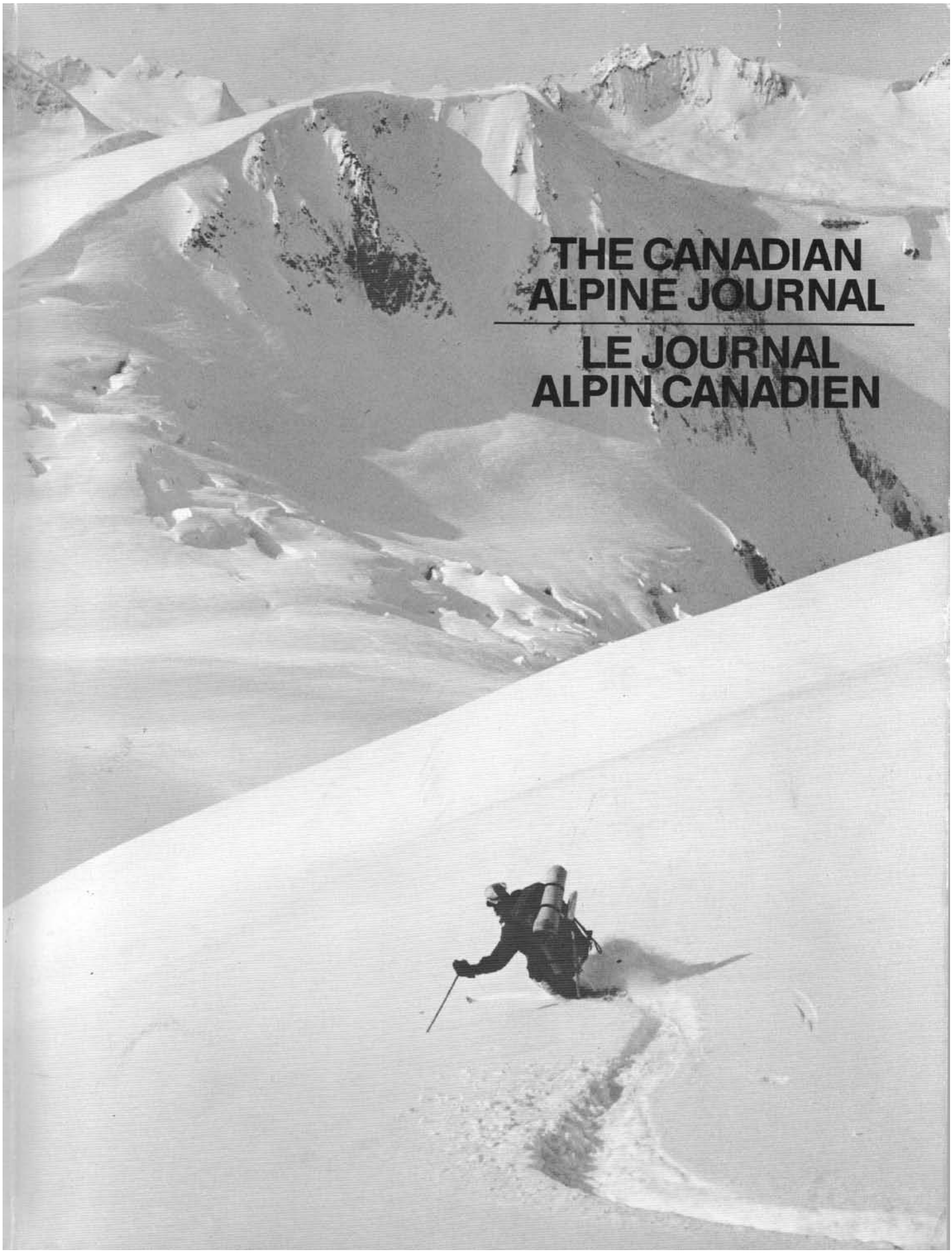

THE CANADIAN ALPINE JOURNAL

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The national headquarters of the ACC is in Banff, Alberta. Regional Sections are active in Banff, Calgary, Edmonton, Montreal, Ottawa, Thunder Bay, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and on Vancouver Island. Activities organized by the ACC and by Sections include summer mountaineering camps and ski camps for all levels of experience, Club summer and winter training camps, and Section yearly climbing schedules. The ACC maintains several huts in the western Canadian ranges and has a Clubhouse near Canmore just outside Banff National Park. The Club assists members participating in exploratory mountaineering, represents the interests of mountaineers to government agencies controlling the use of climbing areas, and is involved with mountain management and mountaineering safety.

Membership in the ACC is open to all who support the Club's objectives. Some of the benefits of membership include: use of Club huts and the Clubhouse and attendance at camps at member's rates, reciprocal hut use with some other national clubs, the receipt of the Canadian Alpine Journal (except Juniors) and other Club publications, member prices on ACC books.

Le siège social du CAC est situé à Banff, Alberta. Des sections régionales sont actives a Banff, Calgary, Edmonton, Montréal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, et dans l'lle de Vancouver. Aux Etats-Unis une section est basée à Portland, Oregon. Les activités organisées par le CAC et par les sections comprennent des camps alpins d'été et des camps de ski pour tous les niveaux d'expérience, des camps d'instruction de club, en été et en hiver, et des programmes annuels d'alpinisme organises par les sections. Le CAC entretient plusieurs cabanes sur les chaines montagneuses de I'ouest canadien et un clubhouse prés de Canmore, aux approches de Parc National de Banff. Le CAC aide ses membres a participer a I' alpinisme exploratif, représente les intérêts de alpinistes aux agences gouvernementales qui dirigent I' usage des terrains d'alpinisme et s'occupe de la conservation dans les montagnes et de la sécurité des alpinistes.

Tous ceux qui soutiennent les objectifs du CAC sont éligibles à être membres. Quelques bénéfices du CAC sont: le droit de faire usage des cabanes du club et du clubhouse; la participation aux camps a prix de membre; I' usage réciproque avec d'autres clubs nationaux; la réception du Journal Alpin Canadien (excepte les cadets) et d'autres publications; les prix spéciales pour les livres en vente au CAC.

Instructions To Contributors

Manuscripts, in English or French, for submission to the Canadian Alpine Journal should be sent to Moira Irvine, editor CAJ, Box 91880, West Vancouver, BC V7V 4S4, Canada.

The deadline for submissions to the 1986 CAJ is 20 November 1985.

Submissions should be typed, DOUBLE SPACE, with a 11/2 inch margin on the left-hand side, on 81/2 x 11 inch paper. Any corrections to a typewritten ms should be made in pencil. Please submit original copy, not xerox or photocopy. Maps should include a north arrow, scale, and latitude and longitude. Photographs should be sharp and clear, minimum size 5 by 7. Good colour prints are preferred over colour slides. If marking routes on photographs please include an unmarked print or mark route on an overlay. Please list photo captions on a separate sheet of paper, with title of your ms at top. Put sender's name on back of prints and on slides. When numbering back of photographs do not press hard, do not use ball point or felt tip pen.

Proposals concerning new names should be submitted in writing to the Executive Secretary, Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names, 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 be identified on a map, sketch or airphoto.

Instructions Aux Collaborateurs

Veuillez soumettre vos manuscrits pour le JAC en français ou en anglais, a Moira Irvine, Editeur JAC, Box 91880, West Vancouver BC V7V 4S4, Canada.

La date limite pour les soumissions au JAC (1986) est fixée au 23 novembre 1985. Les soumissions postées avant la date limite seront reçues avec reconnaissance. Les collaborateurs qui désirent lire leurs manuscrits après I' annotation devraient les soumettre avant le 26 octobre 1984. S'il y a encore trop de texte, on peut faire d'autres changements éditoriaux. Les collaborateurs qui désirent revoir leurs manuscrits annotes devraient I' indiquer au moment de les soumettre.

Les soumissions doivent être dactylographiées, L'ESPACEMENT DOUBLE, la marge de 1 1/2" à gauche, les dimensions du papier 8 1/2" x 11". Si vous êtes obliges de soumettre un manuscrit écrit a la main, veuillez Ie soumettre de bonne heure et veuillez écrire sur les lignes alternées, c'est à dire espacement double. Les corrections aux manuscrits dactylographies doivent être écrites au crayon. Veuillez soumettre la copie originale, pas de xerox ou de photocopie. En présentant des cartes veuillez inclure la flèche nord, I' échelle, la latitude et la longitude. Les photos doivent être nettes et claires; les dimensions minimums 5" x 7". De bonnes photos en couleur sont préférables aux diapositifs en couleur. Si vous tracez une route sur une photo veuillez attacher une photo sans trace ou un "overlay". Veuillez cataloguer les photos en pages séparées, le titre de votre manuscrit en tête et écrire le nom de l'expéditeur a l'envers de la photo ou le diapositif. En écrivant a I' envers des photos n'appuyez pas et n'utilisez pas de stylo a bille ou de stylo a feutre.

Vous devriez envoyer vos propositions pour de nouveaux noms de lieu, par écrit, au Secrétaire Exécutif, Comite Canadian Permanent de Noms Géographiques, Bureau Géographique, Ministère d'énergie, Mines et Ressources, Ottawa. Les propositions doivent être accompagnées d'informations suffisantes au sujet de l'origine et de l'usage du nom ou des noms, et doivent être identifiées sur les cartes, les croquis ou les photos aériennes.

Cover: Machmell Ski Horseshoe: the first of forty turns down the slope south of camp 7. John Clarke

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Machmell Ski Horseshoe

It seems the Klinaklini Glacier has a hold on us. John Baldwin and I had both tried to reach the high peaks at the head of this glacier twice before and now we were going back. A craving for more punishment? We thought so in April 1984 as we drove to the Chilcotin with new snow down to 1000 ft on Mt Cheam in the Fraser valley. It even snowed in Cache Creek! Near Tatla Lake we had a visit with the Kings of Whitesaddle Air and settled in for the night.

We woke to a brilliant Chilcotin morning. Cows ambled a few yards away as we packed the helicopter on Mike's airstrip. Beyond Mt Whitesaddle crowned the scene. The giddy excitement of the flight took hold as we shot across the wintry Pantheon Range. Only the Ha-iltzuk snowfield was in cloud but Mike managed to land the helicopter in three places on the proposed route. Each time we got out into the flying powder we placed the food boxes and marked the spot with tall bamboo wands. Mike dropped us off and flew away. We stood bewildered on a snow hummock at the beginning of a long journey. Over the next 29 days we would have 10 days tent bound and receive ten feet of new snow.

We skied up through the trees, stopping occasionally to gaze at the wild mountains across Lemolo Creek. Camp 1 was at 6400 ft on the ridge to the east. After supper I looked out to check the sky. The orange glow on the peaks did little to temper the icy wildness of the scene outside.

Morning. It was cold. The snow sparkled on the run down to a glacier and into a horseshoe of peaks. Smooth snow bowls were everywhere! Lunch was on the col north of Mt Galloway — our first climb. From its top Mt Willoughby's wild north side was visible, something I'd wanted to see since climbing it from Owikeno Lake eight months before. Beyond masses of cumulus cloud framed Mt Silverthrone and its attendant peaks. That range had a whipped cream look from here and we were eager to ski through it. Later, from the top of Mt Sawitsky, our eyes were drawn toward massive Mt Cerberus. After a lazy run back to the packs we skied down the gentle glacier past a few pale blue crevasses and put in camp 2. Below the tent an icefall produced ranks of séracs that appeared to be marching down toward a tributary of Lemolo Creek. The light was gone after supper when I looked outside to check the sky. It was blue-black and full of stars.

The packs tore at our shoulders next morning as we carried the skiis up to the ridge east of camp. High up we could see a remarkable, long corniced ridge above which Mt Willoughby rose. From the crest we saw the Princess Glacier right down to its snout at only 1500 ft. Along the ridge John got well ahead and when I'd turn a corner I would only see his tracks disappearing around another corner. I knew I'd never catch him till lunch but the going was glorious. Back toward Mt Sawitsky good weather clouds were piled on each other to a terrific height. We dropped the packs in the little gap just north-west of Mt Bohnet and set out for the peak. On the way up the south-west ridge I lingered often to gawk at the scenery and look at the masses of fast growing cumulus cloud. On top I found John peering across at Mt McArdle, a wavy mushroom snow peak to the south that was too far off route

View from camp 5
With air drop bamboo wands, of (left to right) Corner Hat, Mt Swordy, and Mt Brager. John Clarke

to climb on this trip. We finally left our perch and skied down to the tent and dinner.

In the morning we skied nimbly across the north side of Mt Bohnet on benches between the crevasses and climbed through a col to the snowfield north-east of Mt Sandes. This was our next climb and was completed in flying cloud that resulted in our taking separate routes on the way down. It was strangely dream-like skiing down alone through the mist. We met again on the long schuss to the packs. We camped in the next valley to the east near a curiously beautiful black streaked granite outcrop. We both woke at 3 am to shiver and doze the rest of the morning. There hadn't been enough lard in the supper last night.

In the clear cold morning we hiked into a high basin, the dot of last night's snow wall receding into the distance. Farther on we raced across a long steep glacier that sent avalanches 3000 ft down to the rubble filled Nahornyk valley. The 7900 ft peak nearby was an exhilarating climb in a terrific wind. Later, packing down to a 5200 ft col we passed a few trees and lunched in a sunny corner perched above the wild upper Machmell valley. At the bottom avalanches from many sources left crazy patterns from turning and riding over each other. The steep climb up the other side ended with carrying the skiis over a wet, mossy ledge to easier slopes beyond. Evening saw us trudging up the last few yards to the bamboo wands of the first drop. The boxes were covered in sifting snow. Just before dark we sat, gazed across at Mt Swordy, and gobbled down cheesecake and fruit cocktail.

April 29 was a day of monstrous packs, swollen with food and gas from the drop. John became a dot on the ridge crest, an eagle circling above. Below was the Machmell valley, a dark corridor where no lights ever twinkle, that sliced into the snowfields to frame their flat light in sombre hues. We packed almost to the peak of Mt Haslett, passing corn ices hung with icicles. We made the side trip to the summit in wild weather then skied over to Mt Vallillee and another peak visit. Black lichens peered through the blown powder snow cemented to the summit rocks. A little hollow at 8300 ft just northeast of the peak was the best place to camp and another of John's marvellous snow walls went up. A storm had been moving in gradually all day and boiling clouds projected moving light forms that lingered on the Mt Swordy group till dark.

After spending the last day of April cocooned in the tent, on 1 May we toured around the range to the north-west, skiing easily

Mt Willoughby from Mt Galloway. John Clarke

The 8900 ft peak oh the Ha-iltzuk icecap from the col north-east of the 8700 ft peak. John Clarke

from peak to peak. It stormed much of the day but we could always see enough to get around. John went off and climbed Mt Learn and the 8300 ft peak farther west while I turned back toward camp since I was still convalescing from the big carry up from camp 5. I was revived by a big chicken dinner and one more rest day that produced terrific winds and another foot of snow.

On 3 May we picked our way over to Machmell Peak in very unsettled weather. Most of the afternoon we were on the compass, the one ahead keeping the skiis parallel to hold the bearing, the one behind shouting out the periodic correction. We dove on the map whenever a rock island emerged from the grey. At the base of Machmell Peak, just as John was building a wall and I was putting up the tent, a furious snowstorm started. We had hoped to climb Machmell today but this heavy snowfall completely dampened my ambition and I wanted to get inside. Not so with John! He was grinning through his frozen beard and pointing up! We started. It was a wild climb, as six inches of snow fell in

Skiing around on the north side of the 8900 ft peak on the Ha-iltzuk ice-cap. John Clarke

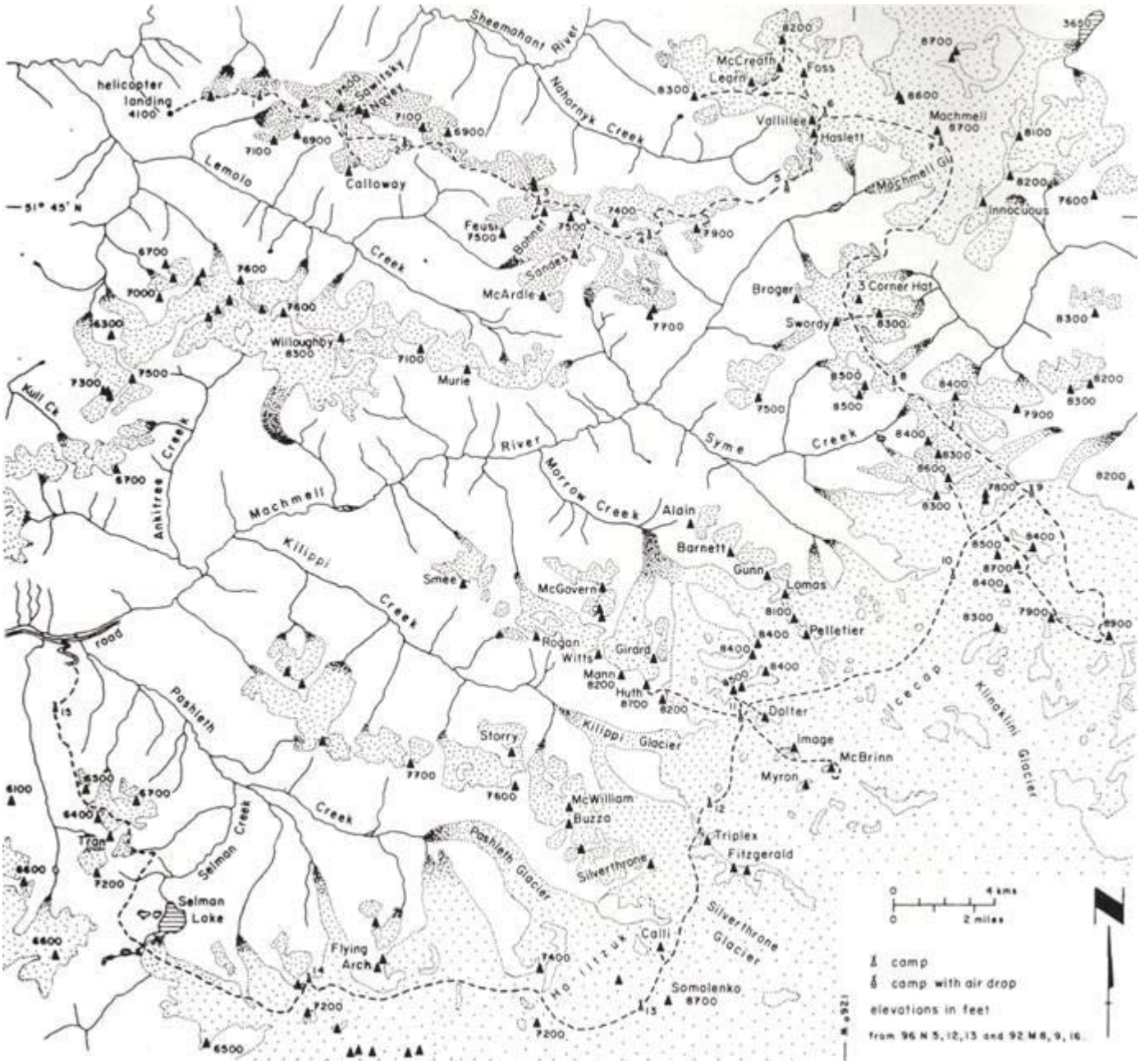
under two hours. Back in camp, a hazy late winter dusk barely illuminated continuous powder avalanches from Machmell's face. We ate supper and wriggled into the sleeping bags.

In the morning the Swordy group was bathed in a soft mist and beyond banks of cumulus mixed with peaks we didn't know. John did forty turns on the run down the 900 ft slope south of camp and I followed, murdering the hill with kick turns. At the bottom a lone goose flew over the snow pass and east into the interior. Gentle snowfields gave way to a ridge system that took us down to a 6200 ft pass dotted with a line of bear tracks. The animal had come out of the Machmell and into the Chilcotin. Clouds boiled all day. On the climb up to Mt Swordy I got desperately tired and fell far behind, sleepwalking in John's tracks. We climbed Swordy and a peak east of it then skied south-east down a glacier in the flattest possible light. Up went another snow wall and camp 8 took shape just before dark.

On 4 May we had fast going on a hard crust. The 8400 ft peak we were climbing today was ringed with soft cloud. From the top we peered down its north face which we had seen from near camp 7. Toward the Ha-iltzuk snowfield peaks appeared and disappeared in enormous masses of cloud. During the remaining distance to camp 9 we were terrifically excited about getting close to the high peaks we had both wanted to climb for so long. The last mile brought us through a little gap and out onto a vast perfectly smooth snow plain. We skied over to the bamboo wands of the air drop and built the wall for camp 9.

At first light I attacked the tent door to get a look at the sky. It was clear, the whole snowfield inviting us to ski anywhere we wanted. We had definite plans however and skied up through an ice valley past hints of crevasses, their attempts at showing on the surface buried in the constant accumulation. We panted up the slope, eager to reach a pass and the view. Suddenly we were there staring across at the 8900 ft peak. I must have looked at it on the map and in photos a hundred times and now we would be on it in two hours! First we circled around to the east face of the 8700 ft peak where a steep snow chute led up to the summit ridge. The enclosing walls of this gully were thickly crusted with gleaming ice feathers, the royal blue sky above them completing an unearthly scene. From the summit we floated in a vast confusion of peaks and in the north Mt Monarch rose out of a woolly ring of cloud. In the south the snout of the great glacier was 25 miles away, and beyond it a band of cloud wrapped itself at half height across Klinaklini Peak. In front of the Pantheon Range tongues of cloud oozed up and poured like

Machmell Ski Horseshoe: map. John Clarke/M Irvine



waterfalls through broad snow passes and dissolved. We clambered down to the skiis and schussed over to the 8900 ft peak, the last 2000 ft of which was climbed in an hour, so eager were we to see the view from its top. The Ha-iltzuk snowfield was at our feet. The view toward Mt Silverthrone showed a land overwhelmed with snow. It almost seemed the many upper branches of the glacier could hardly carry it away fast enough. After driving mist sent us down to the skiis we visited the bulging snow face on the north slopes of the mountain, including a filled in icefall containing a perfect cube of snow 50 ft on a side. The ski back to camp ended a day that was a gift to us from these elusive mountains.

Next morning (7 May), under a windless grey sky, we tramped up south-west through fast changing weather. We could hear the wind loudly tearing plumes off nearby ridges with still not a breath where we were. Spindrift scurried across high snow slopes, poured over crevasse lips and eddied toward us. Now we were in it. A savage wind tore at us all day but we managed the trip over to an 8600 ft peak. Later on, in three minutes of absolute terror, I was blown fast and wildly out of control off route down a gentle, icy slope. When I reached John he was stamping around on the lee side of a wall he had hastily built for shelter. We expanded it and camped.

We were tent bound for the next two days during which one foot of snow fell each day. On the first day a lull in the afternoon produced a hole in the clouds to the south and Hamatsa Peak emerged in a curious blue-grey light. On the morning of the second even the wall had disappeared in new snow. All this day the lulls would last a moment then the straining and heaving of the tent would resume.

On 10 May we compassed toward the third and last air drop. Just when the route got really confusing a gap in the fog would reveal our location. Finally a grey-orange flow filtered through and when I trudged up to the drop John had started the snow wall. The weather had been gradually improving all day and now Mt Huth, itself in shade, was surrounded with thin swirling sunlit clouds. A

Mt Silverthrone from the ridge on Mt Huth. John Clarke

wolverine had chewed through one of the boxes but stopped on reaching a soup packet he didn't like.

Next morning a cold diffused light illuminated the snow on the way up to two 8500 ft peaks north of camp. On both summits the packed snow squeaked underfoot and it was so windy we could hardly look at the view. From here the Waddington Range appeared to connect directly with the Ha-iltzuk snowfield with no hint of the great valley separating the two. John went over and climbed Mt Dolter and I skied back to camp, finding a tiny frozen bird on the way.

Next morning was stormy but there was a lull at around 10 am. It ended just after we started for Mt McBrinn. Groping through the flat white in soft new snow, we interpreted the route through gaps in the fog. We stopped to wax up near Mt Myron then rounded the north and east sides of Mt McBrinn, looking for a route up. Snow was driving thickly when we got to the south ridge where John climbed a nice 30 ft needle. We then switchbacked on very steep snow to the ridge crest and crawled around on the rocks for awhile. It was ridiculous but we didn't want to give up. When a brief clearing showed the remaining route to the top we gave up and started down. I skied down a few yards and the whole slope I was on collapsed into a bergschrund. I fell about 20 ft and stopped buried up to the chest in soft powder. The storm was thickening again but our old tracks were found and followed back to Mt Myron. Later in improving weather we took the skiis to the top of Mt Image.

The storm returned that night and lasted two days, smothering the camp with two more feet of snow. We lay around reading, sewing, eating fancy air drop food, and planning side trips that would never happen. Outside ice feathers grew on skiis and poles and inside we waited for a change in the wind.

On the morning of the 15th it was calm and shapeless masses of cloud crept around the base of Mt Huth whose peak stood cold and bright in the sun. Our lucky day! We gobbled up porridge and rice, skied down west of camp, and zigzagged up into the snow basin east of the peak. Here, below an enormous rock needle, tiny crystals filled the sky with diamonds. From the col Mt Silverthrone was right across from us, rising out of the wastes of the Kilippi Glacier. Minutes later it dissolved in thin mist. On Huth's summit I thought about my 19days tent bound trying to reach this spot. I couldn't have been more satisfied. Lunch was on a ledge below the peak and then we followed the tracks in thick fog down to the skiis. After a weary trip back to the tent we broke camp and compassed through fog to place camp 12 just north of Mt Triplex.

On the morning of the 16th we had an exhausting hike up to the northwest ridge of Mt Triplex through a thin still mist, and bright flat light. John finished the climb while I sent the packs on the rope down to the Kilippi Glacier. I stood on the col between Silverthrone and Triplex, where the Mundays came to in 1936, hoping for a break in the weather. It would have been my best chance yet at Silverthrone but the ridge above was invisible. We skied on in terribly flat light to the big col south of Mt Calli which was a grand scene, the snow almost entirely smothering the ridges. I hiked over to Calli while John continued on in hope of climbing Somolenko, something he dearly wanted to do. Camp 13 was only a half mile and 1000 ft from its summit — the first camp in ten days that wasn't on the Klinaklini Glacier. The sun peeped out after supper and a few gulls crossed the pass near Calli. Later on, in wind and sifting powder, we looked at each other and guessed that this spot might be home for awhile.

