings and photographs, 478 pages. $9.95

Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills, the climber's bible, has been revised again and the latest developments in the world of the mountaineer have been incorporated even if not covered in great depth. Wisely the authors have still concentrated on a general approach to the subject from the basic groundwork up to the highest standard of free and artificial climbing. They have not attempted to delve into this last aspect in great detail since this is a subject which seems to change at a speed exceeded only by the cost-of-living index. However the rurps, leepers, bongs, etc. are all illustrated for the benefit of the embryo climber. Similarly in the snow and ice section the available pitons and pickets are depicted and described but again the treatment is not comprehensive.

The philosophy of mountaineering is the facet which has developed most from the first edition. Since the mid 60's an awareness of ecology has grown and it is only fitting that some

space be devoted to the climber's and the public's attitude and responsibility to the environment. As part of this attitude there is an interesting chapter on rock climbing ethics which should perhaps be compulsory reading for all climbers.

The other subjects —navigation, leadership, first aid, rescue, etc.—are all covered with the same commonsense approach which we have learnt to expect from previous editions. On the subject of navigation I was pleased to see that detail maps of Canadian mountains are now available. In my 1960 edition they did not exist or if they did "were of limited reliability"!!

Welcome additions are the supplementary reading lists at the end of most chapters and an appendix on sample meals which will be useful for expedition planners.

If there is one small criticism it is the standard of the photographs. This may have been done to keep costs down but they are much inferior to the prints in the first edition. But this is only a minor point —the book at a price of $9.95 is probably the best value for money in the world of mountaineering. No home should be without one.

Robert M. Paul

Advanced Rockcraft

Royal Robbins. La Siesta Press, Box 406, Glendale, California. 1973. Illustrated by Sheridan Anderson, 96 pages, paper. $2.95

Robbins says climbing is a great game because it "demands our best," But there are certain ways to give our best, and reasons why these certain ways work best. These ways are described by Robbins, drawn by Sheridan and photographed by many, but the pervading Robbins' philosophy is evident throughout the book, i.e. "the only way to climb properly and safely is to exercise painful self-restraint and discipline, and to realize that just getting up a route is nothing, the way it is done is everything."

This book is intended as a sequel to Basic Rockcraft by the same author and it comprehensively, concisely and simply states the problems and basic skills involved in route finding and leading. It is divided into sections on Chockcraft, Big Walls, Gadgets, Safety, Leading, Soloing, Values and finally, Fantasia, a chapter "in the hope of giving life to some of the dry, instructional prose which has gone before..." The prose is interesting to read, the drawings by Sheridan are clear and the photographs illustrating various climbing situations and positions are excellent. Alternatives are given, reasons are explained; this book by Bobbins is the author's personal statement about the art of climbing.

Susan Tatum

Modern Snow And Ice Techniques

Bill March. Cicerone Press, 16 Briarfield Road, Worsley, Manchester, 1973. 22 line diagrams, 7 photographs, 66 pages. Available from Royal Robbins, 906 Durant Street, Modesto, California, USA. $1.95

A short, concise book on snow and ice techniques with some excellent line diagrams. Primarily written for Scottish winter climbing where techniques have become slightly specialized. Glacier travel and objective dangers such as avalanches are not covered. While dealing with the modern techniques of front pointing and use of deadmen, a considerable portion of the text revises the familiar methods of holding the ice axe, step cutting, etc. The well presented section on equipment is limited to the selection of ice axe and crampons. The pros and cons of various sling attachments to the ice axe are well explained. The second section describes nine different positions for holding the ice axe. Unfortunately, as in other sections of the book, some of the clearly drawn diagrams are not discussed in the text. The third section covers step kicking and cutting while the fourth section is entirely devoted to self arrest techniques. Three methods of self arrest are mentioned apart from the generally accepted method. Two are listed as unsatisfactory. Methods for gaining the self arrest position from head first falls and tumbling falls are described. The last section on belaying on snow and ice is not very satisfactory. The standard boot-axe belay is described under "belaying on ice". There is insufficient information on various types of ice screws and nothing but a diagram on how to use them. This book may be complementary to other instruction books but in itself is not sufficient.

Ross Wyborn

Prusiking

Robert Thrun. National Speleological Society, Cave Avenue, Huntsville, Alabama, 1973. Well illustrated, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, 75 pages. Paper, $4.50

Written for cavers, this is a comprehensive and specialized report on the techniques of ascending a fixed, vertical rope. There is no mention of related subjects, such as descending the rope, anchor points, rescue, etc., making it of limited use to the mountaineer. But it is still a valuable reference book because of its thorough treatment of its subject.

About 20 different "prusik" knots are described, with clear diagrams and an analysis of the performance of each. Jumars and all other known mechanical ascenders are described in detail, including scale drawings of some for those who wish to make their own. A number of different methods of climbing, using different combinations of slings and knots, are shown. Safety is given some attention, even including the dangers of burning the rope with a carbide lamp, and of having the rope chewed through by wild animals.

The chapter on selection of ropes and slings is weak from a climber's point of view. No mention is made of kernmantel ropes. Also mediate action be taken to prevent a bad fall from becoming a fatal one. Simple, easy to learn techniques described in this book will make the difference.

There is no discussion of bilgeri, pulley systems, or other methods used in crevasse rescue. For these aspects, one is better off to consult one of the several good books on mountaineering or crevasse rescue. Physicists will be delighted by a highly theoretical appendix on the holding power of knots.

Peter Jordan

Improvised Techniques In Mountain Rescue

Bill March. Illustrated, 94 pages. Available from MSB, 631 South 96th Street, Seattle, Washington. $4.50

Unlike two books on mountain rescue reviewed in the Journal last year, this book is aimed at the climbers themselves. It deals completely with self rescue (individuals and parties), making use of only the regular equipment normally carried by climbers. In a fall, either on a wall or in a glacial crevasse, it is often imperative that im-(Ed. Note2006: Something is missing here in the original)

The first chapter deals with knots and harnesses, the descriptions and illustrations of harnesses being especially good. No one should have trouble assembling one. Be sure this is done prior to starting your climb or crossing a glacier. Chapters II and III deal with prusik knots, mechanical ascenders and their use in hoisting. The methods shown are familiar to us in the ACC, and are taught in our snow and ice schools. A chapter on carabiner brakes and friction devices for lowering is easily understood and of the various descenders shown the figure of 8 is a safe and popular one. All the improvised stretchers shown are of the non rigid type, so one must be very careful that the nature of a victim's injuries are fully understood before using one to transport him.

D. Blair

Big Wall Climbing: Development, Technique And Aids

Doug Scott. Kaye & Ward, London, Oxford University Press, New York, 1974. 278 photographs, 13 maps, numerous sketches, 348 pages. E4.75, $12.50

This is a monumental book, surely destined to become a landmark in mountaineering literature. It will likely be out of date even before its publication due to the rapid growth of this form of climbing. One cannot but shudder at the immensity of the task involved in gathering together the vast amounts of documentation constituting the adequately written and magnificently illustrated text. As a historical reference work in the development of climbing it is without peer and although written with a heavy emphasis on the British 'scene', this in no way detracts from its unique value.

Originally written as an up-date of Geoffrey Sutton's handbook on artificial aids in mountaineering, the text has been expanded to include detail of the principles and personalities behind the development of classical big wall climbing in what might be termed the 'alpine' areas of the world. There are major sections relating to the development in the Eastern and Western Alps (from 1857 to 1973), winter and solo ascents in the Alps, and Big Wall Climbing in Norway, Yosemite Valley, North America and Patagonia. Perhaps the books greatest value however, lies in the section on climbing paraphernalia and techniques (excellently illustrated by line diagrams), and the section relating to climbing considerations in Britain, the Alps, Norway, Yosemite Valley, Baffin Island and Patagonia. Each area in this latter section is discussed in relation to the available sources of information, travel, accommodation, climate, suitable equipment, rock and recommended routes. The maps and sketches in this section are excellently presented in clear, concise form and are emblematic of the excellent quality of the entire book.

It would be easy to criticize some of the more important omissions in the book regarding the development of climbing in North America, but it must be remembered that it was written by a British climber for a largely European market. It is to be hoped that as the development of North American climbing continues more specific information relating to such areas as the Bugaboos, the Canadian Rockies, and the Cirque of the Unclimbables (Logan Mtns) will be added to future editions. Suffice it to say at this time that Big Wall Climbing is a book that deserves a valued place in the library of every aspiring young climber of today and perhaps even of some expiring old climbers of yesterday.

John Amatt

Skalnì Mesta V Cechách (Rock Towns In Bohemia)

Aleš Kraus and Arnošt Cernik. Orbis, Prague, 1973. colour and 80 black and white illustrations, sketch maps, 50 pages text (Czech, Russian, German, English, French).

I am quick to declare that I know no Czech, but short English captions help to understand this picture book's descriptions of the craggy areas the Czechs call their "climber's paradise". These areas are "rock towns" or groups of curious sandstone pinnacles in which local climbers both enjoy nature and practice rock techniques. The book covers the Hamba Skala, Klokoc, Policka Decin and similar regions. The pictures, which are very good, describe in detail the rock areas and the people who visit them.

Evelio Echevarría

Barrier Of Spears

R.O. Pearse. Robert Hale &Co., London, 1973. 27 photographs by M.L. Pearse, 13 maps and diagrams, 304 pages. £7.50

The Barrier of Spears is the descriptive Zulu name, Quathlamba, given to the Drakensberg. This chain of mountains nearly 1000 kms long forms the eastern escarpment of South Africa and includes the highest peaks in Africa south of Kilimanjaro. The author feels he is part of this range with which he has been intimately acquainted for over a quarter of a century. To share with others his knowledge and experience of these mountains to which he is devoted is his aim. This he achieves.

The book deals mainly with the central, most impressive section of the Drakensberg — a 95 km stretch from Mont-aux-Sources to Giants Castle where the basalt summits soar to over 11,000ft. From the geology of the formation of the range, the author traces its full history and that of the peoples associated with it, paying an intriguing attention to detail clearly demonstrating his command of the subject. The first known inhabitants of the Drakensberg were the Bushmen, their unique artistry still evident today on the walls of the caves in which they lived. Then, with the coming of the Bantu tribes and the European settlers, the peace of the mountains was shattered by the smoke of battle.

From the climbing aspect, which is an integral part of the history of the Drakensberg, the author relates a remarkably comprehensive number of stories, often from first hand knowledge, of the early pioneers and their more significant ascents. The book will have a general appeal to those who have a love of the mountains, not just to the climber, as extensive coverage is given to all aspects of life in these mountains from the flora and fauna to drama and rescue on the peaks.

But what of the future of the Drakensberg, or indeed any other

mountain region? Man, with his unique ability to exploit all he touches, is in danger of destroying this place of peace. Having involved the reader in the beauty and potential of the Drakensberg, from both the text and excellent photography, the author makes his plea — to conserve this area before it is too late, to keep it "a place where the cry of the Martial Eagle breaks the silence of the distant peaks ... where man in all this vast loneliness can find himself." For those interested in further reading on any aspect of the Drakensberg an extensive bibliography is included.

John Moss

Rocks, Ice And Water: The Geology Of Waterton-Glacier Park

David D. Alt, Donald W. Hyndman. Mountain Press, Missoula, Montana, 1973. 98 photographs, 2 maps, 15 sketches, 104 pages. Paper. $2.95

This layman's geological guide is well illustrated with colour and black and white photographs, sketch maps and cross sections explaining the geological processes which formed the rocks and varied land forms of the park area. In keeping with the Nuclear age the frontispiece is an excellent infrared satellite photo which covers the entire area of the two parks. The geology is handled in a technically competent, easy to understand manner and the book contains an abbreviated glossary of geological terms and a list of technical references.

I take some exception to the authors' contention that the Lewis overthrust, an immense sheet of old Precambrian rocks which has thrust-faulted over younger Cretaceous rocks, is the result of gravity slide. Their very simple explanation is not a plausible solution to a very complex problem which is still hotly argued by experts.

The binding is not well done. My copy started to fall apart after only a minimum of use. The cover however is attractive, the illustrations are informative, and the authors have compiled available information from both sides of the border into a very attractive and reasonably priced book.

Amateur geologists visiting the park should avail themselves of more detailed geological maps as well as the Geological Survey of Canada's Miscellaneous Report 10 — Waterton Lake National Park (from Information Canada bookshops at $1.50).

R. Jordan

Backpacking Along The Ancient Ways In Peru And Bolivia

Hilary and George Bradt. Available prepaid from Sarah N. Bradt, 409 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02115. 53 pages. Paper, $1.95 Though more of an adventure story than a guidebook, and containing more than a reasonable number of errors and "inoperative" statements, this booklet is pleasant reading and worth buying if you plan to hike the Inca trails. The authors would have benefited from a better knowledge of Spanish or from talking to more people along the way.

Roland Burton

The Magnificent Rockies

American West, editors. American West Publishing Co., Palo Alto, California, 1973. 85 colour and 132 black and white illustrations, 25 maps and figures, 287 pages. $18.50

This book limits itself to the central and southern Rockies of the United States which includes the mountains of Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Utah. Absent are the mountains of Montana, Idaho and Nevada. There are 21 chapters, covering the more important aspects of geology, climate, wildlife and history of the "Rocky Mountain West". Additional appendices supply a glossary, a bibliography and an index. The book aroused in me mixed feelings. I found the scientific aspects of land and natural life covered in a most satisfying manner, with good descriptions and a lively style, supported by fine photography. On the other hand, the chapters dealing with the history and impact of man on the mountain environment were rather uneven. In Chapter 10, "Probing the Barrier", for example, the editors review the achievement of American explorers and settlers and ignore the work of Spaniards, Mexicans and French, that is, 300 years of history. Chapter 20, "A Mountain Playground", is weak on the part that mountaineering as a sport has played, and continues to play, in this section of the Rockies. Still, all the White Man's material conquests from Zebulon Pike onward are dealt with in good detail and very entertainingly. I would recommend with no reservations this book, pleasant to read and to look at, to any one wishing to gain a good general vision of the Rocky Mountains of the United States. To mountaineers I would recommend it as a source of information, but only on related matters that complement the mountains themselves. The book's pictures will please anyone fond of mountains in all their aspects.

Evelio Echevarría

Headwaters

Sid Marty. McClelland and Stewart Limited, Toronto, 1973. 110 pages. $4.95

Sid Marty was born in England in 1944 and since 1966 has worked mainly as a Park Warden in British Columbia and Alberta. Daily experiences and the stimulation of a keen observation have given him a profound knowledge of this wild country and its creatures. The refreshing use of simple words impart an additional vigour to visual impressions. A few poems in this book are controversial, but most of them deal with an immediate environment and provide lively descriptions of the park workers' activities. Easy to read, these are portrayed with simplicity and an attention to detail. They should be of particular interest to every outdoor person who wishes to learn more about Canada.

With sympathy for animals and their struggle for survival, Sid Marty has a warmth for them as individuals too, so he brings them to life in his poems, each with its special personality:

Grin coyote you trickster
lean dog, all teeth and pecker
your fake limp don't fool me...
Dog fled from the manger
star gazing coyote
in the long grass of dawn
bouncing up to see me...

An encounter with a silvertip Grizzly Bear at twenty paces — one move, and the bear will attack. He speaks to the bear:

...So / spoke softly
in his fierce hiatus
a deep and secret language
of love and claws...
another bear probably black, robs him of his lunch. He tries to intercept, but the bear:
...fixed me with a red eyeball
stared me down
most bitterly
Mine like two pissholes in a snowdrift
from boozing late the night before
lacked credibility I guess...

Riding toward a sunset, his mind on a jumping pony, Sid Marty speaks of bush travel dangers from falling tree limbs:

...So / ride these mountains
through the widowmakers
carrying away old snags
that catch in my leather...
and speaking gratefully to an old horse:
...Carried me down the dark mountain's head
the river a snake, hissing at your heart
iron shoes scraping on stone
in the sparkling darkness
and you're tired of saving my skin...
in a thoughtful mood:
Each mountain
its own country
in the way a country
must be
A state of mind...

Sid Marty knows that peace has been betrayed many times. He feels constricted by an invisible "wave" from the south, which alienates him from people. As he struggles against this "wave," he becomes conscious of new values, and accepts solitude. Now, the mountains are his country. He talks about coal mines:

Ninety-eight cents for a hundred pounds of coal...
and the miners:
...Where they sit dirty in the beer parlour
after work, coughing in their beer
talking of the tragedies of lay-offs...
the "ghost" towns:
...abandoned places
remembered mainly
for their pitiful cemeteries
blackened crosses, shacks of the '30s
Coal hacked from the dreams of dead men...
miners killed by accidents:
...digging coal for the Japanese mills
for American profit, the kaiser monolith
all these deaths subsidized by Alberta government...

Once more, from a socially conscious point of view — The Death of Mustahyah, the huge silvertip grizzly, symbol of Indian mystique:

...His terrible hide is a rag
in a rich man's fist...
shot out of season by a poaching guide:
...He was sold to the highest bidder
as a fixture in this sold out land...

In the poem Mercy, Sid Marty employs his socially conscious perception with the most powerful effect. A pregnant wapiti, torn by voracious dogs is dying. Mercifully, he shoots her — then makes this frightening comparison:

...Dogs and men have the world
and they worry it to death
running, grinning... who does not remember television — the Vietnam atrocities!
...Dogsoldier, tell me
Is man like a deer
you sight through trees
lost in the wars...
deeply moved, he shouts in protest:
...Is life but a shit
and a tramp through mud...

To meet Sid Marty through the intimate imagery of his poetry is deeply satisfying — to read this book is to have a sudden confidence in youth. At this time when thinking people search for answers, he asks questions. One must hope that he keeps asking so that we may read more from him in the future.

Roger Prentice

My Climbs Inthe Alps And Caucasus. Of Men And Mountains, Volume I

A.F. Mummery. Quarterman Publications, Inc., 5 South Union Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts 01829,, USA. 1974. Foreward by Robert Kruszyna. Facsimile reprint of original 1896 edition. 360 pages. $15.00

This reprint of one of the classics of mountaineering literature is an unabridged republication of the second edition as published by T. Fisher Unwin in 1896. Happily Quarterman chose to reproduce this edition with its charming drawings by Joseph Pennell and others of the Switzerland scene by the Victorian English traveller. Bob Kruszyna's lighthearted, perceptive foreword indicates why this classic still occupies a prominent place in the mountaineer's library. We look forward to further volumes in the series Of Men and Mountains of which this is the initial one.

Elizabeth Walker

Naked Before The Mountain

Pierre Mazeaud, translated by Geoffrey Sutton. Victor Gollancz Ltd., London, 1974. 25 pages of photographs, 256 pages, £3.50

First of all, about autobiographies — they would be impossible to write if the first person singular did not exist. However, some authors are unable to control the frequency with which they use the word "I". Mazeaud is one of these authors. Of course, at this

time in climbing history and consciousness, there is the wonder why climbers feel obliged to write an autobiography. There are currently few exciting and provocative climbing autobiographies; there are many exuberant, audacious, descriptive, impersonal autobiographies. This is one of them. This memoir, while enthusiastically describing many of the classic climbing routes in Europe, contains lengthy and often uninteresting descriptions of these routes. Faithful to all climbing autobiographies, these are in chronological order.

Despite the flamboyant and exuberant egocentrism of the author's involvement in "the combat" of climbing there is a passionate and urgent concern for internationalism in climbing. This concept came under scrutiny in Mazeaud's last chapter when, as one of the French participants in the 1971 Mt Everest debacle, he was able to experience at close range the politics and complexities of a large international expedition. Perhaps in this case the idea is also the only reality...at least for such a large and amorphous group. The book, although written simply by a vivid and lucid author with little genuine sense of the interpersonal, remains a descriptive and sometimes dry chronological account of many of the classic climbs of the European Alps.

Susan Tatum

The Meek Mountaineer: A Climber's Armchair Companion

Frederick L. Jacobson. Liveright, New York, 1974. Illustrated, 192 pages. $8.95

Mr. Jacobson writes of his own experiences as a mountaineer, describing the hardships and fear he has encountered in his journey; the courage gained through success. He tells of friendships developed through mountaineering, of self confidence and pride gained through each successful step. But he makes no attempt to hide the prospect of pain, fear, injury, or even death on a mountain. Advice is offered to the novice regarding selection of equipment, European and American climbing schools are outlined, and the importance of conditioning and exercise stressed. Frederick Jacobson tells it like it is — there are hardships. Mountaineering is for all who may wonder if they themselves "might reach the heights". His book is truly the story of The Meek Mountaineer.

David J. Urias

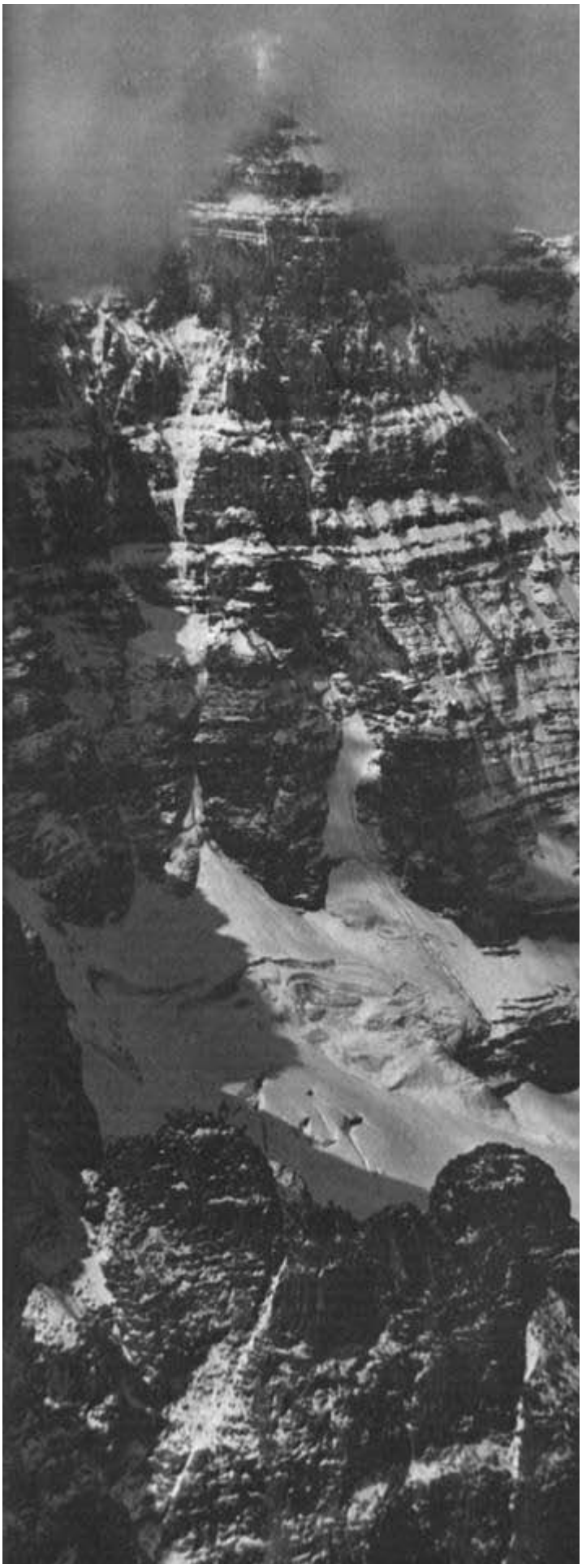
The Explorers Ltd Source Book

A.T. Perrin, editor. Harper & Row Publishers, New York, Evanston, San Francisco, London. 1st edition, 1973. Illustrated, 384 pages. $4.95

An informative book for the beginner or intermediate of any sport or activity covered in the book. An expert would require more. However each chapter does give sources of more detailed information. All data may not be thoroughly cross checked. For example, both the

old and new address of the ACC are included in different parts of the book. A worthy reference book for any do-it-yourself sportsman. The price is right.

Ken Hun



"The Barrier", southwest face, Pyramid Ridge, 950 ft, 1 1/2 days, May 1972, V. 5.8. A2. Brian Gordon, Lorne Rodway.

Climbing Reports: Coast Mountains

"The Barrier"

At 10 a.m. Friday we stood on Goat Ridge viewing the upper part of the 950 ft face through the binocs. "Out of sight...let's move." Down a dry creek bed into Crown Valley, another quarter mile and we hit Crown Pass. A half hour search and we find a fast, safe way down the 50° scree slope into Hanes Valley. Up scree for a while to the entrance gully which starts the route. By 5 p.m. and four pitches we find the only way off the ledge is by direct aid. Not enough pins and no bivy apparatus.

Saturday morning we're back. Brian starts out. The rock is a bit loose but after 30 or 40 ft it's solid. Just short of a full runout he puts in station 1 (hanging belay, 3 angles). I follow, cleaning 2 angles and a clog. I start, jamming a 5 inch face crack for 70 odd feet to an inside (?) corner; it's flaring, angling off to the left and its insides are smooth as glass! A 1 inch hex up and to my right cools the nerves. I start — 10,20,30ft — it's over. Another 40 ft of knuckle scraping and I place an angle and 2 nuts. Station 2 is in.

Brian leads off on steep face moves for 80 ft. A couple of friction moves and he's at an overhanging bulge which turns into the weirdest mantle you could imagine. I clean and we rest on "Twilight Ledge" — gravel, small bushes and big enough for two 6 footers and their overstuffed haulbags. The sky turns grey, to black. Finally the stars unleash their brilliance.

I'm up a face crack for 60 ft. It disappears — a cliffy and 2 rurps get me to a stance at the doorway to the Sickle Roof. A 3/4 inch crack leads out. A couple of angles and its down to horizontals, then blades. No blade...tie some on...haul 75 ft...torture. A few blades and a tied off leaper gets me to the lip. Reaching over and to the left—a clincher to the hilt — up on it. An easy mantle and some slabs bring me to an angular dyke and station 5.1 haul, while Brian cleans. More practice on those roofs. 100 ft in 21/2 hours.

More face climbing and a couple of horizontals for station 6.

Brian comes up and starts out — feet killing him. A mixture of face and cliffy moves and he's at the lay back corner. An inch angle, Jus tin case. Up on it...cracks thin...maybe too thin...a foot slips...he's up again. A couple of natural runners ease the tension. He's up. Nothing! Blank, empty — like no beer in a glass. Cracks to his right. A 5/8ths and 2 leapers. I come up. Helluva layback — maybe 5.9? Looks like a pendulum. No, tension over. A few tries and I jam my knee in under a big chockstone. A combination of layback and jams bring me to the second ledge of the climb — half the size of Twilight Ledge. Time for a breather.

Brian moves off on more steep face climbing. A short layback ends the pitch at a dirty looking chimney. The chimney goes very nicely, not dirty at all. I exit left into a bulge — 95° plus! No cracks, nothing for 50 ft in either direction. What a place for the crux to show up. I yell down to Brian to get ready for a whopper — 85

"The Barrier". 950 ft face, west ridge of the Pyramid, Hanes Valley. Lorne Rodway/M Irvine

ft, and start out slow—so very slow. The holds are small — real small — but solid.

Closing on the lip every muscle strains. Reach as far as I can over the lip. "Thank you" as I grip into a 2 inch jug at the top of the bulge. A short, easy mantle and 5.4 slabs to a belay at the toBrian jumars up, ties in and we haul the bag. We eat our remaining food and leave.

Lorne C. Rodway

Cathedral Lakes Park, B.C.

The owners of Cathedral Lakes Resort, south west of Keremeos, have brought particular confusion to some of the names in the area. The dominant peak of the Lakeview Creek valleyhead was climbed in 1932 and called Grimface. The monograph and maps issued by the resort give a localized name, McKean, for this position. A craggy formation to the west is more adequately titled Smoky the Bear. Individual lakes are well named but the unfortunate duplication of the name Cathedral Lakes is inexcusable, for these names preexisted on the American side of the border. There is a corollary of stream and peak here as well. How about a movement for a new name for the Park?

In the summer of 1973 several new routes were climbed on Grimface, these being on the east and south faces (Douglas McCarty, Steve Barnett, Fred Beckey). In addition Dave Anderson and party did some routes. There is much opportunity for good granite rock work in the area.

Fred Beckey

Three First Ascents, Anderson River Area

On Thanksgiving weekend Ed Zenger and I visited the Anderson River area hoping to ascend some apparently unclimbed granite peaks seen a few weeks earlier. After a little over an hour hiking we reached the base of the two summits of East Peak. From the col (class 3 to 4) we ascended the east ridge of the south west peak (6100 ft, 2.3 miles on a 98° bearing from Anderson River Mtn) in about 11/2 hours. It was mainly class 3 to 4 with a few short low class 5 sections, the crux being a somewhat rotten 5.5 slab. The easier sections were rather bushy. On returning to the col we walked up the south west ridge of the north east peak (5800 ft).

We decided that we should have worked a little harder for the ascent of the north east peak so next day we did its north arête. This ridge is very sharp and exposed though not difficult. The climb was mainly class 3 to 4 on good granite with bush on only one pitch.

Another granite peak (6900 ft, 5.2 miles on a 91° bearing from Anderson River Mtn) a few miles away caught our attention so we hiked up towards it Sunday afternoon. On Monday we tried the south west ridge though the north east looked easier. Starting at the left side of a prominent white ledge we followed dirty cracks and ledges up and left for two leads (5.5) out onto the north west face. We then returned to the ridge in one lead (5.6) and continued up the ridge which was now easy. We descended the north east ridge (class 2 to 3 except for a 30 ft rappel) and then thrashed down 1000 ft of unpleasant bushy ledges to open ground.

Most of the cracks, were filled with dirt and moss. The real rock climbing potential of the area lies in the large granite slabs which abound. These are clean for the most part and the rock is generally good. There are many opportunities for hard and poorly protected slab routes.

Philip Kubik

Vancouver Island

The Vancouver Island Section had an interesting and busy season.

The south peak of Septimus was reached 8 to 9 June by packing up Price Creek from Buttle Lake, with a camp at Cream Lake (a glorious area which might not last if mining activities get underway).

John Gibson, Alan Robinson and Syd Watts spent a week exploring the Sutton Range and Victoria Peak. They hiked up the valley between Queen's Peak and Victoria Peak, from where they climbed a 3000 ft snow gully up to the col between Victoria and Warden but were discouraged from further investigation by overcast conditions. They spent some time exploring the Nisnak Meadows in the Schoen area, having approached up the Adam River Road from the east. The meadows provided them with a number of delightful encounters with the local inhabitants, elk and their calves and a fawn, and a view of Nisnak Creek which comes off Mt Schoen in one of the most spectacular falls on the Island. Mt Hapush and the west peak of Mt Cain were climbed, on good solid rock, from a logging road which comes off a Schoen Lake road. The east summit of Mt Cain appears slightly higher and more difficult and is probably unclimbed.

Five members of the Section attempted Rugged Mtn 31 August to 2 September. They reached the south end of Woss Lake by

courtesy of Cantors power boat. Bushwhacking the old Tahsis Trail and then up the ridge on the west side, they camped at 2800 ft after having to negotiate an unexpected band of 500ft cliffs. The following day they paddled across a small lake in a hanging valley and followed the ridge from the north end to the glacier on the east side. They climbed the glacier (one of the biggest on the island) to a minor summit on the main ridge. Time ran out before they reached the main summit, "a mighty pinnacle of bare rock looking remote and magnificent".

Gil Parker and Doug Wylie climbed Mt Mitchell and Auger Peak 14 September. The approach was from Jack Shark trail on Buttle Lake, climbing Mitchell from the south with about 500 ft of rock climbing to the peak.

On the weekend 12 to 14 October Mt Myra was approached by hiking the "cat" track along the water line up to Tenant Lake (avoiding the north slope bush) and following the south east ridge above the lake to the peak.

Practice rock climbing became a regular Thursday night activity throughout the summer. Various locations around Victoria were tried out with a 200 ft cliff within 10 miles of the city becoming the favourite location. Three routes have been put up, difficulty up to 5.5.