Three days of imprisonment followed which cancelled any further climbing as we had six days food at the start. There was a full moon up there somewhere that we never saw. John started reading How Green is My Valley while I patched gaiters and greased boots. At the end of the first day shrimp curry and rice capped an afternoon of loafing in manky socks and underwear. On the 18th we got another foot and a half of new snow with winds that made it impossible to light the stove. I pushed through the plugged door and started it in the bottom of a hole dug for the purpose. An hour's work produced two bowls of porridge after which the tent was dug out. A cornice had formed on the wall which was buried on the windward side. After lunch and a snooze a new drift had plugged the door and outside there was no sign of the six foot hole dug that morning. We must have discussed the complete reform of the whole world during this storm! After supper when the wind again picked up to a furious level we decided on one more day here, and then walk down the Pashleth valley — something we

didn't want to do with skiis.

On the morning of the 19th the door was again choked shut. The tent was dug out and buried again in a few hours. I wrote in my diary, "It is a marvel for me to be out in the Coast Mountains with someone who can actually enjoy these storms. The tent is settling into its little depression and being incorporated into the snowfield whose level is always rising. The sinking tent is really the only evidence of accumulation here, as the rest of the scene stays unchanged."

On the 20th we went for the high route and compassed west in a white void. Only when the grey form of a rock island appeared through the mist could we check the map. We felt like vague images in a dream landscape. In the afternoon we skied past an amazing flying arch of rock on the mountain above. After huddling under the fly sheet for a short storm we zigzagged up a steep glacier and scooped out a platform for camp 14. Hoodoo formations nearby peered through heavy snowfall after the tent was up.

On the 21st the shrinking food bags resulted in a wild dash to get close to the Machmell River. After a smooth schuss down the Selman Glacier we skied out onto a lake studded plateau that I'd been curious about for years. This meadowy oasis is probably best seen in late summer. Marmots played on the spring snow and grouse hooted in the pockets of trees. From here we weaved a route through the range to the north and finally stood on a ridge looking down into the vast unlogged basin of the Machmell River. Leaving our snow and cloud world we skied into the woods where the smells of spring hung between the trees. We camped on cupped snow and listened to the unfamiliar sound of wind through the forest.

May 22nd was the last day. Tiny streams murmured under the last snow patches. Carrying the skiis, the deep pile moss muffled underfoot. We descended into the green, past heavily scented bogs, and finally found the logging road. After a six hour march we poked our baked faces into the cookhouse of the logging camp.

John Clarke

A Tribute For John Lauchlan

I don't know how you can feel so strongly
'bout someone you only knew as a name;
I'm thinking of LaucMan, the marvellous boy
killed on the ice of Polar Circus
probing the bones of his pirate's soul.
Christ he wasn't a bit like me,
this swashbuckler, lover and thief and clown,
but the waves break and the rocks sound,
and the name echoes in the chamber round.
He faced all the knives I couldn't face,
entered the tunnels that I avoided,
and what'll sting most of all guess:
il miglior fabbro, the better hand,
better writer than all my words
with his brassy and bold John Silver style.
But the great climbs —who could ever forget
that gut-twisting gamble on Gangapurna,
who could read that one and not feel proud
those boys in the Alps could be pushed to the wall;
I'd like to have seen their nervous smiles
when Lauchlan offered the end of the rope.
I 'spose he had faults; the stronger the arm
the bigger the teeth and the bite sometimes;
when you're dead on your feet
and buggered beyond all holy belief
who needs the captain sounding a charge?
Who needs the watchman pushing the line
on ice and rock and souI and mind; pushing
in tangles that bubble and boil
about on the brains and hearts of those
who stand on the point of the knife and spear;
so I don't give a shit if he wasn't perfect
or wore out the loves of a dozen friends,
'cause he sounded a chord in the greying time
when the fires were cold;
and gave you a reason to go for the hold,
he lived the moment you had to forego;
drank the wine you didn't have time for;
swallowed the fire you couldn't put out.
Don't give me this bullshit we don't need heroes,
only a dishrag doesn't have heroes,
and Lauchlan, sure you were one of mine,
with your searing words and your serpent's tongue
and your wild, unloveable sense of truth.
Searching for light in the wheel and storm
most never even get up to the door;
it's pretty scary to buckle the lock
and heave the hinge and the hasp aside
and step through the window into the blast
of the polar cold and the pampas heat
and strip your chest till the ribbons of fire
scorch the flesh of your ribs and skin;
maybe one in a thousand makes it,
one in a million still goon
to follow the flame as far as it leads,
and we need them now like we never have,
as the curtain drops and the eagles die.
Yeah, you took the heat off a lot of us,
and John, I'd give about half my years,
to have stood with you, on the crystal stairs.

Bruce Fairley

Writers of poetry generally assume a literary audience these days and do not explain their allusions. However, non-scholarly CAJ readers may be interested to know that "the marvellous boy", from Wordsworth's poem Resolution and Independence, was spoken of the poet Thomas Chatterton who died in London at the age of 17. "Il miglior fabbro" is the famous tribute to Ezra Pound included at the beginning of The Wasteland by TS Eliot who in turn lifted the phrase from Dante. It means (roughly) "the better craftsman".

The Saint from the Sea: Northanger in Icy Bay with St Elias south face behind. Rick Thomas

The Saint From The Sea

I sit in the cockpit in the early morning Arctic light. The light wind lets the sails flap occasionally as the Pacific swells roll past beneath. To port there is the roar as the swells break on the log strewn beaches of Ocean Cape. To the west the dull mirror of the sea stretches to the horizon. Astern, 80 miles away now, sits the Saint, her head wreathed in stratus, watching.

How does a work of art begin? Is it the small speck of an idea that sucks in the ether as it tumbles through time and space, condensing, growing, until at last it falls lightly like a snowflake, unique? Is it the set of concepts, timing, planning, and people that fall together to give the rounded whole of an expedition? Was the grain of dust the words, "There are no big mountains near the sea in Alaska"? "Well there is Saint Elias, that must be at least 15,000 ft," I said. We spread the Philips Map of the World on the chart table. St Elias 18,008 ft, Logan 19,850ft (sic). How far? 15,000km at 3000 a month — 5 months. Be there mid-April; good.

John parks his van on the dockside a few days later. It is raining. He has maps, a book of pictures, and more ideas. Food, sledges. Can we leave a boat at anchor in Icy Bay for two months? Is there somewhere we can tie her to the shore? Is the dinghy man enough for a surf landing? Can we get more detailed charts?

In the middle of a mid-November night a spring tide lifted Northanger off the muddy creek bottom and she slipped moorings. With eight on board she chugged quietly through the dark, bound on her second voyage on the open seas. The orange lights of Faversham and England dropped astern. Five months later we are in Vancouver, Northanger's bright red paint faded to a deeper red, the decks bleached by the sun. We put together food and equipment, the Saint still 1000 miles away. A moment's panic. This is a big mountain — the map makes things look small. Will three be enough? I phone Nige in Anchorage. Yes he will come. We will pick him up en route. The snowflake is getting bigger.

The Inside Passage is quiet. Much of the time we motor. Ketchikan for customs, Petersburg for a beer, Juneau to drop off extra crew, Yakutat to pick up Nige. This is where the Duke of Abruzzi started on the first and only successful attempt from the sea. Then the Saint shows herself, towering majestically above the surrounding peaks. We continue north-west and make landfall at her very foot, Icy Bay. The bay lives up to its name. Three glaciers calve into it throughout the year. The waters are milky from debris and the lumps of ice drift with the will of the wind. Between moving anchorages amongst the brash we row our supplies ashore and ferry food onto the Malaspina Glacier away from the bears. Finally on 23 May we drop two anchors in Morain Cove and, hoping nothing will come adrift, row six miles to our starting place at the back of the bay. The Malaspina is a huge dirty ice piedmont. We trudge up it until we reach the snow line, impatient to use the sledges. The Saint hides in low cloud as we spend a week skirting her flanks.

The mountains are the domain of the gods, not of the National Park bureaucrats. We lean forward in our haul harnesses in a posture of supplication and ask the Saint for three weeks good weather. What? No certificates of fitness? No radio? The concept of a work of art dictates its own style. We must be on our own, solving our own problems. This is how one lives at sea in a small boat. Why not on land? Unbeknown to us at this time a helicopter is plucking a pulmonary oedema and frostbite case off the south side of the mountain. Someone else's adventure. The veils of cloud drift slowly away. The Saint grants audience.

The Newton is a steep narrow glacier running up to the inner defenses of the mountain and terminating at Russel col. On the left is the long steep sided south-east ridge, as yet unclimbed, and on the right a chain of twelve thousanders. The whole valley is a chaos of icefalls and rumbles continuously to the sound of afternoon avalanches pouring down the south facing slopes. After two days of exploring a passage through this maze Nige decides he doesn't want to go on but will remain at 'base camp', our second tent.

A camp on the Newton Glacier
East ridge is ridge between snow and rock, Russell col on right. Rick Thomas

The three of us set off with three weeks food in the half light of the night. Now on ski, now on foot, we wend our way through the complexities up the middle of the glacier, relaying two loads each morning before it is too hot. At 10 am we pitch camp and bake in the intense heat until it is cool enough for a few hours sleep.

On the 12th, after four days, we establish camp at the foot of the 9000 ft east ridge, a steep snow arête with a rocky plunge to the left and the séracked north face to the right. The séracs overhang the upper bowl of the Newton, guarding the approach to Russel col and the easy north ridge. Not for the man who loves life, there's too much else to climb.

We trudge up the first 2000 ft of crusty snow with a light load then set about to have a look at the three dimensional horrors of the difficult section. John hacks a path along the top and around the backs of cornices, I tremble on a precarious snow stake belay while Rick, 150 ft below, sits and watches the view. Eventually I follow John's 'easy trail' above the great abyss along the tottering and broken cornices. The first ascentionists fixed 2000 ft of rope on this section. It took them three days. Fixed ropes are what we need. There must be another way. We retreat down to camp for luncheon and consultation.

Next day sees us established at the beginning of the difficulties again as the cloud and the snow close in. Three days in a world of white. Occasionally between meals we see the dim outline of the corniced ridge, growing thicker. In a morning's lull we carve a waist high trench below the cornices out onto the north face to avoid the problem. The slope above is 45 degrees and would go if it didn't avalanche.

The 4th morning dawns clear, weather we can't waste. The Saint is shrouded in a gown of white, looking clean and fresh after the storm. We pack everything we have and seven days' food and head out onto the face. The trench has to be remade but the face has already avalanched and it laid back as John led up pitch by pitch heading for the sun. The cornices grow nearer, then he is through back on the ridge again. There is a long wait. The new snow is deep on the ridge and seems about to avalanche down the far side. John digs a trail along the top with the shovel for four rope lengths to a large flat camp site. We rest for the afternoon, content with our morning's work. The Saint slowly shakes off her gown of powder snow and glimmers in the afternoon heat.

Switching onto days again I set off up the ridge breaking trail through sun crust and stamping down the loose snow. The other two follow with light loads, keeping out as much rope as we can. The ridge in this section is not so narrow and the cornice much smaller — it would fall at the stroke of an axe to avalanche down the north face. Below an ice pitch at 14,000 ft we drop the loads and return to camp. Climb high, sleep low.

Next day we pack camp and follow our trail. John scrunches his way up the brittle glare ice for 200 ft then we plod up steep, crusty snow to make camp at 15,000 ft on the lip of a crevasse. Rick and I break trail for another 500 ft and cut the lip off a large 'schrund. With five days food at 15,000 ft we are set up. If it is good in the morning we should make the summit and have food to gorge on after. If not we can afford to wait. The Saint glows impassively, tantalizingly close. For now, rest and acclimatize.

At 5 am all is clear. We pack a duvet, an extra Mars bar, and set off. Rick leads, breaking through the crust footstep by footstep. This is the left edge of the north face really, surprisingly steep. We break out onto the summit ridge in time for a Snicker and I go in front, kicking a trail along the massive cornices that top the south face. A false summit and then another leading to a long flat section, the end of which must be the top. We plod on, gasping for oxygen. Then a little rise and the top, Icy Bay at our feet, covered in cloud. To the north the broad snowfield of the Seward Glacier dominated by Mt Logan and Hummingbird ridge, to the west the Bagley Icefield stretches away to the Wrangle Mtns. To the east 100 miles away Mt Fairweather basks in the sun. The view takes two hours to absorb. The cloud in Icy Bay doesn't seem to be going away — a shame not to see the boat. We say our silent farewells and set off down to get rid of headaches.

Two days later back on the glacier we put up camp for the day and ate. Eat it or carry it. The Saint smiled and gave us two more good days to get down the Newton. Nige smiled as we walked into base camp after 17 days.

Rick decided it was time to go back to the boat. Nige, John, and I set off to push our luck and do the east ridge of Logan with the remaining three weeks of food. No chance. It was July and it snows in July. After three weeks skiing in whiteout we were back on the beach, out of food and weary of the weather.

Rick dropped anchor and rowed us out to soft beds and as much food as we could eat. "It's been raining down here for the last three weeks." "It's snowing up there." "Give us a course for Mexico please."

Mike Sharp

More Coast Range Chronicles

Mt Bell and Mt Geddes

Another high summer in the inner recesses of the coast range takes John Howe and me to the morainal outwash of the Bell

North face of Geddes. Michael Down

North-east ridge of Mt Bell. Michael Down

Glacier, on the other side of Scimitar Glacier divide. Rising some 7000 vertical feet from this forsaken mosquito infested pit is the long north-west ridge of Mt Bell, a lofty and sharply defined pyramid that has seen only two previous ascents. The sinuous corniced ridge is Alaskan in proportion and character — a scaled down, dried out version of Mt Hunter west ridge. We pick our way up the lower Cannonade Glacier, gain the ridge crest via a broad snow couloir, and bivi at 6000 ft. From here it is 16 hours return to climb and retrace the ridge of shattered rock and junk snow perched in blobs on a spectacular arête.

After Mt Bell we turn to Mt Geddes, also with only two previous ascents. We set a high camp at the terminus of the Parallel Glacier just as the fine weather turns. We wait, watching clouds swirl in and around Geddes shroud the north face. Then the sky breaks into singing blue. Our helicopter rendezvous is tomorrow. It's now or never. We deliberate a while. Now! We race up the 50 degree ice face, arriving on the summit ridge just as Waddington's summit spike flames up in the last burning red rays of a setting sun. We spend the better part of the night rappelling an exciting steep ice couloir bottleneck. Will be a classic to ascend, this one. But not for us. We got our digs — no need to go back now.

Michael Down

The Other Side Of Denali: Climbs On The West Fork Of The Ruth Glacier

The flight into the west fork of the Ruth Glacier was one I will long remember; being immersed so quickly into such impressive mountain country was overwhelming. Spectacular alpine walls and sweeping ridges flow from every summit in a sea of peaks. We land below the forbidding 6000 ft north face of Mt Huntington. The sun is intense, like most of the physical qualities in Alaska. Steep ice and rock faces, guarded by ominous and active sérac barriers, are the rule on the Ruth Glacier; route selection has to be conservative. Our plan of climbing a new route on the north-west face of the Rooster's Comb is cancelled before our plane lands. The objective hazard, not apparent in the photos, is all too real as we fly by.

May 17, the sun once again beams down relentlessly; no where to go to escape the heat, the flat glacier providing no shelter. Rob and I rope up and cross the glacier to the base of our first objective, the south-west ridge of P 11,300. The climbing is challenging but never too difficult; we swing leads over warm granite and soft snow the first day, then struggle through blowing spindrift and ice filled cracks the next. It is a long climb (we take 17 hours) in remote mountain country and a satisfying ascent, though demanding and not an effort to be taken lightly. We gain an excellent introduction to the very technical terrain and some insights as to snow conditions. We descend via the south-east ridge in poor weather, avoiding the crumbling, hanging glacier of the south face. By the time we reach base camp on 19 May we are well aware of the serious nature of the surrounding mountains and the cautious energy required to climb in and among them.

After a day to dry off and re-organize we ski up the Ruth Glacier to the base of the French Icefall on Mt Huntington. Our plan was to move over to the Tokositna Glacier and from there climb a new route on Huntington's west face. Winding our way up through the icefall to the base of the north-west ridge goes smoothly and quickly on good snow, about three hours to the crest of the ridge, then descent in short time down a moderate couloir. A bank of clouds drop to eye level and snow begins to fall as advance base is established in the middle of the Tokositna Glacier. An uncomfortable night in our bivi tent, designed for steep faces not flat glaciers, and rare views of a snow encrusted west face convince us to retreat back to the Ruth Glacier. The benefit of a fixed line down the steepest portion of the French Icefall, offering a very warm 800 ft rappel, and a low visibility downhill ski back to our base makes the temporary abandonment of Huntington's west face quick and easier to live with.

Nine stormy days and a metre of fresh snow later we are convinced that we made the right choice way back on 22 May. Now our energies once again turn towards Huntington. Much fresh snow clings to the faces and slides down couloirs so we opt for a new approach route to the Tokositna Glacier.

Rob Rohn approaching the steep section in the couloir on the west face of Mt Huntington, grade V ice. Jim Haberl

The north-west face of P 9680 is a steep, direct snow face leading to the crest in the divide between the Ruth and Tokositna Glaciers. Although slightly more difficult and further from the base of Huntington's north-west ridge than the French Icefall, it does provide an objectively safer route. The face is 2000 ft long and steep enough to slough off snow. By late afternoon on 1 June we are back on the Tokositna Glacier.

Saturday 2 June is best described as a very long, very tiring day as, weighed down with all we need, we climb for 17 hours. Natural camp sites are non-existent. Not until 3.30 am on 3 June do we manage to chop a small platform from the steep couloir at about 10,000 ft. We've gained 1800 ft in elevation on the west face. The climbing has been difficult and continuous, ranging from steep, cold cracks, to sustained rotten ice of early waterfall season; grade five proportions. A very full day on challenging and technical terrain. We eat and drink until sleep and rest are the dominant desires.

Was I dreaming? A loud crack! No dream — spindrift comes in every possible opening. My hand darts out subconsciously to grab for the stove — our essential water supply — not tied in. Most of the sliding snow streams over the small niche we define as a bivouac ledge. My watch reads 8.30 am. Just three hours of sleep. I begin filling water bottles and preparing breakfast.

The second day begins with stiff calves, sore arms, and low energy. New problems — cornices, pendulums, and frightfully rotten snow. After 12 hours of climbing and swimming in an upward direction we set up the bivi tent on an ice platform carved out of the slope with two hours labour. We wake to clear skies, high wind, and spindrift snow pouring down the face. Two pitches lead to the north-west ridge where we leave our bivouac gear and continue towards the summit. The intricate upper portions of the north-west ridge provide another full day of climbing. An extremely rotten, vertical wind roll of snow stops us just short of the summit — less than 200 vertical ft. With no alternatives we return late to our stored gear and settle down to a waterless night, having run out of fuel. Our feelings are buoyed however by knowing that we have climbed a difficult new route on Mt Huntington's west face and completed the complicated northwest ridge; satisfaction overrides disappointment.

The descent of the technically difficult and extremely intricate steps on Huntington's north-west ridge on 5 June takes 16 hours. Every minute requires absolute attention. By 2.30am on 6 June we are back to our base camp tent, now looking very roomy. To the southeast an obvious storm front is developing. The result — four more days of forced rest and more metres of snow.

Reality Ridge on Denali is our next objective, the western rib of the mountain's south-east spur. First ascended in 1975, in an amazing show of determination taking 42 days to the summit (AAJ 20:2), the ridge rises out of the west fork of the Ruth Glacier in 6000 ft of sustained knife-edge and scary double corniced ridge. The second ascent was completed in 1982, a tremendous eight day climb in alpine style to Denali's summit. Peter Metcalf described the climbing as "interesting but not desperate".

These words were to linger in my mind on many portions of the ridge. The climbing, I will grant, was interesting, but the snow conditions made the route desperate. My journal entry of 12 June calls it "the most hideous snow I've ever climbed in". We virtually swim up the ridge, any section looking technically challenging sure to be rotten. Protection is sporadic. Patience and determination are the main requirements, each pitch an exercise in excavation and perseverance. Retreating the route would be even scarier. The most comforting feature was the camp site situation. Every thousand feet or so the sharp, delicate ridge levelled off to a beautiful platform — five star bivouacs. The relief at getting off technical terrain, able to just drop the monster pack or not have to check knots and stations, was a huge mental boost. These bivouacs meant more and more as we moved slowly up the ridge; being able to relax was so important after the long hard days.

Five days on the ridge brings us to the long south-east spur of Denali which leads gently to the even longer south buttress. We go from abominable, scary snow to knee deep trudging. The deep snow combined with heavy packs and long distances force us to descend the south buttress from the top of the south-east spur. Any thought of going to the summit is unrealistic.

Descent to the Kahiltna air strip from the south buttress is best accomplished via the Ramp Route to the east fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. Unfortunately we miss the route and manage to complete what the Talkeetna rangers deem a "first descent". Like most long and tiring descents this one has its moments but somehow we survive. The highlight of the long walk out the east fork of the Kahiltna is our thermarest slide over some very frustrating and rotten snow. It works!

At the Kahiltna air strip 35 days after our drop off on the west

fork of the Ruth we are met by a pair of concerned rangers. We are six days overdue on our itinerary form in Talkeetna and, spurred by concern from Vancouver, the rangers, in conjunction with Talkeetna Air Taxi, have begun an air search. They finally catch up with us on the Kahiltna air strip after spending six hours following our tracks all over the Ruth and Tokositna Glaciers. It was an unfortunate build up of circumstances that led to the instigation of a search but it is sure nice to know someone is concerned. Many thanks once again.

So ends another spring in Alaska, safe and successful. The spirit of adventure and exploration was the motivation for our journey; a spirit that was only strengthened throughout the passing of our expedition. The hard times, the scary times, along with the special moments that could never be captured by words or on film, all combined to make the Ruth Glacier a very special place.

Jim Haberl

First ascent of Mt Huntington's west face; VI 5.7 Al, Al 5. Third ascent Denali's Reality Ridge; VI 5.5 A2, Al 4. May and June 1984. Rob Rohn and Jim Haberl.

Pickled In Yosemite

There's water literally falling out of the sky right now and it reminds me of Yosemite in spring '83. When I arrived some of the locals said that the weather was the worst remembered. But given that the drug addled memory span of some of these boys was in the order of two or three days I wasn't too impressed. Still, there was evidence of a lot of moisture; waterfalls bellowed and running shoes blew bubbles and made noises that weren't nice. It couldn't last I reasoned. Nowhere in California does Goretex stay wet longer than a month. But it did last and sleeping bags grew moist, fungus was rampant, and the Valley's energy level was that of a moist flame. The Valley pub scene, though expensive, helped some but they closed it every night so we had to resouse our runners and sprint, heads reeled in tortoise like, to the parking lot. Here we scampered gingerly to avoid the ponds but inevitably one of us would hit the black wet and rapidly tiptoe knee chin, Jack Lalane style, to the tents. I soon realized that a rip stop marination bag was something to avoid. So I whimpered to Roy who had brought me down from Canada and he let me stay in his station wagon. We became castaways, counting the hours by our watches, the days by the nights, the weeks by the Ahwahnee Brunch. Early on I said, "Roy, whatever happens, we must make the Brunch on Sunday." And Roy, who really enjoys his protein, nodded in approval when I said there might be fish. Roy likes fish.

Then came the Camp 4 creature. They said it was a bear but I wasn't entirely convinced after what it did to some of the cars. The Park Rangeroos and Rangerettes were naturally slow to respond as Godzilla pillaged only the climbing peasants. An innocent bear fart aimed at a Winnebago would bring, within the hour, a squadron of heat seeking F-16s streaking into the valley between El Cap and Middle Cathedral Rock to terminate all bears, dogs, deer, and shaggy vomiting climbers. After about a dozen whacked out windows and who knows how many bags of Laura Scudders pilfered, the people with the scout hats responded with their version of the Trojan horse: a big corrugated drain pipe on wheels, with pulleys, wires, lids, and wire mesh, baited with an old can of sardines. There had been thousands of dollars damage and probably close to a quarter of a million tortilla chips (nacho) stolen and the Yosemite National Park Service responded with leftovers from their lunch.

But we got through those times of flood and beast and we went climbing too. This became somewhat repetitious as there were only two climbs that stayed dry. Another was wriggled up a 40 ft stretch of dry rock on El Cap with a silly wise man in striped double knits from North Carolina called Eric (pronounced Erk) who is very eccentric (no chalk).

Towards evening it would get dark and we would have to come back to the parking lot to sleep. One particularly boggy morning I ran away. I ran and ran up the hillside till I got tired and then I walked back down again, so wasted that I didn't mind the slum. This revelation convinced me to make it a habit. I called this training as it gave me callouses and made me very good at running away from things I didn't like.

My holiday was running out and I clawed at it to slow it down but the wet days flowed through my fingers and in my mind the long routes shrank from too much water. Some friends swept down from Canada about the same time as the blue overpowered the grey and I felt a high energy urgency to collect some air beneath me, to accomplish something more than just dry socks.

In the end the days were down to one and I fastened my hopes on it. My plan was to be as greedy as possible: Astroman with Greg before lunch and the Rostrum with Terry after. Both were foaming eager with biceps like loaves of rising bread. And so, the evening before, Greg and I hiked up to the base of Astroman through trees dark with monkey shapes brooding. On a shelf scooped from the talus slope we uncurled our bright caterpillar sleeping bags then peeled off plastic, broke into cardboard, unscrewed lids, and ate and drank more than was necessary. Half-way through our feeding frenzy we stopped in mid chew to gawk across at the high sliced face of Half Dome where an avalanche bright in the night poured over the edge, roaring panic stricken like a toppled giant. Soon we were two snoozing babies, bits of bulging belly bared. We woke like smugglers, way before dawn, whispering and packing, pacing and snarling.