Cynthia Tansley

No first ascents to report. No new routes either. But an active year. Cobb, Filbert and Donner were climbed by large groups of Island Mountain Ramblers for the first time since the surveyors set foot on them in the 1930's. Joe Bajan, who often says, "I don't believe in anybody doing anything stupid!" did a solo ascent of the 3000 ft east face of Mt Colonel Foster basically following the Culbert, Starr, Douglas route of two years ago. A BCMC/Rambler trip led by Ralph Hutchinson saw 25 people fighting for space to eat lunch on the summit of the Golden Hinde, the Island's highest mountain. An observation — strenuous trips traditionally requiring three days such as the Comox Glacier and Mt Elkhorn are regularly being climbed now in two days by the same old routes.

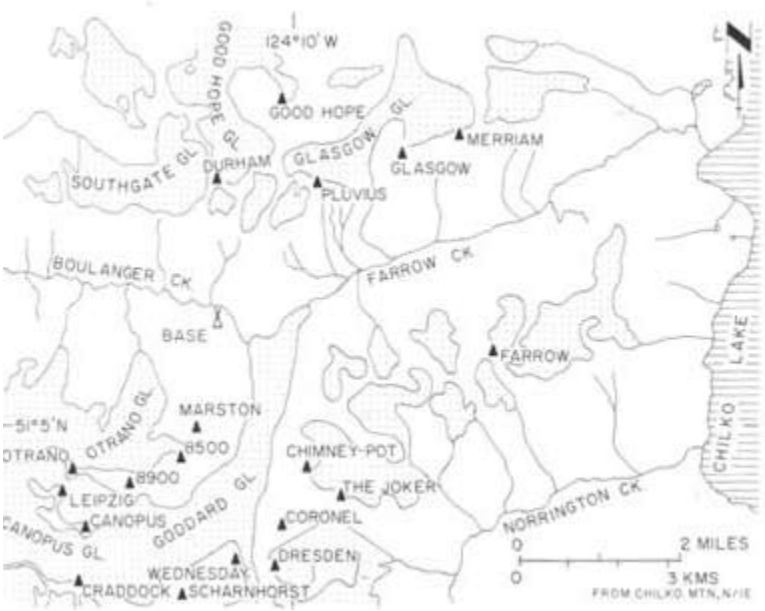
Following the lead of other mountaineering clubs, especially in the USA, the Ramblers held a clean-up of the alpine areas of Mt Arrowsmith which resulted in a truck load of garbage.

For the conservationists it was a year of jubilation and frustration. In the spring the Provincial Government stopped further mining development in Strathcona Park. In the fall they announced they were planning to change the boundaries of Strathcona Park to allow two new mines to open. A Government official justified the boundary change by stating there was no recreational value in a virgin rain forest.

The ACC Vancouver Island Section and the Sierra Club continue their work trying to save the Schoen-Tsitika area from clear cut logging. The Government will be making a decision about the future use of this area very shortly.

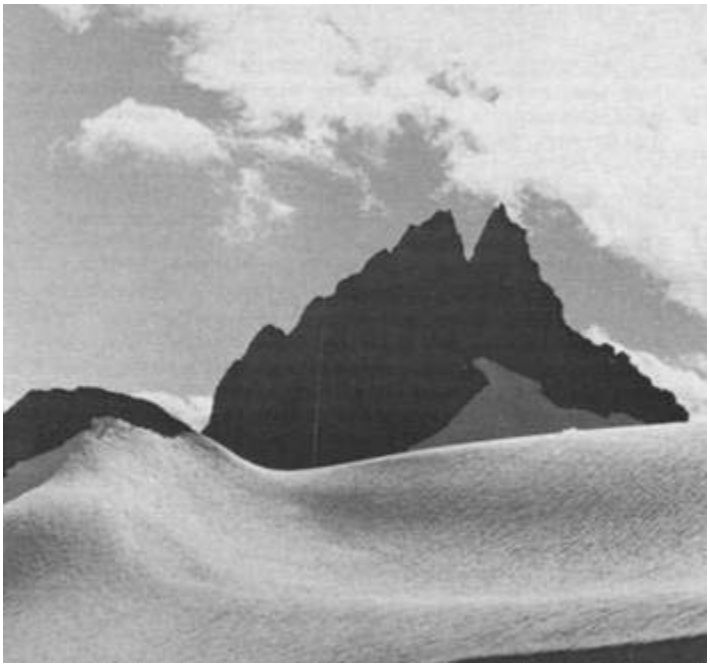
Other problems. At Delia Falls a boy was killed by falling into a moat. On Mt Arrowsmith two boys were badly injured. Both these outings were sponsored by the Provincial Government. Now the

"The Barrier". 950 ft face, west ridge of the Pyramid, Hanes Valley. Lorne Rodway/M. Irvine



Mt Good Hope area. M. Irvine

Two first ascents: Canopus Peak and Mt Scharnhorst. Clao Styron



BC Government is concerned about future wilderness activities and is studying what course of action to take.

The Victoria Outdoor Club published another guide book covering hiking trails from Cobble Hill to Mt. Arrowsmith. Another book is underway covering the rest of Vancouver Island.

Probably more climbs were done in 1974 than in the past five years. The trend appears towards more ambitious trips. I doubt if any peak escapes footprints in 1975.

Bob Tustin

Homathko Snowfield, 1957 Expedition

Recent interest in this region of the Coast Range prompts this note on its history. A mention of this totally virgin area by the Mundays inspired our venture, which approached via Franklin Arm and the Alph Glacier (named in recognition of a remarkable subglacial cavern). This expedition accomplished the first crossing of the snowfield utilizing an advance camp on Cloister Peak (named in honour of one of our group who stayed there alone for four days with a sore foot), together with first ascents of Nunatak Peak, Cambridge Peak and Mt Dartmouth. We originated many of the names now on the map; some such as Mist Peak were descriptive, but most conformed to the Elizabethan motif established by Mt Queen Bess.

George Van B. Cochran

References: G.V.B. Cochran, The Mysterious Plateau, Appalachia, #126, pp 9 - 22, June 1958. A. Morrison & J.C. Rucklidge, The Homathko Snowfield, CAJ, pp 1 -10,1958 Climbs & Expeditions Report, AAJ, pp 97 - 98, 1958.

Mt Good Hope Area

Two weeks of sunshine favoured the BC Mountaineering Club's summer camp near Chilko Lake in the Mt Good Hope area, 27 July to 11 August. From a base camp at Boulanger Creek more than 20 peaks were climbed, including six first ascents and a number of second ascents and new routes. Snow was plentiful although a few fine rock ridges and pinnacles had been bared by wind and sun.

Unclimbed Mt Scharnhorst on the upper Goddard Glacier was climbed via the north snow ridge, a class 4 knife edge, by Claora Styron and Hamish Mutch who then traversed around towards Wednesday Mtn. The same two made a first ascent and traverse of Peak 8500 ft via a narrow south east snow gully and loose rock ridge. Teaming up with Jean Logie, Brian Nuttal and Murray Maitland, they led a class 3 to 4 ascent of unclimbed Peak 8900 ft via the Otranto-Peak 8900 ft ridge. Canopus Peak, one of several peaks in the area named by previous ACC party for ships and officers in the World War I Battle of Coronel, was a first ascent for Geoff Mumford, John Bates, Dave Hughes, Betty Birell, and Daniela Cmiralova. The same party with Terry Preston climbed Mt Otranto via a new route, the north west ridge, which offered the best rock climb of the camp. The ridge and low class 5 summit pitches were climbed a second time with some variations by Clao and Hamish. Geoff, Dave, Terry, Betty, and John first climbed a 9100 ft peak to the north of Mt Durham which they called Peak 29, as "the senior member of the group was celebrating his birthday". A cluster of outcropping rock on the upper Goddard Glacier was tackled by Esther Kafer, Ian Kay, Howard Rode, Mike Strudwick, Adrienne Hughes and dubbed "The Piglets'."

Among identifiable second ascents were: Mt Marsden by Clao and Hamish; Pluvius Peak by Geoff Mumford and Terry Preston(?); Admiral Ridge by Jean, Clao, Murray, Terry and Hamish; Chimney Pot by John, Geoff, Terry, Dave, Adrienne, Dani and Betty.

Parties coming in from base camp for a day's climb were rewarded by Esther Kafer's tasty cuisine as well as the prospect of a day relaxing by the swimming hole, a small lake in the nearby moraine that was surprisingly warm and sometimes "resembled Brighton Beach on a Bank Holiday".

Clao Styron

Tragedy on Mt Waddington

The eight members of the 1974 BCMC summer expedition to Mt Waddington gradually assembled by the general store at Tatla Lake, about halfway between Williams Lake and Bella Coola. The last to arrive were Ian and Graham, driven by Jack in his grandfather's old jeep pickup, at a steady 30 mph all the way from Vancouver. A meal at the local cafe was followed by a drive down Mosley Creek valley to Middle Lake. The last part of the drive took us through incredibly beautiful scenery — old wooden fences and log cabins nestling at the edges of emerald green meadows and aspen-pine-Douglas-fir forests. Indian paint brush and daisies dotted the roadside. Glacier capped mountains soared above. Out of the car admiring the beauty for only a short time hordes of mosquitoes rapidly homed in.

We spent the night camped by the lake. Next morning our plane, a Beaver, arrived on schedule. After an airdrop and two more trips we all stood beneath the snout of Tellot glacier, having been dropped on Ephemeron, or Tellot Glacier, lake.

We staggered slowly up the north side of the glacier — up a rotten moraine wall to a pleasant lunch spot near a small lake. A short drop to the glacier then rope up and begin the long march up the glacier, Ed's rope racing off into the distance. For hours we plod up through increasingly soft snow, plunging in up to our knees for the last 1000 ft. Around 8 p.m. we reach the hut and soon set out to retrieve our air drop boxes which had become mixed with another party's.

A leisurely start the next day, despite our European insomniac, and dropped over 2000 ft down to the Tiedemann Glacier, then up Rainy Knob where we camped. A rope of four set off to find a route through the Bravo Glacier icefall and returned with the depressing news that the glacier was completely cut off by a large crevasse and that the ridge to the south offered our best hope.

The following day away early, making good use of the frozen steps left by the recce party. Once off the steps however, we break through crust and sink in to our knees, occasionally to our waists — snow conditions which were to plague us for almost the entire trip. Avalanches came down throughout the night, testifying to the dangerously high temperatures. We spent most of the morning trying in vain to find a route up the glacier. A huge sérac collapsed

only five yards away from one rope. The route to the ridge looked quite dangerous. To avoid the danger of overhanging séracs and crevasse walls I chopped my way up a steep porous ice slope only to find the top cut off by another crevasse. This left only a lower, avalanche prone route. Leaving his pack behind, Jack crossed to the rock wall then found an "easy" route up the steep wall to a nice belay ledge. Ed followed with a pack then Jack returned to carry up his pack. One by one we followed, the snow giving way on one person as he was stepping across the hole between snow and rock. With his heavy pack he was unable to jumar up but after freeing him of his pack, he shot up. Three leads of class 3 to low class 5 rock, made extremely strenuous by our heavy packs, had us on a small snowy col where we camped. From the col a narrow arête led up to the rocky ridge crest. Three of us kicked a set of steps up the arête. After another warm night we set off in ropes of two. Ed and Ian led, followed by Jack and Graham, then Tom and myself, and lastly, Peter and Gray. We gained the top of the ridge through waist deep snow and a variety of class 3 routes. Upon reaching the ridge crest we found steep snow, corniced on the south with a platform of rocks on the north. Due to the poor snow conditions the only route was on the rock platform. We moved slowly, one at a time, belaying continually. After three rope lengths we suddenly heard Peter shouting desperately for help. "Gray's fallen and he's hurt badly."

As rapidly as possible, still belaying continually, we returned. Rounding a corner we saw Peter with a solid belay. The tight rope disappeared behind a rock wall. Beyond the wall was a steep snow gully. Gray had slipped on the rock platform at the top of the gully and pendulumed down about 50 ft into the rock wall. We reached Peter and set up a rappel. Our medico, Tom went down with the first aid kit. He needed assistance so Ed went down on another rope. Gray's pack was cut off and plummeted down to the glacier below. Gray became unconscious and was lowered to a rock platform, about 20 ft down. A pack with warm clothing was lowered. He was put into a sleeping bag but died. Mouth-to-mouth resuscitation failed. A debate then ensued regarding what to do. Eventually we cut off a piece of climbing rope and tied his body to a piton in the rock. Then a slow and uneasy retreat, with two rappels, to our last campsite. We didn't relax until we were all at the site. One of our tents had been in Gray's pack and the fly for the other was used to wrap around his body so we rigged up a tarp over a hole in the snow in addition to our remaining tent.

Next day we descended to the Bravo glacier via three rappels, and hurriedly waded down to Rainy Knob for lunch. Then down to the Tiedemann and up to the hut where we radioed out for a rescue helicopter. The following days were spent soul searching, lazing in the sun, giving statements to an RCMP constable who came up by helicopter and was waiting for the rescue helicopter. The air force helicopter came on a very windy day and couldn't retrieve the body. The following day an Okanagan Helicopter chopper flew in and, with superb piloting, removed the body. We didn't feel like climbing. Ed and Jack climbed Claw Peak and that was the only ascent.

The walk out down Tellot Glacier to Nabob Pass then up to Mt Jeffery, passing it high on its southern side, led to a superb campsite among heather and boulders on a knob east of Jeffery. A quick descent the following day led to the mosquito infested jungle around Ghost Lake, into which we plunged to clean ourselves of the dirt and sweat, but never the memory, of the preceding week.

The coroner declared that Gray died of head injuries. The inquest concluded that he should have been wearing a hard hat. On the day of the accident none of us were wearing hard hats as the weather was warm and we were on a ridge top with no danger from above. Under those conditions very few people would wear hard hats. He also suffered from internal injuries around his waist, probably caused by hanging at the end of the rope. Although it apparently did not come out at the inquest, a seat harness would probably have minimized such injuries and the general feeling of our party was that the use of seat harnesses should be strongly promoted.

Michael Feller

Party: Ed Zenger (leader), Jack Wilfert, Ian Turnbull, Peter Womble, Graham Stokes, Tom Under, Gray Nourse, Michael Feller.

Reprinted from The B.C. Mountaineer, vol. 52, no. 11, November 1974.

Correction: Waddington and Hickman

CAJ 1973, p. 64: the captions on the two photographs should be reversed.

Mt Jacobsen, East Peak via East Face

During the first week of August 1973, Mickey Schurr and I spent six days near Ape Lake, flying in and leaving by the usual manner — Wilderness Airways. The weather was magnificent and the time agonizingly short. The two Jacobsen peaks are among the nearest objectives from the lake landing, and from a perusal of pictures we had already chosen our major objective for this short trip — the east face of the east peak.

The foreshortened view prior to landing did little to arouse a positive attitude. The ice and rock looked extremely steep. Scrambling and snow slopes took us to a nice site for a high camp. Among its values was respite from the mosquitoes and high level observation of a group tented on the opposite shore of the lake. We later heard rumbles that because we did not meet and appeared to disappear shortly after landing that we were involved in secretive objectives, perhaps development or mining.

The climb was not easy, though there was seldom a rock pitch that did not have holds for progress. There was a great deal of continuous fourth and fifth class climbing, with route finding crucial. Because of the long ice slope, and a dangerously soft knife edge, the commitment was a reminder to continue, not fail. It was a rewarding alpine climb, probably one of the better faces in the region. A chilling wind kept us from enjoying the summit heights and we soon were wobbling down the normal route, well marked with recent prints. Rain later that night made us count blessings — it would have been a bad night out.

Two days later we were sloshing in the soggy glacier slopes on the north side of Mt Fyles. Loose rock on a route we had contemplated deterred ambition so we settled for a climb of a tower

on the north ridge — a few awkward moves but really nothing as an objective except for the magnificent view it provided.

Fred Beckey

Ascents above Upper Scenery lake

The impressive granite tower (contour 5600 ft plus) directly above Upper Scenery Lake, north east of Petersburg, Alaska, received a second (?) ascent by a new route on the south west side on 15 August. Also climbed and built cairns on two subsidiary tops (ca 5400 and 5300 ft) immediately west of the tower.

Bugs McKeith

Devil's Thumb

Gerry Rogan, George Homer and Bugs McKeith made the second ascent of the East Ridge, and fourth ascent of the mountain, in ten hours on 10 August. Homer and McKeith climbed Rockytop, a small rock spire at base of east ridge of Devil's Thumb at ca 7000 ft, by its south ridge. Several hundred feet of fairly easy climbing, finishing with one good 5.6 pitch to the summit.

Bugs McKeith

North Baird Rambles

Do you wonder where the North Baird Glacier is? So did several Island Mountain Ramblers* until rudely transported to the Alaska Panhandle on an adventure in July that had its origins beside the fireplace last winter. In February it was a pleasant dream, something to plan and discuss gently over our cognac. That is how Roger Neave, Bob Tustin and Mike Walsh became committed to the idea. A little more persuasion of this kind made Bill Pery and Franz Bislin recognize the compelling logic of the argument. We then spoke to Dick Culbert, who gave us liberal quantities of free advice based on hunches, indifferent maps, and his views of the area from the top of the Devil's Thumb (some 30 miles away). We are deeply indebted to him for infecting us with that reckless optimism that is necessary to translate torpor into sluggish activity.

Our credentials were impressive; between the six of us we represented the ACC (four members), the Island Mountain Ramblers (six members), the BCMC, the Swiss Alpine Club and the Austrian Alpine Club: an almost certain recipe for failure. To guard against that depressing eventuality we made sure our supplies of wine and cognac were adequate. We spent a good deal of time in Seattle going to the proper outlets to obtain those vital provisions, then boarded the MV Columbia which was to take us to Petersburg, Alaska. She was also taking about 2000 other people in the same direction; fortunately only four of them (from the U S A) had a similar destination.

The weather was fine all the way up the Inside Passage and the scenery spectacular. We learned that the other four were also going up the North Baird but had as an objective a 7900 ft peak several miles from the area we had set our sights on; a curious coincidence, as we were the first parties to go into that region, which is a part of the Stikine Icecap. By the time we arrived in Petersburg the weather had deteriorated into a dull overcast. The gaiety at the Harbour Bar on a Monday night made up for the dampness and we watched two young bloods drink ten shots each of Tequila in one hour before collapsing.

The next morning, Earl Walker (who operates Temsco Helicopters) looked with concern at us, our gear, the map and the weather; from his expression it was hard to tell which gave him the least pleasure. By 9.40 a.m. two of us were airborne, on the way to Thomas Bay and on up the Baird and North Baird Glacier until at 4000 ft the clouds were at glacier level. We were left there, some 12 miles short of our planned campsite, but a good 15 miles from the sea.

Soon the second and third trips were completed, each group telling a more frightening tale of its trip in. Earl Warren had comforted them with his theory that landing a helicopter on the glacier was always "a controlled crash". On this last run he must have lost some of that control as two very ashen hued climbers emerged. We were all pleased we were walking out and paid him off in cash on the glacier.

For the next two days (16 and 17 July) we had the enjoyable task of ferrying loads 10 miles up the glacier to a point we fondly hoped would take us over the intervening range into the Ratz Peak area. Our objective was Noel Peak (10,040 ft) which is the westerly summit of that group, and was unclimbed. On one day Roger and Franz prospected a route across the pass and the rest of us slogged up and down the enormous glacier on skiis, ferrying. Even when the scenery is impressive this job is a boring one, and to encourage us Bill composed the Noel Song, which goes as follows:

Float and flow, sweet and low,
Sun and cloud, come and go
All on the rock and snow of Noel
Drifting by, feeling high
Never try to wonder why
Out beside the sky,
On Noel.
My whole world comes to me
Flashes long enough to see;
Then I turn and set them free
Learning what it means to be
Drifting slow, float and flow
High, all on the rock and snow,
of Noel.

Our neighbours moved in to their base camp 5 miles away. We dropped by to see them. They had walked all the way up the Baird as it was more aesthetically pleasing, a sentiment we were unable to share.

On 18 July we made our move over a 7000 ft pass that separated the Baird from one arm of the Dawes Glacier. On the way BobTustin had major difficulties, first with his skins, which disintegrated due to the steep, icy slope, and later with his pack, which also disintegrated. He finally made camp at 11.30 p.m., pulling an improvised sled behind him.

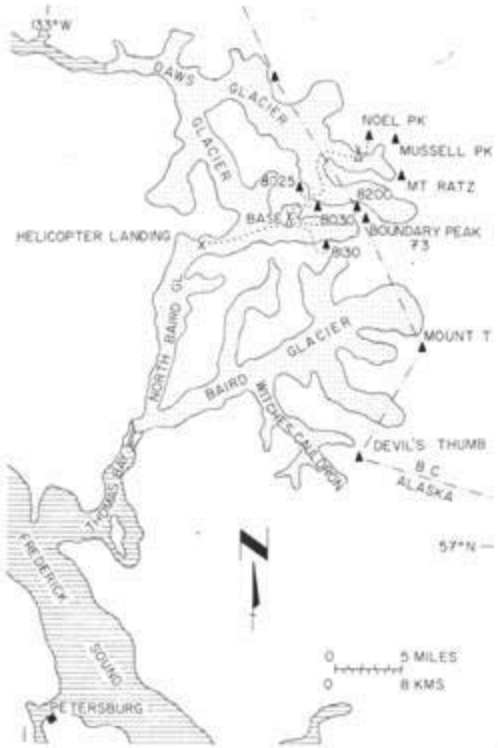
The next day we moved our camp to the base of Noel — another 5 miles, across the border into British Columbia, and Mike and Bill made a recce up a ridge that appeared to give a reasonable approach. At 8000 ft the route disappeared into the overcast, while

Left to right. Mt Burkett, Burkett s Needle and, behind Ralph Hutchinson, Devils Thumb. Bob Tustin

Left to right: Noel Peak, Mussell Peak. Mt Ratz, from Rambler Pass. R. Neave

Boundary Peak 73 from Peak 8200. R. Neave

North Baird area. R. Neave/M. Irvine



Looking west down North Baird Glacier from summit of Peak 8030. R. Neave

Base camp. Peak 8130 on right centre. R. Neave

all around us on the glacier (4900 ft) as we did more ferrying we had tantalizing glimpses of ice falls and ramparts, but no sign of the peaks. We were now about 40 miles from the sea and feeling a bit extended. The day following was foul weather but on 21 July the signs were encouraging, and by 5.30 a.m. we were on our way to try our luck on the south west ridge of Mt Noel.

The weather cleared as we got higher and we had spectacular views of Ratz and Mussel (both climbed by Fred Beckey's party in 1963) which were to the east, and quite close, but protected by dramatic ridges. Further south we could see the Devil's thumb and Burkett Needle. We roped up at 8500 ft and found we were on one of those dramatic ridges that sported a liberal sprinkling of fresh snow. We started to traverse at 9 a.m. to avoid some gendarmes, and made slow progress till we regained the ridge at 9000 ft, hoping to see the peak close by. In this we were disappointed and it was obvious we had another six hours of climbing if this route were to go. A quicker route up the glacier to the east looked better, and so we decided to return to camp and try it the next day as the winds were very high and the snow conditions bad. We finally got into camp at 9 p.m.

There was no next day to climb Noel. The storms came back and we had fun hanging onto the tent pole to keep it down, or rushing out to rescue the fly. Our favourite entertainment was to cuff the aneroid vigorously to see if it would go up; even this was fruitless and we had to "bide the pelting of this pitiless storm". After two more days our food was running low so four of us set off for the Baird Glacier and base camp, leaving Franz and Mike behind to attempt the peak if the weather improved. The trip back in the storm was unforgettable as a good deal of it was in a whiteout and we kept on having friendly disagreements about the route. By some fluke they were all resolved correctly; only two wands survived the storms, which may explain the cause for dispute. Back on the Baird we dug out our food and cooked up the spécialité de la maison known as Bœuf Bardaise (the Bœuf was the corned Argentine type); the Cabernet Sauvignon 1968 was a fine accompaniment (the chef said).

The next day when climbing was possible was 27 July. Mike and Franz had, by then, run out of food at Noel without having a chance to make another attempt. On that day they returned to the North Baird camp, climbing on the way a quite easy peak to the north of the pass, marked 8025 ft on the map. It was previously unclimbed, as were all ascents made by our party. The four of us at the main base camp decided to try for Boundary Peak 73 (8526 ft). We set off at 4.30 a.m. on skiis and it took us five hours to get to the base of the mountain, a distance of ten miles. We were at the bergschrund on the south west of the mountain by 10.30 a.m. and attempted to climb up to the west ridge, when a pile of rocks fell down and dissuaded us. We moved to a safer line but it kept forcing us to the west and we ended up, after some mixed grade 4 and 5 leads, on a subsidiary peak (8200 ft) a half mile to the west of Boundary Peak 73. The summit pitch was very exposed and was lead by Roger. Due to the late hour of 4.30 p.m. we decided to return rather than spend another three hours going over to the main peak. We got back to camp at 11.30 p.m., making it a 24 hour day.

The next day, 28 July, was our last climbing day as we were to be picked up at Thomas Bay on 30 July at 7 p.m., two days pack away. Fortunately the weather was good — our third good day of the trip! So we shot off again peak bagging. Roger and I went back to the pass to the north of camp, (known now as Rambler Pass, as we had rambled through it on the way to Noel) and climbed the peak to the south east of the pass marked 8030 ft on the map. This was a pleasant climb, not hard, and gave spectacular views in all directions. Mike and Franz went back five miles in the direction of Boundary Peak 73 and climbed the prominent mountain to the south of the North Baird Glacier, shown on the map as 8130 ft. Their route went to the west and south of the summit ridge and at 7300 ft they left their skiis to cross the bergschrund and climb a narrow ridge that leads to the summit from the east. They only spent 71/2 hours on this trip, including a generous amount of time on the summit.

The 29th and 30th were not fun days. We left under variable skies but endured other problems. Roger had bad luck on the trip with his skiis which had been running very poorly, and by the time we reached the bare ice they were ceremonially buried in a very large crevasse. Bob Tustin almost committed Hari Kari by mistake on a ski pole and writhed around on the snow as though he had pierced his lung. Closer investigation was finally permitted and we found he had missed a fatal injury, though he was badly cut.

We reached the place at which the Beaver was to pick us up about one hour ahead of schedule and before long we had joined the sophisticates at the Harbour Bar in Petersburg and were acquiring a taste for Tequila too.

Ralph Hutchinson

A loosely knit organization masquerading as a climbing club on Vancouver Island, off the west coast of British Columbia.

Stikine Area

In July Eric Adelberger, Kurt Snover, Ted Young, and myself, all of Seattle, spent two weeks east of the Stikine River in the area around Mt Hickman. The only previous expedition to this region was by Beckey and others in 1972. (CAJ 1973).

We flew from Wrangell to the Shaft Creek airstrip then, during two days of perfect weather, hiked to our basecamp north of Hickman. We recovered all but one of the six boxes air dropped. While making this air drop we discovered to our confusion that the Mt Hickman marked on the government map was not really Mt Hickman at all but the second highest peak in the area. The true Mt Hickman lay a few miles to the south west, where the contours on the map were so completely jumbled that they showed no high summit at all.

The weather was bad for the rest of our two weeks, except for one day when we were too tired to head for a summit. To warm up we ascended a peak (estimated altitude 9000 ft) north west of Hickman by its north east face, a steep and enjoyable snow climb. Beckey's original ascent route on Hickman looked too long and dangerous for us, especially since the unprotectable fifth class summit ridge was a mass of corniced ice. Instead we ascended towards the west summit but turned back on the summit ridge when the first man knocked off a cornice the size of an automobile.

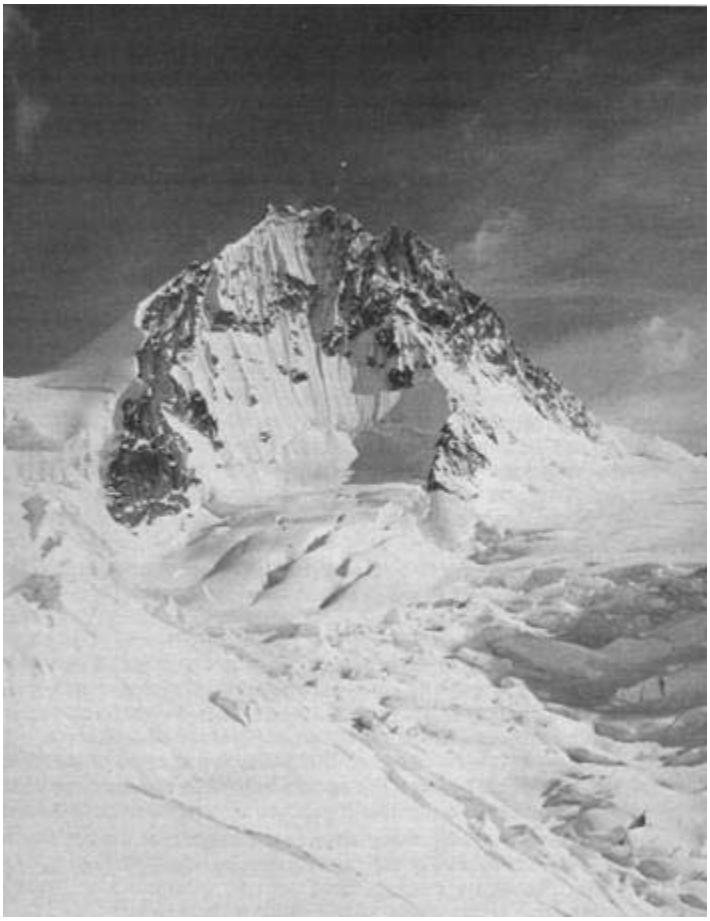
We then focused our attention on the second highest peak in the area (estimated altitude 9200 ft), the one falsely labeled Mt Hickman. We climbed two nearby peaks while waiting for better weather, which never appeared. Running out of time, we went ahead and climbed it during a windy snow storm. We went up steep snow on the north ridge then ducked in and out among rocky projections along the summit crest, avoiding gigantic cornices. The descent was completed in a whiteout.

The missing box of food and the bad weather convinced us to hike out a day early, amply compensated for by a feast and comfortable bunks at the Hecla Mining camp at Shaft Creek while waiting for Stikine Airways to fly us back to Wrangell.

We had a good time and learned a lot. The weather, although apparently unusually bad, was unpleasant rather than impossible. The area is beautiful, with many fine peaks still to be climbed.

Alan Durfee

Mt Hickman from base camp (north).
Beckey's route is on other side. We climbed ridge (on snow, out of sight behind crest) almost to west summit. Alan Durfee



The second day on Mt McKinley. Adam Zyzak

St Elias Mountains and the Yukon

Mt Fairweather: East Ridge and Traverse

In early July 1973 an expedition of Seattle climbers (Dusan Jagersky, Gregory Markov, James Wickwire) made the first ascent of the east ridge of Mt Fairweather and then completed a traverse of this great border peak by descending a new route, the south ridge.

Our party also made the ascent of Mt Quincy Adams, second highest peak in the Fairweather Range, by a new route variation, the complete south ridge. After climbing Mt Quincy Adams the party descended and crossed the col separating Mts Fairweather and Quincy Adams.

In one alpine-style push from base camp on the Fairweather Glacier we climbed the two peaks in 12 1/2 days. We had hoped for a much quicker ascent and carried only five days food. Frequent heavy storms and two earthquakes of major proportions slowed our progress considerably. Our food supply was inadequate and we all were noticeably thinner after our epic.

The climbing on the east ridge was challenging, consisting of a 250 ft down sloping rock band, snow over blue ice, 55° headwalls, and a delicate knife edge snow ridge. The upper part of the ridge was technically easy but exhausting due to deep snow.

The descent from the summit of Fairweather was complicated by whiteout conditions. We reached base camp in the afternoon of the 13th day of the push.

A fourth member of the expedition, Fred Beckey, did not take part in the climb.

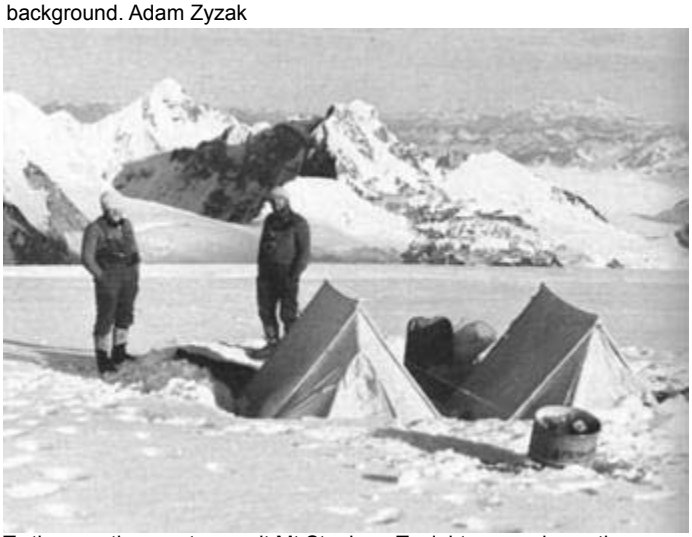
Gregory C. Markov

Polish Climbers in Alaska and the Yukon

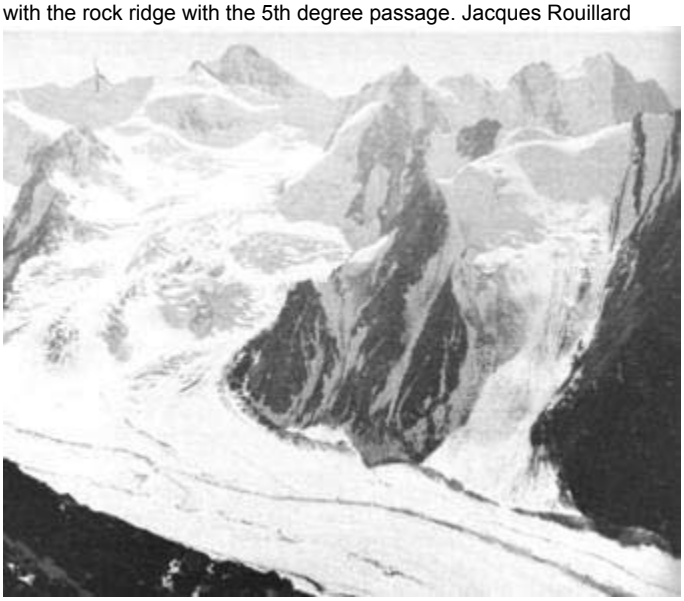
The first Polish alpine expedition to the mountains of North America started from Poland 3 May 1974 by ship Stefan Batory. The climbing team consisted of Henryk Furmanik (leader), Adam Bilczewski, Adam Zyzak, Janusz Baranek, Jerzy Sznytzer, and Jan Bagsik, all members of the Polish Mountaineering Club from Silesia industrial region in southern Poland. Other members were Michat Glinski (medical doctor), Roman Trzeszewski (cameraman), and Jojciech Ktosok (operator of the long distance amateur radio station, SP9PT/VE8). The team had experience in the Caucasus, Alps, Pamir, Atlas and Peruvian Andes as well skiing and winter and summer climbs in their native Tatra Mtns. The expedition took from Poland eight tons of equipment and food as well as two cars: one minibus for personal transport and an 8 ton truck. We landed in Montreal and travelled across Canada and Alaska, reaching Talkeetna, Alaska on June 9. During our journey

Mt Hubbard, Mt Kennedy, and The Weisshorn. A. Zyzak, S. Gisman/M. Irvine

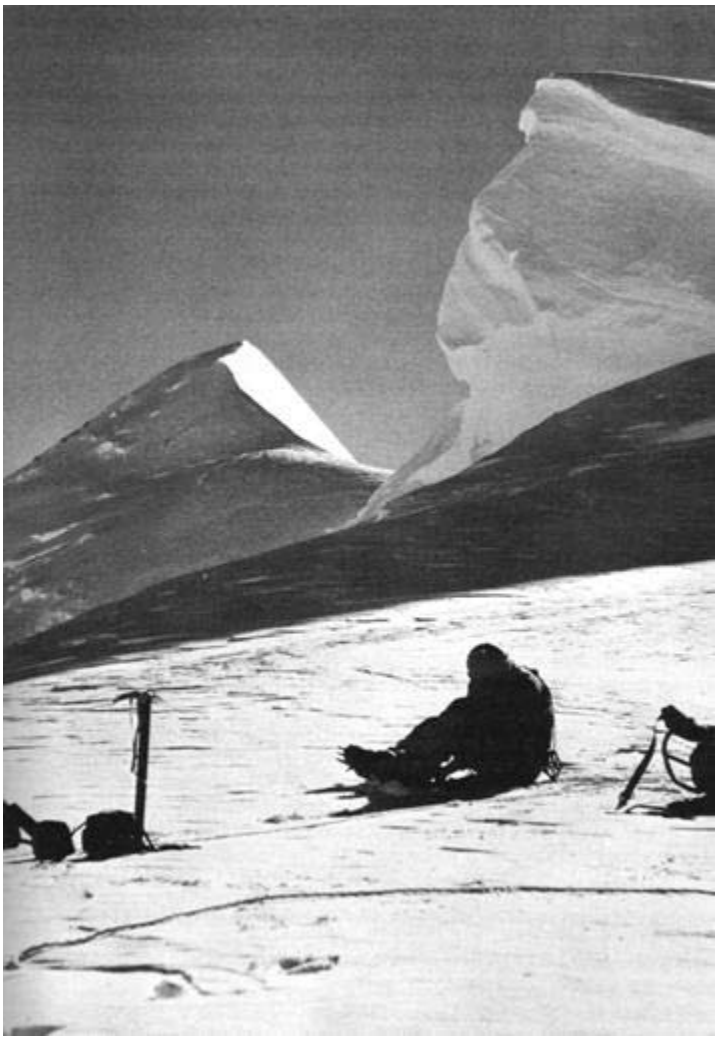
High camp under Mt Hubbard. The Weisscrn and two unnamed peaks in background. Adam Zyzak



To the rear the great summit Mt Stephan. To right, second row, the summit with the rock ridge with the 5th degree passage. Jacques Rouillard



Icefall over Cathedral Glacier. On left The Weisshorn, on right unnamed mountain we tried to climb. Adam Zyzak



Kaskawulsh glacier basin. J. Rouillard/M. Irvine

we met many people of Polish nationality and presented films about earlier Polish alpine expeditions.

Our first goal was Mt McKinley. Base camp was set up on east fork Kahiltna Glacier (7200 ft) with aerial transport (Don Sheldon) help. Our second glacier camp was located under the south face of Mt McKinley (9300 ft). On 21 June the team of six started from that camp and going through the west rib reached 15,400 ft after three days. Here we met the auxiliary group of three (Tomaszewski, Bagsik, Sznytzer) coming by Windy Corner. The upper part of the west rib was climbed by all nine team members (fifth ascent) in the next three days, spending two nights at 16,900 ft high camp. We at last enjoyed success in the midnight sun on 26 June. During our climb we had set up five high camps and two on Kahiltna Glacier approach.

The team was unexpectedly held down on the descent by a heavy storm just before Denali Pass. The further descent was very dangerous, so we bivouaced near the old igloo during five stormy and very cold days. Two members endured heavy frostbites. Our camp earlier prepared for the descent on 14,200 ft plateau was completely covered and destroyed by avalanches, so we descended non-stop 26 hours from Denali Pass to our base camp. After liquidation of two glacier camps the group of five hiked five days down the Kahiltna Glacier, meeting the rest of the team, flown down some days before, near Petersville.

The action then moved to the St Elias Mtns. We set up our main base near Haines Junction and sent the team of six up on the Cathedral Glacier. With helicopter assistance (Trans North Turbo Air) we established a new base camp (7500 ft). High camp was located at 11,500 ft. From there the summits of Mt Hubbard (15,015 ft) by the last part of the north ridge and Mt Kennedy (13,905 ft) by the west ridge, were reached on 13 and 15 August by Furmanik, Bilczewski, Baranek and Zyzak. Just after the descent the group was held down by 10 days of uninterrupted storm in Cathedral Glacier base camp. Then on 28 August, in beautiful weather, we started to cross the 1700 ft high icefall separating the Cathedral Glacier and the firn bowl under the west slopes of the Weisshorn (11,620 ft). The bowl was reached in the afternoon of the same day in a difficult and complicated climb. We immediately attempted the unnamed south west neighbour (ca 11,500 ft) of the Weisshorn but were forced by difficulties and darkness to put off the ascent to the next day. Bivouac without tents was established near a lone ice block on the bottom of the bowl.

Early in the morning, in beautiful weather, part of the hanging glacier plateau just under the top of our mountain slid down directly towards us, jumping over two large crevasses and forming an immense avalanche, well seen from our resting place. Three of us escaped and found salvation behind the block. Furmanik and Tomaszewski had no chance and were buried. The survivors immediately tried to excavate the bodies of their friends but it was impossible because of large, hard ice particles and the freezing mass of compacted snow. All equipment was covered, the axes, crampons, ropes, pitons, radiotelephone — and Bilczewski's boots. The dangerous descent across the icefall walls and crevasses was done without a rope.

In the days following there were some helicopter trips to the

accident site. The rescue group from Kluane National Park, with the help of two avalanche experts from Jasper, attempted to reach the bodies. The attempt was called off on 6 September.

During the return journey Bilczewski and Zyzak reached the summit of Mt Hector in the Rockies on 13 September. The team returned to Poland at the end of October.

Adam Zyzak

The Accident under The Weisshorn, St Elias Mtns

The Polish Mountain Expedition Alaska 1974 established high base camp on the Cathedral Glacier at 8300 tt. using helicopter transport, on 11 August. On 13 August Mt Hubbard (15,015 It) was climbed, on 15 August Mt Kennedy (13,905ft). The next target was The Weisshorn (11,620 ft) and some other unnamed and unclimbed peaks of similar altitude. After several days of bad weather, spent at high base camp, on 28 August at 6.45 a.m. the team (Henryk Furmanik, Adam Bilczewski, Adam Zyzak, Janusz Baranek, Krzysztof Tomaszewski) set out. Atmospheric conditions were good. Jerzy Kalla remained at high base for radiotelephone communications between the climbing team and the helicopter periodically patrolling the area.

After travelling down the Cathedral Glacier about one mile the team turned left and across the icefall. The bowl under the west slope of the Weisshorn was reached by afternoon. The route from high base to the bowl was flagged for a safe return. As the weather was good and the hour early it was decided to attempt the ascent of the virgin peak just to the south west of the Weisshorn by the north east ice flank, approximately 1000 ft high. At first the terrain was easy but progress was slow due to soft snow. In the middle of the ice flank some technical difficulties were encountered and in view of the time of day it was decided to postpone the attack until the next morning. Furmanik, Bilczewski and Tomaszewski descended to the bottom of the bowl and began to prepare the bivouac in a narrow depression, about 10 ft deep, surrounding a single ice block about 15 ft in diameter. Meanwhile Zyzak and Baranek made a visual reconnaissance of the eastern ridge of the peak to be attacked and of the south ridge of the Weisshorn, establishing that these two ridges are the easiest approaches to the summits. Furmanik, Bilczewski and Tomaszewski lay down to sleep on the south side of the ice block, Zyzak and Baranek on the west side. The night was beautiful, with light frost and no wind.

About 7.30 a.m. a part of the snowfield above broke loose. Bilczewski called out a warning to the others. Bilczewski, Zyzak and Baranek retreated on the north side of the ice block, Bilczewski running about 20 ft, Baranek and Zyzak crawling about 10 ft around the west side, their lower bodies being held by their anoraks. Sliding from the south the avalanche accumulated to a height of about 30 ft along its leading edge and seemed to have stopped, but then the lower parts of the front were pressed forward. The tongues of snow flowed round the ice block leaving only a 6 ft wide free space on the lee side of the block. In that free space Zyzak, Baranek, and Bilczewski found themselves. They immediately began to try and dig but were unable to find any trace of Furmanik and Tomaszewski. Nor were they able to find the radio or ice axes. Digging was abandoned after 30 minutes. Further action was judged useless in view of the time passed, and the length (1500 ft), width (600 ft), and nature of the avalanche, i.e. great ice blocks cemented by compressed snow.

It was decided to descend to high base camp as quickly as possible before the snow softened and snow bridges became unsafe. There was only one way to descend; without ice axes and rope by the route marked the day before. Bilczewski was without boots, these having been claimed by the avalanche. The camp was reached without incident in 3 1/2 hours. The helicopter came to high base at 3 p.m. and by evening the four remaining members, with high base camp equipment, were evacuated from the Cathedral Glacier to the base camp near the Alaska highway.

In the evening of the same day a rescue group from Kluane National Park flew over the accident site on reconnaissance. On the morning of 30 August the Canadian Rescue Group with RCMP and A. Zyzak, once more flew over the accident area. Photographs were taken from the air at low altitude. No further action was possible due to the instability of the slope.

Adam Bilczewski, Adam Zyzak

Pinnacle Peak

Our party of four (Harry Bowron, Hugh Ewing, Kirk Keogh, Bruce Carson) landed in early May on the glacier below the north east face of Pinnacle Peak (12,184ft), north across the Lowell Glacier from Mt Kennedy. Our objective was the first ascent of the east ridge, which we climbed in two weeks after fixing 1600 ft of rope along the ridge, moving camp, retrieving the rope, fixing again, then pushing for the summit. The difficulties were rotten rock and unconsolidated steep snow over rock sections where we had to do some delicate, exhilarating climbing with poor protection. The upper section looked easy from below but Pinnacle Peak made us work right to the summit. The two rope teams made the summit on two separate days.

As we had planned on twice that time we next climbed the first ascent route on the west ridge. We found ropes which the original party had fixed up ice slopes but the slopes had a coating of snow that greatly facilitated progress.

Harry and I next climbed alpine style up the 3000 ft north ridge. The first 1000 ft was 40° to 45° ice which we climbed unroped. We had an unnerving moment as we front pointed up to where the ice got steeper, was too thin for ice screws and the rock no good for nuts and pitons. Eventually we got settled into the comfort of roped climbing up rock, ice, and one good bit of cornice crawling that Harry led. Descent was via the west ridge and down around the hanging glacier. Further plans for the predominantly ice and snow north east face were foiled by warming weather and avalanche danger, so we climbed the two smaller peaks just east of Pinnacle and hiked 50 miles out the South Arm of the Kaskawulsh Glacier to Kluane Lake.

Our group was able to climb so much due to the good weather. It snowed almost every day, but usually only a few inches, and it never got stormy enough that we couldn't try to climb something. Temperatures were never lower than -10°F. If such is not too abnormal for the inland side of the St Elias Range this would be an ideal area for light weight alpine trips.

Bruce Carson

Kaskawulsh Glacier Basin

The French Alpine Club, Paris Section, second minor expedition took place from 30 July to 24 August. Due to exceptionally good weather, the 16 alpinists were able to reach seven different summits located to the right and left banks of South Arm and Easter Glaciers. The area being known by the leader of the expedition, the long approach walk from Kluane Lake seemed much shorter and the team members reached the most distant camp in two days less than the preceding year. This camp was on the right bank of the South Arm Glacier. Due to the fine weather and the homogeneity of the members, the expedition reached much further into the interior of the massif. It is interesting to note that eight alpinists, half the group, were not familiar with the leader. Without any doubt a good understanding between members is absolutely necessary to alpinism in remote areas.

The backpacking along the Slims River is always exhausting and we had to make a second trip during the first three days of the approach walk. The access to Kluane Lake from Whitehorse does not involve any problems, the first step being to rent a vehicle and follow the Alaska Highway; naturally the trip back is as easy. This is without any doubt an enormous advantage. In contrast approaches to the various massifs of Greenland, Baffin, and Spitzbergen from the airports face navigation problems to get to the base of the massif. In those areas at least one third of vacation time is taken for the approach only.

A 1:50,000 map not being available for the South Arm Basin, it is difficult to locate with precision the different summits climbed. The most difficult summit climbed is about 3000 m and located east of South Arm and Easter Glaciers tributary. The last part of the climb presented a 5th degree passage, two pitons and one carabiner being used in this final section. First ascent on 13 August by Jean-Bernard Givet, Jacques Dheim, Jacques Sevenet, Andree Cot and Raymond Ponsonnet.

The second high peak which was climbed for the first time is situated to the west of the Kaskawulsh. Its altitude is about the same as this last summit. The west slopes dominate the great Stairway Glacier tributary. Every member of the expedition climbed this summit. The descent took place through a gully to a glacier located to the south east of this peak, to complete a first traverse.

Twelve climbers reached the Stephen summit, a peak of 3200 m located to the far (south end) of Easter Glacier. Another small peak situated above a long, rocky ridge on the left bank of the Easter Glacier was reached by every member. The north ridge offered a steep, icy slope, where many screws were used for safety. Twelve climbers reached the summit of Maxwell, about 3100m. The slopes were in very bad condition, the rocks everywhere covered with ice.

On the same day four other climbers reached a peak more to the east, dominating a vast glacier to the north. Finally, on 17 August four members of the expedition climbed the north ridge of the North Peak of the Kaskawulsh and descended via the same route. The preceding year, we climbed this north ridge and descended on the north face covered with séracs.

On 19 August we broke up the camp and in three days were back to the Kluane road leading to Kluane Lake. The last day the weather deteriorated and we broke camp under snow on Friday morning, 23 August. Next day we arrived in Edmonton and boarded a DC8 of CP Air for Amsterdam and Paris.

Jacques Rouillard

Translation: Monique Gillespie

Mt Wayne Smith/Mt Jean Baptiste, Correction

Mt Jean Baptiste is incorrectly indicated as Mt Wayne Smith on the map on page 70, CAJ 1974. The correct positioning of these two peaks is shown on the map on page 91, CAJ 1973.

Mt Logan

It was awesome, majestic, humbling, rewarding, emotional, and all the other adjectives you've ever heard used to describe summits. A feeling came over me that I will never be able to verbalize. At that moment, the rest of the world seemed below me, and nothing else mattered. We made it! It was the happiest day of my life.

So I wrote in my journal, 18 July 1974. We had reached our goal — the summit of Mt Logan.

I got the bug in my ear one hot August afternoon floating down the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. G.G. Grady had just come back from the Denali Arctic Environmental Project (DAEP) and was filling me in on all the details of their expedition to McKinley. He'd been to McKinley before and knew of the immense garbage deposits high up on the mountain. Their party could hardly make a dent in the debris that had been accumulating over many years but they left none of their own. All waste was either burned or deposited in large crevasses.

The Mt Logan Environmental Expedition began as the brainchild of Jeff Elphinston, DAEP member. The expedition had two objectives. First, a test for the clean mountaineering idea. Would it be possible on a major expedition to leave the wilderness as we found it, leaving no traces behind? Second, could we climb Mt Logan via the south east ridge, a route done only once before?

After poring over maps many hours, the logistics of the climb looked something like this. We would start hiking up the Slims River from the Alcan highway carrying with us food and equipment for ten days. At the Kaskawulsh we would switch to skiis and hope to get to the proposed base camp site in six or seven days, a total of about 95 miles in eight days. There we would be resupplied by helicopter and would do a reconaissance of the proposed route, which from base camp (7000 ft) to summit would take from 2 1/2 to 4 weeks, and the descent, via the east ridge, probably five days. We would be flown out from base camp.

So six months from the time we first heard of the expedition we were on our way to Whitehorse to finalize the helicopter arrangements and talk with Monty Alford, the Canadian climbing

supervisor. We received permission to climb and began sorting out what to carry, what to fly in, and what we could do without. The Arctic Institute of North America at Kluane Lake rented us a radio (1957 Spillsbury and Tindall double sideband — 12 Ibs with antenna). They maintain a high altitude research camp at 17,000 ft on Mt Logan and try to keep in radio contact with climbers.

Finally on 16 June we set out. The first few days were pretty rugged. We followed the banks of the silty Slims River, wading through minor creek crossings, stepping gingerly through quicksand with our 75 Ib packs, almost constantly following large grizzly tracks. Skiis strapped across the tops of our packs made travel in the trees difficult. On the second day we reached the terminal moraine of the Kaskawulsh Glacier — huge piles of gravel and mud covered ice. Two more days of crevasse hopping and the glacier was fit for skiing — in rope teams of two. With one exception days were clear, sunny and hot. One afternoon the sun was so intense we were forced to stop and set up tent flys for shade.

We reached the base camp site in the middle of the glacier on the morning of the ninth day. Occasionally we saw patches of blue through ground fog but the weather was not promising for flying. A half mile north was Mt MacArthur, west the east ridge, south the south east ridge of Mt Logan. Occasionally ravens flew high above the camp, the only wildlife seen for the next month. The only sounds were the wind and avalanches rumbling like subway trains.

Two and a half days we languished in the tents until our resupply helicopter arrived with 1200 Ibs of food and equipment. After a festive dinner and a night's sleep with full stomachs we began the serious task of deciding if the proposed new route was feasible. After reconnaissance we decided to try for the south east ridge and descend via the east ridge.

Leaving some food and equipment at base, Bill and Roger put a cache on the east ridge at about 9000 ft while the rest began carrying supplies up to camp 1 at 8500 ft. Almost the entire route had fixed line — all recovered. Camp 2 lay in a saddle at 9900 ft. Probably the most technically difficult part of the ascent was between camps 3 and 4 (12,000 to 12,200 ft) — an 80° ice pitch some 60 ft high. The most vertical feet ascended in one day was between camps 5 and 6 (12,800 to 15,000ft). After a rest and acclimatization day at camp 6 (advance base) we were off early next morning in a ground blizzard. We made camp at 16,000 ft, building two igloos. Next morning the weather looked ominous. At 3 p.m. Adam, Roger and Jeff took light loads to 17,000 ft and cached them. Next morning under clear skies we reached the cache in under two hours. Again the weather turned and we were forced to camp. Most of the next day was spent carving out a cave big enough to accommodate all eight. Another day passed. Then it happened! At 2 a.m. on 18 July the weather was breaking and the wind had subsided. By 4.30 the last team had left the cave. After 4 1/2 hours all stood on the summit. Both view and weather were exquisite.

There was a kind of restrained jubilation in the cave that night. Next day we carried down to camp 9 at 13,200 ft, the day after to camp 10 at 12,300 ft. Another two days of poor visibility and bad weather brought us to camp 11 at 10,800 ft on 24 July. Rendezvous at base with the helicopter was set for the evening of the 27th. The next day was our longest as we moved down the east ridge to camp 12 on the glacier at 7900 ft.

The helicopter ride out was one of the highlights. The orange sun just dipping below the mountains, turning everything pink. In just minutes we were over green mountains. In 45 minutes we were landing at the Burwash Hotel — roads, cars, people, boats on the lake, green everywhere. There was solid ground, the smell of wild flowers, dogs barking. We were back to the "other World".

Chris Lovgren

Party: Jeff Elphinston (leader), Rick Albano, Bill Andrews, G.G. Grady, Adam Kerner, Chris Lovgren, Bob Newman, Roger Robinson.

The Kansai MCC Expedition planned to climb the south face of Mt Logan. No details.

The Eastern Mountain Sport Expedition planned to make the ascent via the north west ridge. Members included Davis Sweet, Bruce Balderston, Kurt Schuttenberg, Albert Mathews. No report.

Monty Alford

Interior Ranges

Kamloops Report

It is quite possible I missed out on some of the local climbing activity in the past summer since I was making a nostalgic return to some Swiss and Welsh climbs, climbs that seemed a heck of a lot easier 38 years ago.

The spring climbing course at Cariboo College added another 19 to the local climbing fraternity, three of whom, together with half a dozen previous graduates, attended the ACC Robson Camp. There was also strong representation at the Yoho Ski Camp, only Vancouver outnumbering the Kamloops contingent.

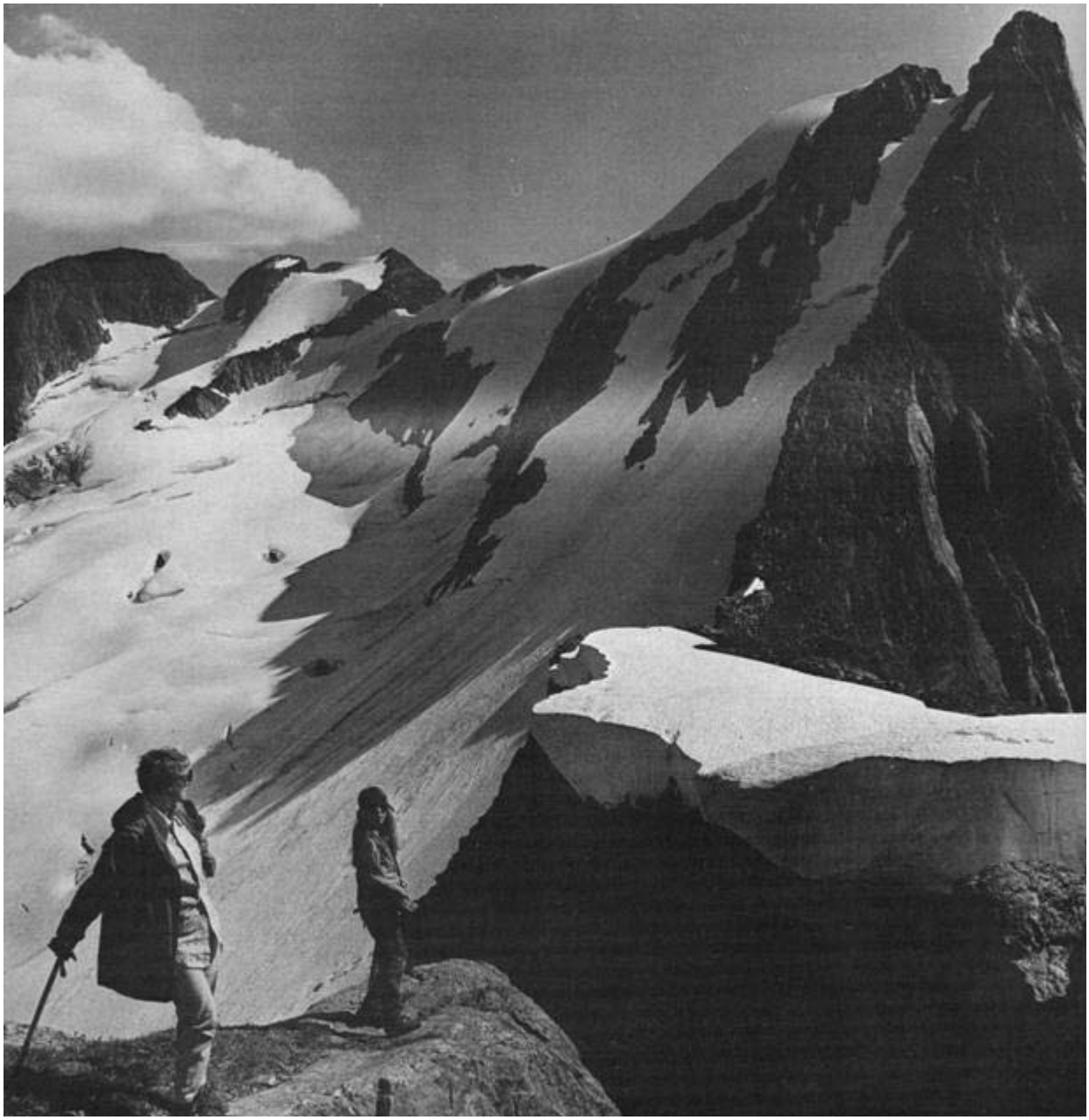
The summer wound up with a spell of perfect weather in the Interior; this even extended to the capricious Wells Gray Park area and enabled Barb Hargreaves, Tor Schmid and me to make the first ascent of Garnet Peak, at over 9500 ft the highest mountain in the Park. It is hard to understand how this mountain has evaded an official name since its conspicuous snow decked summit is probably seen by most of the 100,000 tourists, canoeists and fishermen that now invade the park each year. The appropriate name Garnet Peak was bestowed upon it by Roland Neave in his book A Guide to Wells Gray Park.

I have made several previous attempts to climb Garnet but have always been turned back by bad weather or lack of time. Other parties have also unsuccessfully essayed the peak, rather inaccessibly situated beyond the Huntley-Buchanan Ridge; in fact this ridge has to be crossed and a northerly spur traversed before

From ridge west of Key Peak looking north.
Cranberry Mtn. large peak in background. Gates Peak on left, middle ground Spam Peak at centre foreground. “Horsefly Peak” next ridge back and to right. Both –ascended by ridge facing photo, “Spam” descended by right ridge. Jim Petroske

Looking east. Climbers are crossing “Cowlick Glacier ‘. ‘’Cuspid Tower’’ on left. Tom Dabrowski

Looking south to north face of Kelly Peak (gradual sloping peak in upper left).
Route: up snow slope in upper left to ridge right of peak, across top of minor summit with snow patch, to notch then up right horizon to summit. Jim Petroske



Barb Hargreaves and Tor Schmid on summit of Garnet Peak. Hugh Neave

Looking south to north face of Kelly Peak. Peak on left is unclimbed. Jim Petroske

getting to grips with the mountain.

We parked our boat near Garnet Creek after the 25 mile run up Clearwater and Azure Lakes and headed into the notorious W gamut of deadfall, Devil's Club, slide alder and other soul-destroying impedimentia. However, we eventually reached a good camp site near the source of Garnet Creek at about 7000 ft. Next morning, 29 August, we were away at 6 a.m. An hour of intermittent snow and rock brought us to the Snowfield Col. We then cut across the corner of a large snowfield and found good going up steepish snow slopes to a vertical snow wall that gave a neat lift to a higher snowfield that in turn landed us on the hogsback ridge that runs north from the Huntley-Buchanan Ridge to the base of Garnet Peak. Where the hogsback ends above Garnet névé was a truly magnificent cairn, a real monument to the almost lost art of drywalling. We hoped this marked the limit of human endeavour, since it seemed unlikely that both the cairn and the summit could have been consummated in the same week. Plunging down from the cairn we contoured a huge snow cirque, the upper fringe of which led steeply onto the mountain proper. We knew from air photos that the ensuing 100 or 200 ft of rock climbing was the key to the ascent. After shying away from a gully threatened by a huge snow cornice we attacked an exposed corner that gave good climbing onto the south face of the peak. The snow was just right for step kicking so we made good time to the second band of rocks. This required care since it was slippery in places but we soon emerged onto the south shoulder of the mountain with nothing but easy snow and stone slopes between us and the summit. The day was perfect. We had a wonderful view of the vast, little frequented Cariboo Mtns while 6000 ft below wound Goat Creek, scene of one of my most arduous and frustrating trips. The descent, much of it glissading, was exhilarating. However the two rock bands provided reasonable opposition, the last one giving a good rappel in the interests of speed. We arrived back in camp after a 13 hour round trip. Remarkably, the weather even remained perfect for our descent to Azure Lake next day.

Hugh Neave

Mt Thor-Kelly Peak Area

There we sat, five concerned adults and four carefree kids, awaiting the late arrival of the helicopter from Revelstoke. The children, Barbara Ann (9), Bill (11), John (12), and Jim Jr (13) Petroske, kept themselves busy chucking rocks down the slope toward Cranberry Creek. The rest of us, Kay and Nick Dodge, John Barton, and Ann and Jim Petroske, fruitlessly fretted. We all burst into a big cheer when we finally heard the thump, thump of the big bird ambling down the valley. After a mad rush we were airborn and chugging westward up Thor Creek valley. We passed several jagged spires and headed into the valley north of Kelly Pk where, after a look around, we landed. Unfortunately we were deposited lower than anticipated and had to hoof it upward for 1500 ft to base camp perched on a knoll below the north face of Kelly Peak at 6800 ft.