Head lamps flashing, we swiveled our heads like owls as we climbed upwards along the flickering and sweeping yellow column. The first difficult section loomed soft and shadowed then grew orange and crystallized hard. I popped a couple of tiny nuts into a black pocket and then, feet high, pasted my fingers into the slit crack and grappled up to a small ledge where my spotlight bobbed up and down in time to my hyperventilating. To save time I kept moving past the belay and on up the crux corner. Suddenly the light gave up the ghost and the liquid black night slapped tight back up around me. No place to stop so I slid my hands up the crack blindly, hitting against fixed pins every so often till the light coloured rock kicked back and returned some of the starlight. Three beefy knots in the dark and I leaned back secure in the air. A few large stars flickered vainly as Greg arrived at the belay, riding his jumars. The huge sweeping granite curtain came into focus as

the next phase filtered in — dawn. Things speeded up to a high pitched hum when I looked up to see the Harding Slot arching over us, drooling water. For a hundred feet I slapped hams into running cracks till we reached the rude, oozing thing. Moments of indecision — despair, apathy, anger, masochismic glee. Twenty minutes later, T shirt and track pants flapping wet, I popped up out of the Slot's grip like a minnow and arrived at the belay. From there to the top the climbing was dry and with clothes steaming we aped on, reaching the top at a quarter past ten.

While Greg coiled the rope I threw the gear into the pack, tried to thank him, and was off. Racing down ledges and boulder fields, chimp arms high in the air, I felt utterly charged. Terry was at the parking lot and we roared off, he chattering, me imploding his water jug. From the Valley rim we hiked down deep and then slid down ropes to the base; a sort of backwards arrangement. The climbing on the Rostrum, as on Astroman, is all desserts — perfect fissures of every size. And as the rock sweeps up steeper, the ledges at the end of each rope length become more and more squatonable.

After a powerful pitch leaning out over space with trotters in secure jams I saw dark rumblies (clouds) approaching. Windbreaker whipping and high velocity sky spit stinging my cheeks, I joined Terry in an alcove amidst chalk, blood smears, and smiles, then led off on the final pitch — a wide crack with teeth. Appendages rattled around inside the cleft, I sanded down another layer of skin, and arrived on top, tender to the touch. Under low shrub trees we stamped up rotting leaves and emerged onto easy slabs to meet a friend. The sun came out and we had sandwiches and beer.

That evening I sat with friends in the Foul Seasons Restaurant, fingers and feet drumming fast to keep up with a metabolism I couldn't crank down. Roy turned to me over his plate of fish and asked with a spreading mustachioed grin, "So Peter, did you have fun?" And I lolled my tongue around in my mouth to keep my smile under control. "Yeah, I had fun." Later that night Roy and I drove down into the simmering Sacramento valley and headed north, high for over a thousand miles.

Peter Croft

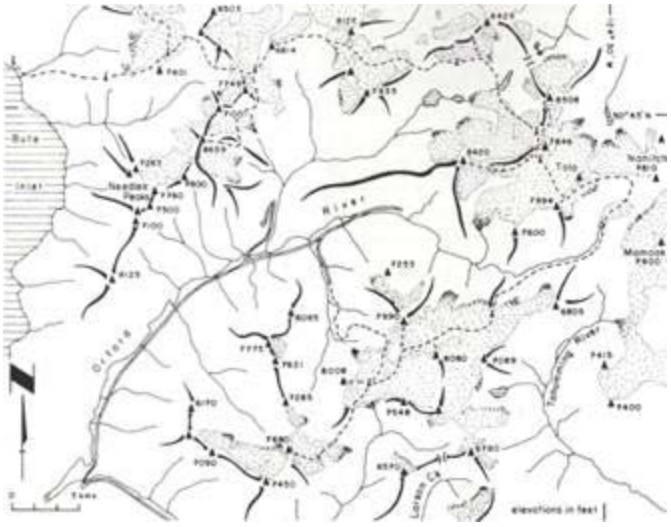
Orford River Horseshoe

Few suspected that the Coast Range was a Sleeping Beauty awaiting long-delayed recognition of her guarded charms.
WAD Munday, The Unknown Mountain

Our first camp was on a narrow alpine ridge. We sprawled on the heat her while dinner cooked. It was the third week of July 1984 and a vertical mile below dark shadow green silhouettes rose abruptly from the glacial blue shores of Bute Inlet where we had begun our trip early that morning. The water there shimmered in the evening heat then wound sinuously out of sight towards the Strait of Georgia. Inland a series of steep slabs took over from the dark firs and hemlocks to rise quickly to a group of ice cliffs draining the small glacial cirque below the sharp summits of the "Needles Peaks".

The backbone of the Coast Mtns is marked by a string of

Orford River Horseshoe: map. John Baldwin/M Irvine



icefields that surround the highest summits in the range. Ironically however some of the most rugged terrain lies closer to the coast. It is here, squeezed between the long deep inlets and the large icefields, that wild collections of steep glaciated peaks congregate. Summit heights are somewhat lower but vertical relief is more pronounced. John Clarke and I were drawn once again. This time we plan to circle the main fork of the Orford River and climb the high peaks ringing the drainage.

Our first climb is Sir Francis Drake, the only peak of the trip with a previous ascent. We move our packs up to its south side then scoot over a false summit and on to the peak. Sir Francis Drake is a fairly ordinary mountain but it does not have an ordinary view! North we can see right up the Homathko River to the full relief of Mt Waddington. This is essentially the first look that the Mundays got at Mystery Mountain in 1925. Our hearts soar.

Packing on the next day we drop to by-pass a steep ridge only to regain the elevation. In a way this is one of the most enjoyable parts of a trip like this. Gaining substantial elevation with a heavy pack is a fairly strenuous but harmless past time that is completely free of any of the hassles and traps that so often interrupt the normal flow of things. Indeed there is a kind of sweaty ease that is interrupted only by the regular, sometimes frantic, expansion and

Peak 8420 near head of the Orford. John Baldwin

Traversing beneath the south side of Tolo. John Baldwin

contraction of one's lungs and the rhythmic swish of first the right and then the left boot as they find purchase in the soft summer corn snow. The art of being a mule!

Pk 7749 was climbed along its corniced north ridge and the following day with day packs we climb Pk 8659. This is the coast range at its best! The north ridge is a steep arête of 45 degree snow while around to the north-west the mountain's huge dark north side is dominated by a striking 3000 ft buttress. On the east side half drowned séracs gasp for air as they tumble slowly to the trees and on the south the mountain reveals virtually her full height into the main Orford River. We drop across a small glacier on the north-east and traverse to gain a steep snow ramp leading directly to the peak. Deep snow above the final bergschrund ends with a few rock moves to reach the final airy perch. Our eyes are immediately drawn to Bute Inlet. Beyond we see Vancouver Island stretching from Mt Arrowsmith to Cape Scott. To the north is once again Waddington, the peaks of the Homathko Icefield, and Raleigh and Gilbert. Closer by lie the ring of peaks about the Orford that we plan to climb.

A narrow rounded granite divide carries us east between the tributaries of the Orford and the Southgate. Small pools with neatly clipped edges lie among the slabs and heather. Large vertical steps of snow cap steep granite cliffs as evidence of large winter cornices. A swath of slabs and bluffs pinches us down a tight section onto a small glacier. PK 8127 is climbed. North of us deep U shaped valleys run into the Southgate River from which Mt Grenville rises its full 10,000ft.

The remnants of a cornice was forced and steep side hill traversing took us into the upper basin of the north fork of the Orford. The only flat spot on the whole slope was a luxurious grassy meadow. The next day, during our only bad weather for the trip, we hunt around in the fog to find our air drop boxes strewn across the sidehill. Everything survived — and so cheesecake, blueberries, and a rest day.

Summer returned later that afternoon as the storm clouds dissipated into long wisps of mist that boiled from the depths of the valley. The Indians of the north-west coast have a spiritual figure by the name of Tsonoqua. In myths and legends she is described as the wild woman of the woods. She is very elusive and shy, like a wild animal, yet she can be very powerful and foreboding and it is reputed that she steals young children. As such she commands a great deal of respect, admiration, and awe. In a way she is nature herself, ordinarily hidden and rarely seen. I am of the mind that she wanders freely among these mountains of the coast. It is particularly on days such as these that she dances among the peaks and mist. If you see her you will never forget her.

The next day under clear skies we climb 8429, the first of the three high peaks ringing the lake basin. We pause for a shrieking cold wash in fresh meltwater on a heather bench as we descend south into the basin. Opposite the rounded séracs of the icefall on Pk 8420 glisten in the afternoon sun. The day ends with a 2500 ft climb with the heavy packs back up to the south rim of the basin.

Frozen snow in the morning urges us on. First with day packs to Pk 8508 which turned out to be an enjoyable climb with some steep snow and nice scrambling. From the summit there is a stunning view into the glaciated group at the head of the Tahumming Glacier. Looking at icefall upon icefall in the sea of peaks gave not the slightest hint that the landscape contained such features as the 8000 ft deep trenches of the Toba River drainage. We then moved the packs over a pass and in the afternoon head for Pk 8420. The hot summer sun beat down and the snowy peaks radiated a silver sheen. On the summit there is the usual gulping of water, a cairn, pictures, and a stare at the view. Far below in the Orford valley is a different world, cut off physically from the high peaks of snow and ice. We spot a dust trail behind a logging truck. In 1925 there was a logging crew of 600 men working in that valley, now little more than a dozen can match the same pace. The machine has come to the valley with dramatic results. But Tsonoqua is clever; machines will never come to the mountains. For if you are in a machine you are not in the mountains, and if you are not in the mountains you won't see her. And if you don't see her you will stay in your machine and you will never come to the mountains. Times have changed down in the valley but up in the mountains only the season changes.

The next day is a special one. A long packing day over a snowy pass, below a blocky cliff, down past water glistened slabs and into the remote little hollow of the upper Orford. This is a wild strange place. Clear streams mix with flat gravel bars and all around Yosemite type slabs rise for thousands of feet. It is 23 July and only just then a pussy willow performs its yearly spring ritual.

We continue down the upper branch of the Orford. After several kilometres of marmots, meadows, slide alder, and a short stretch of forest we come to a rocky notch which pinches the whole Orford River into a narrow constriction. The day ends with a 2500 ft climb with the packs to a flat rock outcrop. The luxury of a camp off the snow is greatly appreciated.

Yet another perfect day sees us off across the glacier in the morning. Leaving the packs near a huge crevasse we climb Pk 8060. Build a large cairn on top. Then Pk 7990. This is for John only. I am stopped by a difficult rotten rock step just below the summit. The last food drop is recovered from the broad pass east of Pk 8008 in the afternoon heat. This drop contained a bit of hardware. A big dinner promised a good day.

Pk 7680 had been nicknamed the Orford Tower and we are off for it by 6.15am. Unsure of the route we climb over a shoulder and drop 2500 ft to the small glacier east of the peak. From here we high tail it into a narrow steep notch just south of the summit. Two pitches of steep solid rock with good blocky handholds lead up, followed by some easier climbing and a rotten gully which by-passes several pitches to put us on the summit in good time. I inform John that the first two pitches from the notch were about 5.6. Despite years of experience and excellent agility on the rock it was his first lead. He thought about this for a minute and then said that perhaps not all of those "class 3" peaks he had climbed over the years were class 3!

Three rappels take us back to the notch from where we run down the glacier bum-schussing down the steeper pitches. The long climb back to camp goes fast, maybe too fast. John felt it the next day while I climbed Pk 8008.

It was time to leave. North and down through the tiny patches of scrubby meadow that the goats feed on, then ridiculously steep timber which end in a bluff by-passed on the ice debris from the glacier snout far above. Two kilometres of absolutely wild bush lead to the logging road where a surprised logger has a spare pick-up truck that needs to be driven into camp! Soup, barbecued chicken, and Nanaimo Bars await.

John Baldwin

Mt Foraker East Face: Pink Panther

At the start our main goal was to climb the Cassin Ridge on Denali. We had enough food for two months and were psychologically prepared to go off the beaten track without really knowing how we'd go about it. We felt that with a lot of determination we could succeed in discovering interesting things.

After Crosson (12,800 ft) in two days near the end of April we began to get used to life at base camp on the south-east fork of the Kahiltna. Daniel, with his developed public relations skills, attracted a good number of people with whom we exchanged cultural ideas and food. Each day planes brought us new faces and sometimes well known pros. From Mugs Stump we learnt of two

Mt Foraker east face: Pink Panther route marked. Julien Dery

unclimbed lines, both visible from base camp. One, on the north face of Mt Hunter, seemed to be technically very demanding and also very prone to avalanches. The other on the east face of Mt Foraker we guessed to be a "safer" line at the base; higher up we could only assume it was so. Enthusiastic but still a bit nervous in front of this impressive site our next step was to study the face carefully, watching the directions of the avalanches. To the left of the line they proved to be really dangerous, while on the right were some of the biggest avalanches we saw during the whole time we were in the Park.

Then we went up to 17,200 ft in six days on the west buttress of Denali because we had to cache some food for the descent after Cassin. We were a bit disappointed not to reach the summit but after all we were putting the final touches on the "master plan" that would carry us to a bigger challenge. We were relieved and more confident after this test. On the way down we met Graham, an Australian with no definite plans and who was alone. I don't know if it was to impress him, to encourage him, or just to start up a conversation about our next goal, that I jokingly invited him to join us for a first ascent of "that line in the middle of the face". He seemed to really like the idea and without his initiative and participation the three of us might not have attempted this adventure. The night before our departure no one dared to speak to the other climbers about our far fetched idea. None of us wanted to offend those intending to try it. And also in case we were defeated the whole thing could pass unnoticed without any consequences to our reputation. Besides, amongst ourselves we had already discussed so many ambitious and unrealizable projects. It was time that we kept quiet and got ready for action.

After a night at the base of the face the weather looked uncertain so we decided to head back. We did a mile on the glacier then stopped. For the second time Graham cleverly weighed the pros and cons and influenced us to give it a fair try, always with the option of going down if anything got too rough up there. Our pride won over our need for comfort.

Not belayed, we first alternate rope lengths. We come up to the base of the granite wall where the couloir juts out on the left at a 45 degree angle. On this first bivouac we dig for more than three hours without succeeding in installing the tent. Before going to sleep we have an argument which reveals our true personalities

and reflects the tensions that come after spending a hard day on a slope at an angle of at least 50 degrees. The second morning I belay JF who has to find a way through a section we've not yet seen. It could hold some surprises — a long vertical ice wall or a long rock wall unattainable without aid climbing. At the far end of the couloir while Jean-Francois is preparing a belay I see a rock as big as myself fall where I'd been standing barely five minutes before. Luckily a nice 50 ft ice flow on our right helps us avoid problems and leads to an easy but sinuous section and further on to a snow slope at an angle as difficult, if not harder, than the day before. At the bottom of a mixed climbing section, perhaps the hardest of the route, Dan attaches a fixed rope and we dig for about four hours in order to properly bivouac.

At the beginning of the third day I convince myself that it is my turn to share the lead. I feel much better above the crux, especially on the ice plaques where at least I can put in a few screws. But the angle remains constantly between 60 and 75 degrees. After traversing on the right and passing a snow gully we are re-united on the flat central ramp. We leap for joy and congratulate each other as if everything is over. I have never in my life been so excited. A few pitches higher and we are finally able to put up our tent.

Strategically the fourth day is the crux on the face because for the first time we are separated. I am belaying Dan on a multi-pitch traverse below the cornice, the plan being to avoid it. Before long Graham and JF come by, thinking to attack the frontal part of the slim cornice. With no ice screws, their only protection for 200 ft of steep "sugar" snow is their axes. During our last night on the face, with our tent placed between séracs as big as bungalows, we hear the cracking sounds of a moving glacier. On the fifth morning the sun comes out again. The last snow slope is enjoyable until we reach the exit couloir where we encounter two pitches of hard ice, not steep but very strenuous. At that moment we all need Jean-Francois' energy and guts to force up a 5.7 passage in the rock. We had experienced five intense days when we finally reached the 14,000 ft level on the south-east ridge where our route finished. The south-east ridge route seemed technically less attractive and much less difficult and challenging than our new direct and aesthetic route. Once on the ridge top we start to imagine, with much humour and self-confidence, what we will baptize this new route that "we hadn't stolen from anybody". We decided to call it Pink Panther after the fifth team member — our stuffed mascot.

To crown this success we three Quebecois reached the summit (17,500 ft) from our 14,000 ft camp in six hours the next day. Graham promised to prepare the supper and have it ready for our return. Less acclimatized to the altitude, we understood his decision to stay behind as a wise one. The weather had already begun to change and in the dense clouds on the seventh day we had to find our route. Going down the ridge we got lost. Instead of turning left we continued on our right for about 500 ft in the deep snow. Our only solution was to climb back up. As we followed our tracks, as if by a miracle a two minute clearing allowed us to see the real south-east ridge. Our mistake cost us half a day of climbing and our quiet descent. The food was running low and psychologically we could not have handled another day of walking around in circles. We had to leave that ridge as soon as possible even if the conditions were bad. It ended up being one of our longest days.

Finally, at the base of the 7000 ft east face the morning of the ninth day, the fate and epilogue of this Alaskan trip took place in a premonitary way. In the last hours of our descent I said to Daniel, "After this climb Cassin will be either easy as a cake or impossible. We'll have to see up to what point Foraker affected us." Had we played our last cards right? Jean-Francois, probably because he couldn't understand the three of us speaking English, but also because of his own great need to pursue his goal of self-discovery, decided to return alone to base camp. In our own total release of pent-up feelings the best we could do was to follow in his tracks. We also followed his tracks a week later as we approached Cassin Ridge when he decided to solo that route. He went up to the summit while Dan and I decided, for reasons as good as his, to abandon the route in the Japanese Couloir.

Meanwhile the return of the Pink Panther didn't pass unnoticed. The congratulations we received surprised us; we didn't expect people to be so warm and friendly. It gave us the opportunity to tell our story in detail and to point with our finger at this magnificent climb, for which we still feel a deep satisfaction.

Julien Déry

Pink Panther: first ascent Mt Foraker east face. The route is about 7000 ft, average angle ca 60 degrees, mainly on snow but with some rock and ice. Alpine style during 5 consecutive days of good weather in mid-May 1984. Daniel Vachon, Jean-François Gagnon, Julien Déry, Graham Sanders.

The Grizzly Group At Resthaven

In 1982 a disastrous trip to the Resthaven Glacier area (see CAJ 1983:49-51) should have raised my ire and to some extent it probably did. My inquisitive exploring nature was certainly aroused. I wanted to see more.

The Resthaven Glacier, about 20 square miles in area, is situated about 5 miles north-east of the continental divide, 25 miles north-west of Mt Robson, and at the extreme north-west corner of Jasper National Park. Few people have visited the area or know much about it. Very little climbing has taken place here and there are several unclimbed peaks. The highest mountain of the group is massive, snow and ice covered Mt Chown, at 10,930 ft. The only accounts of climbing activity in the area are found in past CAJs. Mountaineers accompanying Donald Phillips to the Mt Sir Alexander area farther north usually stopped over a day or two in the vicinity of Bess Pass or Jackpine Pass to bag Mt Chown or Mt Bess (10,550 ft).

Our wet '82 trip certainly did whet our appetites to see more. This time we would approach from the west, hoping to find easier access up on to the Resthaven Glacier. July 1983 was a nasty month. We found the mountains from the Icefields to Jasper and west plastered in a heavy blanket of wet snow. After wasting several days we returned to Calgary. August, on the other hand, started off very stable and by the 12th we were installed comfortably with a colony of marmots by a small jewel of a lake, situated in a small

cirque on the north-east meadowed slopes at 6700 ft, above the Jackpine River. We were just under two miles straight south of Mt Lucifer's summit, separated from it by an intervening ridge.

August 13th was very unsettled but, eager to be on the move, we hiked then scrambled up towards the head of our valley. After a little over a mile in distance and 1800 ft of vertical we came out on a shallow saddle at the edge of the Resthaven Glacier. We were elated to have found such easy access to the glacier. Low scudding clouds veiled the peaks. Only Resthaven Mtn made a brief appearance then quickly faded into the murk. We scrambled to the top of an 8745 ft hump to the south-east and found a huge, well-built cairn which we thought must have been built by 1923 survey party marking the Jasper Park Boundary. This point is marked on the Holmes River 1:50,000 topo map.

On 14 August the remnants of a lengthy thunder storm stayed with us most of the morning but during the afternoon blue patches began to take over. On a perfect evening we set out with bivy gear trying to stay above tree-line. Ahead of us far to the south-east the huge chisel shape of Mt Robson and the white triangle of Mt Whitehorn held our interest and thoughts. To my way of thinking Mt Robson presents its most striking side in this direction. We had no particular objective.

Between the second and third drainages that we crossed we became very wary and cautious. In that mile the meadows between tree-line and the rocks above were literally devastated by grizzly diggings. The holes were shallow, about three to four feet in diameter, but everywhere and still fresh. We suspected they were after roots or tubers of some kind but none of us had seen anything to that extent before.

Ahead our side of the valley steepened and became festooned with bluffs at about the same time as a nice looking mountain came into view above. Not wanting to descend to the mosquito swamps along the Jackpine River to progress farther, we decided this nice sharp pointed peak would be our objective for the next day. It is labelled as Mt Barricade on the Lake Twintree 1:50,000 map however Barricade and its two outliers are situated one mile farther east. We observed the slopes in the vicinity for any sign of the Jackpine River earth movers then crawled into our bivy sacks in the lush meadows beside a gurgling little creek.

Next morning more dark clouds and rain which rolled out as fast as they had moved in. We set off for the south ridge of our unnamed 9750 ft peak. At 8506 ft we came upon another of those huge well built cairns. Probably a triangulation point for the 1923 survey, this point is also located on the Lake Twintree topo sheet. At noon the rotten ridge was behind us as we stepped onto a cairnless summit in heavy mist. Not able to see much of anything we quickly built a cairn, left a record, then hastened back down.

After two wet days of sitting around we set off in still debatable weather conditions on 18 August for what we considered to be our prime objective, Mt Lucifer. As we topped out on the saddle above camp we entered a near winter scene. The mountains were encased in a mantel of new snow, the skies looked encouraging. We headed straight for the broad east face which rises above the extreme northwest end of the Resthaven. It doubles as the north-west corner of Jasper National Park. We gained several hundred feet but wallowing in new snow overlaying hard ice, decided this was not for us so lost some altitude and traversed to the north-east ridge to look it over. We were not impressed and not in the right frame of mind so we headed for Resthaven Mtn and climbed to the easy south-west summit under clearing skies. A chill wind kept us from dallying. Glistening in the late afternoon sun, Mt Lucifer seemed to be laughing at us as we trudged back across the glacier. Tomorrow would be another day but with dawn came more of what we didn't want, low clouds and intermittent rain.

Our 1983 camp at a small lake above the Jackpine River
With unnamed 9350 at upper left, saddle where we gained the Resthaven Glacier at far upper right. Glen Boles

Our last day, 20 August, is also dubious but bent on getting to the top of another peak we decided to try an unnamed 10,250 ft peak which loomed above our camp site to the east-north-east. To reach its south-west ridge we had to lose a substantial amount of elevation while crossing the next drainage east of our camp site. By the time we reached a col low on the ridge the mountain had disappeared. With little protection from a cold wind, we tried to warm ourselves by pushing great quartzite boulders down an unusually steep scree gully. The excitement of watching these bounding and careening in wild abandon kept our interest for an hour. Then it began to snow, our enthusiasm ebbed, and we returned to camp in light snow squalls.

Our time was up, again we accomplished little. But as we sat on a ridge below camp that night and watched great cloud banners reel off the top of Robson I had a feeling that, even after so much frustration and disappointment, we would probably return.

Time and winter months have a way of making one forget the past and look forward to the coming summer. On 1 August 1984 on a beautiful evening marred by clouds of mosquitoes we opened our cache of the year before at the beautiful little lake above the Jackpine River. We were back for more of the same but determined to be more aggressive. We had four main objectives for this trip and hoped that with good weather we could complete climbs of them all. They were Mt Lucifer, Saurian Mtn, Mt Chown, and Unnamed 10,250 ft.

The weather was settled which meant we had better not waste time. Mt Lucifer was our first choice. We got away on 2 August at 6.30, making good time over familiar ground. We pulled over the saddle on to the Resthaven Glacier at 8 where we roped up. The glacier snow was nicely consolidated as we trundled on toward the mountain. The south-east ridge to our left of the east face rises in a series of overhanging, slabby buttresses, interspersed with snow ramps which ran out into the face. Our plan was to climb just to the right of the ridge but utilize the ramps to by-pass the buttresses.

The glacier began to tilt upward and soon we were on the first ramp. The next snow step, the steepest on the face, was separated from us by a large overhanging bergschrund which rambled up and down across the face. We traversed down and across to the most likely crossing then climbed straight up about 300 ft of steep snow to the next ramp which luckily enough passed the third and fourth buttresses. Turning left we took to the rock, on wet slabs strewn with boulders, then followed the upper edge of the fourth buttress to the top of the south-east ridge. This joined into the main spine of the mountain which protrudes to the north-east toward Resthaven Mtn. Once on the top of this we cut left again and topped out on a sub summit which looked across at the main summit. It was 11:30 and time for a break. We ate, took pictures then charted our intended route. Anxious to be off, Mike and I descended to the snow saddle separating us from our goal. He led off in an upward traverse to the left on the snow face between the snow crest and the rock, needing almost a full rope length to reach the rock. Then it was my turn on slate thin friable rock to the snow crest. Once above this we waited until heads approached from below then hiked up to the last rocks. A small telltale cairn appeared at the edge of the snow. Not wanting to believe our eyes, we passed it and ascended the last snow. Leon and Gordon joined us. Mts Alexander and Ida were visible far to the north. Peaks in waves faded off into every direction. It was a fine climb but what of the cairn? After some rummaging we found a film cannister left by Rob Kelly, Jim Lament, and Ellis Hammer who reached the summit on 11 August 1976 via the north face and ridge. Their comment that such a fine mountain deserved a better name, were our sentiments also.