On 30 July 1973 the three boys and all the adults except Ann set out for an attempt on Kelly Peak (9250 ft) from the north. The glacier lying below the peak presented some bare ice but posed no technical problems. We gradually contoured upward on snow for a mile, avoiding several crevasses. One final steep snow slope

put us on the summit ridge east of the peak where we encountered four surprised climbers. They had just completed a first ascent of the peak two hours ahead of us, climbing the peak from the south. After some grumbling about how crowded the area was and of the encroachment of the Americans, they became a little more friendly and informed us they were members of a Kootenay MC outing located near Mt Odin. We scrambled on along the exposed ridge to a notch just below the summit. John B led the final 140 ft pitch with a little overhang at the top and belayed the rest of us up. A little scramble put us on the top where we enjoyed a fine view of Mt Thor and its satellites to the east, Mt Odin to the south and Gates Peak to the north west.

The weather continued perfect, and on 31 July everyone started up the glacier to investigate a couple of peaks lying west and north west of camp. We made a gradual contour for one mile westward and scrambled up a short rock pitch onto a broad flat ridge. After a needed rest we ambled northward along the crest for a half mile, avoiding an enormous cornice on our right, and arrived at the base of the first peak. We easily ascended the south ridge to the 8200 ft summit where we found a small cairn, an old spam can, but no note. We claimed a first recorded ascent and dubbed the peak "Spam Peak ".

After a brief halt the second peak, lying a mile to the north, created enough interest to spur the group onward. Ann remained on top while the rest descended the peak by its north east ridge to a knoll. We then scrambled up a little more difficult south east ridge of the second peak to its 8200 ft summit. No previous sign of life could be found other than the resident population of noxious horseflies. The boys and Barbara were quite proud of their very first, first ascent and thought, with John Barton's help, that the peak should be enshrined forever with the appellation "Horsefly Peak".

The next day John B and Nick did some exploring of a ridge to the east of camp but no ascents. The remainder of us did nothing, except for the kids, who rolled stones off a cliff and played makeshift hockey with a rock and two sticks.

August 2 marked the dread day of departure. We had no idea if the two creeks below could be crossed. A leisurely descent northward through the flower laden valley lying below Kelly Peak brought us to the first crossing. Other than getting chilled crossing Thor Creek posed no problems. Then came some brush, swamp, a dead end on a lake shore, a little slide alder, and finally a rest on a log jam at the exit of a lake. We then slogged down a brushy cliff system, followed for a while by an unwelcome addition to the party — a bear. After crossing over a ridge on our left we descended through fairly choice Devil's Club to the second crossing, a creek having its origin in the northern icefields of Gates Peak. Again we were successful and pushed on through endless windfalls, paralleling Thor Creek. The trip out had taken ten hard hours. We were back at the cars near Cranberry Creek and could only look with satisfaction and accomplishment up Thor Creek canyon that our literally "little" group had conquered.

Jim Petroske

North of Remillard Peak

While climbing in the Remillard Peak area in 1972 we saw some rugged mountains several miles to the north. They lay along the north south ridge that separates Windy and Austerity Creeks and appeared to offer interesting ascents. None had previously been climbed.

Dave Wilson, Jon Wilson, Scott Highland, John Yeager, Tom Seim, Marc Zimmerman, Pete Owzarski and I flew in to the east side of this ridge on Saturday 27 July. We made camp on one of the heather benches just below a large glacier that lies on the flank of the ridge. That same afternoon we crossed the glacier and climbed "Toss-up Peak" (9400ft, 4.8 miles north east of Remillard) via the easy south face. The view of the other summits was exciting.

Next morning we set out to try the highest peak in the area — the furthest north on the ridge. After gaining almost 2000 ft on the glacier we decided to try a rock ridge on the south east side of the mountain. To gain the crest two leads on what seemed like class 4 vertical dirt (no place to put any protection), then the character of the rock abruptly changed to a good granite like material providing easy class 3 scrambling to the top via the south face. We named the peak "Windwind Mtn" (9900 ft, 5.7 miles north east of Remillard). From the summit we could see an unusual and distinctive pattern of melt lines on the glacier below so we named it "Cowlick Glacier".

Monday we climbed the peak immediately north of "Toss-up Peak". After the usual trip across the Cowlick Glacier we ascended a steep snow chute, topped by a huge cornice, on the south side of the peak. Getting out of the chute required a tricky little rock pitch then a climb up a very steep snowfield. Next came some class 3 rock scrambling on the main south ridge, a 5.3 pitch over a step in the ridge, more easy scrambling and finally a class 4 pitch. We named this one "Cuspid Tower" (9400ft, 5.2 miles north east of Remillard). Another dramatic looking peak lies between Cuspid Tower and Wildwind Mtn but the lower bands of rock looked very rotten, steep and exposed so we decided to enjoy the view and beautiful day from Cuspid.

The next day saw us hauling our heavy packs to a new camp in the pass just south of Toss-up. We dropped our packs at this high and barren spot and headed south to climb a peak we had looked at two years ago from the south. This one had been tried by Bill Putnam's group in 1971 but they had turned around because of time (see CAJ 1972, page 11, peak referred to as "Unnamed C"). We traversed several steep snowfields and glaciers then climbed to a notch in the north ridge. From here we cut a ramp through an old cornice and ascended a very steep snowfield on the north face. Some hard water ice and another cornice just below the top added unneeded excitement to the exposed climb. We named the summit "Midway Mtn" (9700 ft, 4.0 miles north east of Remillard). Returning to the pass we scratched some flat spaces in the loose dirt to make a campsite. The night was clear, very cold and decorated with a fantastic view of moonlit mountains all around.

Wednesday we spent a long day descending 4000 ft into the Windy Creek valley. Two rappels were needed along the way and some bush fighting near the bottom. A giant snow bridge crossed Windy Creek and we camped right at the edge of this bridge.

Next morning we began the 3000 ft climb to the pass (3.7 miles north of Remillard) between Windy and Norman Wood Creeks. After climbing about 1500 ft through forest and brush we found a goat trail up through cliffs to the open meadows above. The rest was just a long walk into the pass and a beautiful, beautiful camp site in the heather.

Friday we tried for the striking summit just north of the pass but were turned back by rotten cornices and rock. Several hours after we gave up this attempt a cornice near the summit broke off and swept part of the route.

Saturday was spent exploring the country to the north west. Sunday we flew out for the drive home.

Tom Dabrowski

Selkirk Mtns Expedition

A Canadian Exploration Group has been founded to promote scientific expeditions in Canada and abroad. The first expedition, from 28 July to 25 August 1975, will be to the Mt Sir Sandford area of the Selkirk Mtns.

The scientific objectives of the expedition include the mapping of glaciers and the assessment of the area's park and recreation potential. The spectacular Sir Sandford and Silvertip glaciers, first mapped by Palmer in 1911, will be remapped to assess their retreat and to provide information for a glacial history of the Selkirk Mtns. The potential for mountaineering, hiking, canoeing, wilderness camping and nature study will be determined. This will aid in assessing the area's suitability for designation as a national or provincial park.

This is intended as the first of many future expeditions to examine interesting environmental and cultural aspects of remote regions of Canada and abroad. People interested should contact Dr. John S. Marsh, 659 George Street, Peterborough, Ontario. Telephone: 705-748-1286.

John Marsh

Northern Selkirks ACC Ski Camp

Fairy Meadow has always fought hard to keep out even the most hardened, trail, bush and the altitude gain always exacting a toll. Our obstacles were different. A late start due to overcast and early morning snow and then horrors — mud like you have never seen. The approach road was from Beavermouth on the CPR northwards to Gold River, the old approach up the Big Bend being unplowed. We were in effect using a winter road scraped from the ground and prior to our use, frozen. Our two, rented 4-wheel drive trucks were eventually halted one mile short of Gold River, our 'copter pick up point. Even the local hardbitten drivers were impressed with the spring goo rising to bumper height. Again and again the two trucks winched one another out. Back at the highway the majority, not knowing the epic battle being waged to get the stores and kit to Gold River, were of the opinion that a return to Golden was imminent and all was lost. Gary Foreman and Bruce Harding were convinced we were hopelessly stuck, and zipped up and down the road looking for the trucks. Eventually the snails were spotted, and they sat the helicopter down short of Gold River to await our arrival. Lifts were commenced and all at last reunited at the hut.

A series of quick training courses were held to familiarize all concerned with Skadi, Bieps, snow conditions and the area. The most obvious dangers were from crevasses, both hidden and obvious, cornices, and flat light. We skied every day, with only one half day lost due to the weather. It generally snowed a little bit to 6 inches every night. The powder snow skiing was superb. Crusty conditions were only found at altitude in areas normally exposed. Magnificent views were obtained of Clemenceau, Columbia, Alberta, Forbes, Sir Donald and points in between. Day temperatures sometimes reached shirt sleeve weather and at night 0° to -10°F.

The hut was very comfortable in its renovated two storey mode. By day available light comes into all the rooms. It is still a warm hut with a life and a cheery character, no doubt inherited from previous parties and the builders themselves.

Friendship Col and the Gothics Glacier were the easiest and most popular trips. Some of the finest skiing was found on the Echo and Shoestring Glaciers. An outlier of Pioneer Peak was climbed from Friendship Col and the Gothics Glacier.

An abortive attempt was made by a party of four to reach the Great Cairn Hut. They were unfortunately stopped by very poor snow on the steep descent from Azimuth Notch after traversing the Gothics and Adamant Glaciers. The return in failing light to the hut was heart breaking, particularly as they could see the Great Cairn Hut location from above, and of course the mass of Sir Sandford. Some fine routes were produced and a number of peaks ascended, notably Ironman, Collossal, Sir William and an outlier of Unicorn, Forbes and Nobility Glaciers being traversed in their pursuit. The slopes immediately in front of the hut produced some three different runs, possible as one hour trips, on a shuttle basis, for a rest day.

On 15 April a glorious day greeted our departure, the helicopter arrived on time, the trucks were there to greet us. All left with Fairy Meadow locked firmly in our minds, an experience not soon to be forgotten.

Ron Matthews

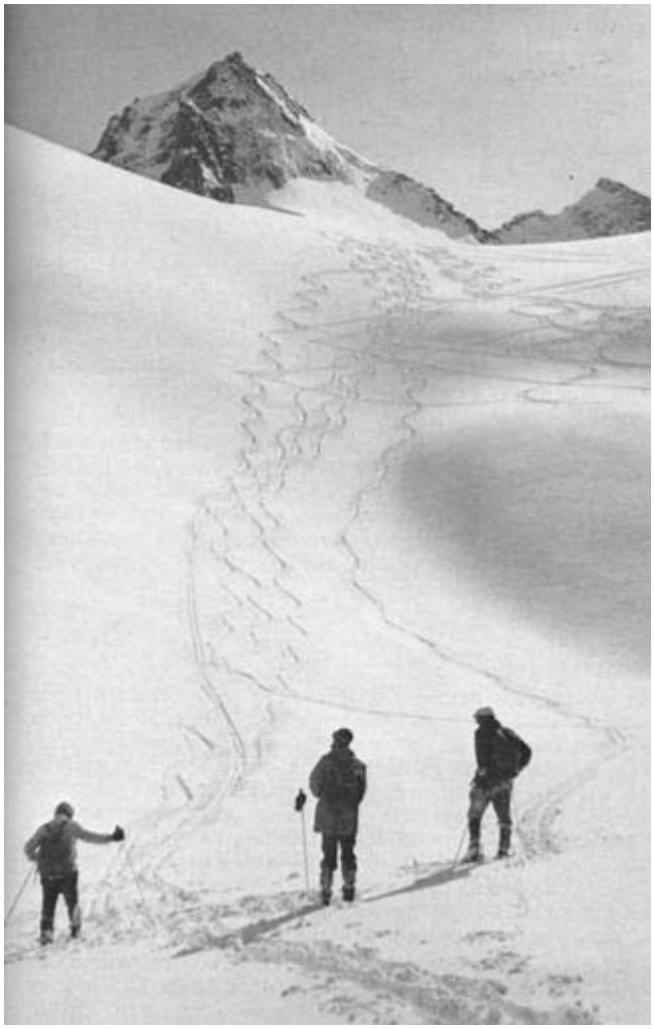
The second week of ski camp at Fairy Meadow hut (27 April to 5 May) was a great success, despite some poor weather and mixed snow conditions. Ten peaks were climbed.

A washout in the road caused a more expensive helicopter flight into the hut but the weather was good and some of the party climbed Mt Pythias that afternoon. On the second day one party headed for Friendship Col while the other party skied up the Granite Glacier to Pioneer Pass. The Pioneer Pass party climbed the low peak of Pioneer and caught a glimpse through the clouds of the others ascending Sentinel Peak. In a snow squall steps were kicked up the high peak of Pioneer and the rope was used on a short pitch to reach the summit. Good powder snow made enjoyable skiing on the way down but at lower levels the snow turned to slush. Peter Masterton had no trouble winning the award for the most spectacular falls as he cartwheeled down the slopes.

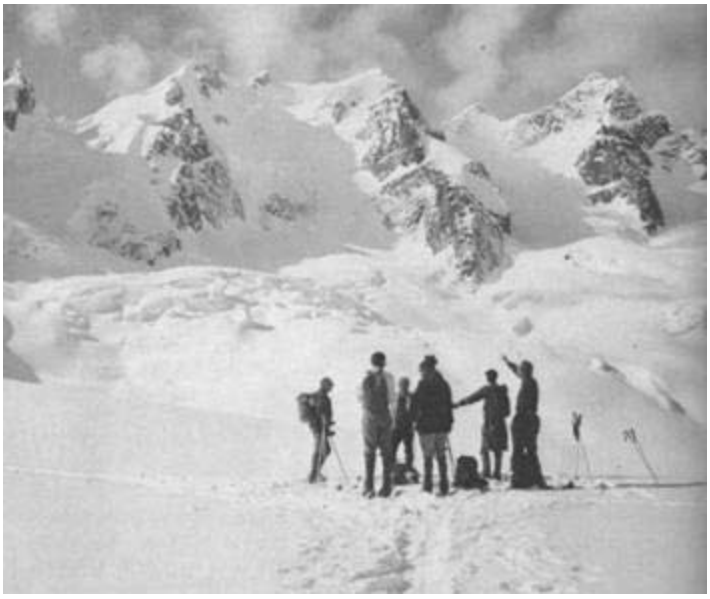
Mt Sir Sanford looming through 9400 ft Thor Pass. Al Michel

Approaching Pioneer Pass. Margriet Wyborn

S turns in deep powder below Friendship Col. Bruce Harding



Pioneer. Stickle. Adamant. Austerity and Ironman. Bruce Harding



Departure day. Bruce Harding

Early morning start. Bruce Harding

Monday Murray Foubister led a party across the Gothic Glacier from Friendship Col to climb Mts Fria and Yggdrasil. The rest climbed Enterprise, believing it to be Colossal until they reached the top. After a good run from the summit of Enterprise to the Nobility Glacier, Mt Sir William was climbed. Unfortunately the snow turned to treacherous crust on the descent and a careful kick turn, zig-zag descent was made down the Granite Glacier.

Most welcomed the storm on Tuesday as it gave an excuse to enjoy the luxuries of hut life. However some brave souls did manage to climb Pythias and Damon while others tried unsuccessfully to locate the outhouse using avalanche probes. On Wednesday an enthusiastic party set out to enjoy the thrills of one foot of fresh powder. It proved to be the best skiing day and repeated runs were made from Friendship Col until all the good runs were tracked out. A few climbed Damon and were rewarded by an exhilarating run from the summit.

A strong wind thwarted all attempts to leave the hut on Thursday. The same weather continued on Friday but a determined party set out for Colossal. This ended in snow caves below the Colossal-Enterprise Col and a forced retreat. Unfortunately Clara Hensch dislocated and fractured her ankle in a jump near the hut on the way down. She was sledged back to the hut where Dick Roe treated her.

The weather improved on Saturday and Quadrant, Horn and Enterprise were climbed. The helicopter arrived on Sunday morning and we were soon back in civilization.

Ross Wyborn

Battle Range

The report on the 1974 ACC Climbing Camp was not received in time for inclusion in this issue. It will be published in 1976.

Cascade Mtn Area, Goat Group

I had first gazed on the fine cluster of peaks lying to the south of Popular Creek while climbing "Binocular Peak" during the summer of 1972. I just couldn't erase the memory of the undulating line of snow covered peaks rising higher and higher to culminate in Cascade Mtn (9650 ft) the highest of the group. Thus was born the idea of a family outing. Our group, consisting of Bill (11), John (13), Jim Jr (14), and dad (age greater than their ages combined), bounced along for ten miles up the new road paralleling Popular Creek on 30 July. A big dip stopped forward progress and we regressed to foot travel. We walked up the road another mile and turned left, or south, up a spur road paralleling the east bank of a major tributary of Popular Creek. In two miles the road merged with the bush. We forced our way through the tangled mess another half mile and then climbed eastward up and over the most god-awful collection of bug infested windfall I have ever encountered. The boys complained not at all. 2500 ft higher and eight hours later we emerged from the jungle and were able to see daylight in all directions. The sun had just set as we hurried along the ridge to locate camp in a lush meadow just on the edge of timberline.

Morning arrived all too quickly and, with difficulty, we sorted ourselves out of our little tent. A 600 ft snow slope above camp

North face, Cascade Mtn. Ascent up left or east Ridge. Jim Petroske Jr

led into an old snow covered cirque. We crossed the cirque to a headwall and ascended up a central spur for a 1000 ft rock scramble to the ridge top. Right and left of us loomed two peaks and off to the north east yet another, all a little over 9100 ft. After a rest and a group debate we tackled the southern and closest of the three. I led upward on fine, firm rock. A couple of hundred feet higher we traversed left out onto the face for a rope length and then scrambled to the top. The boys built a cairn and we dubbed the peak the south peak of "Triple Peak."

Jim and Bill flew off down the bouldery south west slope of the peak, John in hot pursuit. They had spotted a minor 8900 ft summit off to the west and were really fired up. I watched the three tiny figures scamper to the top of the "Nob" and eagerly erect another cairn. To celebrate their accomplishment they popped off a couple of firecrackers.

On their return we cautiously down climbed to the saddle ascended earlier. As it was still early afternoon we decided to take on the central peak, just north of the saddle. We gingerly descended the east side of the saddle, down a 50° slope to more level ground and plodded on soft snow to the base of the peak. Ascending the north east side, we moved through a garbage dump of debris, 'till near the top the rock again firmed up. We found the top to be pristine and left notice of our visit. By now everyone had climbed enough for the day.

Back at camp we bedded down, tired and satisfied. During the night a torrent descended, creating creeks where they weren't supposed to be, namely in the back of the tent where John lay shivering. The boys didn't grumble but I knew my competence was being threatened.

By morning the weather had cleared and we again thought of climbing. The day's intended goals were Cascade Mtn and a peak just north. We again ascended the same route to the saddle between the central and south peak of "Triple Peak" and dropped eastward for 500 ft. A slough to the south put us on the south face of the south peak. We then headed west across a face of pure junk for half a mile to a mossy bench. It was now about noon and quite hot. Above us a rock ridge snaked gradually upward to what appeared to be the summit of the peak north of Cascade Mtn. I was satisfied to just sit and gaze 'till the boys prodded me on. For a change we had mostly delightful climbing on fairly sound rock. The holds were good and the boys indifferent to the exposure. At 100 ft below the top we meandered over, under, and between flakes perched at odd angles like spines on some weird cactus. Chagrined, we found we had yet one more gully to scramble up to the real summit. The boys, now quite accomplished at rock building, finished another cairn.

Ahead to the south west lay the big one, Cascade Mtn. We ran on scree and snow down the south ridge of the peak just ascended to a narrow saddle. A little cornice now blocked our way down to a large snowfield to the south. To expedite matters I awkwardly leaped off, plummeting down ten feet to the snow below. The boys thought this the greatest, and screaming and yelling, eagerly followed.

Leaving most of our gear in a heap we started up the east ridge of Cascade Mtn. and staying on the south side of the ridge quickly gained altitude on good snow. Halfway up we manoeuvred ourselves onto some real crud, a mixture of snow patches, loose rock, and dirt. Slipping and sliding we struggled upward, eventually gaining the top. While I made out a note of our first ascent the boys constructed another cairn and also managed to set off a few boulders down the steep north face.

The temperature had been dropping as we climbed and now thunderheads had started to build. We were especially concerned about the one directly overhead. As the sky darkened we ran down the ridge to the saddle and our gear before the first big clap. Losing elevation, we passed to the east of the peak climbed prior to Cascade Mtn. A female mountain goat and her kid, high above us,— managed to dislodge a little rockfall in our direction. We continued to descend further north past a small ice filled tarn. Now a slow plod upward eventually put us back at the saddle that led down to camp. The storm had abated, leaving behind a brilliant cloud laden sunset of varying hues.

The next day we broke camp and descended back to the road taking the ridge north of the one ascended three days earlier for an easy romp. Feeling a sense of accomplishment, we were glad to be back.

Jim Petroske

Mt Cooper Area, Goat Group

I have had my share of misadventure, but never the variety experienced this summer. The trip started out minus one man. We had all arrived at the small town of Kaslo but managed, somehow, never to make complete contact. Nevertheless the three of us who found each other were at the pick up site, the old deserted town of Retallack, on Sunday morning, 4 August. I sat, putting on my climbing boots — one was smaller than the other! The helicopter was rapidly approaching; I had to make a decision. I'd go, despite the discouragingly tight feeling caused by my son Bill's boot.

Thus, Nick Dodge, Gerry Calbaum, and I whisked off on an all too quick flight to land at timberline, near the south east base of Mt Stubbs — now reasonably close to Mt Cooper, the highest peak in the Goat Group, and having avoided the difficult and long approach problem described to us earlier by Bill Fix. The Mazamas of Portland, Oregon had solved our problem with a grant for the flight.

As we still had a long day ahead of us we decided to see what Mt Stubbs might offer. Since the route appeared to have no snow we left our ice axes behind and set off up the south east ridge which varied from almost a face to a knife edge. The rock ranged from poor to quite firm, with an occasional F3 pitch. A couple of times we had to back up a little but never met an impasse. Several hours later I watched Nick and Gerry build a huge cairn on the unclimbed peak. For variety we descended north of our ascent route, down a boulder strewn slope leading to some snowfields. We were almost back at camp when I slipped on a small snow patch and crashed into the rocks below. After the initial shock subsided I found I had punctured my right knee joint. I kind of went into a funk and never really recovered 'till a month later.

The next morning we headed north east toward the huge mass of Mt Cooper. We crossed the eastern flanks of a subsidiary peak, gaining altitude, and encountered a pocket glacier. After contouring upward around the little glacier we arrived at the southwestern base of the south face of Mt Cooper We again angled upward and east for several hours on the F2 and F3 face for 1000 ft to the more gentle summit ridge. A couple of snow pitches put us on the top. The view down the north face onto the "Spokane Glacier" was awesome. We really appreciated the efforts of the first ascent group who had come up the glacier. The cairn was found and we

Left to right: Mt Stubbs, south face Mt Cooper, east peak Mt Cooper.
From camp below Peak 9100. Left side of face of Mt Cooper is route used on climb to ridge just below summit. Long south east ridge leading down to right from Mt Stubbs was route (in photo upper of two ridges). Jim Petroske

made a few notes of our new route and third ascent and read the account of the Spokane Mountaineers who, after four tries, finally made the peak on 10 August 1962. Our route doesn't have the glamour of the first ascent but provides a convenient, easy access to or from the top.

On 6 August we loaded up and headed south on easy terrain toward Cooper Pass. At the pass we dropped a little to the west and then climbed south to stop for lunch on a broad ridge overlooking a glacier lying south. We ambled across the snow to the eastern base of Mt McHardy and dumped our heavy packs. Ascending easy snow slopes we quickly gained the summit ridge. Here the going became very tricky and finally ceased 100 ft below the top. The ridge had become a series of little friable towers composed of stacked up plates of rock. As we had left our rope below with our packs, and as there was an obvious cairn perched on the summit, we gave up and retreated back to the glacier.

We plodded further south to a col at 8300 ft and deposited our gear. An imposing 9100 ft peak, which we had been eyeing most of the day, rose sharply above. As it was late afternoon we decided not to attempt the steep ridge above. Instead we dropped down the col and circled around the peak to its south east face. A long pull upward led to a rock face which provided the best and firmest rock of the trip. We made a little cairn on top and hurried back to set up camp.

The following morning a debate arose as to which way should we go next. The alternatives were either stay high and contour along the ridge east and then south to Mt Dryden or descend almost 3000 ft to Kane Creek and then up a side valley north of Whitewater Mtn. We chose the latter course. The bush was not as bad as anticipated, but bad enough for me to pull off another blunder and unwittingly lose my sleeping bag. That afternoon our mountaineering acumen got a boost as we watched the weather deteriorate into an active thunder storm which descended onto the ridge we had decided not to traverse.

By mid morning the succeeding day we had ascended to the top of the side valley and could now view Whitewater Valley and the way back to Retallack. I progressively lagged further and further behind, limping more and more, but finally arrived back at the highway. Old Bert, the local hermit, stared out from his dilapidated shack. What a relief to do nothing but rest my aching toes, leg, knee and body.

Jim Petroske

The "Devil's Horn"

"Maybe it's just over this next gendarme!" shouted Elena but her voice just whistled away with the fierce wind. "What?" came the muffled reply from below...no answer. Everyone was too busy to talk much. Fresh snow made footwork difficult. Stinging snow flakes in the eyes — glasses didn't help much. Iced rock made the going slow...hand and feet froze dangerously. But we were so near the top, perhaps less than 500 ft. Breathing heavily, we rested briefly on top of the small gendarme. The wind was getting through our defenses, we would have to come to a decision quickly. A" few shouts later we climbed on, having decided that the top of this next "arête" would be as far as we'd go — top or not!

Gunther climbing on Gendarme. Good holds but some loose rock. Summit is to the right. Elena Underhill

In good weather the Devil's Horn could be easy, enjoyable climbing — some exposure but generally plenty of good holds. That stormy day however was a different story. I was climbing up an icy 45° slab, almost reaching its top when suddenly I lost my grip — before I knew it, I had lost about 10 ft in elevation and hanging on with one hand, was looking at my legs...dangling some 800 ft above ground! Being idiots of course — we were unroped, due of course, to a lack of rope. Anyway, 10 minutes later we had reached the crest of the ridge — but alas it was still not the top. Nevertheless our previous decision stood firm...we would quickly gobble down some corned beef and then retreat. We left the empty can behind to mark how high we had been — with full intentions to return.

The following year, 1974, we made another attempt, in July. This time we discovered a different approach — avoiding a lot of Devil's Club. The weather was fine — but as before, by the time we reached the shoulder (at ca 7500 ft, a storm had moved in and snow was already falling. We did not want a repeat performance of the previous year so grudgingly descended. This year had not been kind to us weather wise. Elena and I had a whole summer available for climbing but time after time storms drove us off mountains from the Valhallas to the Bugaboos. There were some exceptions however...the Devil's Horn finally being one of them.

Near the beginning of August we boarded the Kootenay Ferry, heading for Powder Creek about 14 miles north of Riondel. Dieter was in Nanaimo, so it was just Elena and myself. We followed a dirt road for 10 miles up Powder Creek. A small deer came from nowhere and ended up eating practically all our lunch. In no time we were on our way and soon came out of the bush and over the tree line. The main shoulder with its small plateau was reached comfortably. A small rest with a snack and we started the fun rock climb. The weather was holding well, the view getting better all the time. It wasn't long before we found the corned beef can and

wondered how close we had been before. Twenty yards later we stood on the top! We laughed our heads off — Dieter was going to be very angry when we told him how close he was.

We had the most perfect uninterrupted view of the entire Leaning Towers range — we had been waiting for that — and took lots of snaps. The weather still held and for once we had plenty of time. We spent some of our best moments in the Southern Purcells, there on the Devil's Horn.

Gunther Offermann

Party: Elena Underhill, Gunther Offermann, Dieter Offermann.

The Devil's Horn (8600 ft) is an unnamed peak located in the Southern Purcells at the head of Powder Creek. Several easy routes lead to the top with abundant alternate routes providing good climbing practise.

"Paradox Peak", Farnham Group

On 25 July John Jeglum, Doug Morgan, and I left the Toby Creek road near its junction with Jumbo Creek at about 4500 ft for an attempt on 9810 ft "Paradox Peak", the southernmost peak of the Farnham Group. For 1/2 hours we followed a fantastic mining road all the way up the south south west side of the peak to a high basin just below timberline at 7200 ft. The wide road went on up around the ridge to apparently nowhere so we decided to set up our high camp in this delightful basin meadow. The next morning we hiked up talus and snow to a series of snow chutes which led us to the steep upper snowfield and the south south west summit ridge itself at about 9500 ft (4 hours). The remaining half mile of the irregular summit rock ridge required two hours of third class scrambling. The only difficulty was a short vertical fourth class pitch down onto the steep west side of a large cornice just before the last notch below the summit (fixed rope left). A small pile of rocks without any record greeted us on the summit, so we built a larger cairn for our second ascent record. Later we learnt that one of a pair of geologists had been killed on either "Paradox" or "Paramount" peak back in the 50's. We carefully retraced our route over the loose rock of the south south west ridge and the steep upper snowfield then glissaded down to high camp in about three hours from the summit. As we relaxed back in camp we discovered that the hot day had brought out hordes of mosquitoes. We finally decided that to pack out on our tired feet would be less painful than fighting the bugs so we broke camp and in two hours we were back in the populated but relatively bugless lowlands.

Curt Wagner

"Mt Stark", Toby Group

"Mt Stark" is 1.6 miles west south west of Coppercrown Mtn, and 4.2 miles south south east of the Toby Creek village site. On 30 July Curt Wagner, Doug Morgan and I crossed Toby Creek on a dilapidated cable bridge near the village site. A mile above the junction of Toby and Jumbo Creeks. We followed a steep 'dozer road for about 2 miles, then contoured upwards along the ridge west of Stark Creek, often following game trails. We camped at timberline, at 7500 ft, near the head of the most westerly branch of Stark Creek. Next morning at 8.20 we started ascending 10,000 ft Mt Stark, south of our camp, via its north west ridge which was covered with loose slabs of sedimentary rock. At 500 ft below the summit, Doug and I roped, Curt deferring to us for faster climbing. We continued, carefully avoiding loose rock and debris, alternately belaying and leading through, gaining the summit in eight leads. The upper two leads above the notch between the lower false summit and the summit block were the steepest but had the firmest rock. No pitons were used and climbing was mostly class 4. After building the cairn and leaving our record of first ascent, we moved along the east ridge to encounter a steep snow chute leading north onto Stark's glacier. We roped down, using crampons, marginal belay points, and ice screws. When we reached less steep snow on the glacier we followed snow surfaces down, then traversed west reaching camp by 8.30 p.m. The next day we packed out along the route used coming in, but contoured higher at 7000 ft to eventually gain the broadly rounded ridge top and an open woodland community of larch/low shrub/lichen — great for hiking. Following south we eventually dropped off more steeply into forest with dense medium sized shrubs and soon intersected the 'dozer road which led on out to the Toby Creek crossing.

John Jeglum

Rocky Mountains

West Ridge, Point 9553 ft

The seldom visited and particularly beautiful Top of the World area may be approached by a good 45 mile logging road from the main highway near Cranbrook at the Bull River hydro dam, leading eventually to the head of Galbraith Creek. The 1000 ft west ridge provides an interesting route to the top of Point 9553 ft, the highest peak in the vicinity. On 28 July 1973 the approach was made from the meadows above the head of Galbraith Creek, thence on fairly good rock by a series of steep steps and an awkward gap in the ridge to the summit.