After an hour on the top high clouds veiled the sky and storm clouds were moving in quickly from the west. It was 2 pm and time to move. We debated whether to go back the way we had come or take another way down. Gordon piped up "Ah, let's go down the south-west ridge, traversing the mountain." Off we went. The ridge, easy at first became more exacting, requiring us to move from one side to the other to find the quickest way down. About 1000 ft below the summit we came to a col and the ridge levelled out. We thought to vacate the ridge and take a gully on its south-east side but one look changed our minds. We stuck to the ridge for a while longer. It began to drizzle. Not far from the col we came to a series of towers formed by the vertical stratification of the rock. At the first large tower out came the rope. Undercut, we had to rappel. The next also required a rappel to a notch where we left the ridge. We descended steep gullies and ribs of wet rock on the south-east side of the ridge, back and forth to find the most accessible route. This section seemed to take hours, requiring great care. It was every man for himself, staying close together. The rope would be a hindrance. Finally we glissaded the snow runout to the glacier filled with relief. At the glacier snout we rested on sun warmed slabs and reflected on our day's experience, satisfied but glad to be down.

West face of Resthaven from Lucifer, 1983. Glen Boles

Unnamed 10,250 from Resthaven, 1983. Glen Boles

Looking south-east from Resthaven Mtn
At (left to right) Mt Chown, Mt Barricade and its two outliers (separated by snow saddle, base of Mt Robson above), Mt Philips, Mt Whitehorn (on horizon), unnamed 9750 below Whitehorn, big mountain at right unnamed 10,250, 1983. Glen Boles

Looking south-east from unnamed 10,250
At (left to right) Mt Chown, Mt Barricade and outliers separated by snow saddle, Mt Bess (upper right), and unnamed 9750 (below Bess), 1984. Glen Boles

Unnamed 9750 as seen from the south-east, 1983. Glen Boles

August 3rd we got a late 8.30 start for unnamed 10,250 ft but nevertheless were eager to improve on our attempt of the year before. It was hot and sultry and the clouds of mosquitoes made us all edgy. We reached the col where we had trundled boulders before then climbed snow between two ridges which converged to form the south-west ridge. The main ridge looked very rotten so we traversed down and out onto the south face to a rib of excellent rock which eventually joined the main south-west ridge of 9800 ft. We then followed the ridge over rock and sections of unstable wet snow to the summit at 2.30. A small pile of rocks on the summit didn't look much like a cairn but after looking it over we were half convinced someone had been here ahead of us.

After taking a rest day to relax in the meadows around camp we headed out on 5 August at 5 am for Mt Chown. Groping along in the dark we made good time to the saddle above camp. We roped up at the edge of the Resthaven Glacier then Leon led off at a brisk pace.

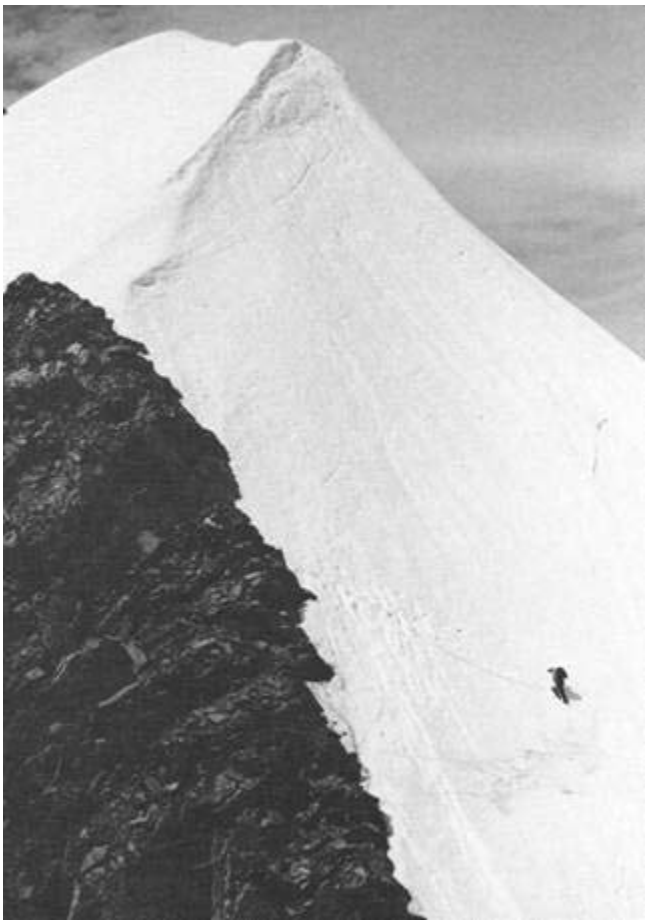
The silence of a beautiful morning was broken only by the crunch of our boots on the hard snow. We skirted the peaks on the south-west side of the glacier, losing about 500 ft in the three and a half miles to the base of Chown. A time out, then we climbed the runout and threaded our way through the lower icefall. Topping the icefall our ambitions for a home free snow run to the summit were dashed in one devastating look. A gigantic crevasse ran from stem to stern across the glacier. The way to the summit, just 50 ft above faded, as did our ambitions. We were cut off with no alternative. We must have stood there stunned for 15 minutes mumbling to ourselves. Then we turned and retreated. Noon found us sitting on huge boulders in the middle of the glacier eating lunch. We did leave a cairn on one of these. Late in the afternoon we climbed a small unnamed 9350 ft peak on the fringe of the glacier, south-east of Mt Lucifer. We built a large cairn on its virgin top then left in a better frame of mind than a few hours earlier.

August 6th was wet and the 7th, our last day, unsettled. Half way to Caurian Mtn it began to pour. We descended to the nearest

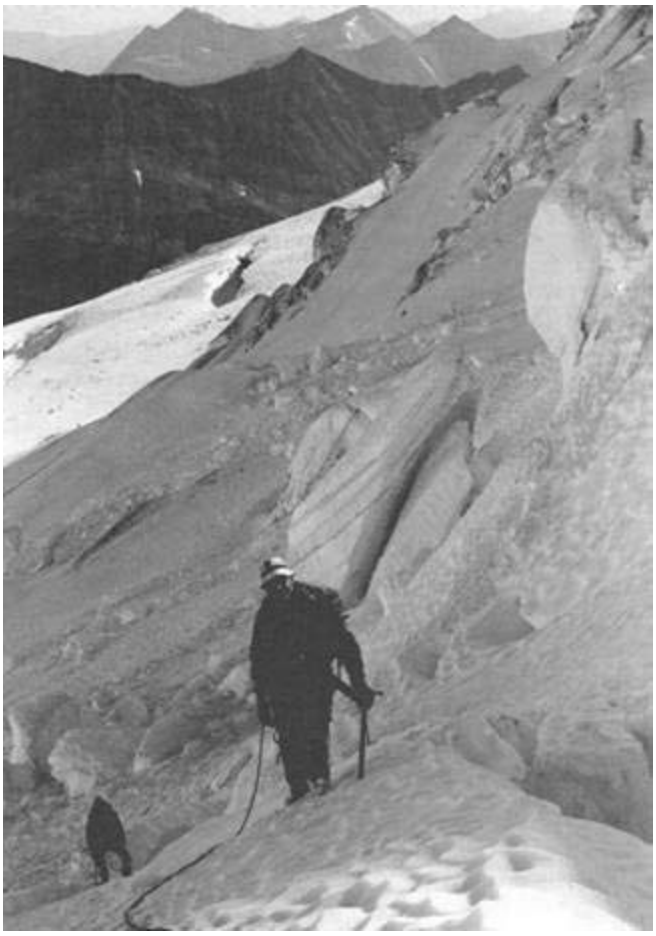
Looking up at Mt Chown from the Resthaven Glacier, 1984. Glen Boles

Looking west from Resthaven Mtn
Towards Saurian Mtn past the north buttress of Mt Lucifer, 1983.
Glen Boles

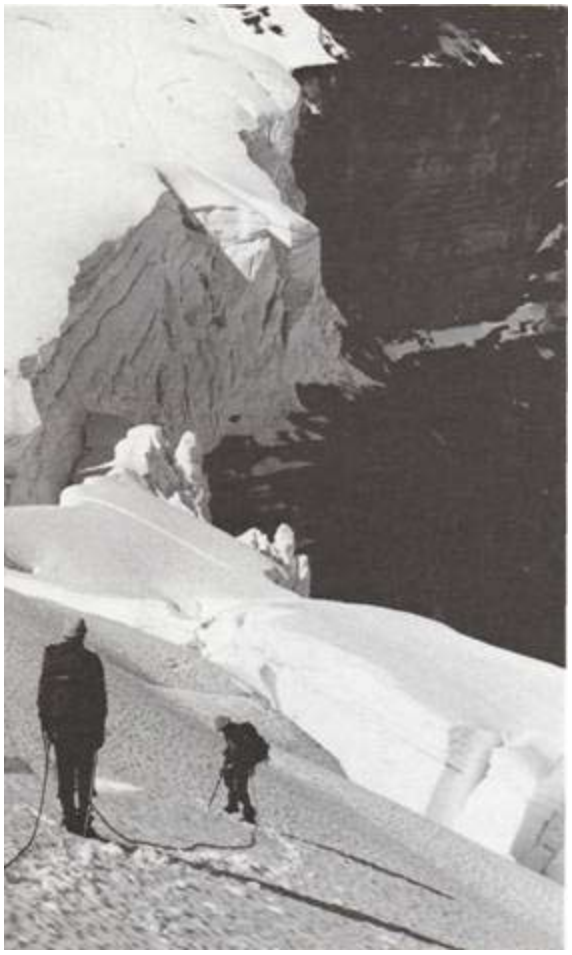
Climbing the final cone of Mt Lucifer. Leon Kubbernus



In lower icefall on Mt Chown, 1984. Glen Boles



Near top of lower icefall on Mt Chown, 1984. Glen Boles



Our 1984 camp with unnamed 9350 at upper right. Glen Boles

large spruce, built a small fire, and sat swapping stories and making plans, oblivious to the rain. That's the way it is with good companions, there is always "next time".

Of 21 days (over three trips) spent in the area, we experienced good weather on only five days. Despite this the area is not noted for bad weather. We saw caribou tracks and several mountain goats. In 1983 there was a tremendous amount of grizzly activity. During 1984 we noted 47 varieties of wildflowers in the meadows around our base camp. An expert could probably find more. Not blessed with very good weather, many of our goals are unrealized but this only makes me want to see more. I enjoyed the area tremendously.

Glen W Boles

1984 Canadian Langtang Expedition

An attempt on the unclimbed south face of Langtang Lining.

In March 1984 a team of six climbers, two support members, and four Nepali staff along with 48 porters travelled north-west from Kathmandu about 40 km by bus to Trisuli Bazar and the town of Betrawati whereupon we started trekking north-east along the Trisuli River towards an impressive range of 7000 m peaks set high in the Langtang valley of central Nepal. Our goal was the unclimbed south face of Langtang Lirung (7246 m), straddling the Tibet/Nepal border some 140 km north-west of Mt Everest. The south face rises an imposing 3800 m above the tiny village of Langtang and the flat U shaped valley floor.

The trek into base camp (3445 m) on the outskirts of Langtang village covered six days with the expedition arriving on 11 March to be greeted by the local residents and 10 cm of fresh snow overnight. The initial view of the south face was both awesome and sobering as the only obvious route appeared to be comprised mainly of shiny blue ice and bare rock polished smooth by the harsh winter winds blowing out of Tibet.

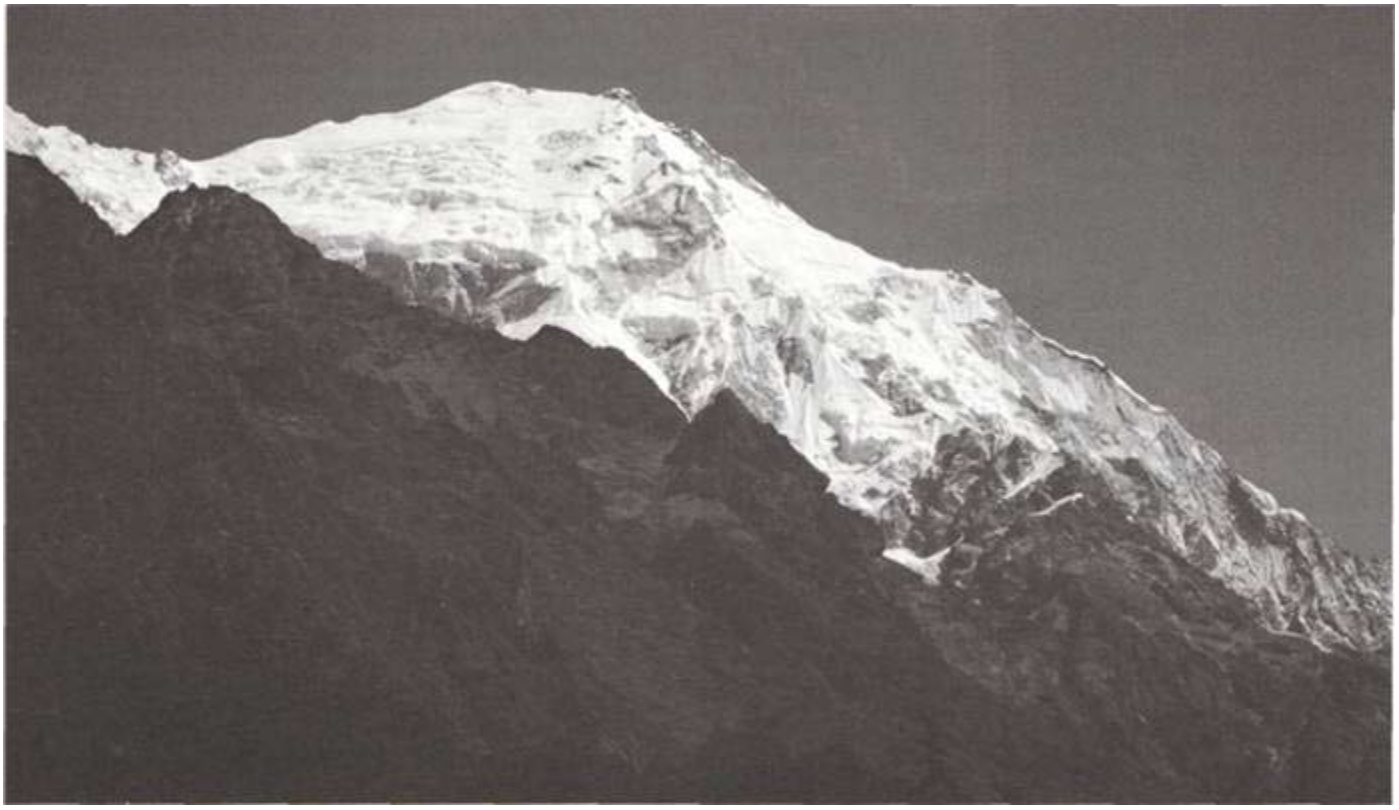
During the next seven days food and gear were ferried to advance base (4450 m) situated on a grassy promontory overlooking the Langtang valley and at the entrance to a massive sanctuary below the south face. Camp 1 was soon established 23 March on a flat rock bench at 5090 m from where we planned to launch an alpine style ascent via a narrow ice wishbone and rock rib splitting the face.

The first major storm struck suddenly on the afternoon of 26 March trapping Don and Peter overnight on an exposed ridge above camp 1 amidst incredible lightning and blowing snow storm. On 29 March Chris, Doug, and John left camp 1 with five days rations on our first summit attempt and at dusk reached the top of the large ice cliff and site of camp 2 at 5890 m. This involved climbing the wishbone — approx 400 m of 45 to 50 degree blue ice with a short technical section required to gain the top of the sérac. Camp 3 was then set up in the main bowl below the south face at 6190 m on 30 March. The following day rapidly deteriorating weather conditions combined with route finding problems and sickness forced the summit party to halt at 6250 m. Meanwhile the second summit team of Don and Peter had left camp 1 on 30 March for camp 2. Unexpectedly both summit teams met up on 31 March just as Chris, Doug, and John were retreating back to camp 1 and while Don and Peter were planning to retreat due to retinal haemorrhaging in Peter's eyes. Don and John then decided to continue and reached the high point of 6340 m next to the major bergschrund splitting the upper south face headwall on 1 April. During the night extremely high winds and new snow created very unstable slab conditions forcing both climbers to descend to camp 1 in a raging blizzard. By 3 April all had retreated back to base to sit out the strong winds and blowing storm that had prevented us from reaching the summit, so tantalizingly close.

A second summit attempt was mounted from camp 1 on 14 April but after reaching the start of the ridge below the wishbone we soon realized that conditions had not improved and had actually worsened due to heavy fresh snow. Don and John decided to return to camp 1 leaving Doug and Shaun bivied on the ridge next to a rock outcrop at 5480 m. In the morning driving winds and whiteout conditions halted further progress and finally the decision was made to abandon the summit bid. The four of us returned to base camp by 15 April and the expedition left Langtang village two days later, arriving back in Kathmandu on 20 April.

Langtang Expedition: climbing along the ice ridge below the wishbone between camps 1 and 2. Doug Herchmer

Langtang Expedition: unclimbed south face of Langtang Lirung. Don Serl



It was a disappointing finish in some ways but in many other ways it was a tremendous and rewarding experience. We all came back safely with many good memories, excellent photographs, and new found friendships. That in itself can be as gratifying as climbing a new route on a beautiful mountain.

Doug Herchmer

Shaun Parent (primary organizer and overall leader), Don Serl (deputy/climbing leader), John Simpson, Peter Croft, Chris Guest, Doug Herchmer, Ian Carmichael, Andrew Johnston.

We would like to thank the ACC (endorsement and $1200 expedition fund grant) for their support and to all the other sponsors and contributors who helped make this expedition such a success.

"I Lift Up My Eyes To The Hills"

Psalm 121

Why? "Because it's there," is the often quoted reply of GL Mallory to the questions most commonly asked of those of us that prefer to follow the advice of the psalmist. However, knowing as much as we do about Mallory, I have a strong suspicion that the above quotation is taken out of context and wonder if it perhaps wasn't a part of a longer, more thoughtful reply to the quest ion. As it stands it sounds a bit too much like an ego trip, a proof of manhood and all that sort of rot. And, as Robert M Pirsig says (in Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance) "any effort that has self-glorification as its final end point is bound to end in disaster. When you try to climb a mountain to prove how big you are, you almost never make it. And even if you do, it's a hollow victory. In order to sustain the victory you have to prove yourself again and again in some other way and again and again and again, driven forever to fill a false image, haunted by the fear that the image is not true and someone will find out. That's never the way." There is ego-climbing and selfless climbing. To an untrained eye, they may appear identical as "both kinds of climbers place one foot in front of the other. Both breathe in and out at the same rate. Both stop when tired. Both go forward when rested. But what a difference! The ego-climber is like an instrument that is out of adjustment. He puts his foot down an instant too soon or too late. He is likely to miss a beautiful passage of sunlight through the trees. He goes on when the sloppiness of his step shows he is tired. He rests at odd times. He looks up the trail to see what's ahead, even when he knows what's ahead because he just looked a second before. He goes too fast or too slow for the conditions and when he talks, his talk is forever about somewhere else, something else. He is here but he is not here. He rejects the here, is unhappy with it, wants to be farther up the trail but when he gets there he will be just as unhappy because it will be 'here'. What he is looking for, what he wants is all around him, but he doesn't want that because it is all around him. Every step is an effort, both physically and spiritually, because he imagines his goals to be external and distant." (Pirsig again, italics mine).

Or, to quote the eleventh century Chinese painter and theorist Kuo Hsi, "there are different ways of looking at mountains. If we approach them with a heart of forests and streams, their value is high; but if we approach them with the eyes of pride and extravagance, their value is low..."

Steven Horvath

Opus

Sopping, 8 in the morning, crouched amongst the boulders above Statlu Lake, watching the clouds slowly billow in the head of the valley, dreading another couple hours of crashing through the rain sodden bush to be greeted by mist shrouded, dripping cliffs on Bardean. Decision time. There is almost certainly a line on Viennese that we can do from here in a day. Great! Let's go!

Dump the gear, grab hardware and anoraks and a few bagels to go; uphill, up the gully onto the crest, up out of the lousy wet tangled shrubbery to fabulous open strolling on the ridge. The mists boil as the day warms. A long descending traverse across snowfields to get around a spur — cold, wet feet — then up through fog towards the vaguely looming face. Munching chocolate — just a glimpse now and then, clearing. Across to the toe at the far side of the face. There, those cracks on the left: Fire time. Scramble a couple hundred metres. Steep. The ropes.

So steep! Peter hanging way, way back out into space, hair a mane. A couple pulls, tap the blocks, stem and shake out, slot a nut, monkey out and over a couple more blocks. Christ! How to follow this?

And so it goes...the first pitch wildly steep, dangerous looking blocks that prove to be rooted deep into the face. The next up steppy corners and cracks to a funky little belay ledge. Awkward, strenuous blocks again and steep, steep cracks. Out onto unbelievable nubbly face climbing, 5.7, hardly any runners, hardly matters at all. A slab, a crack, a corner; onto a big grassy ledge. Doff the rope. Up!

The mist burnt off, the atmosphere glows limpid, the afternoon sun burnishes the universe. We scramble to the top, grab a bite and take a quick look around, then rap east and off we go, down the rough white clean steps, off for the valley and the bush (dry now) and more bagels and a long, lazy sleep at the lake. Such a day, unexpected, unplanned, carrying us in its current, better and still better till we were released, sated, to our futures.

Don Serl

"Opus", anew route on the south face of Viennese Peak. 21 July 1984. Peter Croft and Don Serl. 300 m, II, 5.10. From the jutting toe at the left side of the base of the face scramble up and left to a line of cracks and corners splitting the steep blocky wall below a rounded prow. 3 pitches on the wall, 2 more on slabs above, then scramble a hundred metres or so to the summit. Descent via east ridge to flat col, then south down steep but moderate rock back to the snowfields below the face.

Spring On The Goodsirs

Doyle was off to Peru and I was going to Alaska so this was our last chance to get this face before the competition had the Rockies to itself for at least a month. Thus we needed a plan. What we devised was simple really — roar out of town armed with Urs's photo, ski in for a few hours, hike up the face in a day, descend to camp by moonlight, sleep for eight hours, then ski out and roar back to town in time for work Monday.

The few hours ski in took eight but that was okay; snow conditions in April are always dubious. Looking at the map contours that night in our bivy tent we noticed a 6000 ft height difference between the 'schrund and summit. But well, what the hell, if you take bivy gear along you're sure to need it. So we stuck to the plan and needed it but didn't have it to use!

The difficulties start early on the north side of the Goodsirs. The hanging glacier looms over the entire face and calves almost hourly. We chose a rib that offered some protection and at first light were under the bulging edge of the ice. It being well over 90 degrees I started sorting out ice screws and aiders until I noticed Kevin 20 ft up and going like a beast. Oh well, you can't win all the time. Sl was forced to belay and eventually follow my first 110 degree ice pitch. The problem with modern ice climbing is that some free climbing machines have not been programmed on how to aid!

Above this creaky and freaky place we were treated to some horizontal ground crossing the glacier; our last touch of sanity for the next 48 hours. Looking at the photo it was obvious we had to head up and left to a ramp system breaking through the vertical and overhanging rock on both sides. But to get there we had to climb steep snow and ice covered rock. For six pitches tools bounced out from the one inch thick ice coating the rock and slabs of névé slid off with frontpoints firmly embedded in them. Doyle had to use some aid even; it pleased me greatly to witness this!

Eventually we reached the ramp system and were half-way up this when the dark and a storm forced us to bivouac under a small cornice. (If it happens suddenly in the narrative be assured it happened even more suddenly at the time!) Next followed 12 hours of jumping up and down, wiping spindrift off each other, telling jokes, laughing at them (occasionally), and brewing up. Soon, it seemed, we were once more on the move in the middle of what was by now a major storm. As the ramp merged into the summit ridge a collapsing cornice sent Kevin flying into space. Luckily, in spite of the miserable condition and not having a back-country permit, we knew how to belay and his flight came to an abrupt halt after 30 ft.

At this point, concerned about the increasing ferocity of the storm and the unpleasant prospect of another unplanned night out, as we were already off the face and onto easy ground we tried to traverse left onto what we thought were the southern slopes of the mountain. We descended, fitting the terrain to our visions of what the normal route should be like. I distinctly remember seeing a particular gendarme that's in a photo in the guidebook and Kevin could tell from the wind direction that we were on a south facing slope. With avalanches large and small rumbling down around we continued to lose height into a large bowl on our left. At one point while soloing across a steep gully Kevin was immersed in a continual avalanche two feet deep for a full 30 minutes. All he could do was plant his axes and hang in there until it stopped. Standing on the side lines, only the top of his head and back of his pack sometimes showing through, I had plenty of time to reflect on the tricky situation we would both be in if he and the ropes he was carrying were swept off the face to the glacier a thousand feet

below.

Once that particular bit of fun was over the mountain confirmed once and for all that we were by no means on the easy southern slopes. Six vertical rappels landed us once more on the relatively flat hanging glacier of the north face, this time on the north-eastern aspect about a half mile from where we had crossed it on the ascent. With a lot more steep ground below and dark and stormy conditions, we crawled into a crevasse for another night of stomping, brewing, and the beginning of a fascinating hallucinatory experience. Within four hours next morning we were packing up our tent for the slog back to the road. Behind us as the storm cleared we could see both the way up the north face and our misguided descent down the north-east; the former greatly recommended and the latter unimaginably scary.

David Cheesmond

South Goodsir, north face, 11,686ft. 23 and 24 April 1983. Kevin Doyle and David Cheesmond.

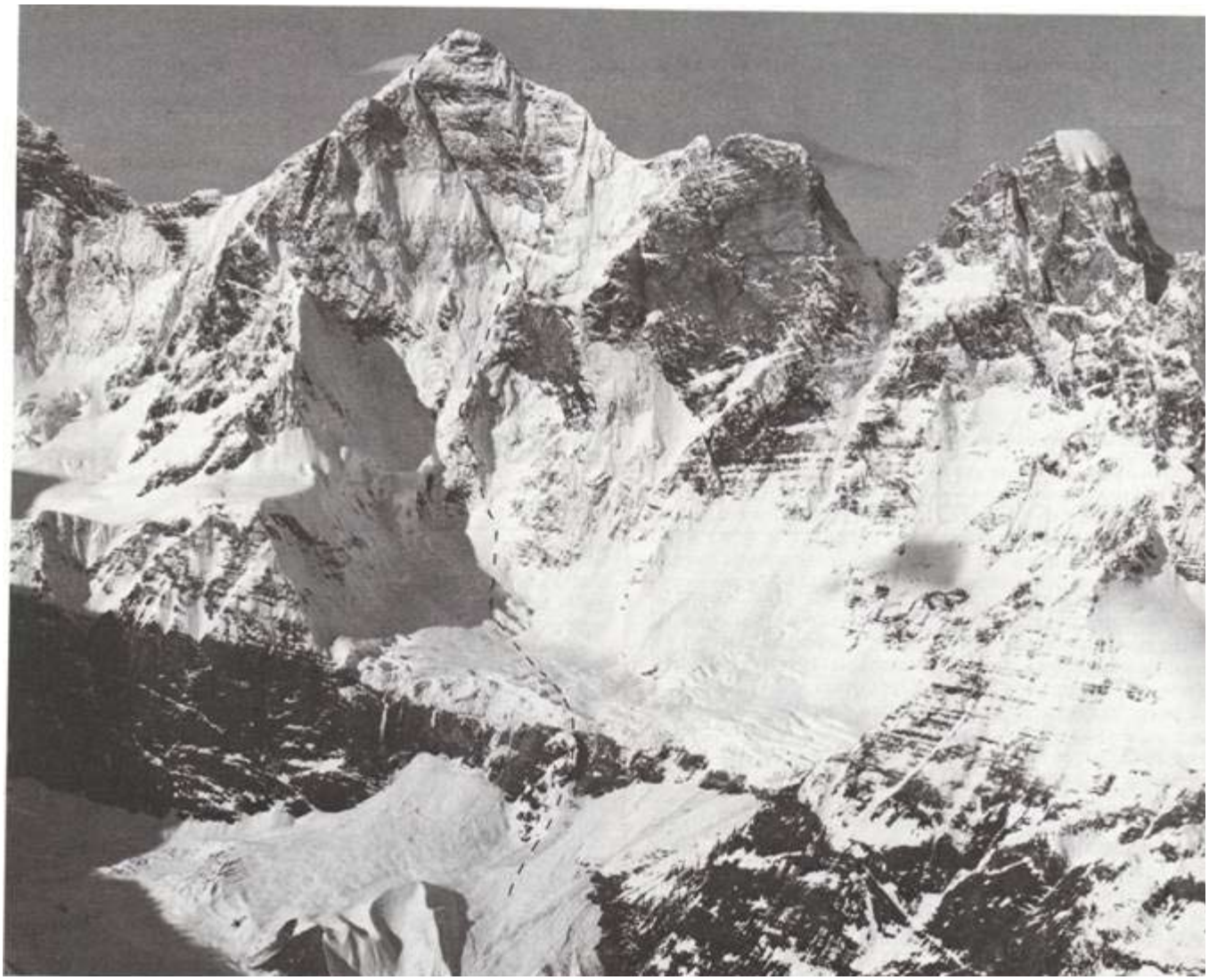
Raleigh, Gilbert, Toba, And Tisiphone

In the summer of 1983 we walked with John Baldwin into the remote Raleigh/Gilbert area of the Coast Mtns. We carried heavy packs and marched through a landscape shrouded in mist, under skies that were grey as lead. When the weather cleared after four days we began to pick out the peaks here and there which excited our interest.

One never quite got over the sense of yearning engendered by this trip. So many fine little climbs we had to pass by: a sharp little ridge, a glistening couloir striking across a sudden north face. We needed a hundred hours in each of our days, the energy of horses. But the snow was not kind to us and it was necessary to keep moving. Yet one felt inside a pent up energy that wanted to release itself on something more technical than the miles of glacier travel, the endless icefalls. We passed on, dreaming of next year.

It took us six days to reach the first air drop and then it stormed three days and nights. The story is told in From the Orford River (CAJ 1984:36-37). When the storm ended we crossed a ridge

Spring on the Goodsirs: the north face of the Goodsirs. Urs Kallen



to the north of our camp and went on to make the fourth ascent of Mt Gilbert which is actually the closest 10,000 footer in the Coast Mtns to Vancouver. And we saw the south-west ridge of Gilbert, something we just could not pass by. It is one of the most spectacular ridges in the entire range, reminiscent of classic lines in the Alps with its aiguilles and steep notches. Over a kilometre long, it drops some 2200 ft from the point where one must first gain the ridge proper.

While John and Jean went off to have a look at Mt Raleigh we set up our tent on the glacier below Gilbert's walls and started up the ridge the next day, climbing 16 pitches of class four and five snow and rock before retreating down the steep snow of the west face because we had run out of time and the weather was threatening. We climbed mostly in cloud and never had a good look at the upper part of the route. But when you are on your way down — you know you can climb anything.

Thus was born another in a continuing series of Coast Mtn summertime traverses. This year the plan was to fly into Gilbert and walkout to Meager Creek, a distance of 90 kms. We joined up with John Manual and Doug Fox and flew in via Air Alps' ski plane on 15 July.

We all knew it was a bit early for what we had in mind. The winter of 1983/84 had left an enormous snowpack at higher elevations; avalanches thundered off every steep face of the icefield. Even so we wanted to take full advantage of the good weather so we packed up some food and our bivy gear, said goodbye to John and Doug, and headed off for Gilbert.

The quickest way to the couloir where our route began was over the summit of the mountain. From a promontory just below the summit we were able to get a good view of the upper portion of the ridge. As Rob put it, "I got a real sinking feeling." Several steep pitches would be needed to regain the ridge after a rappel into the major notch, the high point of our attempt from the year before. Further along the ridge was blocked by a huge tower, sheer on all sides. Getting to it would be vastly complicated by a series of unstable snow mushrooms which leered at us from a knife-edged section of the ridge.

We descended to the basin and had a look at the couloir we would have to climb to gain the ridge. This year it was full of snow and we thought that would be an advantage. But the snow was bottomless sugar; we went through to our thighs and it was impossible to belay with any safety. Expecting to be on the ridge in time for tea, sun down found us still short of the crest, with Bruce belaying in his underwear (a consequence of a fine, sunny afternoon). A sudden icy wind swept the couloir as Rob struggled above to make headway in unconsolidated porridge and the temperature plunged. Once on the great granite blocks of the ridge we raced up half a pitch to find a giant cupped hand of granite projecting out over the north basin. Here we bivouacked.

Next morning saw us making our way up the familiar fourth and fifth class pitches, slowed by our bivy packs and the late season snow. We were amazed at the way the ridge had changed in character; this had not been intended as a winter ascent. By lunch time we realized that we were several pitches off the pace of last

Mt Gilbert from the south. Bruce Fairley

year and well below where we should have been. We did not get to the top of the notch until 6 pm. It was hard to explain why we were so much slower. Certainly our packs and the snow were excuses, but perhaps at bottom the rhythm simply was not there this year and the upper ridge, when we finally got a look at it, just plain scared us. We did not have the gear or the talent for big walls. We both agreed that the descent route from last year was out this time; it had been continually swept by avalanches the whole day. And if we rapped down into the notch to continue we were committed because it might not be possible to regain the ground we had covered due to the blank nature of the rock. Stupidly, we had only one rope.

We started back down the ridge; bivied at 10, and continued on down the next day, rigging awkward rappels. The couloir took six raps and was frustratingly time-consuming. "Think about Clarke," I thought; "ya gotta love mountains, not just the climbing."

Back at camp we exchanged tales of woe with John and Doug who had been avalanched off Mt Raleigh but made the sixth ascent of Gilbert and the second of Brockenspectre as consolation prizes. We throw bivy gear back into our packs and slog over towards Raleigh despite their gloomy forebodings, thinking that the snow has to consolidate sometime.

Here's how the rest of the trip went. From a bivy in a windy notch we rose at 4.15 and made our way into the east basin of Raleigh, a rubble field blasted completely by avalanche blocks which sweep 2500 ft to the Styx Glacier below, the ugliest such ice sheet we had ever seen.

We took the direct east face, a line along the last rock buttress to the north on the face overlooking the basin, which began with a few pitches of 60 degree ice then slackened off into easier snow. Descent was via the first ascent route on the north ridge which involved down climbing some steep ice and jumping a large 'schrund. Hats off to the first ascent party. "You might want crampons for that bit," Glenn Woodsworth had said. Sheesh! And some eight foot snow pickets would be nice as well!

We pushed back to camp the same day, fearful of the weather, and climbed Brockenspectre en route. It felt good to have salvaged at least one route from the five continuous days of good weather we'd seen. Manuel and Fox had meanwhile been collecting

consolation prizes of their own: two small but attractive firsts. Peak 8595 across the basin from Mt Falcon went via the east ridge at class four. Further down the glacier from our base camp they also climbed a nunatak that reminded us a bit of Half Dome; it was class three to four. Manuel has some idea of naming these after obscure writings by George Orwell — well don't blame us!

We took a day to sit out the only storm of the trip then it was time to march. The high route above the Compton Glacier went just fine then we dropped down to the Toba Glacier and up onto the plateau north of Compton. Tinned fruit and bakery cookies and the air drop — whoopee!

The next day we set off in search of a south ridge on Compton which did not exist — the map was right this time. We repeated the first ascent route, finding the crux lead across the top of the great couloir really fun. Doug and John were unable to cope with the icefall problems on the north side of the mountain but returned the next day and bagged Compton while we had a nice day on the clean, narrow north snow arête of Toba. Third ascent of the peak it seems and a new route to boot.

Again it was time to ramble, this time high around Compton and Toba to the south, then up and around the west side of Mt Tisiphone. A long day but straightforward in terms of route. We climbed Tisiphone the next day before crossing to Lillooet Mtn where we basically joined the route of those who have come this way before — mostly skiers. From that point the climbing was pretty well over: Bruce got sick, John left early, and the arrival at the ACC camp in the Manatee area induced terminal laziness. Rob and Doug did manage a very rapid ascent of Wahoo Tower before we turned taiI and headed for the Meager Creek valley.

Impressions? Gilbert and Raleigh struck us as something of an aloof area, almost unfriendly. Widely serrated peaks, steep rock, not a blade of grass or even a tuft of heather for miles — "typical coast range country" Serl calls it. Maybe our reaction was simply typical of a summer which never quite fulfilled its promise; again one left the area feeling that somehow we ought to have accomplished more, made more of a mark. Or perhaps this feeling is just a kind of mountaineering imperialism; an unreasonable refusal to accept solitude and serenity and companionship as sufficient rewards in themselves, even when not allied with challenge and conquest.

Rob Driscoll and Bruce Fairley

Ptarmigan Ridge

What a place for a route! The north ridge of Little Dag can be seen from virtually anywhere in the Mulvey Basin, best of all from the front porch of the hut and so, year after year, sitting on the porch after a day's climbing, our thoughts would turn to it. It certainly looks rather forbidding and steep as it rises from the valley floor, some 2000 ft below the top of the headwall. But looking at it for too long does strange things to one's eyes and slowly we began to see what appeared to be a quite reasonable way up.

So on 27 July 1984 after a usual Paul Allen alpine start (never before 5.30) we set off from the Mulvey Hut. We were aiming for the lowest snowfield on the north face of Batswing. This was still well over 1000 ft below the top of the headwall and just getting there was more than interesting as the face has several vertical fault lines running through it which are almost impossible to cross. Eventually we came to one gap that could not be by-passed but fortunately this was only some 15 ft wide and could be crossed via an A-1 bush whack traverse (we named it Streicher Traverse — a local joke). The descent to the snowfield took over three hours what with the route finding, crossing a waterfall (could be just wet down sloping slabs later on in the season), and the Streicher Traverse — well, we felt we were doing just fine. On and on, cross the snowfield and adjacent slabs (can be dangerous later on in the day as all of the Batswing's north face unloads through here and the evidence of this is painfully obvious), some more bush and vertical grass, across one more waterfall (a one jump variety) and then it was time for another route finding conference. We were at what appeared to be an inverted Y formation. We could continue traversing for awhile to gain the north ridge proper which at that elevation is a fairly wide buttress, gully shaped with trees growing in it, or go up a narrow buttress joining the main ridge some ways up. As we'd had it up to here with traversing by then we opted for the latter alternative and after a few hundred feet of up scrambling (some of it rather wet) it was time to rope up. We started with a grungy off width crack — obviously Paul's turn to lead as it seemed to be a good candidate for his (currently in the research stage) magnum opus "Fifty Classic Grunge Climbs in North America". It was short, but dirty and mossy and awkward, a good candidate. Above this we stayed roped up and enjoyed some eight pitches of easy class 5 granite — mostly short, steep walls with lower angle sections in between. On our left was a steep snow filled couloir and behind it the north ridge itself. Eventually we down climbed to the couloir, climbed it to its end, and sat down for a lunch. The view was great, the weather still fine, and it was only noon. So after a leisurely lunch we walked up the grassy ledges to gain the north ridge proper (at the level of what from the hut appears to be the first flat step in the ridge). Out came the rope and after two more pitches of easy class 5 we were at a fine grassy ledge leading to the uppermost snowfield on the north face of Little Dag. We walked up for some 2 1/2 pitches and then climbed one pitch to a small step in the ridge and held another conference. It was almost five o'clock in the afternoon and the weather was worrying. We had already been rained upon once since noon and now we could hear some not so distant rumblings. I was feeling a bit sick, the headcold which I was unable to shake off the whole summer affecting my balance (a bit) and my enthusiasm (a good deal). Immediately above was a rather smooth gendarme and above that the start of more difficult climbing. Paul, on the other hand, was full of enthusiasm. He felt that we had only a few more pitches to the top and, in any event, we could exit easily after two pitches or so via a band of grassy ledges intersecting the entire face. I disagreed, pointing out that the ledges appeared to be discontinuous and even if they would go, we still had to go up Batswing and Not Peaks before descending to the basin and that I certainly did not feel like a summit bivi under the conditions. So, conservative that I am at heart, I persuaded Paul to go with the devil we knew rather than the one we did not and we retreated. What a trip! We certainly straightened the line a bit but reversing the approach bushwhack, most of it in the dark, was an experience I would rather forget.

We stayed on in the Basin for a few more days doing other

things. Sitting on the front porch in the evenings and looking at "our" ridge was rather frustrating but the memory of the approach bushwhack was too much to overcome. However time does strange things to our minds and so a few weeks after returning Paul started talking about going back. A quick, lightweight, clever and cheap trip, that's what he had in mind. So on Labour Day weekend, defying the Vancouver weatherman, the weather records, and perhaps common sense, we set off. Our plan was sheer genius in its simplicity; drive to the Streicher gate on the Little Slocan road in my truck, change to motorcycles, drive right to the end of the Bannock-Burn Creek road and hike our old approach trail to the Mulvey via Wolves-Ears-Not col. It was rather late in the afternoon of Saturday 1 September that we unloaded a Yamaha 100 cc street bike from my pickup at the gate and well past 9 pm when we finally put the poor thing to rest in the bush at the Mt Prestley/ Mt Gimli fork in the North Bannock-Burn road. I don't quite remember whether we spent more time riding the bike, pushing it, or walking behind but we did manage to save ourselves a bit of time. We then walked up the road until we started to stumble and bivied right in the middle of it. It was a glorious starry night and after watching shooting stars and satellites for awhile we slept soundly even though Paul did mutter darkly something about not waking up for any eighteen wheelers driving down the road in the middle of the night. Morning dawned clear and cold and we set off full of hope that the Vancouver weatherman would be wrong once again.

After five years of road closure our approach trail was still flagged and apparently well used — lots of deer, elk, and bear tracks — but we made enough noise not to see more than one blackie on it. We made the Wolves-Ear-Not col in good time but definitely not good enough to go down into the basin and then further down so that we could reclimb the whole route. Paul had to be back to work on Monday and our motorcycle did not save us as much time as we hoped for so we decided to traverse Not Peak, climb Batswing, and see if we could get down to the start of the serious climbing in the ridge. Our luck was still holding; we found that we could down climb the Little Dag face right down to the grassy ledges which went — Paul was right, they were continuous — so after three pitches of a pleasantly exciting sneaker traverse (we were in running shoes and the grass was covered in new snow) we were on the ridge proper and one 165 ft rappel brought us back to our previous high point. It was here that we had the pleasure of getting acquainted with the most friendly (or scared) ptarmigan of the many that we had seen on the route (the many grassy ledges are probably what attracts them). He did not want to move for quite some time and thus got quite friendly with Paul who took to calling him Ralph. Old Ralph finally flew off on a Kamikaze course around the whole north face, but not before giving us the name for the route.

It was now 1.30 pm and the real fun was beginning. The gendarme that looked so discouraging to us a month earlier was turned quite easily on the right side (all difficulties on this route could be bypassed by bearing to the right side — I wish I could say the same about Canadian politics) and after two shortish 100 ft pitches of 5.4 to 5.5 we were back on the sneaker ledges. The prow of the ridge rises here in a series of overhangs but some 20 ft to the right we could see a crack leading right up. Paul started it but he managed to run out of both rope and protection at about the same time so he had to do some tricky down climbing to a conveniently located grassy alcove. Now it was my turn again so I took all of our larger pieces and some pins — just in case — and set off. This was crux No 1 — a vertical right facing corner with an off width crack in the joint. Strenuous and a bit unpleasant for someone with sensitive corns and bunions such as me. How did I wish to have my gold old tube chock that, Murphy's Law, I left home. I had to make a fairly long run out before I could place our one and only pin on the route. The exposure was exhilarating, the climb being just great 5.7 to 5.8, everything was there once one took a good look at it, weather and temperature were just right, this was what we came for. The pitch was just the right length; it ended in a perfect belay platform after 164 ft and 6 1/2 inches. Paul came up quickly, grunting and groaning and cursing the lot of the seconder. But his luck was still holding as the next pitch was the second crux, a beautiful vertical left facing corner with a vertical wall in the right side, a good slightly off width crack in the joint, overhanging steps on the left side, and just enough moss and loose rock to make it a good Paul Allen lead. After that a perfect chimney, 3 or 4 feet wide, 20 ft across and some 2000 ft up on the ridge. And that was it, From there it's either a scramble to the summit, again by-passing difficulties to the right, or a short 5.4, 80 ft pitch right to the summit.

What a feeling, we did it, the longest, some 3500 vertical feet, and in our opinion the best, reasonable standard mixed route in the Basin to date!

Steven Horvath

1st ascent of north ridge Little Dag, Southern Valhallas.

Controversy And Confusion Surrounding The First Ascent Of Crowsnest Mountain

Viewed from the south along Highway 3 Crowsnest Mtn is a prominent landmark, an "isolated massif, rising in terraces and resembling a great fortress or keep".[1] It is west of the Livingston Range and 11.5km north-east of the summit of Crowsnest Pass. Each year thousands of tourists admire the beauty of Crowsnest Mtn and a large number of individuals ascend its 2785 m summit either by penetrating the cliffs near its base through a series of chimneys along the north-east side or by a large couloir on the north side. Neither route presents serious difficulties and the main danger is associated with loose rock especially when large parties are involved.

The first ascent of Crowsnest Mtn took place on 28 July 1904 and since then it has become a subject of confusion and contention in mountaineering circles and literature. The fact that this event was associated with Edward Whymper, conqueror of the Matterhorn, has added to the controversy because of the animosities engendered by his personality and character. At the time Whymper was employed

by the CPR as a publicist and consultant and one of his duties was to evaluate the tourist potential of the Crowsnest Pass and suggest suitable locations for the construction of chalets and hotels.

Whymper was accompanied by Tom E Wilson, the prominent Banff packer, and Christian Häsler and Friedrich Michel, two Swiss guides employed by the CPR. Whymper had instructed Wilson and the two guides to explore and cut a trail around the mountain and then report back to him. In the meantime Whymper went to Frank where he examined and photographed the famous slide. If the dismal weather rendered this task difficult, a telegram from Wilson had even more disastrous effects on Whymper's volatile disposition. The message stated: "Flag on Crows Nest Mountain. Waiting Orders."[2]

It has been suggested that Whymper's displeasure was due to the fact that he had been deprived of the honour of being the first to stand on the summit. It is doubtful whether Whymper entertained any serious ambitions of making first ascents in Canada because of his advancing age.[3] Furthermore, there is only a hint of such desire in the pages of his meticulous and detailed journal. After transcribing the contents of Wilson's telegram, Whymper reiterated the orders given to his men: They were to explore the area, cut a trail around the mountain, report back "and I then should have gone up Crows Nest Peak".[4] It is significant to note that in this latter phrase, the pronoun "I" was added later. Thus, the most plausible explanation for Whymper's anger is not that the ascent was made without him but that his instructions had not been carried out. This interpretation is substantiated by Whymper's subsequent entry in his journal: "This obliged me to revise my programme as I had no time to lose".[5] Arthur Oliver Wheeler of the ACC, an authority on issuing orders and expecting unquestioned obedience, recalled that Whymper "was of a very precise and imperious character and strongly objective to interference in his premeditations".[6]

On the other hand, others have attributed Whymper's absence from this first ascent to his well known fondness for alcoholic beverages. This legend of incapacitation is due, in part, to a misinterpretation of a famous photograph of an imposing array of empty liquor bottles and crates bearing the caption "The Remains of E. Whymper". An examination of a good copy of this photograph however clearly reveals that it had been taken three years earlier, in 1901, during Whymper's exploration of the Ice River Valley. It is ironic to note that Whymper himself attributed the irresponsible behaviour of his assistants to the fact that Wilson had taken a bottle of brandy with him prior to climbing the mountain.[7]

For its part, mountaineering literature dealing with the first ascent of Crowsnest Mtn incorporates accounts that are not only inaccurate but bewildering as well. In the 1921 edition of A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains, H Palmer and JM Thorington credit the first ascent to "E. Whymper, T. Wilson and two Swiss guides."[8] Francis Smythe dealt briefly with the ascent in his biography of Whymper published in 1940 by stating:

It was reported that he climbed Crows Nest Peak, but it appears that he sent one of his assistants with two Swiss guides to reconnoitre the mountain and they, finding the ascent possible, climbed the mountain much to their employer's annoyance.[9]

Since Smythe had consulted Whymper's diary and the passage dealing with the events of 28 July is unequivocal there was no reason for Smythe to utilize the phrase "but it appears" thereby introducing another element of ambiguity.

The following year, in 1941, JM Thorington contributed a short note entitled "Whymper in Canada" in the AAJ. Thorington cited the above passage from Smythe's book and concluded with the following comment: "The assistant was Tom Wilson and one of the guides was C. Kaufmann."[10] The source of these names is not known and while Wilson is correctly identified, C(hristian) Kaufmann was in reality one of the four Swiss guides who accompanied Whymper on his 1901 expedition to the Yoho and Ice River Valleys.

A contemporary photograph of Edward Whymper.
NA66-509, Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta.

The sixth edition of A Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada edited by JM Thorington and WL Putnam incorporates the substance of comments contained in Smythe's biography and Thorington's note. The entry states: "1904 first ascent by E. Whymper(?), T. Wilson and two Swiss guides."[11] The erroneous reference to Kaufmann was not repeated but the addition of a question mark after Whymper's name did little to remove any doubts that may have existed.

The "remains of Edward Whymper"
At times erroneously attributed to the Crowsnest Mtn venture. NA66-323, Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta.

Confusion and error still persist in the most recent edition of the Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada, prepared by GW Boles, R Kruszyna, and WL Putnam. The reference to Crowsnest Mtn is as follows: "FA 1904; TE Wilson, 2 guides, one of whom was H Kaufmann (route unknown)."[12] The source cited for this information is Thorington's note in the 1941 issue of the AAJ. Confusion was compounded and additional error created by transforming Christian Kaufmann into "H Kaufmann".

Thus 80 years after the event and after 52 years of commentary the historical record is still not accurate. There is no doubt that the dour conqueror of the Matterhorn would be as perturbed in perusing it as he was in receiving the telegram announcing that the ascent of Crowsnest Mtn was a fait accompli.

Raymond J A Huel
Department of History, The University of Lethbridge

FOOTNOTES

Alberta and British Columbia Boundary Commission. *Report of the Commission to delimit the boundary between the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia.* Office of the Surveyor General, Ottawa, 1917-55, Vol I, p 62.

Diary of Edward Whymper, M309(14) July 30,1904. This extensive personal journal is in the Scott Polar Institute in Cambridge, England. A photocopy of the sections dealing with Whymper's voyages to Canada is in the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta.

1. Alberta and BC Boundary Commission. Report of the Commission to delimit the boundary betseen the provinces of AB and BC. Office of the Surveyor General, Ottawa, 1917-55, Vol I, p.62

2. The diary of Edward Whymper, M309 (14) July 30, 1904. This extensive personal journal is in the Scott Polar Institute in Cambridge, England. A photocopy of the sections dealing with Whymper's voyages to Canada is in the Archives of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Alberta

3. CAJ 1941:83.

4. Diary, M309(14), July 30,1904.

5. IBID

6. CAJ 1941:83.

7. Diary, M309(14), July 30, 1904.

8. Publishing for the American Alpine Club by the Knickerbocker Press, NY, 1921, p 2.

9. F Smythe, Edward Whymper. Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1940, pp 309-10.

10. Page 315.

11. Published by the American Alpine Club, 1966, p 4.

12. The Rocky Mountains of Canada South. The American Alpine Club, The Alpine Club of Canada, New York, Banff, 1973, p 37.

A Few Weeks In The Hayes Range: Mts Deborah And Hayes

This is the Nome Weather station WKJ81 operating on a frequency of 162.55 MHz from the forecast office in Fairbanks, Alaska!