Bugs McKeith

Wedge Cave

Well worth a visit as it provides some excellent underground climbing on hard water ice and some spectacular ice scenery. The entrance is clearly visible high on the right hillside near the head of the Galbraith Creek logging road. A short way in a 20 ft vertical ice pitch leads into a series of ice floored halls linked by short, easy pitches with plenty of scope for harder variations. Several 100 ft in a 100 ft, 30° slope with less than 2 ft clearance from the roof leads into a small chamber with a couple of short steep drops to a boulder choke. A tight, narrow ice passage leads into the inner chambers of the cave by a different route from the bottom right side of the first ice pitch. This first pitch was previously climbed by Michael Boon by propping a tree trunk up against the ice and scaling the tree.

Bugs McKeith

Grade 2 (ice), Michael Boon, Ian Drummond, Bugs McKeith, 29 July 1973,

Mt McLaren East Top

Mt McLaren is west of the Highwood River junction with the Kananaskis Road. The rock tower is on the Continental Divide about a half mile to the east of the main top of Mt McLaren (ca 9300 ft). The ridge was followed from the main top over two smaller tops (cairns built) to the two overhanging rock bands guarding the tower, circumvented to the south. 15 September 1973.

Bugs McKeith

Unnamed Summit, Italian Group

This group of peaks is somewhat inaccessible — 30 bumping miles south from Kananaskis Lakes by Land Rover. We parked, on 31 August, in Cadorna Creek due south of Riverside Mtn and in steady rain Frank Campbell, Walt Davis and I started the long bushwhack south west along the unnamed valley towards Mt Connor. Eventually a comfortable camp was made at about 7500 ft, south east of Mt Connor.

The morning of 1 September saw us struggling up the rotten and iced rock headwall of Connor's south col. The view was magnificent with Mts Lancaster, Marconi and Minton dominant, Abruzzi in cloud. Marconi and Minton, identical twins, looked very tempting but Lancaster, being somewhat higher, decided the day and we set off to cross the Abruzzi Glacier in a general north west direction to Abruzzi.

The 10,200 ft peak about a half mile north east of Mt Lancaster looked climbable and a traverse across its summit appeared to be a practical approach to Lancaster. The upper snowfields south of Abruzzi were crossed to reach the col between it and Peak 10,200. From here we moved south west a few 100 yards before ascending the steep snow slopes of Peak 10,200's south east face. A bergschrund was crossed by climbing up a 20 ft rear rock wall and the summit ridge reached via the steep upper snow slopes. The summit was gained at 12.30, 51/2 hours after leaving camp. After spotting the summit cairn on Lancaster and the icy looking north east face we would have to climb our enthusiasm for that particular peak magically vanished! We settled for building a cairn on Peak 10,200 and ogling to the full at the surrounding peaks, now in full, brilliant sunshine.

On our way back to Connor col we investigated the huge hole through the limestone of the knob about one mile east across the névé from Peak 10,200. From the hole we gasped at the tremendous east face of Abruzzi plunging over 2500 ft to the moraine below and decided to leave that prospect for someone else. However, the vast cliff sweeping east south east rose to another summit at about 10,100 ft, worthy of an exploratory scramble. This we quickly did, to find an unowned cairn from which we could look back at the knob summit at 10,000 ft which appeared to be unclimbed.

The way back to camp was uneventful, apart from talking Frank and Walt out of having a go at Mt Connor and getting a bit lost on the headwall whilst descending from the Mt Connor col.

Returning to the car the next day we discovered the remains of an old camp (within the last 10 years) just below ours and most of the way back managed to follow an animal trail still showing an old blaze or two, perhaps done 30 or 40 years ago.

Peter Vermeulen

UIAA III-

Mt Warspite: First Known Ascent

Mt Warspite is situated west of the north end of Lower Kananaskis Lake, the easiest access being via the Smith-Dorrien Creek road. On 13 October Frank Campbell, Walt Davis, Herb Kariel, Ron Coupal, Claude Ribordy and myself arrived on the lower slopes of the north ridge of the mountain, having crossed the creek via Land Rover and chugged as far as logging operations would allow. After some bushwhacking and snow plodding along the east side of the ridge we reached the north col at about 8200 ft and a good view of the west col, which looked more promising than proceeding up the now steep upper part of the north ridge. However we pressed on along the east side of the ridge, eventually roping up to climb a snow gully and chimney to reach the ridge crest. Thence the route followed steeply inclined slabs and grooves with a fair amount of loose stuff around and no opportunity to use runners. At about 2.30 p.m., with Frank in the lead, about 300 ft to go, and weather blowing cold and ominous, the secure trailing members out voted Frank in favour of abandoning the climb. Frank was left having to climb further in order to find a point from which to rappel.

Leaving a comfortable camp at about 6500 ft on the north ridge at around 8.30 a.m. on 27 October Walt Davis, Frank Campbell and I started working our way into the north valley of Warspite, our objective being the west col and west ridge. We climbed into the upper part of the valley via a moderate waterfall and a bit of scrambling, taking a good look at the very steep, snow plastered north east wall of Mt Black Prince. The west col was gained after negotiating steep snow slopes underlain with ice. A scramble up the west ridge took us to a long, fairly steep chimney splitting what appeared to be the summit block. Roping up, Frank and Walt proceeded to bombard me with all the loose rock in the Kananaskis valley as I followed through the chimney. Once through a short scramble along the summit ridge brought us to a distinguished cairn!

The guide book lists Mt Warspite as unclimbed, however we were not surprised to find the cairn considering the relative ease of the climb. Frank inspected the monument and shortly found a metal Kodak film canister. Inside we were told about the first ascent of Mt Black Prince in 1956 — perhaps we were lost?! Frantically getting out the map and compass, comparing summits, position of Lower Kananaskis Lake, etc., we breathed a sigh of relief and decided that Bruce Fraser and Co had made the first unknowing "midnight ascent" of Mt Warspite — we dared not entertain the treasonable thought that an ACC party were lost etc.!!

The way down, after easily by-passing the chimney, was uneventful. Time for the ascent was 4 hours, 10 minutes — 5 minutes shorter than the original party, who were no doubt slowed by the dark?

Peter Vermeulen

UIAA III-

High Horizons' Climbs

During the 1974 summer season at High Horizons we did extensive mountaineering in the Spray Range and British Military Group as well as trips to the Kananaskis Range and the range between Spray and White Man Pass. We repeated many of the classic and standard routes and managed several new routes and a few first ascents. A brief resume of the new routes and first ascents follows.

MT SMUTS, 9600ft

New route, traversed south to north, 2-5-0. Easy climb if you keep to solid limestone ribs.

R. Edelman, D. Harrison, K. Smythe, D. Belec. L. Gallie, C. Simpson, guide C. Locke.

PIGS TAIL, 9300ft

New route, west ridge, 1-4-0. Easy ascent from col east of Birdwood.

R. Swynston, D. Grey, J. Baldwin, B. Baldwin, P. Gilespie, D. Hoffer, guide B. Schiesser.

UNNAMED, 8800ft

First ascent, 1/2 mile west of Mt Smuts, 1-3-0. Easy ascent up south ridge.

M. Oxtoby, D. Jarvis, D. Rudkin, L. Gallie, J. Atkinson, K. Smythe, R. Edelman, R. Cherney, C. Locke, D. Smith.

BIRDWOOD, 10,100ft

New route (?), north ridge, 2-5-0. Pleasant climb on good rock.

R. Swinston, J. Baldwin, B. Baldwin, D. Harrison, D. Grey, P. Gilespie, D, Rudkin, leader D. Smith,

ROBERTSON, 10,400 ft

New route, north to south traverse, 3-5-0. Long route with varied problems including 100ft rappel. Poor rock.

R. Swynston, P. Gilespie, J. Baldwin, B. Baldwin, D. Rudkin, D. Grey, D. Harrison, guide B. Schiesser.

New route, east ridge, 1-4-0. From Haig Glacier, ridge attained about 1/3 from base. Better rock than standard south west ridge.

M. Oxtoby, D. Belec, C. Simpson, K. Smythe, R. Cherney, guide B. Schiesser.

UNNAMED, 9200ft

First ascent, Razor Flakes, secondary summit east of Mt. Beattie.

Easy ascent from Lawson Lake.

D. Rudkin, D. Harrison, R. Swynston, J. Baldwin, B. Baldwin, P. Gilespie, D. Grey, leader D. Smith.

MTJELLICO. 10,100ft

New route, north ridge, 1-5-0. Pleasant short climb. Good rock.

D. Rudkin, leader D. Smith.

Advanced climbing programme in August. Group of six including J. Wheeler, C. Evenchick, Mary McKenzie, J. Sloan, R. Malloy, C. Seadon. Guide B. Schiesser, assistant guide G. Rouse. Several new routes and first ascents were made.

"PIGS ASS"

9100 ft couloir dividing north face. Direct, new route, 2-5-2. Snow, 40° to 50°, 12 ft waterfall about 1/2 way up. Smooth overhanging (aid) then varied rock to summit.

MT JELLICO, 10,100ft

West rib, new route, 1 -6-0. Pleasant clean climb from Haig Glacier.

West rib leads to north ridge about 1/2 of way up.

MT VAVASOUR, 9300ft

South west ridge, first ascent. Walk up the ridge from near Mt Leval.

MT WARRE,9000ft

Walk up south west ridge, first ascent. Continued on from Mt Vavasour.

WHITE MAN MTN, 9700 ft

South ridge, first ascent (?), 1-5-0. Broken ridge climb over varied rock. This ascent was made in 12 inches of fresh snow.

UNNAMED, 8900ft

First ascent, 2 miles south of White Man Mtn. Four peaks traversed

in 4 to 10 inches new snow. Cairn found on one of the peaks.

UNNAMED, 9000ft

Peak 1 mile south of two lakes, 3 miles south west of White Man Mtn, new route, 1-5-0. North ridge was followed to summit in 8 inches of new snow.

Bernie Schiesser

The Blade, Opal Range

The attractiveness of an unclimbed summit in an easily accessible range of the Rockies induced Chris Perry and I to have a look see. The Blade in the Opal Range near Kananaskis Lakes, is described in the Rockies Guide as "the impressive and unclimbed south gendarme of 9820 ft Mt Blane". For three rope lengths the south summit ridge is only a few feet wide, narrowing in places to inches, giving you a Bugabooish airy feeling, but lacking the solidity of Bugaboo granite.

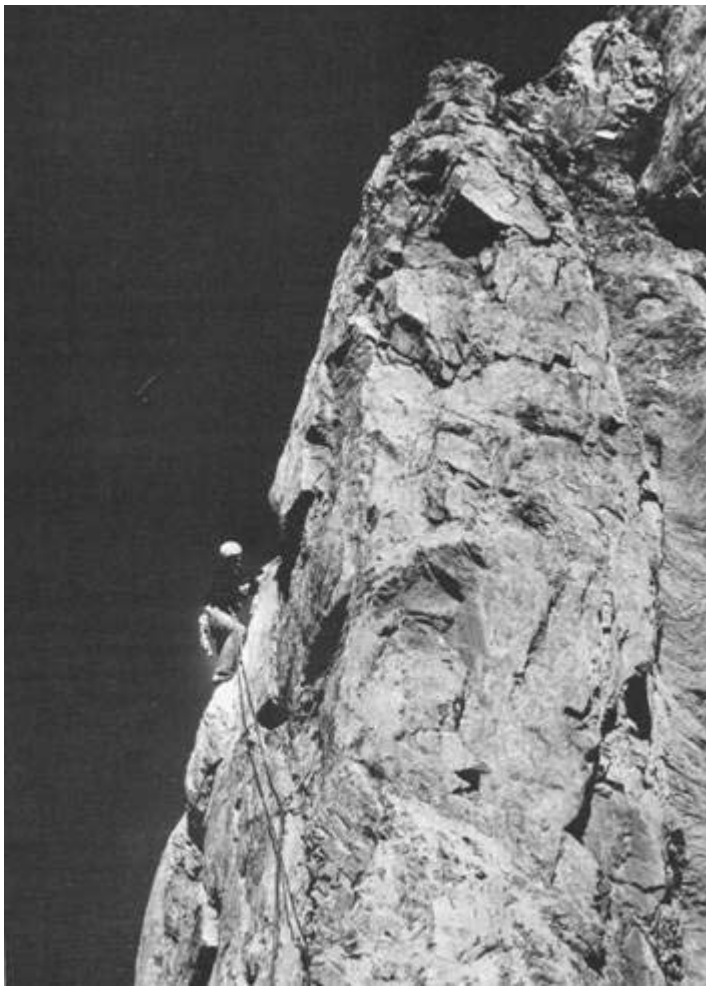
About noon on 21 September Chris and I, and wives Mary and Shirley respectively, headed up King Creek canyon from the Kananaskis forestry road. I wouldn't want to attempt to negotiate this same stretch during high water in the springtime. In less than an hour we left the canyon and angled up and slightly right on open slopes to the mouth of a major gully leading onto the west slopes of the Blane massif.

When Chris and I headed out at 8 the next morning we intended to follow the gully until it forked, then take the left fork which would bring us out on the col immediately south of the Blade. We made rapid progress in this fork. An unroped pitch, then 5.7 pitch and a third, easier pitch slowed us down a bit. On the way back we made one rappel into the right fork. This seemed to be the best solution of both problems — free climbing on the approach

The Blade. Chris Perry approaching: summit. Patrick Morrow

Chris Perry begins ridge walk on the Blade. Patrick Morrow

The Blade. Chris Perry on crux move of summit block. Patrick Morrow



and one rappel on the right fork, which looks like it would be a formidable pitch to climb. The big thrill came when we began the climb off of the high col at 10a.m.

An easy gully and a short steep pitch lead to the base of the summit block. Here we found a rappel piton, the high point of some previous attempt. Above a 150 ft pitch seemed to be the key to the climb. It drew us diagonally out onto the west face, and 500 ft of exposure, at which point the hardest move was made. Chris lead it — whew! The last three rope lengths are memorable; everything we touched settled into a new place or fell off either side of the ridge. When we finally scooped together a summit cairn at 1 p.m. our nerves were in worse shambles than the route we had just done. And we had yet to retrace our steps (on hands and knees) to get off of it!

If anyone wishes to repeat this climb I suggest they allow 20,000 years for the erosive forces to clean off the summit ridge, or carry a good selection of lightning bolts and do the job themselves.

Patrick Morrow

III.5.7

East Summit of Split Peak, Mitchell Range

Just before the overextended fair weather climbing season palled, three of us struck out for the as yet unclimbed east summit of 9610 ft Split Peak in Kootenay Park. On 26 October classmate Willi Schmidt, wife Shirley and I headed up the fire road to Split Creek, which we followed to its source and pitched camp late in the day. On Sunday we clawed our way up the scree and snow clogged, south facing gully used by the west summit first ascent party in 1961. Stonefall was our main concern, the route presenting only one pitch of 5.6 climbing. One rope length on rotten slabs from the col took us to the slightly lower east summit. Our return to the highway that night was guided by the great lunar torch.

Patrick Morrow

East Summit, North Face Split Peak

"Do you think this thing will float?" I asked, looking first at the battered Grummen canoe and then at the swollen spring run off of the Vermillion River. Without hesitation came an enthusiastic "Shove Off!" and away we paddled furiously. With a grinding, rock crushing blow we landed. The trip would be safer from here.

Jim States and I, heavily laden, began sweating through another Canadian bushwhack towards the north face of Split Peak, several miles distant. Thick brush and beautiful waterfalls brought us to snowline and soft, crotch cooling spring snow. Camp was pitched at tree line below the north ridge. Heavy snow began falling with darkness so we sacked out for an early start.

Heavy clouds and intermittent snowfall greeted us at 5 a.m. We set off up the long north ridge which butts into the north face 1200 ft below the summit. Deep snow at a steep angle over shingled slabs kept us belaying for four pitches until we reached the sometimes vertical rotten rock of the upper face. Later in the year the climbing would have been superb fourth and easy fifth class, but plastered with snow and ice the rock was technically difficult and hard to protect. Long leads diagonalling up and left used the rock strata to our advantage. Nuts proved to be worthless, with proper placements hidden under the ice crust that covered most everything. The last pitch, of course, was the most spectacular as I face climbed a slab and chimnied up two vertical ice columns ending up tunnelling my way through the cornice at the top.

It was 7 p.m. and the sun was going down fast. We searched for a quick descent and found a perfect one. A southern couloir runs the entire length from valley floor to the crest between the two summits. With a standing glissade we were down in minutes. Darkness enveloped us as we began the long climb up to the crest of the east ridge, down again to the northern valley and back to camp. After 21 hours of climbing I still couldn't sleep; that Grummen canoe kept sinking in my mind.

John Roskelley

Cone Mtn, Sundance Range

Cone Mtn (9550 ft) is at the south end of Spray Lakes reservoir and about eight miles almost due east of Mt Assiniboine. Frank Campbell and I climbed the peak on 29 September 1973 via the south gully leading to the east ridge of the southernmost peak of Cone Mtn. The east ridge, of loose and rotten limestone, was climbed and a short traverse made to the southernmost point. Then the whole ridge north west to the main summit was traversed (3/4 mile). Time to the main peak was five hours. An attempt to find a way off the summit south west into Bryant Creek was thwarted by glacial cliffs, so the south east ridge was regained and the ascent route reversed. Descent time was 4 hours.

Peter Vermeulen

Grade III. F3

Romps Behind the Clubhouse

On 22 June Frank Campbell, Walt Davis and I struggled up the creek bounding the north west end of Grotto Mtn, spurred on by the rose scented Canmore dump. The raging torrent made the going difficult and slow so camp was pitched only about two miles from the dump.

Early Sunday we made good progress up the creek, now at low ebb and eventually dried up as is the nature of rivers in limestone country. Our objective was the double cirque bounding the headwaters of the South Ghost River, containing Unnamed 9270 ft east peak and Unnamed 9100 ft north west peak, both unclimbed. 9 a.m. saw us heading up a gully running south west from a col on the south ridge coming from just east of the north west peak — a long miserable scree slog (perhaps explaining the lack of interest in these unnamed peaks) eventually ending on the long ridge joining the two peaks and giving a good view of the scree heaps comprising the front ranges. The north west peak looked messy but the east peak was a clean looking limestone pyramid with a fine north face running down to join the magnificent cliffs forming the east cirque.

A traverse along the jointing ridge brought us to a cliff which had

to be passed by descending ledges above the 1000 ft wall dropping sheer to the névé below. The descent, about 50 ft, involved a short rappel because of wet, icy conditions, onto the moderate snow slope running over the cliff. The westerly summit ridge was now available for an enjoyable scramble to end the climb with a cairn at 5 miles and 7 1/2 hours from camp.

The guide book describes the cirques as dry but the east cirque contained an ice flow lake and snowfields of a size which ought to last the summer. Descent was back to the blocking cliff on the ridge thence south via scree and snow into the valley running south from the connecting ridge to the easternmost arm of "Canmore Dump" Creek. Dump Creek was again raging but still allowed us to make camp in about 5 hours.

Would Beinn Bodach (Mt Spectre) be a suitable name for the east peak considering the area (South Ghost) and the fact that Charles Stewart is close by and a Campbell went romping to the top?

Peter Vermeulen

UIAA III-

Crag X, Grotto Mtn

Crag X lies at the base of the south ridge of Grotto Mtn, a short distance past Gap Lake on Highway 1A. This good, short, accessible and sustained climb which follows the obvious right angled corner in the left half of the crag is the result of extensive gardening.

Bugs McKeith

Perry's Gully, 200 ft. 5.9, Chris Perry, Bugs McKeith, 5 May 1 973.

The First Sister, East Face

An intricate piece of route finding on a very uncompromising face. From the top left of the broad, grass slope below the east face, well seen from the Trans Canada highway, a series of gullies, traverses and steep pitches lead up and left to the base of the huge dihedral on upper part of face. An interesting feature of lower half of face is the 'Keyhole', a small natural arch through which one must pass, and where there is a fairly good bivouac site. Easy traversing now leads down and left from the foot of the dihedral into a steep, broad basin where there is an entrance to a solution cave which makes an excellent bivouac site. The cave was only explored to a depth of 150 ft where it seems a small amount of excavation could lead to further passages. Continue up the slabs of the basin then the left bounding ridge 'till a ledge system leading up rightwards to a large notch in the skyline can be reached. The route emerges on the north east ridge several 100 ft below the summit.

Bugs McKeith

2000ft, grade IV, 5.7, Chris Perry, Bugs McKeith, 21 &22 July 1973.

The North Face of Pope's Peak

After two brief minutes the bulb in our head lamp does a self destruct and leaves us groping in the murky pre-dawn dark. We continue, fumbling our way up the trail to Ross Lake and are greeted by the feeble light of the coming morn. Easy scrambling and third class up the headwall then into the cirque below the north face proper. We stroll along gazing at our couloir and laying odds as to how many pitches. Eight? Maybe twelve? The effects of foreshortening screw up our frame of reference. Little do we know that twenty 40 m runouts are ahead of us.

Two and a half hours of strolling and gazing later we arrive at the 'schrund. It's wide and deep and the only likely crossing appears to be a tottery bridge of jammed ice blocks. I add some excitement by falling through to my waist. "Yep, this is gonna be a real dandy of a climb". A screw for protection and we get up the vertical back wall of the 'schrund and into the lower bottleneck. The occasional whistling rock dictates we belay even though the angle here is no more than 40°. No fun getting knocked off only to slither down into that nasty 'schrund again!

We clock off five pitches and emerge from the top of the funnel. The ice gets steeper and very much harder, true black, freeze-thaw water ice. Well cured and just like rock! On each placement the shaft of my axe vibrates until my hand aches. Presently a long stream of gross obscenities float up from below. The pick on Eric's Chouinard axe has broken off. Fearful of same I put mine away and draw a second hand tool.

We stop for a bite of power food but after two peanuts and a smartie each, Mel drops the gorp bag. Ah well, it would've taken too long to eat anything worthwhile anyway. We gotta get up this mother. Please keep moving.

By the twelfth pitch we're climbing on sustained 50° ice and the occasional bit of protection goes in. Eventually we creep into an alcove under the edge of ice from the hanging glacier above. Mel spots a detached sérac 200 ft above and swears he can see light underneath it. He begins to freak and imagines a thousand places he'd rather be than within the confines of this blue walled "ice box".

Where the couloir meets the ice from the hanging glacier it steepens up to a good 70°. The ice seems to be right in front of my nose and I get a good opportunity to study microscopic air bubbles trapped within the once fluid blue stuff. Last winter's waterfall climbs pay off for even with a sack full of bivy gear the ice doesn't seem really that steep. I'm thinking more of the sérac above as I knock in a couple of good protection screws. I traverse the wall moving right with feet on occasional rock outcroppings. Another couple of screws and around the corner I manage to fix a belay. Mel comes up quickly and to save time Eric self-belays on jumar. Whew, nice to be over the crux!

Four more pitches of 55° on good ice and thin snow takes us to the summit ridge where we devour the contents of our food bags. Ten hours since we last ate anything substantial. We pull up to the summit and stand humbled at the simple beauty of a fireball sunset over Mt Stephen. What a fine climb.

The descent to the Plain of Six Glaciers was uneventful — except for the rappel in darkness off Pope's glacier and the bivy in the rain 1000 ft above the tea house. However, if you want that story you'll have to ask Eric; he watched it all — Mel and I slept.

Murray Toft

Couloir on north face, Pope's Peak, Lake Louise group. 29 August. Murray Toft, Melton Reasoner, Calgary. Eric Sanford, Aspen, Colorado.

North face Popes Peak. Route follows obvious couloir which joins hanging glacier at its right edge. Pierre Lemire

No Room at the Top

In late August a motley crew of 'eastern' climbers had a go at some supposedly unclimbed peaks in Banff and Kootenay National Parks. We were determined to discover if in fact the guidebook really did offer unclimbed but listed peaks within the parks.

Our first objective was Mt Gray (9850ft) in the Vermillion Range. An imposing peak seen from the Radium highway near Marble Canyon, it lies on the south buttress of Wolverine Pass, seven miles south west of Marble Canyon. The guide lists no known ascent, a fact not unnoticed by more than one group. From a distance the buttress is somewhat imposing, at least to the extent that one can imagine that due to some unfortunate circumstances previous attempts had been unsuccessful. It was somewhat to our relief then that after a long and rainy hike in we discovered that the proposed route looked a great deal easier from the inappropriately named meadow. On 22 August we made our ascent up the south buttress via the obvious ridge and gully system. The technical difficulty was rather easy, with only the usual vertical and overhanging scree to contend with. The summit ridge itself was one of the most rotten I have ever had the misfortune to tread. By 3 p.m., when within 20 ft of the summit, I spotted a small, but unmistakable cairn. The temptation to roll it off the top was high but we resisted and left a small register including comment to the effect that we had found the cairn, but no record (Ref. Mt Goodsir 82N/1W, 519651). Our descent via a snow gully on the east face just south of the summit turned out rather exciting as we had only rock gear. However, by 9 p.m., in total darkness, we arrived below the peak and above Tumbling Glacier and made our way back to camp in the meadows.

While many of the peaks in the Vermillion Range have no recorded first ascents, many have indeed been climbed. Limestone Peak was ascended a few days later by a party of our friends. They too discovered a cairn on the summit. On the same day of our

ascent of Gray, one of our party soloed Mt Drysdale (9620 ft) and recorded a possible third ascent, somewhat remarkable considering that the first ascent was made in 1963 by Tuttle and Peck. The rather interesting story of Mt Drysdale is contained in the summit register.

Not having yet learned our lesson, we crossed Dolomite Pass into the valley beyond, following up another lead (Ref. Siffleur River 82N/16W and Hector Lake 82N/9W). With due regard to the Trail Guide's ominous description of the treacherous mud flats entering Isabella Lake, we set up a base camp at a respectful distance above the lake. We had hoped to climb 'unclimbed' Peak 9886 ft (418344) but soon spotted an object suspiciously like a cairn on its summit. Once bitten, twice wary, as they say.

Re-focusing our attention, on 31 August we climbed Marmot Mtn (8520 ft, 379340). The scramble to the first summit confirmed what to this point had been merely malicious rumor — that this part of Banff Park contains some of the worst rock imaginable to man. Our arrival at the top was heralded by one of the largest cairns I have ever seen. Barely enough room for us at the top — we wondered why we couldn't spot it from the valley. However, just as our spirits were at their lowest we noticed that the more westerly (375339) of Marmot's two main peaks appeared to be both unclimbed and somewhat higher. We reached it an hour later and proceeded to erect a suitable summit cairn, complete with register and an elaborate story enclosed, entitled: "The True Story of F. Marmot".

The following day we ascended a peak prospected from Marmot. Co-ordinate 416328, estimated height 9300 ft, and no apparent cairn. We made the ascent in 2 hrs 5 min up the obvious avalanche slope mentioned in the trail guide. A suitable summit cairn was built complete with register.

With about one day's food left the weather improved. We gave fleeting and covetous glances toward the Clearwater Group and reluctantly headed back to the highway.

In retrospect our projects were a lot of fun. In some ways it seems amazing that so little information exists on peaks unclimbed in name only. It is pleasantly surprising that some relatively obscure peaks are unclimbed despite fairly easy access. For ambitious souls still lured by a 'first' there appears to be a lot more room at the top than hitherto suspected.

Kevin O'Connell

First recorded ascents: Mt Gray, 22 August, K. O'Connell, D. Heslop, R. Watson. Marmot East, 31 August, K. O'Connell, D. Heslop, M. Bernier.

First ascents: Marmot West, 31 August, K. O'Connell, D. Heslop. Peak 416328, 1 September, K. O'Connell, D. Heslop, M. Bernier.

Skiing in the Little Yoho

The first week of the ACC Yoho Ski Camp saw several successful climbs and many deep powder runs. Varying snow conditions brought skiers out for both morning and late afternoon trips.

Mt Kerr (9394 ft) was climbed by almost the entire party the first day, despite a near whiteout, and Mt MacArthur (9892 ft) was climbed twice. Several trips were made towards Emerald and President Passes. Isolated Peak was climbed by a hardy group. On the one full day of blue sky and sunshine Sepp Renner led a party over the huge cornice at the top of President Col. There the group divided, Sepp Renner, Ben Platzer and Dave Higgins for the President (10,297ft) and Barb Metcalf, Clao Styron, Magda Wacek, Bruce Harding and Mike Hubbard for the Vice-President (10,059 ft).

C. Styron

Little Yoho, the site of far more ACC ski camps than any other single region, again attracted a full complement of skiers for each of the three weeks. Many were repeaters from previous camps. For the writer the second week was his third time at Little Yoho ski camp and his best in terms of fun and fellowship. The gang, varying widely in age and in skiing ability, joined together in daily ski trips and in the hilarity of song and laughter in the evenings. Trips were made to Kerr, McArthur, Emerald Pass and President Col, often two in a day. The unco-operative weather caused much of the skiing to be done in whiteout and without the benefit of magnificent views while planned trips had to be altered due to the inclement, snowy weather.

Much of the success of the week was due to the efforts of our genial guide, Sepp Renner, our jolly camp leader, John Willoughby, and the excellent food and the musical repertoire of several Kamloopians.

Leo Kunelius

Third week skiers reached the Stanley Mitchell to hear "only six sunny days in the past six weeks".

Sepp Renner on President/Vice-President Col cornice. Bruce Harding

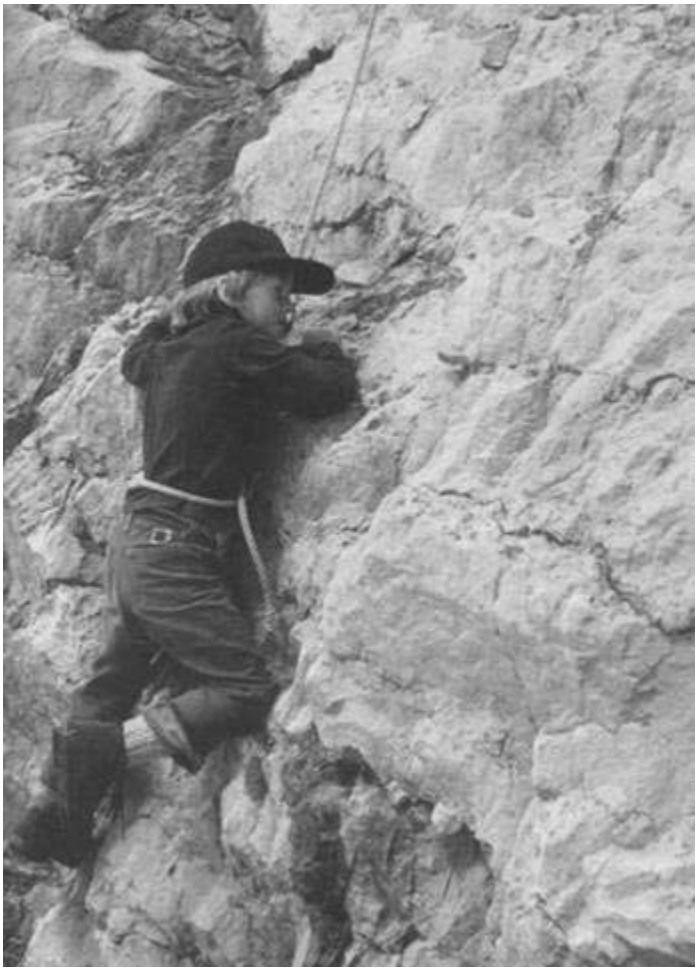
Monday the hut emptied in 10 seconds when a wolverine was sighted — the cameras clicked. We got off on skiis about 8 a.m. and reached the summit of Kerr at 12.30 for a comfortable lunch and marvelous views.

Tuesday, on the President we had fairly good views despite blowing fog. The wolverine showed himself several more times that evening, finally daring to stick his head in the kitchen door and into an occupied outhouse!