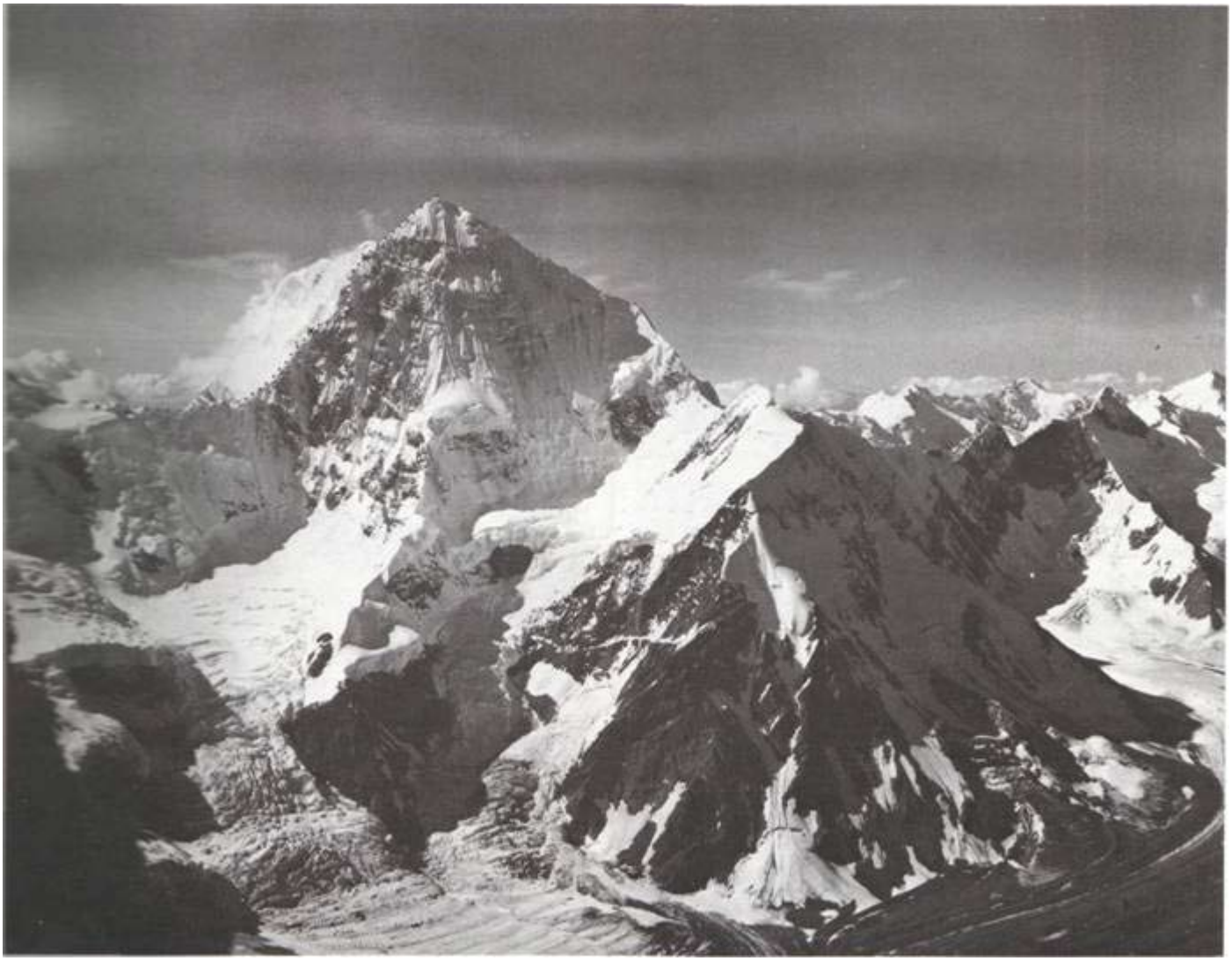
The theme song for our 1981 attempt on this difficult route on Mt Deborah. Three starving weeks we waited in vain for our food air drop, the only entertainment the daily listen to the small weather radio. Eventually we tired of fascinating details of the flooding of the Chena River at the gravel bar and the Tanana at the railway bridge, and stumbled out in four hellish days to much needed blueberry pie at Adventures Unlimited.

Climbers do have short memories. On 6 May 1983 Tony Martin lands Carl Tobin and me on the West Fork Glacier and I look again at the majestic east ridge that had occupied so many hours of thought and planning in the interim. Tony then drops six food boxes on the Deborah/Hess col within a rope length of three rather surprised climbers already established there! We rush to the col in a ten hour stint under enormous packs and are invited into a luxurious snow cave for tea. We confess to Roger, Rob, and John that our objectives appear to be the same and with a little discussion all agree to combine forces and climb as a party of five. By a chance encounter five very different people, three from Plas-y-Brenin in Wales, one from Fairbanks, and one from Calgary — all with a common bond — we wanted to climb this mountain.

Next morning Wales went ahead and broke trail up the lower section of the ridge. Past some hard rock steps, with remnants of fixed ropes from previous attempts, the way led up ever steepening snow and ice to eventually become a double corniced ridge. Feeling slight effects from our rapid rise to this point, Garland I were pleased to have existing steps to follow.

Day two on the ridge was stormy and while we two relaxed

Mt Deborah east ridge. Bradford Washburn, Boston museum of science photo 2854.



in our relatively luxurious tent various Englishmen came past at intervals and fixed some pitches before returning once more to their uncomfortable bivy sacs. Digging into the medical kit we managed to pass the day in reasonable fashion and even get some sleep.

Next morning a great sunrise saw us already on the move. The traverse of the horizontal corniced ridge where all previous attempts had failed, was with stable snow conditions, less dangerous than anticipated. Shortly we reach the rock band. We know from the photos that this is the crux. Carl is soon thrutching up steep snow covered rock, leaving us looking worriedly at the single anchor point. Luckily he finds a good stance with excellent belays. The next pitch with poor runners and complicated route finding impresses on us the seriousness of the situation.

One more pitch of difficult bridging places us on top of the rock band. While the rest of us come up with the packs Roger sets off into the gathering gloom of fast approaching Arctic semi-night. Poor snow conditions and purely psychological belays made the face above time consuming. In 2 am near dark we find a place. By four in the morning, after a taxing 24 hour day, we finally settle down on our small platforms and get much needed rest and liquids.

One of the pleasant things about spring climbing in Alaska is the terrific variation in temperature. That night the temperature was about -20°C. Next morning with the sun beating down the heat was hardly bearable. With the weather so good it was nearly noon before we set off. Easier angled climbing takes us to the summit ridge which, unbelievably, overhangs on all sides except the top. Figuring that the only way up was through it we eventually convince Carl to aid a roof consisting of unconsolidated rime using snow pickets. Exciting stuff, this modern ice climbing!

Not too much later we stand on the summit of Deborah and watch the sun dip down for a while below the horizon, his rays catching Denali in a spectacular sunset. Pleased with ourselves, Carl especially on his second visit to this summit, we bivouac right on top and have a magnificent relaxed sleep.

Descent by the original ascent route has its moments but 12 hours of down climbing later we trudge through knee deep snow around the southern face of Deborah.

1st ascent, east ridge Mt Deborah. Carl Tobin, John Barry, Rob Collister, David Cheesmond, Roger Mear. 7 to 11 May 1983.

Our rest on the glacier was interrupted by the realization that we had been in the mountains just over a week and had already

achieved our major objective. Carl, having a great deal of local knowledge, soon selects Mt Hayes as another worthwhile climb. We say good-bye to our new found friends and set off with our 250 Ib sleds of food and gear to cross the range.

The start was inauspicious. Our top heavy and overweight sleds are just not the thing to be hauling when threading through the sort of icefall that leads down onto the Susitna from 9448 col. Progress is slow, frustrating, and generally fairly dangerous. It is a relief when mist blows in and forces a sheltered bivouac in the middle of the icefall.

Another day of gradually improving conditions and we are able to dump half our loads on the lateral moraine. We plan to return the same way and eventually float out to the highway on the Susitna River. The inflatable raft, humped around the mountains for two weeks, makes a good marker for the dump, visible from a mile down the glacier as we set off in the general direction of Hayes.

Our knowledge of the existing route on this section of Hayes is scarce but Carl remembers mention of an icefall and gully. Camped below the face it seems certain the previous ascent must have been near the icefall tumbling down the righthand side so we decide to go for a rib line in the centre of the face, with a possible descent down the west ridge over on the left.

Due to a storm we don't get going till 2 pm. A good alpine start by anyone's standards! Low technical difficulty at first and we climb unroped. In three hours we are half-way up the face. With the steepening angle however our pace slows and we're soon belaying relatively properly. At 1 am some vertical ice and then the cornice to dig through before exiting onto the huge summit plateau. Erecting the small bivy tent is hell with the wind howling and the temperature well below -30°C but we are soon once again holed up and brewing. That night it strikes me how little one really needs for an exciting holiday in the mountains — two sleeping bags, a tent just large enough for two to bundle up inside, a stove and food, and someone to share it all with. Two man expeditions are definitely the way to go!

Next day the storm breaks and we rush to the summit and back to our tent. Our plans for a good long rest change when the weather continues to improve and we reluctantly pack up at midnight and set off down the west ridge. A more cold and miserable descent would be difficult to imagine but after a night and half a day of down climbing and rappelling/ Carl falls and I jump over the bergschrund at the start of the ridge.

Three desperate days of skiing out down the Susitna in the middle of spring thaw and a 12 hour float down the river to civilization remained.

1st ascent, new route, west face Mt Hayes. Carl Tobin and David Cheesmond. 23 and 24 May 1983.

David M Cheesmond

Coast Ranging

Our first trip convinced us the Coast Mtns have a lot to offer. Even before finishing the hike out from Mt Ottarasko in 1982 we had made plans to return the next year. The following August the four of us — Fred Beckey, Jim Nelson, Greg Collum, and Bill Pilling — reassembled, with the addition of Chuck Gerson. After an absolutely horrendous drive over 50 miles of dirt road we arrived at the trail head on Lord River. Fred's first objective for us was the north face of Mt Winstone. The hike in was almost pleasant — meaning there was a minimum of bushwhacking. You don't really appreciate a trail until you don't have one. From our scenic camp site Winstone's north face looked impressive — this certainly wasn't the Cascades!

We dragged ourselves to the base of the face the next morning. Fred's ankle began bothering him — the legacy of a car accident — and he elected to return to camp. The rest of us wandered up the glacier then split up into two teams. Chuck and Bill climbed a third class rock wall just east of the icefall that cascades below the west peak of Winstone. They climbed an ice gully just west of the main summit's subsidiary rock peak then followed the summit ridge to the top (III, 55 degrees).

Jim and Greg began climbing shattered snow covered rock several hundred yards west of the National Pillar route directly beneath the summit ice cliffs. Two pitches of fourth class led to the beginning of a snow gully which they followed until moving left onto a snow rib. They reached the ice cliff after eight pitches. An 85 degree ice pitch brought them to the top of the hanging glacier. They found the climb quite stimulating with only four ice screws and no rock gear (III, 85 degrees). The four of us met on the summit, happy with our warm-up climbs.

We drove to Bluff Lake, where we enjoyed Mrs King's hospitality before flying into the Tiedemann Glacier. Jim and Bill knocked off the south ridge of Tiedemann in a five day climb (see CAJ 1984:79; this volume, Nelson, 7600 Metres). Down glacier for a few days, Chuck and Greg climbed the north buttress of Whymper Dome (III 5.7) — mainly third class, with four roped pitches. Fred, Jim, and Bill went up to the Plummer Hut to laze around and do a little rock climbing. Meanwhile Greg and Chuck started up the south face of Tiedemann in a couloir west of Don Serl's route.

After climbing to the top of the gully the pair spent a few hours constructing a tent platform on the edge of the huge chasm separating Tiedemann from Combatant. The next morning they climbed several pitches up a dike to a small snowfield. Six pitches on solid clean granite led them to a level bench. After a comfortable bivouac ensured by more platform building they set off up the highest snowfield on Tiedemann's south face. Crunchy early morning snow led to excellent mixed climbing up gullies to the summit ridge. They reached the summit by noon (V 5.8) and followed Jim's and Bill's tracks, still visible from their climb the previous week, down the east ridge and Asperity Couloir.

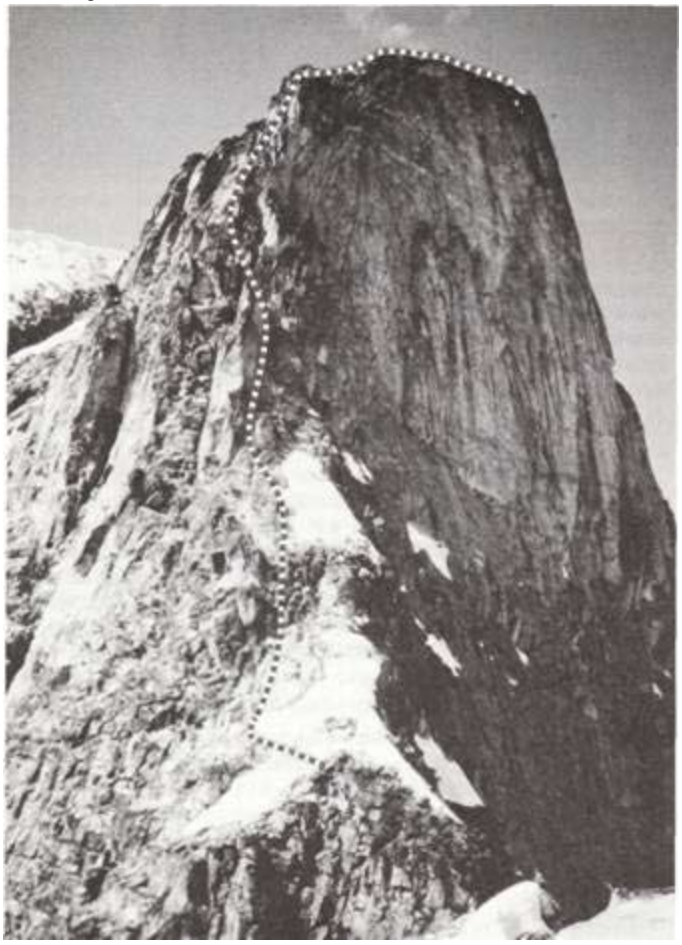
In August 1984 Fred, Greg, and Bill flew in to the Zeus/Pegasus col in the Pantheon Range. The previous year Fred and Bill had

spotted a massive tower on the northern flank of Mt Zeus. We were anxious to grab the first ascent. Unfortunately the weather was poor. Fred had to run through memories all the way back to the forties before he could remember spending more than ten days in a tent!

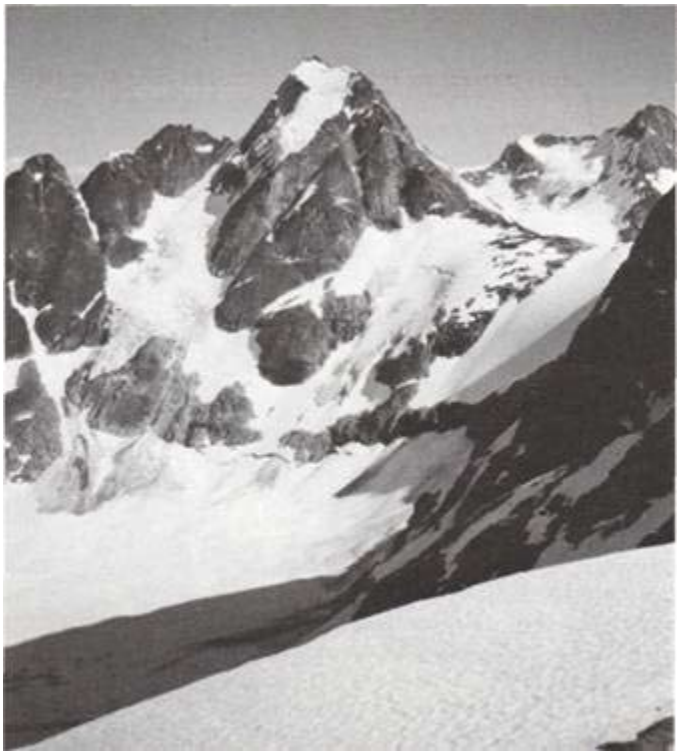
When the weather cleared we moved from our base camp to the shoulder just below the east buttress of the tower. Our plan next morning was to climb up to an obvious ledge at about half height. Fred decided to wait at camp. Bill and Greg set off with enough gear for a night out. We reached the ledge at noon and left our packs, hoping to reach the summit and descend by dark. Six roped pitches and several hundred feet of scrambling and we were on top (IV 5.8). We named it Athena Tower[1] after Zeus's goddess daughter who sprang, fully formed, from the side of his head. We stayed on top long enough to snap some pictures and build a summit cairn. After down climbing the exposed ridge we began rappelling, anxious to reach the base of the climb. The weather was worsening and the thought of spending the night on an exposed ledge was not a pleasant one. We reached the tent at dusk. That night's storm was the most spectacular of the trip. Clouds rolled by at amazing speed and the electricity in the air caused the tent poles to vibrate and glow. Next morning we gathered our gear and returned to base camp.

For our next climb we chose the north-west face of Manitou Peak. After a quick descent to the Zeus Glacier we climbed hard névé and low angle ice up the lower reaches of the glacier on the north side of Manitou. We headed up a mixed face directly beneath a prominent ice cliff. We climbed seven pitches of excellent mixed terrain to the left edge of the sérac wall. Though only moderately difficult the rock and the ice conditions were so good for a route of this kind that we had a great time. As we climbed the deep snow of the summit slopes above the glacier the clouds closed in and it began to snow in big wet flakes (III 5.6). After an abbreviated stay on the summit we picked our way down to the Zeus/Manitou col. Traversing the col we followed the glacier on Zeus's east side to a snow ramp which got us around the high shoulder of Athena Tower's east buttress. From there we walked back to the Zeus/Pegasus col in our old tracks without having to lose elevation, retracing the approach we had taken that morning.

Athena Tower.
The east buttress route follows snowfields and scrambling in the lower part, and cracks and corners on the sun/shadow line to the skyline ridge. Bill Pilling



Manitou Peak north face.
Route climbs snowslopes in the lower section, takes the shadowed mixed face beneath the hanging glacier, and continues up snow directly to the summit rocks. Bill Pilling



We waited in the tent for another day, our 13th idle day on a 17 day trip! We thought the ten days in the tent were bad and the lightning worse but the high winds that began after sunset that night were almost intolerable. We spent the entire night holding up our dome tent as the tent cords frayed and the poles threatened to snap. Fred recommended we wear our boots in our sleeping bags — just in case we suddenly found ourselves in the open. The wind dropped slightly at dawn but blew constantly all day. We had given up hoping to fly out. Just then the helicopter swept down onto the col and we ran to it through the blowing snow with armfuls of equipment, breathless to leave.

Greg Collum and Bill Pilling

1. Athena Tower has been historically known as Thunderbolt Tower.

The north-east face of Mt Monarch.
The normal east ridge route comes in from the left, ascends the hanging glacier, and reaches the skyline via the broad gully just right of the summit. Don Serl

The east side of Mt Monarch from the Queen.
Note the figure on the snow near the bottom. Don Ser!

Monarch: Again, And Not Again

Monarch again. For years Mike has wanted to go; for years other opportunities have taken him elsewhere. This summer time and money and priorities coincided and we went.

We air dropped ten boxes of food, a base camp tent, and a huge pack load of clothing, bivy gear, and so on onto the Horseshoe Glacier right next to the rognon and consequently had a pleasant four hour walk with light packs from Success Lake to camp. An afternoon squall nearly beat us to the bagels and cream cheese which had burst from one box upon impact but we prevailed.

The poor following day was succeeded by a mediocre one. The pattern seemed familiar. We climbed the north ridge of the Pretender — an easy scramble up some rock, 300 m in a 50 degree snow and ice gully, and an easy snow ridge to the top. Monarch looked depressingly like it had done the year before — perhaps even more snowed up and still with its head in the clouds. Plainly "the defences" (such arrogance!) had not been ignored. Oh no, not again!

A nice morning lured us onto the north ridge of the Throne but — again just like the previous year — the afternoon degenerated into a dump of wet snow. We managed to hang our second rappel really badly and had to get downright serious and pretty gripped before recovering the ropes. We only regained the camp at midnight but as it stormed for the next three days it hardly mattered.

Sunday dawned bright and clearing and as we too had been bright and given ourselves a week and a half we dashed off for the Queen. Once onto the upper bench of the glacier however we realized just how good conditions were and with a mutual nod and wink and barely a word we headed for Monarch. The east ridge was a combination of fast cramponning and steep scrambling followed by moderate step punching up the hanging glacier. The 'schrund was no problem on the left and the final gully to the ridge gave an enjoyable 60 or 80 metres of ice. The summit was heavily rimed but pleasantly windless and tolerably warm. A slowly breaking cloud sea at about 3000 m submerged everything except us and the Waddington Range. Talchako and Jacobsen and Cerberus surfaced intermittently. We had taken only five hours so we had plenty of time to enjoy the view and let the slopes freeze before plunging back down into the gloaming.

Monday was superb and after botching an attempt on the north face of the Queen we scrambled to the normal west ridge route. Mike slept in the sun while I scrambled to the top and lost myself in maps and compass and binoculars and camera for a couple of hours. The panorama was astonishing in its breadth and clarity — from Saugstad and the Jakes around to Silverthrone, Jubilee, Bell, Waddington and its consorts, the Niut and Pantheon peaks, Razorback. Even Queen Bess tipped up behind Success and Reliance. Years of future trips beckoned in the distance and much which had previously been only a jumble fell into perspective when viewed from this new angle.

Again, and not again. We come, we try, we succeed and we fail. Every time, we learn. Every time the magic works on the guts, bends the mind and the heart. Up the Coast. Again. And again.

Don Serl

The Pretender, 1st ascent north ridge. 13 August 1984. The Throne, North ridge attempt (again!). 14 August 1984. Mt Monarch. East ridge. 19 August 1984. The Queen. West ridge. 20 August 1984. Don Serl and Mike Down.

Toba Wanderings

On 4 August 1984 I went to Toba Inlet to make four climbing trips from the logging camp at Racoon Creek. The first was to the group of granite peaks south of the main forks, 30 miles up the Toba River. On the approach ridge fog hung between the big tree trunks and moss covered ice age striations were everywhere. In camp at 4100 ft there were so many flies and mosquitoes bashing around between the tent and fly that it sounded like rain. Higher up I wriggled over an awkward step on the ridge leading to the 8200 ft north-west shoulder of peak 8572. High camp was placed in a little pocket at 8000 ft just west of the shoulder. The peaks were marvellous. After climbing up the steep west snow slope I had three hours on top of peak 8572 watching clouds race each other past the peak. An incredibly chaotic icefall on the glacier at the head of Jimmie Creek appeared and disappeared in the hurrying clouds.

Next day (10 August) I cramponned down 1000 ft and up to the snow col between peaks 8190 and 8260. Wolverine tracks went up toward both peaks. On peak 8190 I was stopped above a wild gap in the west ridge but later succeeded on the north side. From the peak the view 20 miles down the Toba valley is impressive as the valley floor isn't logged and the road not visible in the tall maple and spruce. Toba Inlet itself was hiding just around a corner but Mt Waddington appeared just to the left of Mt Grenville. Later peak 8260 was a beautiful scramble on weathered granite. After breaking high camp I started down the steep broken glacier to the north. I lost my frame pack jumping a bergschrund and watched it cartwheel down and into a crevasse. A frantic hour's work and everything was on the surface again with no more damage than ripped side pockets and a bent stove casing. Camp was on a flat slab that evening with everything I owned hung out on the rocks to dry. Next day through the timber I gorged on berries and the insects gorged on me. After a killing 10 mile walk down the road I was invited to fresh caught trout and salad at the logging camp.

On 13 August I camped at 400 ft on the west side of the Toba River half a mile below the Dalgleish Creek confluence. Almost 8000 ft above was the only peak on the Montrose divide that I hadn't yet climbed. This camp was the lowest elevation I've ever heard a pika. Big grizzly droppings all around the tent kept me banging the pot lid at the end of every page of my book. Rain and kamikaze insects kept me inside till the morning of the 15th. At first I squirmed through devil's club in a valley bottom mixture of huge maple, cedar, and spruce. The sidehill was an old burn with young trees so close I had to empty the side pockets to get through. Above were moss covered rock slides and steep standing timber. Camp was on the bench at 3500 ft. The peak was an eight hour return trip the next day. With just enough visibility on top to confirm where I was, I remember thinking it funny to go through

Looking north-west from peak 6429, between Jim Brown and Pildolla Creeks
Valley is farthest reaches of upper Powell River (fifth trip). John Clarke

Looking south-west from ridge south of lake 3918 at head of Barkshack; Creek
Beartooth Mtn, between Powell Lake and Eldred River, is sharp peak (fifth trip). John Clarke

all that for the privilege of standing for five minutes in a cloud on a hump of snow. Rain pounded down on the tent all that night and till noon the next day. After a soaking thrash to the road I camped in the same spot as before and fell asleep to the whining and screaming of insects trying to get into the tent. In the logging camp I was assigned a bunk and hung everything up in the drying room.

On 20 August I started out for the group of peaks between Racoon Creek and the Little Toba River. High camp was on a gentle alpine dome marked 7221 on the map. Next day almost all the peaks of this little range were climbed, the highlight being the views into upper Racoon Creek which is terrifically walled on both sides. On the last leg back to camp the icefall across the valley to the north-east took on an eerie flat light. I was really beat when I got to camp and an extra big pot of lentils and flour. On the 22nd I climbed peak 7722 via its south-west ridge. I built a massive cairn while waiting for it to clear on top. The cairn finished it cleared enough to see many peaks and glaciers that were old friends. I stayed a long time as I'd wanted to climb this peak since seeing it in 1972. Cloud had moved in below but I had my tracks to get me to the heather ridge east of camp where I got very close to a ptarmigan and full grown chick. On the 23rd I broke camp at 7200 ft at 7 am, dropped 5000 ft in 2 1/2 hours and with a ride was in the logging camp at 10.20 am!

On the 24th, after a visit to the Indian graves at the Tahumming mouth, I hiked into the southern tributary of the lower Tahumming that rises in an alpine lake. The beautiful valley is walled in on both sides all the way to the lake. At first the going was swampy with much skunk cabbage and yellow cedar that gave the place an alpine character at only 2000 ft. There was evidence of bears as most of the skunk cabbage was dug up and the roots eaten. The lake. What a beauty! It is fully walled in with four cascades of water streaming down into it. I put up the tent on warm dry heather and lit a fire. In the morning I got the fire going again for

Looking west from peak 6328 to the big lake at the head of the Daniels River (fifth trip). John Clarke

Looking south-west from near camp 4, peak 6328 at centre (fifth trip). John Clarke

Frigid September morning looking south-west from camp 8 to peak 6467
North of head of Barkshack Creek, with Slide Mtn on left (fifth trip). John Clarke

porridge and moved up before the flies got too bad. The ridge up from the lake is the only way to the alpine from here and led up to the most incredible sweep of low angle granite slabs I'd ever seen. High camp was on a pocket of level dry grass with a stream running past it. There were white caps on Toba Inlet 5500 ft below. The objective peak of this trip was the very prominent 7000 ft mountain two miles north-east of Mt Earner. I hiked south in the afternoon to get a look at its north-east ridge, following a large set of bear tracks for almost two miles. At midnight the rain began and lasted 14 hours. Then fog and just the sound of the stream going by. After heavy rain all evening and night, it was strangely quiet. Then I saw the sagging of the tent and knew it had snowed. Later I went for a cold windy walk on the ridge but there was no sign of my peak which was probably looking pretty wintry by now. Bumble bees were still at the heather flowers despite the cold but even they retreated later when the wind tore plumes from the ridge. After another day of storm I climbed the peak and the only problems were wet lichens and fresh snow on the steeper rocks. The ridge was a marvel, climbing steeply between two faces and staying just steep enough to keep me guessing. On top I built a cairn and took a photo into the rugged range to the west. Good granite country. The next day, on the hike back to Toba Inlet, the insects showed me how much they'd missed me while I was up high.

September 1st (and fifth Toba trip) was a real introduction to the new month — much fresh snow down to 6500 ft. The day was spent packing for a hike from the head of the inlet to the Eldred River for which two air drops had already been placed. It took 23 days to get across, with almost half of this time spent pinned down in snow and rain storms. The first air drop was intact but the second

View from ridge north-west of big lake (3490 ft) in upper Skwawka River
Peak 6460, with Mt Alfred peeking over its left ridge and Mt Victoria at far left (fifth trip). John Clarke

Looking down Toba valley from peak 7075 west of Racoon Creek
On left Mt Julian, in centre distance the rock peak climbed from Tahumming River (fifth trip). John Clarke

Map of Toba to Eldred River traverse (fifth trip). John Clarke/M Irvine

had been eaten by animals. The country is the most beautiful arctic alpine wilderness, studded with lakes, small glaciers, and heather ridges. The upper Daniels River displayed some huge cliffs — one of them 3500 ft high. Most of the lakes on this route have granite slabs shooting straight into the water and many still had floating ice from the previous winter. This is probably the least travelled area within a hundred miles of Vancouver — a marvellous stretch of wilderness, still left to the goats, wolverines, and ravens. One day I was hiking down a narrow ridge and spotted a big goat resting on a rock below. He turned his head and stared at me, not bothering to get up. After a few moments he stood up, continued staring, then turned and ambled down the ridge ahead of me, looking back over his shoulder once in a while. On 16 and 17 September it rained hard for 41 hours straight, leaving the tent on an 18 inch high pedestal and the pegs resting on the snow surface. The ridge systems were reasonable going all the way, with one exception. There is a big cliff omitted from the map just south of peak 6520, 2 1/2 miles south-west of lake 3490 ft in the Skwawka River. An escape ledge into the head of Pildolla Creek from the col just north-west of peak 6218 saves the situation however. August would be the perfect time to do this traverse as I found September very wintry. These little peaks have scaled down versions of all the features found on higher mountains and between them are miles of heather ridges covered with tarns. The ridge crests are goat highways and I saw the animals every day. It is a perfect wilderness park by virtue of the fact that no one seems to bother with it. I would caution anyone going there however to be resigned to long spells of cloudy weather.

John Clarke

Miscellaneous

Experimental Measurement of Forces Acting on an Anchor During a Climber Fall

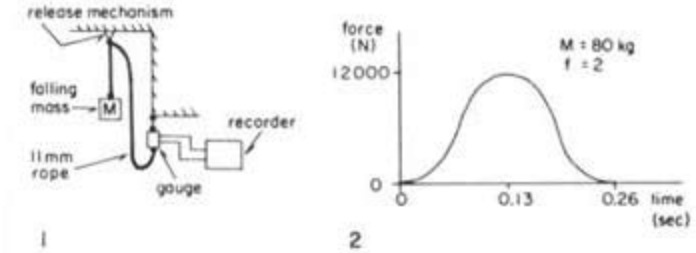
Les essais visaient a mesurer la force d'impact transmise a un point d'ancrage (vis à glace, coinceur, "friend", etc) lors de la chute d'un grimpeur. Pour ce faire, on mesura en laboratoire la force créée par un sac de sable de masse variable tombant de différentes hauteurs. Ce sac était relie a un point d'attache fixe par une corde d'escalade de 11 mm de diamètre. La force d'impact maximale enregistrée au point d'attache fut de 12 000 Newtons. Elle fut causée par une masse de 80 kg subissant une chute de facteur 2.0. Le taux maximum de chargement fut de 90 770 Newtons/seconde (avec une masse de 60 kg et un facteur de chute égal a 2.0). Les résultat se expérimentaux furent majoritairement bien au-dessus des calculs théoriques, spécialement dans le cas de masses importantes (60 et 80 kg) ou de grands facteurs de chute (1.0 et plus). A cause de I'effet de "poulie" agissant sur le mousqueton et sur le point d'ancrage, ces résultats auraient été plus élèves lors d'une chute réelle. Dans le pire des cas, les valeurs auraient pu être deux fois plus grandes.

INTRODUCTION

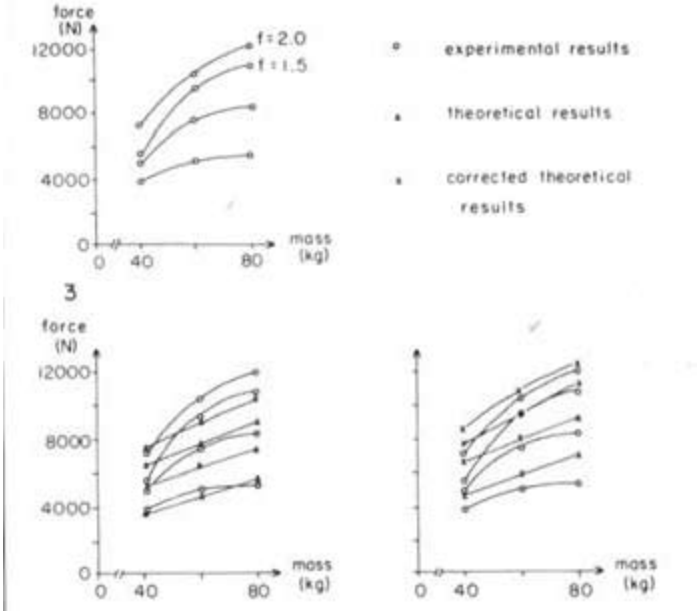
Progress achieved in climbing during the past 20 years asks for more and more determination from the climbers. Parallel to this, climbers require better performing equipment. It must be lighter while being just as strong as before. This is especially true with anchors (ice screw, stopper, friend, etc). When new anchors are designed they must be tested before being put on the market. Some manufacturing companies have their own standards for testing climbing equipment while others follow UIAA standards. This research shows that there is no standard to specify the minimum force an anchor should sustain and how rapidly this force must be applied. Measurements were taken in the laboratory for the force and the corresponding loading rate by dropping different masses from various heights while recording the impact force transmitted to the anchor. The experimental results were compared to theoretical results. Finally, these results have been suggested to establish a standard for testing anchors and similar devices.

EXPERIMENT[1]

A simplified diagram of the experimental set-up is illustrated in Figure 1. It was designed so it would be easy to simulate a climber fall with different values of mass and fall factor. The mass was a large sack[2] of "ballistic" nylon filled with sand. Masses of 40,60, and 80 kg were used. The sack was dropped from varying heights. The corresponding fall factors were calculated as 0.5, 1.0,1.5, and 2.0. The fall factor is defined as the ratio of "the height of the fall" on "the length of the rope that absorbs the fall" (elasticity of the rope not included in either of the two terms of the ratio). During the fall an electric signal from the gauge was sent to the recorder which draws the graph of the impact force versus time



Experimental measurement of forces acting on an anchor. Figure 1-experimental set up, simplified diagram. Figure 2-example of a graph obtained from the recorder. *François Lefebvre*



Experimental measurement of forces acting on an anchor.
Figures 3 to 5. Variation of maximum impact force vs falling mass for different factors: 3-experimental results; 4-experimental and theoretical results, 5-experimental and corrected theoretical results. Francois Lefebvre

(cf Figure 2). The maximum value corresponds to the maximum force transmitted to the gauge (which represents the anchor). This occurs when the rope reaches its maximum elongation.

By dividing the value of the maximum force by the time elapsed from the moment the rope starts to elongate up to the moment the rope is completely elongated, we obtain what we call the "loading rate", which is the average rate at which the load is applied on the anchor. This parameter is important while testing climbing equipment because some pieces (especially ropes and slings) may have different ultimate strengths (force at which they break) dependent on the loading rate. Table 1 shows the average experimental results obtained from the tests. For each different mass and fall factor, at least two drops were performed. The maximum recorded force was 12,000 Newtons[3] for a 80 kg mass with a fall factor of 2.0. The maximum loading rate was 90,770 Newtons/second for a 60 kg mass with a factor 2.0 fall. Figure 3 illustrates graphically the data of Table 1.

THEORETICAL FORMULA

It can be demonstrated mathematically that the maximum impact force sustained by the attachment point (anchor) of a rope absorbing the fall of a body is given by:

F = W + \ W2 + 2AEWf,[4] where F = maximum impact force,
W = weight of the falling body,
A = area of the cross-section of the rope,
E = elastic modulus of the rope,[5] and
f = fall factor (comprises between 0 and 2).

To formulate this equation it was assumed that the elongation of the rope was directly proportional to the force applied at its ends; for example, if a force of 10 Newtons causes a 1 mm elongation, a force of 20 Newtons will cause a 2 mm elongation, a force of 30 Newtons will cause a 3 mm elongation, etc. This is true if the applied force is not too large and if the loading rate is not too high (not the case in our experiments). It was also assumed that the rope was acting like an elastic rod of same cross-sectional area. It can easily be seen that the real cross-sectional area of all the fibers in a rope is smaller than the cross-sectional area of a rod of same diameter. For these reasons the results calculated with the theoretical formula may not be exact but should be within the same range as the experimental results.

Figure 4 shows the experimental and theoretical values. The rope parameters used in the theoretical formula were in this case: A =965 mm2 and E = 307.57 Newtons/mm2. The cross-sectional area was calculated by using a minimal diameter of 11 mm. The elastic modulus was determined according to standard procedures (tensile test) with a loading rate of about 7.5 Newtons/sec. It was found that, for this loading rate, the rope behaved like an elastic material (for which elongation is proportional to the applied force) up to a force of 7135 Newtons.

Experimental measurement of forces acting on an anchor. Table 1-average experimental results.

mass (kg)	fall factor	maximum impact force* (N)	loading rate* (N/sec)
40	0.5	3880	35230
40	1.0	4690	40770
40	1.5	5500	48890
40	2.0	7070	67270
60	.05	5000	39220
60	1.0	7500	62500
60	1.5	9380	79790
60	2.0	10440	90770
80	.05	5440	31990
80	1.0	8300	56220
80	1.5	10810	81610
80	2.0	12000	88890

*rounded values

COMPARISON BETWEEN THEORETICAL AND EXPERIMENTAL RESULTS

From Figure 4 it can be seen that the theoretical formula may be used to calculate the impact force of a falling body held by a rope if the mass of this body is small (40 kg or less) or if the fall factor is less than 0.5. Otherwise the theoretical formula has to be

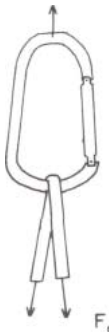
corrected to give safe results.

A computer programme was used to find the corrective factors for the theoretical formula which must be used to give results comparable to experimental measurements. It was found that the terms relative to the elastic properties of the rope (ie AE) had to be multiplied by 1.21 and that the entire formula had then to be multiplied by 1.10. The new formula then becomes

$F = 1.10 \times (W + \sqrt{W2 + 2.42 \times AEWf})$

Figure 5 illustrates the experimental and corrected theoretical values.

F_a (to anchor)



F_b (to belayer) F_c Fc (to falling climber)

Figure 6-illustration of the "pulley effect". Francois Lefebvre

FORCES ACTING ON AN ANCHOR DURING A REAL CLIMBER FALL

The experimental results listed in Table 1 were recorded during tests done with the recording device (gauge) tied to only one strand of the rope. At the time of a real fall some parameters will probably differ from those used during the tests. For example, the rope will go through one or more carabiners (except when the leader falls from above a belay without being held by any anchor, a near factor 2 fall). Depending upon the way the anchors are placed the impact force sustained by the upper anchor will be diminished by the friction of the rope on these other carabiners. This force may also be reduced by the deformation in slings (if there are any!) caused by the tension in the rope. Finally the climbers themselves (leader and belayer) will decrease the impact force by having their bodies bent to absorb the shock.

All these conditions will cause the real impact force on one strand of the rope to be smaller than the one measured in the laboratory. However for the purpose of the tests we used brand new rope sections which should have had optimal properties. The properties of a used rope are usually not as good, especially for elasticity. An old rope is much more rigid (or less elastic) than a new one and absorbs much less energy from a fall. It then transmits almost all the energy from the falling climber to the anchor.

Furthermore because of the "pulley effect" (see Figure 6) the resultant force on the anchor might be two times the force on a strand. This can be explained as follows. When the leader falls he pulls on the rope with an impact force Fc; because the rope is continuous, this force will be transmitted all the way down to the belayer, who will have to hold the falling leader with an equal but opposite force Fb (Fb = Fc). Consequently, the upper anchor will have to oppose a force (Fa) to fc and Fb which are usually pulling downward; if the angle between the two strands of rope is small, we may say that Fa will be equal to the summation of Fb and Fc (Fa = Fb + Fc), and because Fb is equal to Fc, we may state that (in the worst case): Fa = 2 x Fc. Thus an anchor might have to sustain, at worst, loads that are twice those listed in Table 1. It is the same for the loading rate, which could also be doubled in a very severe fall. We would then obtain a maximum impact force at the anchor (Fa) equal to 24,000 Newtons (M = 80 kg and f = 2.0). The loading rate (r) would increase to 200,000 Newtons/sec (rounded value).

These values are very large and would probably be injurious to any human being. For this reason climbing equipment designers and manufacturers should try to improve the actual climbing equipment to ensure that the maximum load sustained by a falling climber will not harm him if properly secured to the rope.

CONCLUSION

From the above experiment and the corresponding results it is possible to suggest the following "standard" for testing anchors and related devices such as carabiners, ropes and slings. For all testing procedures used to verify the solidity and integrity of any climbing device that would have to sustain loads equal or similar to those transmitted to an anchor by a falling climber: 1 - subject the climbing device to a minimal static force of 24,000 Newtons along all directions susceptible of being loaded in normal use; 2 - execute a drop test with a falling mass of 80 kg (minimum) and a fall factor of 2.0, assured that the minimum loading rate on the climbing device is 182000 Newtons/sec.

I hope that the results presented in this article will help to design safer and more reliable climbing equipment. If you have any questions or comments, feel free to contact me.[6]

François Lefebvre, ing jr

FOOTNOTES

1. All the tests were done in the Hydraulics Laboratory of the Civil Engineering department at Ecole Polytechnique. Montreal.
2. The sack used during the tests was a free gift from Kanuk, Montreal.
3. The Newton is the force unit now used in Canada. The weight of a 1 kg mass is equal to 9.8 Newtons.The conversion factor to Imperial measure is 1 Newton =0.225 Ib.
4. For more details about the theoretical formula, contact the author.
5. The elastic modulus of a material is obtained from an experimental tensile test. Each material has its own elastic modulus but it is constant for any specimen made of the same material.
6. 495 boul Decarie, Saint-Laurent, Québec H4L 3L1.

Lloyd MacKay Hut. Bev Bendell

Lloyd MacKay Hut, Mt Freshfield Area

Summer of 1984 saw completion of the Lloyd MacKay Hut, following the longest period from idea to reality of any hut built by the ACC. The complex and protracted process of construction is most easily described in five phases.

INITIAL PROPOSAL, March 1976 to May 1978

Following the death of Lloyd MacKay on 3 April 1976 his family offered $5000 towards construction of a high altitude shelter for mountaineers in a remote area of the Rocky Mtns. Lloyd, a member of the Banff Section, enjoyed introducing novices to the mountains and as an active mountaineer forged new routes on many peaks in the Rockies. With this $5000 commitment the Banff Section established a fund to construct a bivouac shelter in an area noted for good mountaineering objectives. The plan was to visit potential sites during summer 1976 and construct a hut the following summer.

At the August 1976 ACC Board meeting a proposal was discussed and a special fund set up. A more detailed proposal prepared in spring 1977 by Evelyn Moorhouse (now Matthews), as chairman of the Banff Section, suggested the Butters Lake area. In August the Board gave this site approval in principle but later reconnaissance revealed that access was too long and difficult. The Huts Committee and the Banff Section then suggested Niverville meadows. In October the Board accepted the new site and asked that the proposal be finalized for presentation to Parks Canada.

At a meeting held in November with GJ Raby, Assistant Director, Western Region, Parks Canada, Bob Jordan, Central Vice-President, and Herb Kariel, Huts Committee Chairman, discussed the proposals for new huts, especially the Niverville meadows site. Mr Raby stated that a proposal would reopen the topic of huts within Parks Canada. At its January 1978 meeting the Board authorized a formal application to Parks Canada for a hut at the Niverville meadows site. A revised proposal was sent to Parks Canada on 15 May 1978.

PERMISSION IN PRINCIPLE, May 1978 to June 1981

Little did the ACC realize when it submitted the proposal for the Lloyd MacKay Hut to Parks Canada that it would be approximately three years before permission in principle was granted, and then only after seven official meetings with Parks Canada, many telephone conversations, and much discussion at meetings of the Huts Committee and Board of Management.

The meetings with Parks Canada dealt with three major areas: 1 - formulation of Parks Canada's policy regarding climbing huts in alpine areas; 2 - location of a hut in the Freshfields area, which required Parks Canada to formulate Unit Management Guidelines and conduct an Environmental Assessment Review; and 3 - the failure of the Parks Canada bureaucracy to reach a decision, due in part to buck passing between the Banff Park Superintendent and the Western Regional Office.

1. In March 1980 Parks Canada approved a final policy, *Management Guidelines concerning construction and operation of Alpine Huts in National Parks located south of 60°N latitude.* There had been considerable discussion within Parks Canada regarding new alpine climbing huts, those favouring them being either in the majority or more influential. In addition although a new overall Parks Canada Policy had received Cabinet approval and been released by the Minister, its implementation had yet to be worked out. The ponderous functioning of the Parks Canada bureaucracy compounded the problem. Among other things, the ACC was led to believe for at least a year and a half that the huts policy would be forthcoming sooner than it actually was.

2. During winter 1980 two additional requirements were put forward by Parks Canada: a Unit Management Plan for the Freshfield area and an Environmental Assessment review (EAR). The latter was to determine whether the area had special natural features which would require it to be classified as Zone 1 (no structures allowed) and, if not so designated, what impacts a hut might have and what mitigating measures should be taken in construction and operation. In view of Parks Canada's ecological concerns about the meadows, the ACC thought it politic to change the name to the Freshfield Hut.

3. Parks Canada's Western Regional Office informed the ACC that the decision was the Park Superintendent's responsibility, but he was reluctant to act. Two incidents helped to push things along — a chance meeting between the ACC President and the Assistant Superintendent at the Banff Liquor store, and a phone call made at a party by the Huts Committee Chairman asking the Superintendent about the delay. The matter was eventually settled internally and permission in principle granted in a letter of 24 June 1981 from Paul Lange to the ACC.

As this would be the first new ACC hut since 1972, a new design was investigated. In September 1978 four students from the Faculty of Environmental Design at the University of Calgary agreed to work on the project as part of a course, with the ACC as the client. They submitted a detailed report containing a number of interesting ideas. Other more conventional structures were also proposed for consideration. In October 1978 Bob Jordan and Raymond Jotterand, along with two of the students, identified four potential locations and recommended that the area be investigated during the winter before a final decision was made. This was done in April 1981 by Bob Jordan, Ron Matthews, and Cliff White, a warden from Lake Louise.

Meanwhile funding proceeded slowly. The Board felt that with the prospect of a hut at a specific location additional funds would be forthcoming, and with receipt of approval in principle the stage was set for an appeal for further donations.

BUILDING PERMIT, June 1981 to March 1983

Despite permission in principle, it took several more meetings with Parks Canada personnel as well as numerous telephone calls, over two more years, before the green light was given — and that primarily because a new superintendent had come into office. At a meeting held in Banff with Paul Lange and Tom Ross in summer 1981, the ACC was assured that it would receive a licence of occupation or a similar agreement with "conditions no less satisfactory" than those governing its occupation of other national parks huts, ie the Club would retain ownership of the hut.

The following spring a possible problem with summer access arose when a group of climbers was unable to reach the area because they encountered an ice-core moraine and steep cliffs. Peter Fuhrmann was however able to assure the superintendent that summer access should not pose any problems.

Building plans and specifications were drawn up by Mike Simpson and submitted to Parks Canada in June 1982. In September the Banff Townsite Building and Development Officer wrote, "final drawings and specifications may now be prepared for approval", and that snow loads, wind velocity, rock anchorage, aesthetics, servicing, and amenities should be addressed. On 27 October the Regional Office informed Mike Simpson that certain aesthetic items, including the outside appearance, should be changed. Mike responded, explaining his opinion on some items and rejecting others outright. A set of final drawings was submitted on 8 December.

The months went by and no response was received. On 25 March 1983, soon after a meeting with Jim Vollmershausen (new Banff National Park Superintendent) and Tom Ross, Vollmershausen wrote, "We have reviewed your drawings for the proposed hut and they have been approved for a building permit...." Several engineering and aesthetic conditions were stipulated regarding roof colour and whether a support post should be *a* tree trunk or lumber. Administration and maintenance were to be the responsibility of the ACC, but ownership had yet to be secured.

Searching for a suitable hut design at an affordable cost, the Huts Committee considered numerous possibilities including: the students' design; the laminated arch structure used on Cummins Ridge (Lawrence Grassi/Clemenceau Hut) and at Mt Assiniboine the Bow Hut type, a loaf shaped structure with straight walls and an arched roof; and pre-cut cedar log structures in locations below treeline.

By February 1982 the committee was still attempting to resolve two differing design philosophies — sturdy, very simple structures with little consideration for aesthetics, as opposed to those which placed a higher value on eye appeal. The first option won out, due to lack of funds, and an earlier proposal by Mike Simpson, a design accommodating 15 to 20 persons, was recommended to the Board at its June meeting as being suitable for winter ski camps, probably the greatest use. The design was approved and submitted to Banff National Park for preliminary approval.

A cost estimate of $40,000 was obtained from Pat Coyle, builder of the Grassi Hut. Ever optimistic, the Huts Committee reported that additional bids would be obtained and that with additional funds a contractor could begin pre-fabrication winter 1982/83, installation to be completed summer 1983. In November the plans were also submitted to Eric Lomas and Bernie Schiesser, builders of the Neil Colgan (former Graham Cooper) and Peter and Katherine Whyte (Peyto) Huts.

Only about $9500 was on hand, with a possible commitment of an additional $5000. An appeal for funds was published in the November 1982 *Gazette* and sent out with the 1983 membership renewal forms.

FINAL DESIGN, March 1983 to July 1984

During spring 1983 it became apparent that two options were open: either wait a year in order to raise additional funds, and apply for a time extension on the building permit; or build a smaller, less elaborate hut during the summer. Building the hut in two stages was also discussed but it was concluded that the cost savings would not be worthwhile. The committee decided to wait a year, giving time to investigate a simpler, less costly structure, and to raise additional money.

Practical considerations led the committee to select the same simple design used for the Neil Colgan and Peter and Katherine Whyte Huts, which was serviceable and heat efficient and had the added advantage of having already been approved by Parks Canada. Winter experience with the Colgan and Whyte Huts led to modification of the plans to make the hut two feet wider so as to accommodate tables. During March builders Eric Lomas and Bernie Schiesser did a site reconnaissance. At its June 1983 meeting the Board authorized construction of the hut, despite a shortfall of about $10,000.

Receiving a one year extension of the building permit from Parks Canada was easy once the reasons had been presented. The thorny question of ownership was again raised at the April 1983 Huts Committee meeting. The consensus was that there is greater willingness and interest on the part of members to take care of and maintain the hut, as well as to contribute financially to its construction, if a hut belongs to the Club. Since Paul Lange had assured the ACC that the Club would have conditions no less favourable than those in the other hut agreements, it seemed reasonable to pursue this matter further. The Club President raised the point of ownership in an August 1983 letter to the Assistant Deputy Minister. The reply, received 30 September, stated, in part,

As you know, our current policy states that any newly constructed mountain hut must be turned over, upon completion, to Parks Canada. Nevertheless, I am prepared to approve in principle the retention of the Freshfield Hut by the Alpine Club.. ..I am basing my decision on the relatively remote location of this hut and on the Club's record in maintaining such huts for the benefit of its members and other park users....

In October 1983 another round of bureaucratic buck passing

seemed likely but in the end we received a License of Occupation and operate this hut in the same way as the others.

ERECTION OF PREFABRICATED HUT, 21 to 24 July 1984

At last the dream was to become reality. Eric Lomas and Bernie Schiesser had designed and prebuilt the 5.5 m x 7.3 m hut in Banff. On Friday 20 July 1984 the components left Banff via truck for Saskatchewan River Crossing where workers were gathered for an early start on Saturday. Eric and Bernie now had to organize 23 helicopter loads and co-ordinate the nine member work party. The weather was not propitious — heavy rain mixed with sleet and low clouds.