Wednesday we headed out for Mt McArthur. After retreating to a small col for lunch a nice series of downhill runs took us through heavy powder, then crusty snow, then even wet snow back to the hut by 3 p.m. All retired early in anticipation of Mt Des Poilus for tomorrow.

Vice-President and President, Family Camp. John Willoughby

Family Camp. Berte Willoughby



Extra early awakening on Thursday revealed clouds and snow flurries. Kobi suggested Mt Pollinger as an alternative and a group of semi-enthusiasts was found to start through the wet snow. At Kiwetinok Lake the consensus was retreat, so we skied back to the hut to have our lunches, then skied the President Glacier in the afternoon. The hardiest of the gang formed a small party for a third excursion, returning about 6 p.m.

Again big plans and big lunches were made for Des Poilus and we were rewarded for our persistence by a clear, cold Friday morning. The summit (10,371 ft) was marked by fog and light snow. The descent was cautious, then a long flat, and tedious trek back up to Isolated Col to cash in on the most gorgeous and most hilarious home run down to the hut.

Saturday, another breathtakingly beautiful day, was just right for the Vice-President. We got to the peak around noon. Another exciting run down in the best of snow conditions.

Sunday was once more a beauty and the day for a double header! Early through the cool morning breeze we climbed toward Isolated Peak (9334 ft), reaching the summit about 11. Some then skied down to the hut, while Kobi led the rest of us once more up to McArthur and then down the south slopes and back to the hut via a steep gorge which had to be jumped, somersaulted or rappelled into (by the writer, who was chicken). A most successful, well organized and well guided camp was coming to an end. High spirits, good friendship and co-operation prevailed throughout the camp. Thank you all.

Nick Schwabe

Family Camp in the Yoho

Family Camp was held on three successive weeks in July and August. The first week was the most heavily attended, seven families including 12 adults, 1 dog and 18 children ranging from 6 to 15 years. Yoho National Park, with base camp at the Stanley Mitchell Hut, was an ideal location with a variety of climbs and hikes for all abilities and ages.

Parties climbed Isolated, MacArthur, Kerr and the President. The children practiced belaying and climbing at the base of Isolated Peak. Playing boats in the icy cold river that runs through the meadow in front of the cabin was much enjoyed. Some of the 11 and 12 year olds slept outside, a good arrangement until a bull elk took a shortcut to the meadow. He was probably as frightened by their screams as they were by him.

A good part of the camp's smooth running was due to Pat Duffy and family, hut custodians for all three weeks. The children learnt new techniques, saw new country, made new friends — a lively correspondence still continues.

Berte Willoughby

First Ascent of the Mairhorn, 10,600 ft

Hans Gmoser must have dropped off the troops for the 1974 version of his "First Ascents Week" with some fear and trepidation because, let's face it, Bill Putnam is mad! But under Bill's inspired guidance we found the real Cataract Pass, dropped but did not drown Frances Chappie, charged up San Juan Hill, and made numerous first ascents. Stream crossing (by the full-tilt Swiss pole vault method) and climbing were under the very capable direction of Hermann Frank and Franz Mair; while Putnam built cairns with forced labour, swilled portable martinis, and shaved with his axe.

In real life Franz Mair is a PhD student in psychology in Austria and his love of mountains was obvious as we climbed a small jagged ridge to get a view of the beautiful Brazeau country to the north and the very impressive Mair peak to the south. The fact that this unclimbed mountain already bore his name may have added to Franz's enthusiasm. We glissaded down the snow patches with a well-formed determination to make it the highlight of his one season of climbing in Canada. The next day we crossed a high (8700 ft) pass to an idyllic camp in a meadow beside Tumbling Creek and just 2 1/2 miles from the Banff-Jasper highway.

The big wall on the south east ridge of Mairhorn. Franz Muir

Mairhorn from the north east. Dotted line shows pass from Cataract Valley to Tumbling Creek Valley. Bill Costerton

The next morning Franz and I slogged up into the complex glacial cirque which lies between Mair and Cirrus and attained the long south ridge by scrambling up easy gravel covered slabs. At this point the ridge is very rotten but anticipated problems with the loose and tottering gendarmes seen from below were side stepped by recourse to the cornice hanging over the truly impressive east face. The critical problem was the 400 ft wall formed by a huge block set into the ridge and the fact that narrowness of the ridge as it approached this wall dictated our starting point. The first pitch ended in a serendipitous ledge which allowed us to choose our line of attack on the upper wall. We soon found ourselves on the easy slabs of the main ridge which led gently to the summit.

We didn't have a lot of time to reflect on the eternal verities while scrambling together a big cairn and wolfing Gmoser's good salami but this first ascent meant a lot to both of us. Franz felt the emptiness of the great ranges that sprawled up to the domed icefield and over the horizon. Mountains got amongst me when I was a kid herding sheep on the Monashees and it's nice to be where no one has ever been. We climbed down the wall, glissaded and plunge stepped down the snow patches on the west side of the south ridge and made it to camp in time for Hermann's incredible cooking and a view of sunset on the peak whose name we had modified to Mairhorn.

The next day we bushwhacked the 21/2 miles to the highway through timber that needs a forest fire in the worst way, only to find that some fiend had stolen the two dozen that we had cooling in the creek by the highway. Gmoser was accused and I must say that he did behave suspiciously, but I can't believe it of him and must conclude they were washed away by a tidal wave or consumed by errant Sasquatch.

Bill Costerton

Dragonfly

Hans Fuhrer recommends the Big Bend route (CAJ 1972, p 88) for disgruntled would-be icefield climbers. Our wait to reach the fields being rather long and having done the Big Bend, we looked for other possibilities on the cliff. The result was a beautiful 150 ft pitch with perfect nut placements throughout — a mixture of layback, crack, and fine slab climbing with a walk-off exit. The route follows the first of two prominent zig zag inside corners in centre face. Start from the road about 500 ft down from the Big Bend start, near a speed sign. From the base of the corner (cairn) a 150 ft rope will just reach to a ledge at the top of the route. No pitons needed, only a rack of medium to large chocks. The second corner could be climbed after a short walk to the left but we found it disgustingly loose. Instead we exited to the left in some easy gullies.

Rob Kelly

F6 (clean); Pete Charkin, Rob Kelly.

"Shark Ridge"

Easter '74 Brian Cropper, Larry Trotter and myself climbed a peak not covered in the Guide. It is about 10,400 ft, two miles south east of Mt Columbia (725745). It is a ridge, quite sheer on

the east side, with a notably large cornice — but easily ascended. No record found of previous ascents — but lots of snow so couldn't tell. Probably climbed before as an alternate to Columbia. We called it Shark Ridge as it looks much like the fin of a shark.

Rob Kelly

Balcarres Mtn

Balcarres (9506 ft) interested Edmonton climbers for a few years, perhaps because it is one of the few named mountains appearing in the Medicine Tent drainage on the Jasper Park North map. It was apparently named after the home of a friend of the Earl of Southesk who refers to "my friend Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart., of Balcarres" in a footnote to his naming of Mt Lindsay in Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains (p 193). Southesk, however, makes no mention of actually naming Balcarres.

The mountain is north west of Mt Balinhard and is reached by a similar route (CAJ 1972, p 89). We made camp in the horseshoe valley to the north east of the peak, competing with avalanche debris and mosquitoes for a camp site. The route eventually chosen up the mountain can be seen as a faint right-to-left traverse through the east face, starting near the right edge of the cirque and arriving at the col between Balcarres and an unnamed peak to the south east (location 780488). The route is about F5, perhaps F4 with careful route finding there being a fair degree of choice. From the col an F4 scramble reaches the summit via gullies and chimneys. There was no indication of a previous ascent. We descended by the same route to the company of constant rock slides, deciding, out of sheer laziness, to leave the unnamed peak to the south east for someone else. In fairness though I would not recommend the mountain, which is a singularly loose pile of boulders held together by scree.

Rob Kelly

10 July; 1st ascent via east face and south east ridge; Pete Charkin, Rob Kelly, Jim Lament, Doug Pearson.

Tonquin-Eremite ACC Ski Camp

This was the first ACC Ski Camp devoted specifically to touring and cross country skiing. The area around the Wates-Gibson Hut is ideally suited to this form of winter mountaineering, with many possible trips to the surrounding valleys and cols. Of 28 participants in the first week (23 - 31 March) about half skied in to the hut the first day after obtaining a five mile lift along the road by snowmobile. The remainder skied up the road to the Mt Edith Cavell Youth Hostel for the first night, continuing next day to the hut.

Monday was a beautiful, clear day and about five different parties set out on successful tours. For the next four days the weather was less co-operative, steady to intermittent snowfall and warmer temperatures calling out the utmost in waxing talents. Undaunted skiers went out every day as far as Moat Lake, the head of Eremite valley, or the Clitheroe, Oldhorn and Amethyst Lake areas.

After returning from a day's touring there was a general celebration of 'Happy Hour' accompanied by music and song. Two comments were frequently heard during this part of the camp: "The weather couldn't be worse, it must get better tomorrow", and "the meals couldn't possibly be better than today's." Indeed, the food was superb, and excellently prepared. Dorothy Hartley remarked that it was the best food of all the camps she has known, and that certainly covers quite a few. Top honours to the cooks.

At week's end the weather began to clear and a successful ascent of Thunderbolt Peak was made. Climbs to the Fraser Glacier and a circle tour of the Eremite rounded off a most pleasant week. For excitement we formed the habit of losing the trail around Surprise Point every time we passed it. No ACC trip is complete without a bit of bushwhacking! On the way out we wondered would we reach the bottom of the road before all the snow turned to liquid form.

John Honsaker

Toronto Section Camp, Wates-Gibson Hut

What a beautiful area. Too much snow and nine days of squally weather failed to dampen the spirits of the 24 Toronto people who attended.

From the Edith Cavell road we followed the Amethyst Lake trail sliding down to the Astoria River prior to fighting a switchback route up and around Old Horn Mtn. At 7500 ft it finally broke free from the mountain's grasp and meanderingly spewed itself out onto endless alpine meadows curtained by the Ramparts to the west and the Penstock and Eremite valley mountains to the south. Amethyst Lake, still partly covered with ice, reflected the deep blue of the sky. Wild flowers, Christmas lights dancing across the ground, gingerly pushed at the edges of the lingering patches of snow.

The elusive bridge at the foot of Amethyst Lake was missed by most and crossing the river elsewhere some of our fold took an early bath. After much bushwhacking we again caught up with the trail to Outpost Lake which systematically searched out every tree root, snow drift and bog as it dropped down to the meadows of the Penstock Creek before hesitatingly pushing itself up the final hill to the ACC hut. Most made the trip in over a two day period, camping at Old Horn or the 10 1/2 mile camp site overnight. The pack train carrying our food and communal equipment was going in one day and those horses passed me in deep snow on that final hill like there was a barrel of oats waiting for them at the top. At the sight of the hut we melted from our packs and sat down on the nearest seat available. Two sweet ladies who had come in a couple of days before brought us cups of hot tea and by the time the next group arrived we were up prancing around, looking disgustingly fresh and healthy. Supper of soup, spaghetti and meatballs and canned fruit brought everyone back to life. The last two days had been perfect and to take advantage of the good weather we decided to attempt McDonell (10,750 ft) the next morning.

We were away by 5.30 with five ropes of three. Since this was the first mountain experience for many in our party we picked a safe snow slope and practiced ice axe arresting and other safety techniques. It was a long haul up the Fraser Glacier through soft

snow and many stops were made on the final summit ridge. We could see Robson, Clemenceau and many others. Chrome, Outpost and Penstock Lakes, each a different hue of blue, reminded me of coloured spot floods shining on the ice during a skating show. That evening it rained and continued to do so off and on for the next nine days.

Between showers many peaks were attempted and made and several high camps established. A route was put up via the glacier behind the hut to the summit of Outpost (9100 ft). Bennington (10,726 ft) was taken by way of the Fraser Glacier. Two, in an epic seven hour siege from the hut, assailed the west face of Erebus (10,234 ft) for the seventh ascent of the mountain, the last being in 1965. Memorial (9400 ft), Surprise Point (9873 ft), Thunderbolt (8750 ft) and an unnamed peak all fell to the onslaught. Attempts at Angle and Anchorite were thwarted by poor weather.

Back at the hut people rested up, went hiking or just enjoyed the dry inside. A couple of our contingent with fishing tackle headed for Amethyst Lake to try their luck. We all laughed when they left and laughed when they got back, at least 'till they pulled out three 6 pound rainbow trout. John Brooke was our hero and we even let him cook them for our 4.30 breakfast next morning. Jim White wandered in with his family on the middle Sunday and joined John on his next fishing expedition which was just as successful. The last we saw of Jim he was trying to fashion a landing net out of some 3/8 inch steel cable. He would have a month as hut custodian to try his luck.

Wildlife abounded and every day reports came in of moose, caribou, elk and mountain goats. We even had to wrestle our salami off a marten who had found it buried in the snow bank behind the cabin.

Two weeks can sure pass in an awful hurry. Some of our group packed out to do Edith Cavell, got to about 10,000 ft (the farthest of any party this season) but were turned back by snow conditions. Myself and two others headed out early too as we wanted a crack at Oldhorn Mountain (9779 ft). The next morning we were underway by 5.30 having bagged out by the warden's cabin overnight. The Astoria River at 5560 ft was soon left far below as we headed up the scree slope to the snow gully on the mountain's south side. The snow was in good shape and crampons made the increasing steepness manageable as we pushed for the col at 9000 ft. We soon realized why this peak is so seldom climbed. The top 800 ft was a jigsaw of vertical walls, assorted cracks, chimneys and towers fortified with enormous blocks, ingeniously triggerset to ward us off at the slightest provocation. We spent over two hours on that last section before we finally found and climbed the summit tower. A fitting climax to the Tonquin Valley we had grown to love.

Saturday evening saw most of us gathered in Jasper for a splendid supper at the Family Restaurant. It was the end of a wonderful two weeks. Three of us headed for Athabaska which we knocked off the next day, the rest exited via buses, cars and trains all bound for Toronto.

Roger Parsons

Mt Robson

On 13 July the stream which flows into Kinney Lake from the southern face of Robson was used as the "entrance" to the mountain. The stream bed, filled with avalanche debris, was followed until a fork was reached. The left fork offered the easier and more direct route. The section between the fork and the cliffs is about a 60° slope, offering good climbing and route finding. The cliffs, about 200 ft high, were reached just to the left of the avalanche chute which issues from the southern snowfield. I crossed, between avalanches, onto an easy traverse shelf of loose rock and grassy patches which took me to a "break" in the cliff. Though a little wet it was easily climbed and stood me on the snowfield below and to the right of the hut. A less pleasant tramp through the deep snow brought me to the hut after eight hours. Above the hut I was accompanied by two women from California.

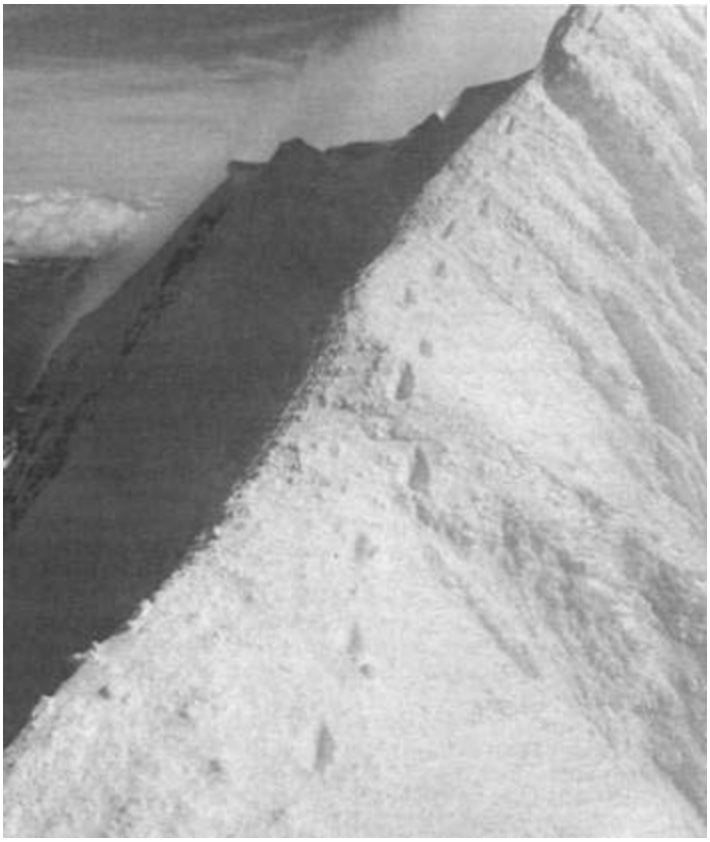
The lower icefall was passed by the "hourglass" just to the left of the wall, giving access to the lower icefield. At the base of the upper ice wall on the Dome ridge side a long, steep, 50° to 60° hourglass leads to the Dome ridge. About two thirds of the way up this hourglass a route was pushed up the ice wall onto the upper icefield. An easy but long climb up to the ridge brought us within an hour and a half of the summit which was reached after about 13 hours of climbing in very poor snow conditions which persisted up to 12,000 ft.

John Milligan

Mountain Goat on Mt Robson

In August, Greg Shannan, Jack Roberts and I climbed Mt Robson's north face in one day's outing from a camp on the east

Descending tracks of Mountain Goat on Emperor Ridge of Mt Robson.
Peter Rowat



side of the Helmet-Robson col. On reaching the Emperor ridge we were surprised to see the tracks of a mountain goat descending over the gargoyles. We were able to follow the tracks almost to the summit where they disappeared. This presumably sets an altitude record for goats in the Rockies. One also wonders how the goat fared on the lower parts of the ridge!

Peter Rowat

Mt Robson ACC General Mountaineering Camp

Robson as clear as a bell for the first ten days — but the first week was devoted to training, learning confidence and safe techniques. We had to wait for the big peak but would the weather?

Training week about 75 aspiring mountaineers followed the professional guides with four days devoted to snow, ice, rock and crevasse rescue schools at basic and intermediate levels. Mid week we took to the hills and many good climbs were made. Après climbing activities centred first about Adolphus Lake and the ACC nudist colony. Interest then moved to the food tent where frantic, sometimes savage efforts were made to maintain a 6000 calories/day energy intake, table manners having been left at home.

A more laissez faire attitude prevailed during the latter two weeks, many private parties being formed. Almost all peaks accessible from camp were climbed. In the Robson group they were: Robson by the south west arête and the Kain face, Resplendent, Torch and the Extinguisher Tower, Lynx II, Lynx by four different routes, The Helmet, Waffl, and Rearguard. In the Whitehorn group: Whitehorn by the west ridge, Mumm Peak, Saurian, Gendarme, Phillips and Ann Alice.

Ray Ware

Having gratefully left our dunnage with the packers, we set off on the 14 mile hike into Berg Lake. We were all glad to arrive in camp, having been overtaken by nearly everyone since we were less fit than most. A wonderful three course meal did an excellent job reviving our weary party.

During the first training week various schools were held. Later I also went to one of the two crevasse rescue sessions. I had anticipated that dangling in mid air about 15 ft down a 60 ft crevasse would be a rather cold experience, but no, I was struggling so hard with my prusik loops and other loops that by the time my head eventually appeared over the edge I was almost stewed alive. The crevasse was dripping wet — without waterproofs I would have been drenched. On another occasion my Dad was rescued by means of a pulley system — the rescuers were so eager that he shot, vigorously protesting, like a cork out of a champagne bottle and almost went head first into the next crevasse!

On the first evening when peaks were posted we noticed that the only one with a late start was Rearguard. Next morning I was woken at 4 by the poor soul who had to get up even earlier and tour the tents with a knock and a cheery "good morning" only to be answered by a groan.

The party consisted of six climbers and two guides. After a few minutes walk down the valley we reached the river. Boots and socks came off, trousers were rolled up and I took the plunge, ice axe in one hand and the other on a rope which the guides had strung across. It was bitterly cold, the river coming from the Robson glacier about two miles away. After crossing several channels in similar fashion we sat down on the opposite side thankful that it was "all over", and now more than wide awake pulled socks and boots on frozen feet. Then followed a 1 1/2 hour battle with the brush above the shore of Berg Lake. An easy walk up the moraine on the left hand side of Tumbling glacier, large chunks of which crash periodically into the lake, was followed by several hours of scrambling and climbing on very loose rock. The loose rock made me feel rather jittery, having been used to the firm rock of my more familiar Wales. The view from the top, which we reached at about 12.30, was terrific. We clambered down Rearguard aiming towards Resplendent. Having reached the Robson Glacier a long glacier plod brought us back to camp where we arrived in time for me to collapse into a motionless heap before the temptations of the kitchen enticed me to the dining tent. I am pleased to admit that I wasn't the only one to stay in camp the next day. We all did except the two guides. Later on only one party made their way up Rearguard and they cheated by hiring a boat from the Berg Lake Chalet and rowing across the lake — so avoiding getting their feet wet — if I'd have had the choice I'd have done the same!

During the first week Phyl Munday came into camp by horse and was much appreciated by all those who suffered from blisters, and unfortunately there were many as the daily queues outside her tent showed! Mrs Munday was the first lady to climb Mt Robson (1924). We met many wonderful people, always ready to help the needy who had not come so well prepared. The tea tent, always full of those who had climbed and more who had not, was the afternoon centre of chit-chat. The evening dinner was followed by a "Sandwich Fight" where the fittest got the cookies until the admin cracked down on the unruly behaviour! A campfire and cocoa closed the evening, or early morning.

Unfortunately those two wonderful weeks were over all too soon and the time came to pack up and go. When we had almost reached the trailhead we were overtaken by a "knight in shining armour" on her steed which she pulled up when we called "Hi Jewel", and tossed us some much appreciated sweets.

Corina Acheson

East Face, Mt Bridgland

In the third week of August, 1973, Douglas McCarty, Brian Leo, and I sought out the impressive quartzite mass of Bridgland. Views of this sharp featured peak from the Yellowhead Highway in past years had whetted my interest. Several years ago Jim Jones and I had the frustration of hiking to its base to be thwarted by rain. We had the fortune to talk to Joe Lang in Jasper who showed us his pictures and discussed his second ascent of the mountain. We later proved out that there have been only his and the original ascent, certainly an impressive performance by Frank Smythe and party.

Our original goal was to climb the buttress on the south east face, to the east of the great cleft that splits the south wall. When we reached the final 1000 ft it was apparent that the route would either need considerable aid, or a risky venture on loose

areas with questionable belays. We had been able to place a nice camp at a tarn at the edge of the forest and tundra south of the mountain, then trudge up a steep wasteland of talus and sludge. Occasional hard moves without a rope added to the discomfort. Late in the morning we found ourselves rather trapped; the buttress looked uncompromising and the east face, to our right, looked discontinuous. Possible chimneys seemed dripping wet and ice choked. But a recon without rope and pack proved a number of questionable pitches possible, the main problem being route finding and audacity. Returning for packs we continued to the final headwall, very vertical, but solid. Good holds proved the solution on two marvelous, consecutive pitches. A key overhang led by Brian was worth the whole venture. A pitch to remember and the way to the summit jumble.

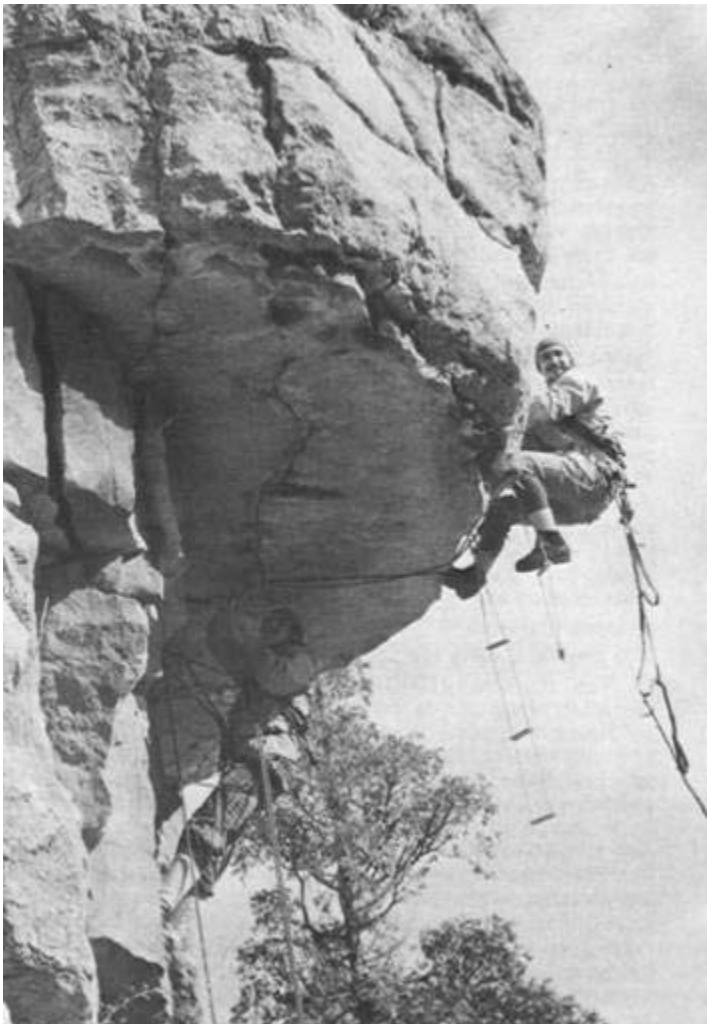
The summit amazed us; two sheer crests, rotten looking, with the immense cleft. The sun was low and there was little time for error on the descent. Gingerly crawling to where we thought the "normal" must be I remember looking down. Ye Gods, did Smythe climb this? Where are the rappel slings? Where are solid blocks for the rappel? There is something apprehensive about descending an unfamiliar rock route, but in this case a combination of question and time brought a special vitality to the venture. Bridgland, we felt, is a deserving climb by any route, and as a mountain deserves a niche in climbing history. The rest of our story is a bore — just an endless descent over talus, with route finding a problem. Then most of the night edging the left side of the boots on the slippery dirt and rock, the hours passing by in unpleasant fatigue. But the next day hiking out, all was forgotten but the beauty of the mountain's image.

Fred Beckey

Ontario

Early in the year in the bustle of a largely new executive came the further flurry of work on the long awaited guide, Rock Climbing in Ontario. Editor Jim Mark, Section Chairman Roger Parsons, cliff photographer Kirk MacGregor and many others put it all together, and even made their deadline, the spring climbing season. Sales are still going strong.

The Varmuza brothers on Tie It Off. Malcolm Mcfayden.



The next event of major proportions was the Section holiday into the Tonquin and Eremite valleys south west of Jasper. Base camp was at the Wates-Gibson Hut.

Around these events the usual round of ice climbing (a new area with excellent possibilities was discovered in northeastern Ontario), spring rock schools, spring and summer climbing at Bon Echo, some wilderness canoe-camping trips, a sideline hike along the shore of Georgian Bay in near gale conditions, and to begin the Christmas social season our Annual Dinner and Dance to the tune of a great New Orlean's Jazz Band.

Shirley Mark

Rattlesnake Cliffs

The 90 ft high dolomite cliffs at Rattlesnake Point Conservation Area, just 35 miles west of metropolitan Toronto contain over 90 established routes which vary from super hard to beginner school grade. New routes are still being put in, the newest being an aid route over a large overhang with very little to encourage the placement of aid or protection. It is rated at 5.6, A-3, and called "TIE IT OFF" —what was yelled up to the leader when the piton wouldn't go in far enough. This particular line had been attempted by many climbers over the years and each time they have had to back off for lack of anything to attach aid to. Finally on Labour Day 1974, three determined Toronto Section members, Ivo and Petr Varmuza along with Mark McDermott forced the route and were successful.

The rock at Rattlesnake is reasonably sound compared to most of the Niagara Escarpment. The first climbing was done there only 15 years ago. Now it is the most popular climbing spot in Ontario, often receiving Americans as well, from around the Great Lake region. From the cliff top one can look down on bison and elk grazing on the meadowland below and the sighting of two or three deer is always an added bonus. Some summer evenings it is so quiet and peaceful on the cliff it is easy to get carried away watching the vultures playing head to tail circles overhead or watching the myriad of unusual songbirds fluttering among the trees and bushes below.

Roger Parsons

The first winter ascent of Cap Trinité was not realized in 1974 — not quite. However the first reconnaissance of the Cap in winter was a complete success. Two intrepid climber-explorers reached the bottom of the wall completely exhausted after two days of hauling their gear through the snow covered forest and hills bordering the Saguenay River. Once again the approach march was an important factor in determining the outcome of a big wall climb in this wilderness area.

Many fine new routes were realized during the summer and these are related in the accounts that follow. One new ice climb was done at the beginning of March on the falls at L'Anse St-Jean by Francois Garneau and Hugolin Maltais. The height of the wall of ice was roughly 250 ft. The main difficulty was encountered on the last pitch and consisted of rotten snow over ice.

Two successful expeditions were carried out by Marc Blais and his companions. The first involved a "haul route" type crossing on skiis of the Chic-Chocs from Mont Jacques-Cartier to Mont Albert in Gaspesie, P.Q. at the beginning of January. Sixty miles were covered in five days with temperatures varying from -10° to -60°F. The second consisted of traversing, also on skiis, the Torngats in northern Quebec. They left Port Nouveau Quebec (on the coast of Ungava Bay) on 12 April and arrived six days later at Saglek, a distance of about 250 kms.

A film on cross country skiing called "Demain I'Hiver" was made by Therese Dumesnil. A new magazine on outdoor activities entitled Plein Air appeared in 1974. A new guide book is in preparation and will cover the eastern townships.

A new route whose description is not included in the accounts that follow is La Nausée (V) by Regis Richard and Jean Roy on Mt Tremblant.

The FCMQ has changed its name to La Federation Quebecoise de la Montagne (FQM). The federation was again very active in promoting not only climbing, but also cross country skiing throughout the province. The culmination of their efforts was the very successful annual convention held at the CEGEP of Sherbrooke in November. The outcome was a new executive presided by Raymond Blain and the creation of seven commissions. The most important of these latter is the one concerned with the future orientation of the federation. It will attempt to answer the question whether the federation should limit its activities to climbing or continue to promote hiking, cross-country skiing, and camping, and other outdoor sports.

François Garneau

Une première dans les Chic-Chocs

Le «Yeti» (bulletin du CMGR) vous informe en grande primeur d'un raid effectué par cinq de nos alpinistes dans les monts Chic-Chocs, en Gaspésie, au début de janvier. Nos skieurs alpinistes ont rallié les sommets du mont Jacques-Cartier au mont Albert, parcourant au total une soixantaine de milles, et ce par des températures de -10°F à -60°F brrr... En tout, cinq jours ont été nécessaires pour effectuer cette course qui tient beaucoup du raid effectué en haute montagne. Les alpinistes qui se préparaient depuis plusieurs mois pour effectuer cette «moyenne haute route» ont eu l'occasion de mettre leur matériel à l'épreuve dans le climat rigoureux et éprouvant des Chic-Chocs. Ont participé au raid: Pierre Gougoux, Jacques Fevreau, Jean-Guy Ricard, Alain Hénault et Marc Blais. À notre connaissance, c'était la «première» fois que des skieurs de fond se risquaient sur ces sommets l'hiver.

Marc Blais

Reprinted from Le Mousqueton, February 1974.

Torngat

Près de 2 mois ont été nécessaires à la préparation de notre projet. Nous y rêvions depuis fort longtemps déjà, quand, après notre voyage dans les Chic-Chocs, nous avons réalisé que la «Traversée des mts Torngat» au Labrador nous était possible.

Depuis plus d'un an déjà, nous avons mis à l'épreuve les vêtements, la nourriture, la condition morale et physique, les accessoires de camping et de couchage... en 2 étapes successives : en janvier 1973 à St-Urbain et à Charlevoix, et aux Chic-Chocs en janvier 1974.

Je dois avouer que cette dernière expérience a été beaucoup plus éprouvante que notre voyage du mois d'avril 1974 aux Torngat.

La composition de l'équipe revêtait pour nous un caractère particulier; elle était presque à notre sens un facteur de réussite ou d'échec. Ainsi nous sommes partis quatre : Alain Hénault un des jeunes grimpeurs les plus prometteurs au Québec, Pierre Gougoux dont les qualités physiques et morales à l'intérieur d'un groupe ne sont pas à dédaigner, avec qui j'ai fait la 4e ascension du Cap Trinité en juillet 1973, André Robert un des grimpeurs québécois qui possède le plus d'expérience dans le domaine de la montagne et moi-même.

Le 11 avril 1974, nous nous embarquons à bord d'un Nordair en direction de fort Chimo. Le 12 avril, nous partons de Port-Nouveau Québec, sur la côte de la baie d'Ungava, pour parcourir en ski, la distance entre ce village et Saglek, sur le côté de l'Atlantique, environ 250 km. En tout, 6 jours ont été nécessaires pour effectuer le trajet.

Le voyage s'est déroulé presque sans encombre si ce n'est la chute d'Alain et moi dans l'eau glacée d'un lac à 100 km de notre point d'arrivée par une température de -30°F.

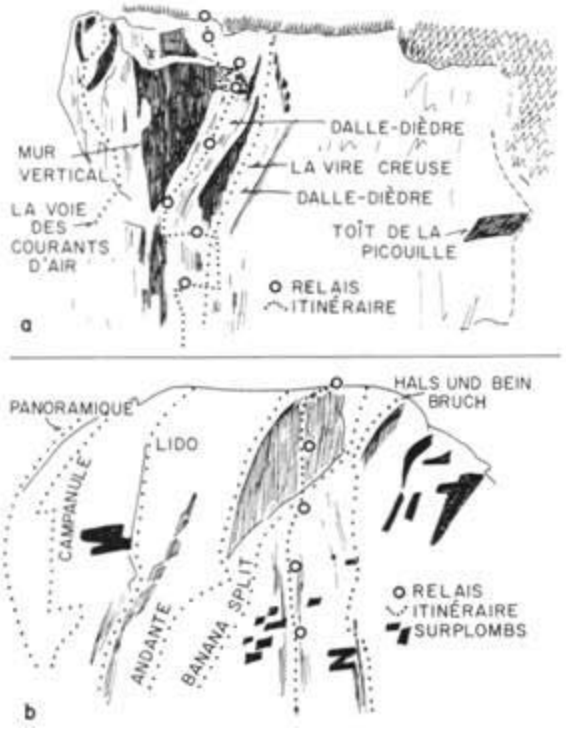
Que dire de cette région sauf qu'au Québec nous possédons des montagnes semblables aux Rocheuses ou aux Alpes. Les altitudes plus modestes sont compensées par des faces vertigineuses de glace, de neige et de roc, d'une beauté inouïe.

Ce coin du pays vaut d'être connu, et si possible avant les Italiens, les Français et les Allemands.

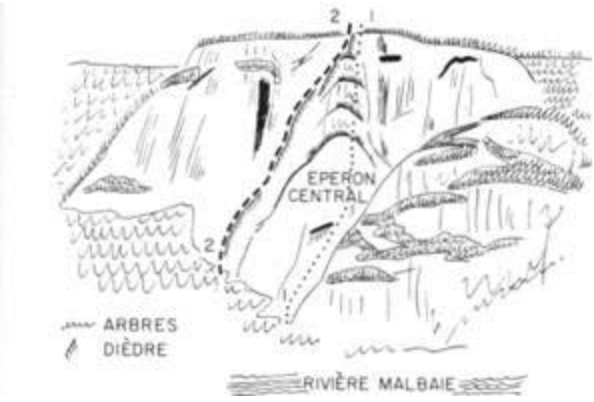
Marc Blais

Reprinted from Le Mousqueton, July 1974.

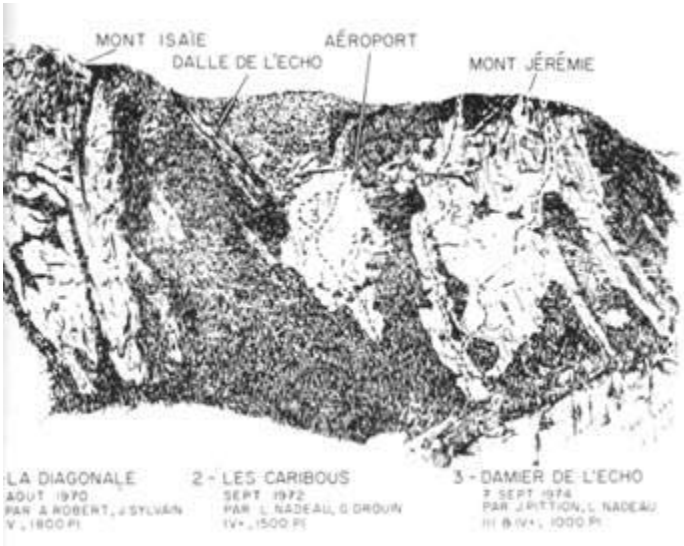
a - La Grande Alle, Cran des Erables. b - Recontre, Gros Bras. C. Bérubé/M. Irvine



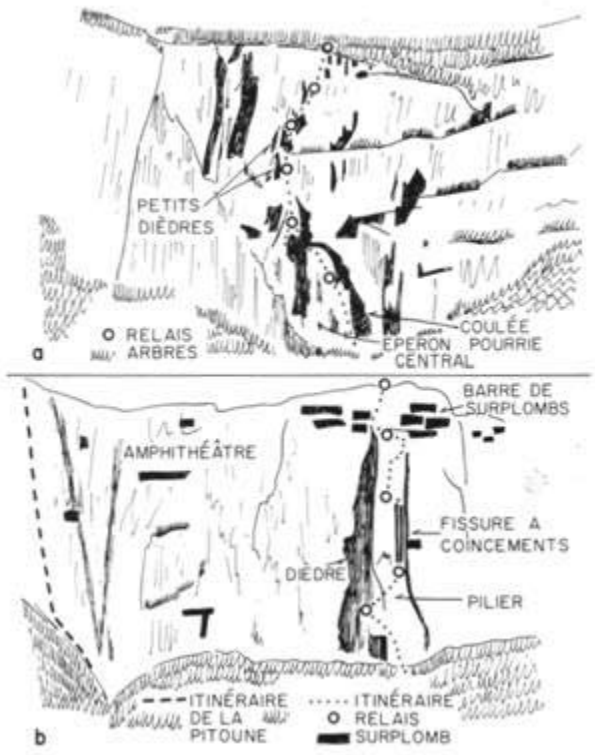
Mont de l'Equerre: 1 - La Voie des Americains, 2 - Cascade 74. C. Bérubé/M. Irvine



Le Damier de l'Echo, Mont Jeremie. Jean Sylvain



a - Six Douze, Mont l'Equerre. b - Sens Unique, Mont de l'Ecluse. C. Bérubé//M. Irvine



Autopsie d'une première

Lors d'une escalade avec Léopold à l'Équerre (Cascade 1974), Stephan repère une ligne de rocher intéressante. Aussi, me propose-t-il de l'accompagner la semaine suivante afin d'ajouter une autre première à notre tableau de chasse. J'accepte avec empressement, d'autant plus que l'Équerre est la seule paroi sur la rivière Malbaie à laquelle je ne me suis pas encore attaqué. C'est ainsi que le vendredi 23 août 1974, la Cortina '69 de Stephan s'élance sur la route de l'aventure, dans la mesure évidemment où une Cortina peut s'élancer. II nous fait plaisir de rencontrer, comme à chaque fois, le gardien de l'écluse et de passer la soirée avec lui. Une nuit de repos et nous voilà prêt à 5 heures le samedi matin. Après 2 milles, la voiture s'arrête inexplicablement. C'est à ce moment que la journée commence vraiment. On exerce nos talents de mécaniciens, pendant une bonne heure, inutilement bien sûr, après quoi, notre escalade étant à l'eau, on décide d'aller prendre des photos de la paroi. On rencontre le gardien en revenant à l'auto et il s'offre obligeamment à fouiller sous le capot.

Donc, c'est la bobine, c'est évident! Il fallait y penser! La Cortina est alors remorquée à l'aide du camion jusqu'à l'écluse. II est midi.

À côté de la maison gît une vieille Ford '66. On ouvre le capot, démonte la fameuse bobine, la remonte sur la Cortina. Stephan tourne la clef et vroumm, c'est parti! Il est 3 heures de l'après-midi, donc trop tard pour aller à l'Équerre, la voie prévue comprenant possiblement des sections d'escalade artificielle. Reste le Cran des Érables. On peut toujours répéter la «Revanche» à droite du Cran. Proche de la voie de descente, on devrait pouvoir faire ça avant la noirceur. Et nous voilà repartis. On stationne le cancer dans le chemin forestier menant à l'érablière. Je regarde la paroi, je regarde Stephan qui regarde sa montre. Il est 4 heures. II s'accroupit sur le

sol et entreprend de manger les bleuets qui le recouvrent. Et après quelques douzaines de bleuets: ON y va! ON y va! On emporte quelques bi-coins et pitons, 1 marteau et des oranges. L'approche se fait en un temps record. J'ai repéré notre arête de la route et j'essaie de ne pas la perdre à travers les arbres. On n'a pas encore commencé qu'on est pressé d'en finir. Le temps presse.

La première est enlevée en quelques instants. Stephan me suit comme un bolide. II attaque la deuxième longueur et je le rejoins. On s'aperçoit qu'on n'est pas dans la bonne voie; la vraie arête est à 200 pieds à gauche. Ce sera une première après tout! Une troisième longueur suit. Relais, une traversée à droite de 25 pieds sur une dalle facile, un petit mur de 10 pieds, une fissure à coincements, un gars pressé, tout est en place. Je coince les deux mains au-dessus de ma tête ainsi que la jambe gauche, au-dessous. La jambe droite est en opposition sur une petite écaille de rocher. Je m'élève, voyant déjà les premiers arbres annonçant le sommet. L'écaille lâche.

II y a une voie qui s'appelle «La Gravité» et il paraît que les grimpeurs aussi y sont soumis. Me voilà 30 pieds plus bas après un beau pendule. J'annonce à Stephan que je me suis cassé une patte. II me répond par un calcul de résistance des matériaux en fonction de l'accélération gravitationnelle dont j'ai oublié la formule, Stephan étudie le génie physique. Trois rappels et l'on atteint le pierrier avec la noirceur. Je refais mon éclisse avec sangles et marteau et nous nous apercevons après quelque temps que la meilleure technique de progression est dans ce cas de se traîner sur les fesses, cette technique de sauvetage a été oubliée dans la publication de la Fédé sur le sauvetage. II est 4h45 p.m. On atteint l'érablière à minuit. On grignote un morceau, on se couche. Stephan s'endort. On retrouve la bagnole le lendemain matin après une heure de «marche» pour parcourir 1/2 de mille. Destination: l'hôpital à Québec.

On m'annonce, après la prise des radios, que j'ai le péroné fracturé à quatre endroits mais on refuse de croire que c'est arrivé en faisant de l'escalade. Mais voyons, il n'y a pas de montagnes au Québec!

Claude Bérubé

This and the following accounts reprinted from La varappe, the Journal of the Club d'escalade Laurentien.

La Grande Allée, Cran des Érables

1re longueur : La voie se déroule dans le grand dièdre situé à gauche de la «Vire Creuse». Le départ est situé sous un grand mur vertical et étroit. S'élever sur le fil de I'arête pour 80 - 90 pieds et traverser de 30 pieds à droite (4 sup.).

2eme longueur : Descendre de quelques pieds et traverser sur 25 pieds vers la droite, puis monter tout droit jusqu'à un petit mur vertical (5 sup.) et faire un relais juste au-dessus sur la vire de petits sapins.

3eme longueur : Suivre une petite vire sur la gauche et faire un léger pendule pour atteindre la dalle quinze pieds plus bas. La suivre sur la gauche jusqu'au-dessus du vide, là où elle rejoint le mur vertical et forme une cheminée. Remonter celle-ci et faire un relais sur les vires placées en étages (5 sup.).

4eme longueur : Rejoindre l'immense tranchée de quatre à six pieds de large que partage la dalle sur toute sa longueur. On peut ramoner la fissure comme une cheminée ou grattonner sur la dalle. Relais (4 sup.).

5eme longueur : Suivre la cheminée jusqu'à une immense vire qui est en contact avec la «Vire Creuse» (4 sup.).

6eme longueur : Traverser 15 pieds à gauche et monter droit sur la dalle très inclinée (5 sup., 6?) jusqu'au surplomb. Traverser à droite pour atteindre le dièdre. Relais minuscule.

7eme longueur : Monter 10 pieds dans le dièdre (A1). Traverser 20 pieds à gauche pour atteindre 2 immenses feuillets qui ne demandent pas mieux que de respecter la loi de la gravité (5 sup.). Deux pas de A1 et quelques pas en 4 sup. nous amènent sous un mur vertical de 60 pieds qui sépare du sommet. Ce mur (A2) domine le pierrier de très haut et offre un point de vue magnifique.

Remarques : Escalade de grande classe et très soutenue surtout dans le haut de la voie. Pitonnage difficile dans les trois premières longueurs.

Le 2 juin 1974. Cotation : 5, A2, 5.7. Cordée : J-L Pittion, P. Pilon, S. Frick et C. Bérubé. Approche : 2 heures. Escalade : 11 heures. Descente : 2 heures. Hauteur : 1150 pieds.

Rencontre, mont du Gros-Bras

1re longueur : Le départ se fait à gauche de «Hallsundbeinbruch» dans un dièdre évident sous le grand mur de l'éperon central et juste à droite de gros surplombs. Un pas de 5+ pour surmonter un petit surplomb. La longueur est en 5 assez soutenue.

2e longueur : Rien de très particulier au point de vue escalade sauf que la difficulté vient surtout de la densité des arbres.

3e longueur : Même chose que pour la 2e longueur.

4e longueur : L'attaque du grand mur de l'éperon du centre de la paroi se fait à l'endroit ou une grande coulée de couleur foncée apparaît. Escalade très verticale dans une ambiance qui fait beaucoup penser au calcaire à cause surtout de la verticalité et de la forme des prises, très tranches, qui sont des espèces de trous creusés dans la roche et semblables à ceux que l'on retrouve au Dôme. II y a un pas en A1 juste avant le relais.

5e longueur : Escalade plaisante dans le même rocher creusé de trous et dont la difficulté n'excède pas 4 +.

Remarques : Escalade sans grand intérêt sauf dans le mur sommital. Il vaut mieux répéter les voies «Andante» et «Hallsundbeinbruch» qui possèdent une valeur esthétique certaine.

Le 22 juin 1974. Cotation : 5 plus, 5.7. Cordée : P. Pilon et C. Bérubé. Approche : 20 minutes. Escalade : 4 heures et demie. Descente : 1 heure. Hauteur : 900 pieds.

Le Damier de l'Écho, mont Jérémie

Cette voie fut grimpée pour replacer cette paroi dans ses proportions exactes.

Cette voie se situe dans la partie gauche des dalles de Jérémie, à gauche de «Caribou» mais non dans le mont Isaïe. Elle passe en plein centre de cette dalle et peut aller n'importe où, à droite ou à gauche, vu l'uniformité de la difficulté en 3.

Le passage de 4 sup. se situe au niveau du toit, presque à la sorde la paroi.

Cette voie est très intéressante parce que l'écho y est magnifique, et le rocher y est d'une propreté excessive, incroyable, hydro-québécoise. La descente s'effectue sans problème à la limite des arbres, tout près d'un sentier pour se désaltérer.

Néanmoins, comme à toutes les fois précédentes, le 5 sup. des voies se trouve dans l'approche et dans le retour qui sont constamment humides. Une remarque importante : c'est que le départ du stationnement de l'Hydro-Québec eut lieu à 6h30 a.m. et qu'à 7h30 p.m. l'on était assis chez nous, à Québec.

Léopold Nadeau

Le 7 septembre 1974. Cotation : 3 et 4 sup. Cordée : J-L. Pittion et L. Nadeau. Approche : 3 heures. Retour : 3 heures. Descente : 1 heure. Escalade : 2 heures. Hauteur :1000 pieds.

Cap Trinité. Neuf ans après...

Hé oui, ça fait neuf ans que les Allemands ont réussi la première ascension de la face est. La face est 400 pieds de large par 1200 pieds de haut. Cette année, la septième voie de cette face a été ouverte. Six de ces sept voies ont nécessité 5, 6 ou 7 jours d'escalade et de 5 à 7 bivouacs; de l'artificielle sur 6 des 7 longueurs. Une voie fait exception, la dernière; 4 jours, trois nuits et plus du tiers de la voie en libre. Que nous réserve la dixième année?

L'Araignée, Cap Trinité

Quand on regarde le Cap de face, cette voie se trouve sur la partie gauche. Elle sort directement de l'eau. La première longueur mène à une immense vire. La seconde mène dans un immense nid d'oiseau de proie et à un bivouac qui pourrait être plus confortable. La troisième mène à la sortie d'un dièdre, idéal pour recevoir la terre d'en haut. La quatrième mène à un arbre. La cinquième mène à un bon souper et la sixième au sommet, enfin. C'est le tempsqu'on sorte parce qu'on a plus de bouffe pour souper ce soir. L'escalade, c'est un beau mêler ; terrassier, c'est salissant.

Léopold Nadeau

Du 22 au 26 août 1974. Cotation : A2, 5 sup. Cordée : A. Robert, M. Blais et L. Nadeau. Hauteur : 800 pieds.

Cascade '74, mont de l'Écluse

Cette voie au mont de l'Équerre est la reprise probable de la voie commencée par d'autres grimpeurs l'an dernier. En effet, un piton fut trouvé dans la première longueur. Rappelons que la première voie ouverte fut en 1972 par Paul Ross, un Anglais, et John Porter, un Américain. D'après ce que nous en savons, leur voie fut ouverte sur l'éperon formé de plusieurs arcs superposés. Nous donnons ici la description qu'ils en ont faite dans le Canadian Alpine Journal.

Quand on regarde la paroi de biais, en venant de l'Écluse, notre voie suit une ligne de faiblesse qui semble être une grand fissure diagonale qui court de bas en haut et se termine au haut du dernier arc, à droite d'immenses toits.

Contrairement aux 12 ou13 longueurs américaines, nous avons mis 6 longueurs pour un itinéraire un peu plus long, longueurs de 150 pieds. Nous évaluons la hauteur de la paroi à environ 1000 pieds. Le rocher n'est pas très bon. II y a quand même quelques longueurs de belle escalade. L'approche se fait en 1 heure après la traversée de la rivière et le retour en 1 heure et demie. Choisissez à l'avance la voie de descente.

Cette voie ne présente pas de difficultés. Par instants, on se demande si c'est bien de l'escalade. Nous avons mis 3 heures du pied au sommet. On sort dans la voie de sapin comme d'habitude.

1 septembre 1974. Cotation : 3, 4 sup. Cordée : S. Frick et L. Nadeau. Approche : 1 heure et demie. Escalade : 3 heures. Descente : 1 heure et demie.

Six Douze, mont de l'Équerre

Le dimanche 30 juin, Pierre et moi, après un léger repas, décidons d'aller coucher au pied de la paroi afin de gagner du temps. II pleut toute la nuit, mais nous espérons quand même qu'elle cessera bientôt et que le vent séchera la paroi.

Effectivement, le matin à 6h15, le rocher est à peu près sec et nous attaquons la dalle de l'éperon central très évident, bordé par un grand dièdre pourri à gauche et par une coulée très pourrie elle aussi sur la droite.

Dès les premiers pas, je m'aperçois que le rocher est pourri! Après les deux premières longueurs de corde en 4 + et 5, j'aperçois les premiers signes du passage de la cordée du «camp des premières» qui avait dû retraiter au milieu de la paroi après un grave dévissage. Le grimpeur, blessé au dos après être tombé sur une vire, une chute très longue, je crois, avait dû, en effet, être conduit à l'hôpital. Une sangle rouge, un piton et un mousqueton pendent, inutiles, dans la fameuse coulée de droite, a environ 150 pieds au-dessus de nous. Aussi nous décidons de passer plus à gauche. Je monte une cinquantaine de pieds et je détache une pierre, grosse comme un poing, qui s'abat en plein sur le casque de Pierre. Le casque, ça sert à quelque chose tout de même! Une traversée à gauche d'une trentaine de pieds m'amène en ligne avec deux dièdres assez importants. J'atteins enfin un endroit propice à l'établissement du troisième relais. Pierre me rejoint. C'est ici sans doute que le dévissage de l'an passé a dû se produire car nous apercevons un dernier piton tordu.

Les trois dernières longueurs sont les plus éprouvantes étant les plus pourries; est-ce possible? La paroi se redresse pour devenir absolument verticale et nous risquons à chaque moment de couper

notre bicolore ou pire, qu'une pierre atteigne le second de cordée gravement. Mais nous atteignons quand même la sortie sans pépin.

C'était, je crois, le seul itinéraire possible, en libre, dans cette paroi. Ailleurs ça passe en actif et le rocher est aussi moins pourri. Ce n'est pas dans mes habitudes de dramatiser, mais je dois dire comme Léopold: «Aux adultes avec réserve.»

Remarques: C'est vachement pourri alors. Très soutenu.

1 juillet 1974. Cotation : 5 plus, 5.7. Cordée : P. Baillargeon et C. Bérubé. Escalade : 12 heures. Approche : 2 heures. Descente : 2 heures. Hauteur : 850 pieds.

Sens Unique, mont de l'Écluse

1re longueur: Suivre de 60 pieds à la base du pilier. S'encorder, facultatif. Suivre la fissure pourrie en se tenant sur la dalle pour environ 25 pieds, grande exposition. Traverser de 15 pieds sur la gauche et puis tout droit jusqu'aux gros blocs sur la face gauche du pilier formant le dièdre.

2e longueur: Revenir sur le pilier et se diriger en diagonale vers la droite, sur l'arête du pilier, sous la grande fissure à coincements, très évidente.

3e longueur: Suivre la fissure sur toute sa longueur, probablement la plus belle fissure à coincements qu'il m'a été donné de faire. Tirer sur la gauche jusqu'aux vires de gros blocs au centre du pilier.

4e longueur: Monter tout droit dans des blocs pour faire un relais sous la barre de surplombs; les arbustes forment une ligne horizontale sur la gauche.

5e longueur: Traverser à gauche de 10 pieds sur la vire herbeuse et monter tout droit dans une faiblesse évidente du surplomb, pas en A2 qui peut ne pas être nécessaire quand le rocher est sec, et suivre la grande dalle jusqu'au sommet.

Remarques: Escalade magnifique, point de vue extraordinaire sur la rivière Malbaie. Respecter le passage de la première longueur sur la dalle car il ne peut y avoir d'assurance digne de ce nom dans la fissure pourrie. Cette voie avait connu une tentative lors du «camp des premières» tenu l'été dernier. C'est la deuxième voie effectuée au mont de l'Écluse, l'autre étant «la Pitoune» par Jean-Luc Pittion, Léopold Nadeau et Claude Bérubé, le 15 septembre 1973.

24 juin 1974. Cotation : 5 plus, 5.7. Cordée : S. Frick et C. Bérubé. Approche : 2 heures. Escalade : 4 heures et demie. Descente : 2 heures. Hauteur : 750 pieds.

Eastern Arctic Mountains

1974 North Baffin-Bylot Expedition

Arctic mountaineering has a fascination which seems to increase with each degree of latitude. Although three previous expeditions have led me to untracked areas of the Cumberland Peninsula in southern Baffin Island,[1,2] and turned up enough virgin mountains to keep expeditions busy for years, I decided that 1974 was the year to forsake southern climes for the "high arctic".

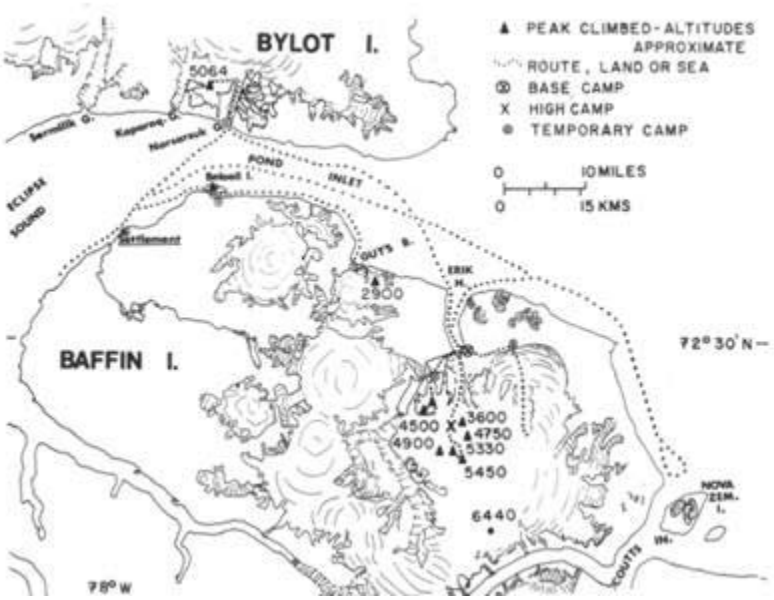
At the north end of Baffin Island the peaks are less spectacular than in Pangnirtung Pass or the Kingnait Highlands,[2] but the overall scene is staggering: migrating narwhal, wandering polar bears, icebergs, vast glaciers and the ultra-wild coast of Baffin Bay with 5000 ft summits visible from the sea. None of the major peaks on the upper end of Baffin Island and only a few on Bylot Island have been climbed. Pat Baird made a sledge journey and climbed a 6000 ft peak on Bylot Island in 1939.[3] Two members of a group of American scientists, camped near the Aktineq Glacier in 1952,[4] climbed Mt Thule and a nearby peak. H.W. Tillman crossed Bylot Island from the north coast down to the Sermalik Glacier in 1963.[5] Someone apparently climbed Castle Gables, and a few winter climbs near the coast have been made by Reverend Laurie Dexter of Pond Inlet.

We flew from Resolute Bay to Pond Inlet with Renting Aviation. From Pond we hoped to charter boats to carry us east and south along the coast of Baffin or over to Bylot Island. In addition to the usual expedition gear we were armed with a SBX-11 radio-telephone, two 13 ft Mark II inflatable boats from Zodiac of North America, two 15 hp Evinrude motors, a goodly supply of spare parts and a 30-06 rifle. Father Guy Mary-Roussellere, resident Catholic priest and well-known archaeologist in Pond, advised us that polar bears were so prevalent and unpredictable that he never ventured down the coast without two rifles!

Curt Saville, John Barraco and Peter Mullen arrived in Pond Inlet on 2 August, and as ice was just beginning to clear off Pond Inlet, set off down the coast in the Zodiacs accompanied by the Rev. Dexter. In four days they journeyed 30 miles eastward to Guy's Bight, former site of a small Eskimo colony. There, after a close range encounter with a polar bear, they climbed "Peak 2800", a moderate ice summit overlooking the bay. On their return they had great difficulty navigating through, and sometimes over, heavy pack ice. Stopping temporarily in Albert Harbor, a favorite haunt of whaling vessels 100 years ago, they climbed the highest point of rocky Beloeil Island. Just escaping being stuck in the ice, they returned to Pond Inlet on 9 August in time to greet the rest of the expedition, which included my wife Caroline, Don Morton, and Charles and Ellen Brush. Our arrival coincided with some dank and foggy weather and hundreds of migrating narwhal porpoising through the drifting ice floes.

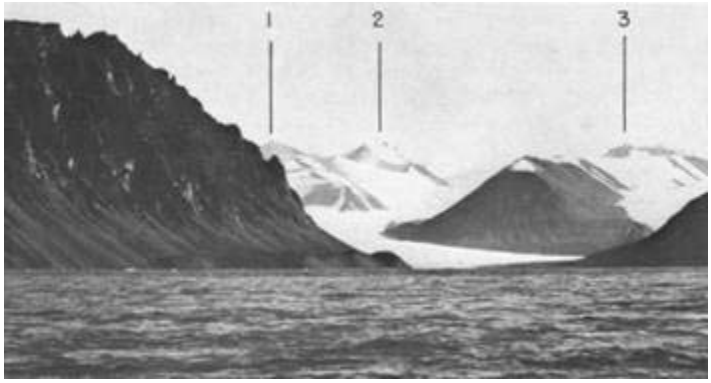
Our ambition now was to go back along the coast, hopefully as far as Coutts Inlet, a deep fjord 100 miles to the south east. For this we needed considerable boat space for eight people, fuel and supplies. Sam Ransom, the local Game Management Officer, was planning a trip to leave caches of snowmobile fuel for use during winter surveys of polar bear dens. Sam had a 45 ft diesel-powered "Peterhead", and an agreement for cooperation was quickly arranged.

Baffin and Bylot Islands. From NTS 1:500,000 Pond Inlet, 38SW and 39SE, 3rd edition, 1968. G. Cochran



From summit of The Jabberwocky looking down on The Dormouse. Gil Roberts

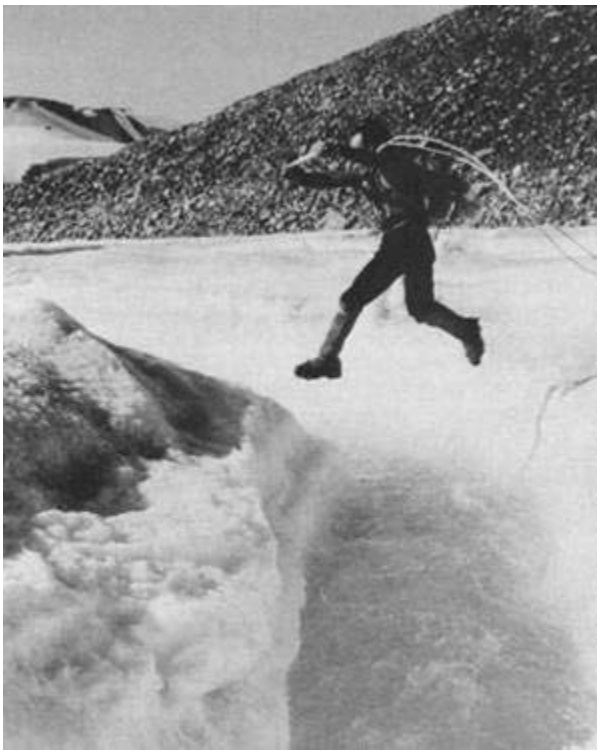
Erik Harbour from “at sea”. 1 - Peak 5450, 2 - Peak 5330, 3 - Peak 4900. G. Cochran



Zodiac in lake. Ridge and glacier routes to Peak 4450 in background. G. Cochran

View overlooking Erik Harbour and the lakes from bluff above base camp.
Peaks 4450 and 3800 (centre) reached via small glacier and ridge back of lake camp. D. Morton

John Barraco jumping stream enroute to north ridge of 5330.
C. Saville



Gil Roberts on summit of Mt Freuchen looking west toward Alice in Wonderland group.
1 - Mock Turtle, 2 - Mad Hatter, 3 - Cheshire Cat, 4 - White Rabbit, 5 - March Hare, 6 - Dormouse, 7 - Jabber¬wocky, 8-Tweedledum. Miles O'Reilly

Zodiac and ice bergs enroute to portage to lakes. C. Brush

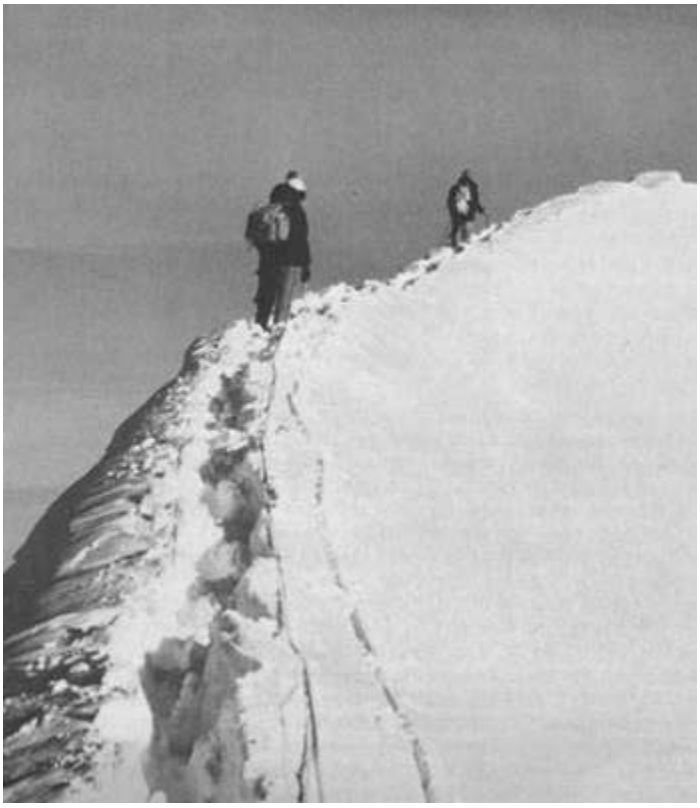
Setting off with our equipment piled high on deck we nearly reached Coutts Inlet in a run of 10 hours. There we were turned back by a mass of pack ice choking the mouth of the fjord around Nova Zembla Island. On this calm day huge ocean swells shifted the ice and crashed onto the low rocky coast. No place to hang around without a sheltering cove nearby. We turned back for Erik Harbour, 30 miles closer to Pond Inlet.

Inland from Erik Harbour were other mountain objectives selected on the maps; in fact on the trip down we had spotted three large peaks almost 30 miles away. They capped the head of a broad, low-lying glacier which calved icebergs into the head of Erik Harbour.

The shores of Erik Harbour had been called inhospitable even by the hardy whalers. Low clouds spat snow and a furious, cold wind blew off the glacier as we debarked at 4 a.m. on the south east corner of the harbour after 16 hours of steady travel on the boat. We examined a fresh polar bear track with considerable interest. Even some of the more pacifistic minded members of the group were clamouring for shooting lessons, just in case. We set up "base camp" near an ancient stone house site of the "Thule" Eskimo. Relics of whaling days were found on the beach, the harbour having been named after the whaling ship Erik which sank in its frigid waters.

Following a day of reconnaissance we landed on the main glacier by Zodiac and marched eight miles directly south to "high camp" at 2200 ft on a moraine bordering rubbly "Peak 2700". Like all the valley glaciers we encountered this one was remarkably smooth, the primary obstacles being not crevasses, but deep stream channels.

Summit ridge of Peak 5064. C. Saville



We spent five days on our rocky island in the glacier. Despite an initial day of snow and total whiteout we managed four first ascents on major peaks, including those seen from afar at sea, and several summits rimming the ridge of a glacier basin east from "high camp".

Our climbs began with the onset of a stretch of perfect weather. Skies were incredible "Baffin Blue". The first, most ambitious party left the instant it cleared on the evening of 18 August. The next party went out in the morning as the first returned and climbing continued on a round-the-clock basis.

Our next project led to the opposite, south west corner of the harbour in the Zodiacs; we portaged one boat over a broad moraine to the first of two large lakes leading to another valley glacier system. After an initial reconaissance climb to a ridge of 3500 ft and various other wanderings four of us returned to establish "lake camp". The object was "Peak 4450", highest of those bordering the lakes. Setting out in poor weather, we followed our previous route up a steep glacier toward the prominent 3500 ft ridge; then the climb turned into an exercise in reading aerial photographs to follow ridge systems in zero visibility, and eventually arrive at the snow dome summits "3800" and "4450".

Meanwhile Seville, Barraco and C. Brush had headed off to explore a gigantic glacier lying several miles east of our harbour "base camp". After encountering severe difficulties just getting on to the face of this great tongue of ice nearly 10 miles wide they headed off rapidly, hoping to make a dash for "Peak 6440", 20 miles to the south — one of the objectives we had hoped to climb from Coutts Inlet. After a day of glacier travel they were forced to turn back by the same weather that had greeted us on "Peak 4450".

All returned to Erik Harbour in time to meet Sam Ransom and the

Polar Bear swimming in Guy's Bight. C. Saville

"Nassiq" in the midst of the brewing storm. By the time we got aboard the boat rain, snow and waves had soaked everything thoroughly. We huddled in the chilly hold during a bouncy homeward voyage. Sheets of spray swept the deck.

We had not yet climbed on Bylot Island. Curt Saville, my wife and I decided to risk a few extra days. By midnight we were cruising close under the towering cliffs of Bylot Island. It was now 29 August and quite dark, particularly in the aftermath of the storm. Arriving off a rocky beach below the tongue of the glacier we hurriedly gleaned what equipment we could from the sodden mass stowed in every corner of the boat. Shouts for gear mingled with goodbyes and expressions of total disbelief. An Eskimo crewman pulled the tossing canoe alongside and we dropped in as it heaved up on the crest of a wave. Hastily he started the outboard, ran the 100 yards to the beach, dumped us ashore before the canoe could be battered in by the barely visible rocks, and roared back to the "Nassiq".

After admiring the inevitable polar bear tracks in the morning, we managed to recover and dry out by 4 p.m., just in time to trudge several miles up the glacier to a pleasant evening camp. From this point we made the remaining six miles and 4000 ft to the summit of "Peak 5064" the following day. The weather was superb, the glacier walk pleasant. A moderate ice climb followed and at the top a steep pyramid of snow with a knife edge ridge before the summit. An easy, but wonderfully satisfying, climb. On top we could see Pond Inlet and scores of mountains on Bylot that looked more attractive than the rubble piles described by Tilman and others who had climbed further to the west.

On the following day Sam picked us up in a holiday mood — a pot of fresh oiled Muktuk (narwhal skin) as a special treat.

Expedition Members G.V.B. Cochran, Caroline Cochran, Curt Saville, Don Morton, Charles Brush, Ellen Brush, John Barraco, Peter Mullen.

Description of Climbs and Routes Peaks are designated by altitudes from map spot elevations, or as estimated from altimeter readings and/or map contours. Names are being submitted to the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographic Names. Nearly all climbs involved glacier travel followed by mixed ice and rock routes of easy to moderate technical difficulty. Glaciers were free of snow up to the 3500 ft level.

PEAK 2900. 1st ascent, 6 August. Saville, L. Dexter, Mullen, Barraco. Route: from Guy's Bight Camp up glacier on north west face of this snow peak.

PEAKS 1050& 1000(Beloeil I.) Probable 1st ascent, 8 August. Via rocks of south side of island to col and summits. Parts of island doubtless ascended during whaling days but technical rock pitch below summit. Neighbouring Mt Herodler climbed frequently by local people.

PEAK 4900. 1st ascent, 18-19 August. Saville, Mullen, Barraco. Route: from Erik Harbour "high camp", south west across glacier to north ridge and glaciated north face of this rock summit.

PEAK 5450. 1 st ascent, 19 August. G. Cochran, Morton, C. Brush, C. Cochran. Route: from Erik Harbour "high camp", to glacier basin north east of col between peaks 5450 and 5330, then to col and up to corniced summit via ice and rock of north west ridge. Large cairn erected at col (4500 ft).

PEAK 5330. 1 st ascent, 19 August. Morton, G. Cochran, C. Brush. Route: via south east ridge from col following ascent of 5450. Rock summit visible from sea. Overhangs impressive, 3000 ft west face. 2nd ascent (new route), 20 August. Saville, Barraco. Route: from Erik Harbour "high camp", via north ridge with descent via south east ridge and col.

PEAK 4750. 1st ascent, 19 August. Saville, Barraco. Route: via glacier basin south east from Erik Harbour "high camp", to west ridge of this snow summit. 2nd ascent, 20 August. Morton, C. Brush, Mullen. Route: from Erik Harbour "high camp" south east across glacier basin and up ice slope to col on north ridge, then south to summit.

PEAK 3600. 1st ascent, 20 August. Morton, Mullen, C. Brush. Route: from col on north ridge of 4750, north then west along ridge to rock summit overlooking "high camp".

PEAK 2700.1st ascent, 20 August. G. Cochran. Rubble peak above "High Camp". Cairn marks site of "high camp" (2200ft) on moraine at south east corner of this rocky island.

PEAK 4450 RECONNAISSANCE. 23 August. Barraco, Morton, G. Cochran. Route: from site of Erik Harbour "lake camp" up steep glacier leading to prominent ridge (3500 ft) at south west corner of first lake.

PEAKS 4450 and 3800.1st ascent, 26 August. Morton, G. Cochran, C. Cochran, Mullen. Route: from Erik Harbour "lake camp" via former route to ridge leading to snow summit "3800" thence to snow summit "4450" via north east ridge.

PEAK 6440. Unsuccessful attempt, 24-26 August. Saville, C. Brush, Barraco. Route: east from "base camp" to huge glacier running southward to 6440 near north arm of Coutts Inlet. PEAK 5064 (Bylot Island). 1st ascent, 28 August. G. Cochran, Saville, C. Cochran. Route: from shore and camp on Narsarsuk Glacier to tributary glacier leading west at 2000 ft level, then up ice slope to south east ridge and snow summit. Cairn placed on prominent rock pillar east of summit.

George Van B. Cochran

Footnotes

1 Cochran, G.V.B.. and Ritterbush, P.C. 1 967 Cape Dyer Arctic-Alpine Expedition. CAJ, Vol. 51: 185-194. 1968.

2 Cochran, G.V.B. Baffin Island — Unexplored Arctic Mountains: the 1972-73 Baffin-Kingnait Expeditions. CAJ Vol. 57: 94-98, 1974.

3 Baird, P. 1938-39 British Expedition. Polar Record, no. 19: 226-7.

4 Scherman, K. Spring on an Arctic Island. Boston, Little Brown & Co., 1956.

5 Tilman, H.W. Mostly "Mischief". Hollis & Carter, London, 1966.

See also: Falconer, G. Glaciers of Northern Baffin and Bylot

Island, N.W.T. Geographical Paper No. 33, Geological Branch, Ottawa, 1962.

Acknowledgments

We wish to thank Zodiac of North America and Outboard Marine Corp. of Canada, Ltd. for their assistance in obtaining Zodiac boats and Evinrude motors; also Uniroyal, Footwear Div. for their excellent "Icebreaker" insulated boots which we wore during all our "marine" activities. We are indebted to the Territorial Government (who issued us Scientists and Explorers Licence #1730), the Game Management Branch, the RCMP. The Hudson's Bay Co., and Kenting Aviation for their kindness and assistance.

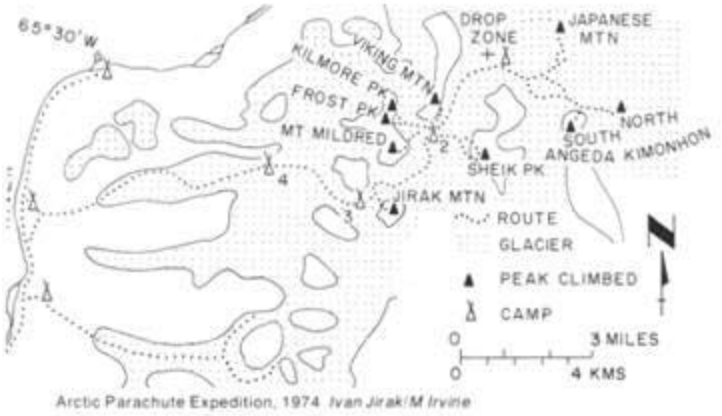
Correction Baffin Island 1973

CAJ 1974, p 27. Peak 31, "Kigut Peak", map reference should read DJ249300.

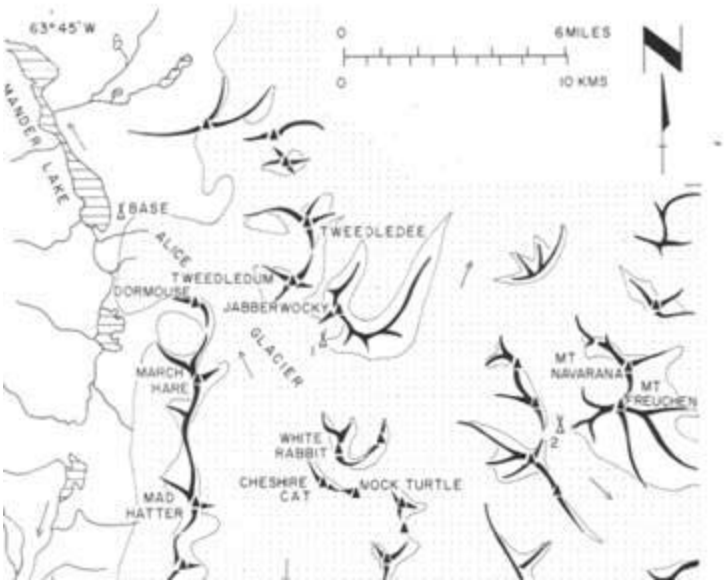
Baffin Island 1974

Having been inspired by Pat Baird's articles in the CAJ over the past years and his enthusiasm for climbing in Baffin Island, the Arctic was the logical direction to look for new mountaineering experiences. Since the North is perhaps the last frontier in mountaineering exploration, it was our intention to explore an area that had not been seen before. Considering that the range of mountains on Baffin Island runs for some 700 miles that left us lots of scope. Quite naturally, we turned to Pat Baird for practical advice. The first information received from him set out the particulars of air fare, depending on whether you are going to Pond Inlet in the north or Pangnirtung in the south. With a spread of over $250 there was little difficulty in deciding that we should look into the Pangnirtung area!

Baffin Island, 1974. Miles O'Reilly/M. Irvine



Arctic Parachute Expedition, 1974 *Ivan Jirak/M Irvine*



It looked as if the best area for general exploration might be in that section of the Cumberland Peninsula approximately half way between Pangnirtung and Cape Dyer. A cursory examination of maps indicated that the peaks were in the neighbourhood of 1600 to 1800 m. Accordingly, with the kind assistance of Fred Roots, aerial photographs were obtained from the Surveys and Mapping Branch in Ottawa. The next few winter weeks were spent cutting and pasting the jigsaw photos until we had a picture of the 2500 square miles east of Kingnait Fiord. The most interesting area appeared to be the top of an ice cap from which dozens of glaciers crawled in all directions toward the fiords projecting into the Peninsula.

With only limited time available, base camp must be established as quickly as possible. We decided that the additional expense of chartering a helicopter to take us from Pangnirtung was well worth the extra time thereby conserved. All other air transportation from Montreal north must be made with Nordair who hold a monopoly on air service for the region. Nordair impose a 44 lb weight limit on all personal baggage. Excess is charged at the rate of 0.5% of the regular air fare per pound! To our horror, this amounted to 92c/lb — a further $103. On the return trip our baggage was not weighed. A week prior to departure all food and much equipment was shipped air freight to Pangnirtung at 60c/lb. We were assured that without question the shipment would precede our arrival.

Our group finally consisted of six: Tom McCormack, Noel Hicks, Dr Gil Roberts, Robin Walker, Sandra Reuschel and Miles O'Reilly.

On Monday 16 July we gathered up the remaining gear and flew to Montreal where we caught the flight to Frobisher. Nearly perfect weather conditions, tides rising and falling some 12m, and the novelty of the midnight sun combined to create an exhilarating welcome to the Arctic.

Having arranged to have a taxi pick us up prior to the flight departure, we were somewhat surprised the next morning. The scheduled flight left early due to changing weather conditions. Dispensing with breakfast and striking camp in 10 minutes, we bundled ourselves aboard the Skyvan for the 180 mile trip to Pangnirtung.

Things seemed to be going too well. All we needed were the 11 cartons of food and equipment which the Nordair rep in Frobisher had assured us had been sent to Pang two days earlier. A diligent search failed to reveal the missing cargo. An angry telephone call to Nordair in Frobisher discovered that the shipment was still sitting in the corner of a warehouse. After a promise from the agent that there would be another plane out that afternoon carrying our equipment it was decided that Sandra and Miles would take

the helicopter and what equipment we had and set up base camp. The others would follow as soon as the equipment arrived. For the next two days the weather closed down over Pangnirtung and no flights went in or out. The remainder of the party paid fancy prices for meals at Ross Peyton's "hotel" in Pang. Finally late in the evening of 18 July they flew into base camp, set up near the edge of "Salamander" Lake at approximately 550 m (1815 ft).

Sandra and Miles had wasted no time in making a reconnaissance of the large glacier that debouched into "Salamander" Lake. No consensus was ever reached by the group as to names to be given to the glaciers and peaks, assumed all to be first ascents. For purposes of identification of the peaks abutting the "Alice" glacier, they will be called by the names of the Wonderland characters.

Next day we attempted two of the more prominent peaks we could see from base camp. Leaving at the civilized hour of 2 p.m. (!), we set out up the short terminal moraine and long glacier. Gil, Noel, Tom and Robin made for "Tweedledum" (66°18'33"N,63°31'W), and Sandra and Miles for "Tweedledee" (66°19'30"N, 63°31' 40"W), both of which we estimated to be about 1575 m (5200 ft). Much of the way the partles were together ascending the snow bowl between the twin peaks. Well before the col, Gil cut off to the right up a steep snow slope which at the top turned out to be glare ice. The rock ridge was then attained for a scramble to the summit. Miles and Sandra continued up through the glacial bowl cutting through the bergschrund to the col. A gentle rock ridge led to the snow summit. Gil's party by now was making its descent along Miles' ascent line when clouds blew in to the summit, dropping visibility to about 10m. Traversing the summit of "Tweedledee' was out of the question, and Miles and Sandra reluctantly retraced their steps rather than risk the crevasses coming down an unknown glacier. All arrived back in camp after midnight and although the sun dipped below the horizon, it was no darker than at an average sunset.

The next was a rest day. As most of the climbing time had been spent traversing the glacier it was decided to set up another camp closer to the peaks we wanted to climb. The following day we moved the six man McKinley tent about 8 kms (5 miles) up the glacier to about 910 m (3000 ft).

On 22 July, we again split into two groups and at 12.30 p.m. set out to climb another two peaks. Gil's party attacked "The Jabberwocky" (ca 1665 m, 5500 ft; 66°18'N, 63°29'W) immediately behind our camp by going up the glacier between "Tweedledum" and "The Jabberwocky" and ascending a steep rock ridge connecting with the summit snow ridge. They came off by the far ridge of the cirque facing our camp and cramponned down the glacier, arriving back about 9 p.m.

Miles and Sandra proceeded about 4 kms across the glacier to "The White Rabbit" (ca 1575 m, 5200 ft; 66C15'8"N, 63:29'W) a peak which rose out of the middle of the snowfield. Since it was afternoon, the surface of the glacier was four inch slush, the glacial rivers were high and it was impossible to find any dry ice to stand on until the base of the mountain was reached. With soaking feet, the crevassed slopes were welcome. Crossing these slopes, a glacial ridge was attained which led to the final summit rock ridge. Gale force gusts kept the rope stretched out horizontal from the waist. The wind made the summit exhilarating. Coming down it was relatively simple to jump across the crevasses, rarely wider than 1 m. However the softer snow conditions and Sandra's inexperience resulted in a rapid 3 m descent when she failed to jump quite far enough across the last crevasse of the day. Notwithstanding this added excitement, Miles and Sandra were back at 10 p.m. for dinner.

The next day was a rest day, but on 24 July we broke into three parties and climbed the remaining peaks around our camp. Gil and Noel climbed the two peaks behind "The White Rabbit", both about 1500 m, "The Cheshire Cat" (66°14'27"N, 63°30"W) and "The Mock Turtle" (ca 1600m. 5300 ft: 66°14'19"N. 63°28'40"W). Tom climbed "The March Hare" (66°16'22"N. 63°30'20"W), the most central of the "Tea Party" group. He went up solo along the rock ridge which emanated from the "Alice" glacier approximately 2 kms across from our second camp. Jumping one of the glacial rivers he landed hard on his heel.

On the same date Miles and Robin climbed "The Mad Hatter" (ca 1760 m, 5800 ft; 66°11 '28"N, 63°34'40"W), the highest peak in the area at about 7 kms from camp. The glacier was in better condition, so feet were still dry after a two hour hike across the ice. From the base of the mountain the glacier was crossed gaining the eastern rock ridge. By the time the summit ridge was attained the clouds had descended developing into a howling blizzard. Little time was wasted building a cairn and depositing our now traditional Kodak film canister. One compensation was that the glacier ran virtually from the summit to the base and in a 20 minute glissade Miles and Robin were starting back across the glacier to camp after an eight hour round trip.

By this time the McKinley tent was showing signs of strain and Robin in particular was having difficulty getting a dry night's sleep. The condition of Tom's foot seemed to preclude him from any further climbing activity. Consequently it was decided that we would break into two groups with Tom, Robin and Noel returning to base camp and contemplating a walk out to head of Kingnait Fiord, while Gil, Sandra and Miles would continue climbing.

On the following rest day Miles and Sandra returned to base camp, bringing back a further food supply and a two man tent. On 26 July Gil, Miles and Sandra set out on a 24 km slog aiming for one of the few peaks on the map that showed any altitude at all (5975 ft, 1810 m) and was one of the highest in the area. We agreed that this mountain should bear the name of Peter Freuchen, the explorer and author of the famous Book of the Eskimos. He lived with the Greenland Eskimos virtually all his 80 years, taking an Eskimo, Navarana, as his wife. We felt the companion peak to "Mt Freuchen" should be named after her.

The less said of the trek across the glacier in the heat of the day the better, other than that it took nine hours and at times involved thrashing through knee deep water and slush. The last three hours were spent hitting up a col through a glacier whose crevasses were almost totally concealed. Apart from hip sinking jolts no other damage was done.

On 27 July we got a relatively early start by 8.30 a.m. Snow conditions were still soft, but not disastrously so, and we kept

largely to the south west glacier, having to cross two or three major crevasses. The summit was reached by 1 p.m. under near perfect weather conditions. We arrived back at camp a little after 3 p.m. to find Sandra at her ablutions, not having been able to make the "early" rising hour.

The next day was again clear; a disadvantage as far as the condition of the glacier was concerned. Consequently we sat out the day until 7 p.m. before attempting the crossing back to base camp. The return trip was 32 kms. The worst part was traversed at night when the ice was quite crisp. Gil reached base camp about 2, Miles and Sandra staggered in some time after 3 a.m.

On the same day Tom, Robin and Noel set out down the shore of "Salamander" Lake toward the head of Kingnait Fiord. The weather was starting to deteriorate which combined with the difficulties of crossing raging streams, notwithstanding the use of hip waders, made for a rather strenuous and uncomfortable trek.

Helicopter pickup from base camp was scheduled for 1 August and late that evening Randy was able to break through the clouds. The plan was that Miles and Sandra would take all of the gear out and on the second trip. Gil would be picked up and get the others at the head of Kingnait. However, on arriving back in Pangnirtung it was clear that another trip that night was impossible.

The following evening a break in the clouds developed and the balance of the party were picked up. The weather again closed in and we had to wait for another three days before Nordair was able to fly in to Pang.

In retrospect we were extremely fortunate to have really excellent weather considering previous accounts of sitting out blizzards in a tent for two weeks. During the days temperatures rose as high as 20°C (68°F) or more. We found no use at all for the snow shoes we had all packed, although it might be interesting to consider using cross country skiis on the enormous glaciers. None of the previous accounts of Arctic camping gave any indication of risk to food supplies from wildlife. Our experience would tend to show that there is none. We saw only a couple of weasels which were particularly diffident. Mosquitoes were fearful to behold, but by and large were more of an irritant than a threat. Clouds of the monsters would surround you, but it was as if they did not then know what to do. Only on rare occasions did they bite. If there is any general advice to be given to the Arctic climber, it is to keep the weight light and be prepared for any type of conditions.

Miles O'Reilly

Arctic Parachute Expedition, 1974

On 4 July Mike Griffin, Ivan Jirak, Bob Klein, Jim Peden and Eric Wilhelm parachuted to 66°33'N, 65°07'30"W. By 10 July we had climbed eight peaks, seven of them previously unclimbed. Again we had the Scott Sky Van, a great jump plane. Cheers turned to sighs as first the parachute opened and then the skiis and two other packages broke loose from the cargo drop. In turn we jumped — everyone was safe on target. After assessing damages to the cargo we repacked the chutes, moved across a small glacial river and selected a camp site.

By 12.30 a.m. we had climbed 6590 ft "Japanese Mtn". On the highest rock outcropping three young men from Kyoto University Alpine Club had erected a cairn on 30 May for the first ascent. On the edge of the southern escarpment a helicopter had landed, planted a Bench Mark and marked the site with a 12 ft white cloth X. Lunch garbage and a large, used battery completed the junk pile and desecration of an otherwise beautiful mountain.

On 6 July we set out for "Angeda Kimonhon", from every direction facing the wind in Osage Indian language. Jim, Mike and Ivan contended with the crevasse scarred but gentler slope leading to the north peak. Bob and Eric climbed the peaks to the south on its northernmost side. Their climb began with a 70° ice slope.

Monday we decided to use as a solo day. Ivan headed for "Mt Mildred" (5900 ft). A broad convex apron led from the valley glacier up to three rock "ears". The last 40 ft were lower class 5. Bob and Jim climbed two peaks west of camp 2, "Frost Peak" (5700 ft) and "Kilmer Peak" (5800 ft). Eric attempted a rock climb of considerable difficulty, "Viking Mtn" (6000 ft) but was forced to stop for lack of equipment at the base of a steep friction slope 200 ft below the summit. Mike climbed "Snow Sheik Aribique Peak" (5500 ft).

Next day was moving day. By 8 a.m. we topped the pass and found a uniform and gentle slope down the reverse side. We dropped our packs and went back for the toboggan and parachutes. From camp Eric and Ivan went onto some rocks for movie taking while Jim and Bob climbed "Jirak Mtn" (5900 ft).

Next morning we hurried down to meet clouds sweeping up the glacial valley. Soon completely engulfed in a whiteout, we made camp 4. By morning the whiteout was even more complete and we headed for the main valley. On 13 July Jim went up a side valley to look for the women. He made no contact so we stayed in camp 6 for the day. Link up day, 14 July, was also rainy.

The Ground Support Team, Pat Connolly, Sally Mack and Debble Strock, saw the parachute jump from the plane. After a few days in Pangnirtung they took the boat to camp at the end of the fjord. Over several days they packed up the Weasel River, finally meeting up with the rest of the party.

Ivan Jirak

Foreign

Kilimanjaro — Climbing and Management

Kilimanjaro, the most famous mountain in Africa, has long been a popular objective for tourists if not resident Africans. In Tanzania just south of the Kenya border and some 220 miles south of Nairobi, she rises to two peaks, Kibo 19,340 ft and Mawenzi 16,890 ft, the volcanic mass dominating the surrounding plain which averages 3000 ft.

Although only 206 miles south of the equator her height means ice caps occur on both peaks. The slopes exhibit a classic hierarchy

Alpine hut of Mweka Trail at 10,000 ft on Kilimanjaro. John Marsh

Kibo, 19,340 ft, from Mweka Trail at 10,000 ft. John Marsh

of climates and corresponding vegetation zones, ranging from a moorland zone with under ten inches of rain at about 12,000 ft to the rain forest zone below 9000 ft. The slopes below 6000 ft are occupied by the Chagga people who engage in mixed agriculture and forestry. The mountain is thus of scientific interest and has psychological significance, tourist appeal and agricultural importance. A whole article could be written on each of these and another on the conflicts between them. However, I will concentrate here on my personal experience of climbing Kilimanjaro and the significance of present management for the mountaineer.

In 1889, when the first ascent of the mountain was made by a Leipzig geography professor, the journey to the mountain was likely as laborious as the climb. When I and a companion arrived there in February 1974 it was without effort, the train from Tanga being relatively comfortable and at $2.50 for the whole days ride certainly one of the world's travel bargains. Moshi, a town just south of Kilimanjaro is the usual departure point for climbs and there we intended getting information and supplies. The YMCA seemed a likely source, their brochure proclaiming 'Karibu tupande wote' which is Swahili for 'welcome to climb with us'. However we soon found that climbers were supposed to go as an official party and even the rates offered by the 'Y' were beyond our means. Climbing the YMCA way requires at least three people plus a guide and three porters. One provides ones own equipment and food but cooking is done by the guide. The climb lasts five days and utilizes two huts on the Marangu route. It is probably quite pleasant to it this way but it would have cost us as a couple, over $100. Trips organized by two local hotels cost even more. Many young travellers in Africa cannot afford this, while there are others who prefer the freedom, satisfaction, and risks of an independent climb.

If one decides to climb independently a number of problems will likely be encountered. We were told we could not use the huts on the mountain unless we were with an official group. One climber reported being turned away from Horombo Hut at 12,200 ft, late in the afternoon, thus forcing him despite extreme fatigue to retreat quickly down the mountain. This prevented him from ultimately reaching the summit and could have had serious consequences.

To discourage independent, i.e. non-commercial climbing, information on the ascent is only offered reluctantly and the dangers of an unguided climb are stressed. One wonders whether the omission on the topographic map of Kilimanjaro of the trail routes on the lower slopes is intentional. The failure of either the YMCA or the bookshop in Moshi to sell the Climbers Guide to Mt Kenya and Kilimanjaro is also surprising.

Thus we found ourselves faced with the dilemma of paying up and waiting for a party to be organized or climbing unofficially, perhaps illegally, and with poor information. Fortunately we met two returning climbers who had successfully used an alternate route that we were unaware of and that receives no publicity, perhaps because it permits a free climb. It is known as the Mweka Route having been developed by the College of African Wildlife Management at Mweka. It is shorter, steeper and served by two huts. We decided to try it and accordingly having obtained food supplies, and with difficulty a plastic water container, we left Moshi by bus.

Leaving the bus at the Mwueka College we ascended an old forestry track, through banana plantations, past thatched huts until we reached The Pacific Bar'. This is the last chance to buy anything although the barrels of banana beer are best avoided until the descent. Above the plantations one enters a pleasing pine forest and finally the rain forest where the track diminishes to a trail, visible but neglected. In one day one can comfortably go from Mweka at 5000 ft to the first hut, a bare circular aluminum shelter in a moorland area at 10,000 ft. On the second day we ascended over a rocky desert to the second hut on a ridge at 15,000 ft. There is no water here and it's freezing at night so we got little sleep despite the fatigue induced by altitude. On the third day we struggled up the snow slopes to the crater rim and I reached the summit about 3 p.m. By nightfall we were back at the lower hut and the following afternoon saw us once again at the Pacific Bar. Thus depending on weather, which is quite unpredictable, physical strength and motivation one can make the ascent of Kilimanjaro by the Mweka route in four or five days.

An expensive, luxury, official climb of Kiliimanjaro certainly appeals to a lot of people, an estimated 3000 in 1966. However climbing cheaply, under one's own steam, and on a route that gets few others, certainly has its compensations.

The situation at Kilimanjaro demonstrates what can happen when a mountaineering attraction of international appeal is considered almost solely as a commercial resource. In a country aspiring to a socialist philosophy it seems somewhat incongruent that the ascent of its principal mountain is being restricted to wealthy foreigners. The keen, but poor, mountaineer and the local African are not encouraged. Maintenance of alternative routes and huts, such as the Mweka one, and the provision of good information could certainly increase the recreational potential of this spectacular mountain resource. It is a pity that people are coming a long way for a once in a lifetime experience on Kilimanjaro and being deterred unnecessarily by officialdom and costs. Hopefully other countries will not attempt to capitalize on their mountains in such a narrow way. A more democratic management of Kilimanjaro in keeping with the political philosophy of Tanzania would doubtless benefit visitors, locals, and the government.

John S. Marsh

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