By Saturday morning the weather began to clear and the first workers were helicoptered in, their immediate task being to choose a site that would meet all requirements and obligations. Environmental impact must be minimized, a water supply and outhouse must be nearby, and minimal levelling of the site is required. A rise on the moraine just below Niverville meadows was selected and levelling begun while the helicopter brought in more workers and materials. The final obstacle, a large boulder embedded in the moraine, was rolled away and the base timbers put in place, levelled, and squared. Once the floor components were fastened together the walls were quickly erected and by evening the 6 x 10 beams were in place. After completing the helicopter loading the last workers arrived at 8 pm and provided the energy necessary to add the sheathing before dark. Sunday the door and windows were installed, the sleeping platforms erected the ceiling insulated and metal siding applied to most of the exterior. On Monday the metal trim was cut to fit, the veranda railing and stairs completed, and the outhouse built. Tuesday the bunk rails and veranda are painted and the helicopter brings in sleeping foams, two tables, 16 comfortable chairs (rescued from the Banff Centre scrap heap), and other essential equipment, including dishes and utensils, Coleman stoves and lanterns, buckets, shovels, brooms, and a small collection of tools. The Lloyd MacKay Hut is finally a reality after more than eight years of planning and countless hours volunteered by many individuals. The efforts and contributions of all who persevered and supported this project are appreciated. It is hoped that with proper treatment the hut will not only serve climbers and skiers well but also stand as a suitable memorial to Lloyd MacKay and Donald Ruddick.

ACCESS

Although the location is remote, the hut offers extensive opportunities for both summer and winter mountaineering. The bright yellow exterior walls and red roof make locating the hut relatively easy once the general vicinity has been reached. In winter most groups will probably fly into the area, landing outside Banff National Park on a col above the Niverville Glacier or just west of the Freshfield Icefields. Land access, although extremely long, is possibly by three routes: up the Blaeberry River, past the Mummery group, via the Gilgit/Helmer col; continuing up the Blaeberry over Howse Pass and then up Freshfield Creek; or from near the Saskatchewan River Crossing up the Howse River and then also up Freshfield Creek. Completion of trail construction above the Blaeberry River below the Mummery Glacier would considerably reduce the amount of tedious BC bushwhacking required on this route.

Herb Kariel, Bev Bendell, and Pat Kariel

Len Gottselig, chairman of the Huts Committee for the past four years, assisted with loading the helicopter. The work party consisted of Bev BendelI, Marcel Champagne, Bob Furher, Susan Hill, Heather Mortimer, Mike Mortimer, Maurice Tissandier, Dan Verrall and Dave Waring.

Sources of funds: MacKay family and friends, $17,340; Ruddick family, in memory of Donald Ruddick, who died in the 3-4 Couloir on 1 July 1981, $2220; Banff and Calgary sections, $3000; dissolved US sections, $2420; dissolved Calgary Mountain Rescue Council, $2907; funds remaining from Margaret Brine donation to Clubhouse extension, $1502; miscellaneous, including interest, $815. Total $30,204.

Expenses: reconnaissances, planning, and the like, $878; materials, $12,000; helicopter, $14,000; transportation, rentals, labour etc, $7500; furnishings $1783. Total $36,161. The shortfall of $5957 was made up from the huts construction fund. The opportunity remains to make contributions to either this project or the huts construction fund.

Outdoor Survival

The University of Calgary outdoor pursuits programme have begun to develop a slide/booklet series entitled Canadian Outdoor Survival. The first, Winter Shelters, contains 80 slides and a 40 page booklet to illustrate the use and construction of various types of shelters for outdoor survival in winter. Future topics in the 36 title series will include clothing for all weathers, forest hazards, river crossings, navigation by map and compass, and avalanche.

Bill March

Obituaries

Walter Feuz

Life Member 1962. Died 1984.

Rimas Gylys

Associate Member 1982. Died August 1984 in a fall returning from Nooksack Tower in Washington State.

Joyce Harrison

Associate Member 1980. Died 27 February 1983. Survived by her husband Lionel Harrison, past chairman Vancouver Section.

Wilma Kallweit

Associate Member 1978.

Eleanor Piggott

Life Member 1930. Died July 1981.

Madeline Turnor

Life Member 1919. Died 31 October 1984.

Pat Baird — Recollections and an Appreciation

In 1972, aboard Nordair's jet bound from Montreal to Frobisher on my third trip to Cumberland Peninsula, I found myself in the company of a large group of Italians heading for Pangnirtung Pass. One member of the party stood out from the rest because of his battered and antiquated equipment, in striking contrast to the flashy new outfits of his companions. His quiet presence pervaded the plane. He radiated the serenity, modesty and agelessness that, like lichen on time worn boulders, comes only from many years in the Arctic wilderness. I was immediately attracted to this guide of the Italians and introduced myself. He was, of course, none other than Pat Baird. Thus began a friendship that was to last the rest of his life. That night we shared a room at Ross Peyton's new lodge in Pangnirtung. We were up half the night talking, he of his memories of years in the Arctic and I of dreams of Arctic travels to come.

This first meeting led to an invitation to join Pat and others on the 1973 ACC expedition to Sam Ford Fiord. Once on that trip I was completing a 25 hour solo circuit of Cockscomb Mtn at Eglinton Fiord. About 10.30 in the evening I came upon Pat's antique canvas tent set in a valley below the summit. As l approached he slowly unfolded his big frame from it to greet me. He was about to climb for a view of the impressive north face of the Cockscomb Mtn in the midnight sun. He invited me to come along. As I followed Pat's steady footsteps up the loose, steeply piled rocks, he explained how every 1000 ft or one hour, whichever came first, he would stop for a rest, the duration of which was one pipe. After two pipes we came to a rocky summit somewhat north of Cockscomb Mtn. A distant cloud bank blocked the midnight sun from Cockscomb but by then it was apparent that the real reason for the climb was for Pat to reminisce with his memories. He almost reverently described, to no one in particular, his first arrival in Canada in 1934 as a student member of JM Wordie's expedition to Baffin Bay. With a wave of his pipe toward the east Baffin ice pack, now golden in the midnight sun, he described his party's initial approach to land and then, turning toward the dark southern horizon, described his ascent of Pioneer Peak, the first climb of a major Baffin Island summit.

He related his story in a way that made me feel I was being entrusted with one of his most cherished memories. After another pipe we began the descent, parting ways toward our respective camps about half-way down.

Pat Baird on a spur of Cockscomb Mtn, Eglington Fiord, midnight. July 1973.

I never saw Pat again after that expedition though we carried on a regular correspondence — I with reports of my subsequent travels in Cumberland Peninsula and questions about every aspect of the area, and he with informative and useful answers. In the years subsequent to 1973 nearly every party I met in eastern Baffin Island had met or corresponded with Pat in planning their trips. Pat gave generously of his vast knowledge and experience to all would-be visitors to the Arctic. In this he will be irreplaceable and in this he exemplified one of the highest aims of a mountaineering organization, namely education: the passing on of the knowledge and experience of one generation of climbers to the next. I, and the countless others to whom he so generously gave, will miss him. Yet his memory will live on in those of us whom he helped to success in the eastern Arctic. His spirit will pervade the glaciers and mountains he loved so well as long as climbers climb them.

David P MacAdam

Dave Findlay

"Okay! Whatever!" followed by a boyish grin that betrayed his 40 years. Dave's sense of participation in activities was inspiring. He never complained, never argued with the leader — just possessed a strength of character to decline if the situation looked beyond him. Always steady, he could easily take the lead when required and was considerate of those left behind. Doc, as we often called him, was easy to make laugh, would always blush when he did, and could take humour directed at him. He was easy going in almost any situation and this made him such an important part of our group. So willing to function with everyone; an unselfish and generous person. In July 1984 Dave, Carl, and Kevin died in an avalanche on Huascaran. We who shared so many pleasant outings with Doc Findlay feel deeply our terrible loss. I will always remember David Findlay — a warm hearted friend and a special human being. Goodbye Dave.

Brian Anderson

Laura G Jasch

Laura Jasch was born in Chicago and educated at the University of Illinois, receiving her BSc in Zoology and BA in Chemistry in 1967 at the Urbana campus, her PhD in Anatomy in 1972 at the Medical Center in Chicago. She came to UBC as assistant professor in 1976 where she was an outstanding teacher in gross and microscopic anatomy. In 1982 she assumed the directorship for the course in human histology for dental students. The Nursing School in Chicago recognized her teaching with awards of excellence in 1975 and 1976. The 1983 first year dental class at UBC wrote the department commending "the genuine enthusiasm and interest shown by Dr Jasch for both her subject and students". Laura's research was directed at understanding the biochemical basis for morphogenesis. Her initial studies were in the regeneration of limb buds in amphibians. In recent years she was also involved in protein studies on normal and dystrophic skeletal muscle where her contributions are felt to be an important step in our fledgling attempts to understand some of the basis for muscular dystrophy. Laura had unbounding enthusiasm for scientific investigation and knowledge, challenging others to prove their point, produce the data, express themselves accurately, design the right experiments.

Laura loved the outdoors and the mountains and was a member of the BCMC and the ACC. She was an ardent mountaineer and skier with a great zest for climbing and was exhilarated and

rejuvenated each time she returned to work from her adventures. Laura was a confident, industrious, sensitive, and warm individual. Her death August 1984 in a snow and rock slide on Snowpatch Spire in the Bugaboos saddened everyone. We will miss her, but we will never forget her.

Carl Lund 1935 to 1984

Three members of the Montreal Section lost their lives in an ice avalanche on Huascaran in July. Carl Lund was one of them. He had been an ACC senior member since 1971. I had not known Carl for longer than ten years or so but during this time I think I got to know him quite well as a climber. He was stubborn at times, proud of his climbing ability, yet a cheerful, cautious, and ambitious climber. He was determined to climb as much as possible. This meant not only mountaineering but also rock climbing and skiing, giving rise to many trips on the local crags. He was to my knowledge the first of our Section members to complete the winter traverse of the Presidential Range in New Hampshire. He and I, together with Kevin O'Connell and Howard Bussey, had done a winter traverse of Mt Washington some years ago but this was not good enough. "The whole range has to be traversed to make it count," he said. And so he returned again last year and did it. He was determined to share his love of the Rockies with others and was busy making plans for a Section camp in the Tonquin valley in 1985. In his role as Section Chairman he would have assured its success. His enthusiasm for more difficult climbs knew few bounds. Earlier in the decade he made a successful ascent of the east ridge of Mt Logan with Kevin and others. His attempt on Huascaran, to be followed by Alpamayo, was further proof of his ambitions. I think that whenever such a death occurs in the mountains, particularly to those so well accustomed to the dangers and so well prepared to minimize the risks, we are all of us forced to ask if it is all really worth while. It is also true that the quality of life is more important than the quantity of life. Carl will be remembered for his cheerfulness, for his helping hand, for his axe cutting, for his enthusiasm, and much else. He will be remembered for his love of the mountains.

Martin Taylor

Friend McNeill 1973 to 1984

He was undoubtedly one of Canada's most distinguished canine mountaineers, a rover and explorer who relished the challenges of peaks, glaciers, and approach marches as much as any of the many companions who shared his company over the years. Friend knew the backcountry of Garibaldi Park better than many climbers. He crossed the frozen Garibaldi Lake several times in the spring with his owner Chris, making ascents of such peaks as Glacier Pikes and Mt Carr. His first ascent was Guard Mtn, made when he was only a few months old. Friend was also no stranger to Squamish rock, having "climbed high" on such classics as Slab Alley and Diedre.

Perhaps the high point of Friend's career came in 1977 when he traversed the upper reaches of the Lillooet River drainage (see CAJ 1978:82), making the first ascent of an 8200ft peak adjacent to Griswold Pass and capturing a more difficult second ascent of Whitecross Mtn. Although bothered throughout the trip by snowblindness and a terribly sunburned tongue he was never heard to complain.

Friend McNeill

Friend was a gentle and patient companion and his many friends from VOC days were saddened to learn that they would never hear his cheerful bark echo around the hills again.

Friend McNeill

Bruce Fairley

Kevin J O'Connell 1944 to 1984

Kevin O'Connell was killed on Huascaran in July 1984; an intense and prolific climbing career was brought to an end. Widely known in Canada as a mountaineer, lecturer, writer and administrator, Kevin, President elect of the ACC and a Life Member since 1970, was 40. Peru last summer, following an Haute Route Alpine ski traverse in May, was a shakedown for a winter Himalayan trip to Tilicho Peak. This typified his systematic working of the peaks and seasons that had gone on since student days. In the years since meeting him in 1970 I saw, and participated to a limited degree, in a relentless broadening of his activity: a progression from local climbing in Quebec and the North East, to the Canadian Rockies, European Alps, Mexico, the Yukon, Alaska, Andes, and the Himalaya with which he became obsessed.

While never aspiring to the leading edge of mountaineering development, his main impact was in exploring new areas, principally Baffin and the St Elias, and in the sheer Fred Beckeyian volume of routes done. This urge to get to remote places and climb everything feasible in sight dominated his outlook and his life and there are many of us who were willingly tangled in his organizational webs. Few have such a single-minded drive to optimise their time in the mountains. Intensity of this kind and the recognition it brings is often best admired from afar. Close up it makes for exacting schedules, exciting tempestuous living, and those endless trips away; an amalgam that his wife Christine MacNamara seemed to handle so well. Few too combine action

and administration concurrently. Kevin always did, running whatever bureaucracy he was in; McGill Outing Club, Montreal Section ACC, Eastern Vice-President ACC, President-elect ACC. His enthusiasm for these task seemed endless and he ran things well, with an inimitable if sometimes infuriating style. An endearing quality was his interest in and availability to others. He was always willing to ferry someone to the airport, advise on the best deal in town or take another newcomer climbing.

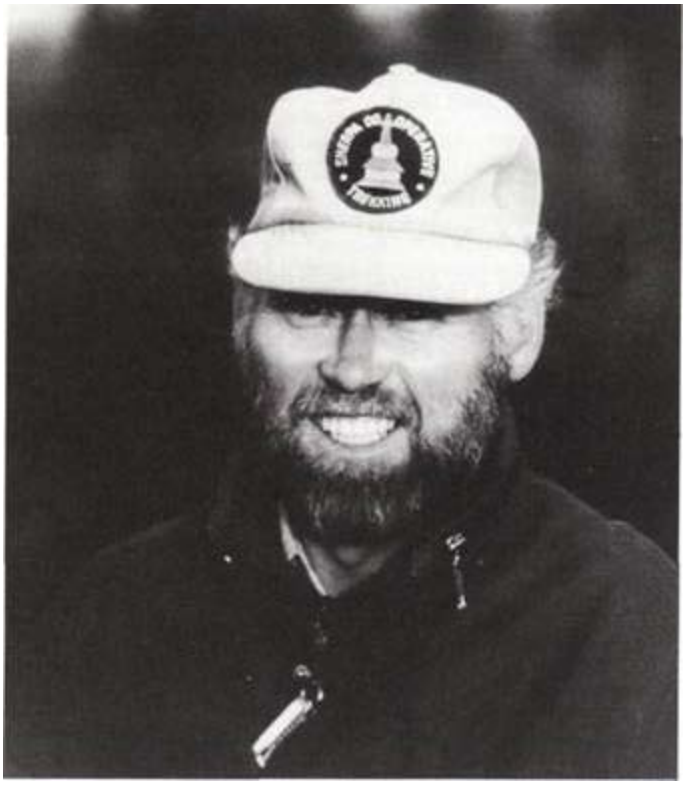
There are many viewpoints on what to do with mountain experiences; Kevin's was clear: communicate them to the world. In his early years climbing instruction in Quebec and in the Rockies with army cadets gave way to climbing lectures and a journalistic output of articles.

I counted 23 in the CAJ alone since 1978, including an incredible 11 articles in the 1984 edition. To a considerable extent then his autobiography is likely there on your shelf. His engineering background led to a keen and critical interest in the mechanics of protection. Characteristically he carried out extensive equipment testing and served on the ACC and UIAA safety committees. In his climbing though the evolution was towards the big mountains, away from the cocoon of gadgets.

In Zermatt, weeks before his death, Kevin and I spent an hour in the churchyard discussing risk taking, among the climbers' tombs. Fresh from our ski mountaineering exploits we concurred, with what I suppose is a conventional climber's view, that the enterprise transcended the dangers. Today, some months after Kevin, Carl Lund, and Dave Findlay were swept away, I feel less sure. The increased risks we run in the great mountain ranges and their consequences for those left behind have to be faced again in a grimmer light. But I can't end this in middle-aged sorrow for my friend. Rather let's remember the raw enthusiastic dynamism and uncomplicated vision of this exceptional man; and that damned knack he had of keeping just that little bit ahead on the approaches!

Howard Bussey

Kevin O'Connell



Edward C Porter

Edward C Porter, Life Member 1948, Service Badge 1980, died 19 August 1983. He attended a number of summer camps but most of his many climbs in Canada were made with guides, especially Ernest Feuz. Ed and I had a mutual interest in the collection of mountaineering books and through this I came to know him quite well. We did a few climbs together, among them a memorable day on Mt Hooker with Walter Perrin. Ed was a fine photographer and his collection offers splendid examples.

Over a period of more than 30 years, as an avid collector of books on mountaineering and exploration, Ed formed one of the finest and most extensive collections, covering all areas of the world. In 1961 he offered his collection to the ACC, with the proviso that suitable housing be found. In 1963 the bulk of the ACC library, including what is now known as the Edward Porter Collection, was transferred to the Reference Dept of the Vancouver Public Library. In1971 the entire collection was transferred back to Banff and housed in the Peter Whyte Foundation, Archives of the Canadian Rockies. This superb and available collection will remain a great source of mountaineering literature, its value beyond calculation. As a philosopher once said, "over time — only the written word remains".

Guy M Everett

David Riddell

An Associate Member since 1983, he died 30 March 1984 in an avalanche below the Col de Colon on the Arolla Glacier while traversing the Haute Route. He was an avid flyer and bush pilot winding up in Calgary as a pilot salesman. He was an active participant in many Calgary outdoor clubs including the Petroleum Ski Club as the Cross Country Ski Director. David did not have a great deal of experience with the ACC but had joined several trips this winter and was becoming a friendly and familiar face at meetings.

Philip Upton 1919 to 1984

In CAJ 1984 Phil Upton, Chief Pilot of The Arctic Institute of North America, summarized the final years of the Institute's High Altitude Physiology Project on Mt Logan. The article was entitled End of an Era, something of an in joke among Arctic Institute personnel. The era truly ended with the death of Philip on 10 April 1984, after a short and vicious battle with a disease which he himself was pleased to observe was both rare and slightly exotic.

Phil was from New England and came to Canada in 1939 to volunteer for the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was commissioned as a Pilot Officer and served with distinction in the Coastal Command, flying Catalinas and Liberator bombers. Postwar he found various employment as a flying instructor, salesman, farmer, radio show host, and San Francisco taxi dispatcher. In 1960 he was invited to join the Arctic Institute's Icefield Ranges Research Project as a pilot.

Phil Upton in 1977 at Merill Field, Anchorage, Alaska.
Chugach Mtns in background. The plane is the Arctic Institute Helio Courier, then registered as N4166D. It is now registered in Canada as CG-VKG, based in Whitehorse and Kluane, and flown by Andy Williams.
Yvonne Mozée

It was an inspired choice for Phil was to become the premier glacier and mountain pilot in North America. True to its name, the project ranged far and wide throughout the St Elias Mtns. Phil served his apprenticeship flying into tiny gravel bar strips in the remote river valleys and into the high icefields of the central range. In 1968 he inaugurated the High Altitude Physiology Project by executing a landing at 5300 m on Mt Logan. In the ensuing 12 years that the project ran Phil flew an estimated 500 missions to the Logan high camp, an achievement unmatched anywhere in the world.

An excellent alpine skier and small boat sailor, Phil was no mountaineer; he regarded physical exercise as tedious and of doubtful benefit to body and soul. However few knew and loved the mountain and glacier environment so well. His superb judgment and uncanny intuition served him well. In a game where a pilot's skill and daring are sometimes erroneously judged in proportion to the risks he takes, Phil flew for 24 years without serious mishap.

Hundreds of Arctic Institute personnel and mountaineers across the world will recall his friendship with gratitude and his skill with admiration. Many will recall the calm voice over the radio which steadied them during their own times of trial on some remote mountain. Death did not take Phil unawares and he met the "old enemy" with the great physical courage, humour, and dignity with which he had lived his life.

Andy Williams, Pilot

George T Wallis

George T Wallis, ACC Life Member 1934, Life Member BCMC, died 26 January 1984. During the 1930s and 1940s he was very active in the Boy Scout movement and served as a Vancouver District Commissioner. He was a 33rd Degree Mason for 67 years and a member of the Scottish Rite. In the 1930s he ran mountaineering camps in Garibaldi Park. Many Club members will remember George's famous Boy Scout hat and bugle during the time he was camp manager from 1960 to 1966.

WC Ledingham

Margaret Christina Wylie 1894 to 1984

Miss Margaret C "Peggy" Wylie died in Toronto on 16 October. Peggy was born in Ontario and became a teacher, getting her BA from Toronto and her MA from Columbia in New York. She joined the ACC in 1920, graduating on Mt Magog at the 1920 camp. She attended camp regularly for many years.

Peggy taught school briefly in Saskatchewan, was principal of Vulcan High School in Alberta, and moved to Calgary in 1927 to teach biology and English literature at Crescent Heights High School until her retirement.

Peggy was active with the Calgary section for many years, was a member of the Canadian Club, and taught English to new Canadians after her retirement. She was very active with the girls' basketball teams and encouraged her pupils to take an interest in outdoor activities.

RCH

Reviews

Squamish: The New Free Climbs

Kevin McLane. Copyright, Kevin McLane, 1984. 11 x17cm, 72pp. $4.80

Rock Climbs Of The Little Smoke Bluffs

Jim Campbell. Copyright, Jim Campbell, 1984.16 topos, 1 map, 4 line drawings, 22 x 28 cm, 37 pp. $6.60

Two new guidebooks to the Squamish area appeared in spring 1984. They differ in style and format but as they overlap in coverage are herein reviewed together.

The McLane book is modest in both size and price and is intended to be used in conjunction with the 1980 guide. 170 new free (and newly freed) routes are included. The format used to cover this wealth of fine climbs is similar to that of many British guides. Route information (ie grade, climbers, quality) is clearly set out. Each climb is summed up in a brief comment, located, and given a pitch by pitch description. The book is a bit crowded, probably an unavoidable consequence of the miniaturising process. There are also the usual nagging errors, eg the Left Side of the Split Pillar, now transmuted into the main pitch of another route, was first freed by Nic Taylor and Peter Peart in 1975.

McLane's major innovation is that of S grades to indicate the severity of the more difficult routes. Climbs which are sustained, strenuous, unprotected, or otherwise terrifying can thus be identified without distortion of their technical rating. The S grades derive from the E grades used in England, and remedy a widely perceived weakness of the Yosemite Decimal System albeit at the cost of slightly complicating this already top heavy system. Indeed, if (as seems possible) S grades endure, a unique Squamish Rating System will have evolved, based on a combination of technical rating, 5 grade, and star (aesthetics) rating.

The Campbell book is comprised entirely of topos and is the precursor of a long awaited full topo guide. The justification offered for this is the separate identify of the Little Smoke Bluffs, the intensive development there, and these cliffs' popularity.

Campbell's guide was published in reaction to McLane's, and Campbell makes it clear in his preface that he disapproves of the McLane book, particularly its S grades. Like most topo guides the Campbell book is of impractical size; it also seems a bit pricey. A good map and an overview sketch are provided to locate cliffs. The topos themselves accurately depict the routes although some will find the omission (for clarity) of trees at the base of cliffs a bit confusing. Names and dates of first ascents are awkwardly listed in a separate appendix. The usual minor mistakes are present as well as a few action sketches, one of which has a surprising resemblance to K McLane.

Both these guides do a good job of locating and describing their respective routes, despite major differences in format, style, and grading. The fact that two disparate guides could appear simultaneously is a reflection of the current creative vigour of the Squamish climbing scene. One can only hope this vigour will continue to find fruitful outlets, both on and off the rock.

Anders Ourom

Climbing Guide To The Thunder Bay Area

Shaun Parent. Alpine Club of Canada, Banff, second edition, 1984. Black & white photos, route topos. 82 pp. Paper. $11.00

Since eastern Canadian rock climbing has typically been carried out by isolated individuals it is often the case that whole series of books on a single area will be produced by one climber. Unfortunately this volume bears most of the earmarks of xenophobia. How can the Thunder Bay area be "the mecca of Ontario Climbing" when almost no Ontario climbers know it even exists? Are the climbs at Sibley Point so difficult that 100 m routes could be assigned a grade IV? From a look at the standards it seems that modern rock climbing simply has not yet arrived in the area. The relationship between the text and the diagrams is left to your imagination and experience with other obscure guidebooks. Anyone who has climbed at the area can tell you to forget the alluringly solid looking photos; the cliff practically explodes when you touch it. To merely call the horrifically loose rock "the visiting climber's main complaint" is hardly descriptive of a crag which makes Yamnuska look like Yosemite. The curious placement of the first ascensionist's names before the route descriptions seems to show the author's lack of understanding of prevailing and tasteful conventions. The flimsy paper cover with its brittle surlox binding makes this book poor value for eleven bucks, a price which would seem to suggest something less ephemeral.

David Smart

Wild Flowers Of The Mountains In The Pacific Northwest
Wild Flowers Of Field And Slope In The Pacific Northwest
Wild Flowers Of Forest And Woodland In The Pacific Northwest

Compiled and photographed by Lewis J Clark, edited by John Trelawney. Douglas & Mclntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, University of Washington Press, Seattle, second edition 1984. Colour plates. Paper. $5.95 each

These three field guides are almost page for page reprints of the corresponding volumes in the 1974/75 set of six. Most of the photographs in both sets, with the addition of some material from outside BC, are from the same originals as those in Clark's Wild Flowers of British Columbia and Wild Flowers of the Pacific Northwest from Alaska to Northern California. The last two are coffee table volumes meant to be enjoyed, not carried. Field guides are meant for identifying strange plants where they grow, often when you are hiking or travelling.

Much has already been said, verbally and in print, about the fine photographs, the choice of specimens, and the information provided. These features are undoubtedly of high quality. However before rushing out to buy the set of guides to carry on your next trip to Calgary or California, consider their usefulness. Identification of plants is not best achieved from even the most life like photographs. Too many diagnostic characters are not in the picture: basal leaves, backs of leaves, insides of fruits and flowers, etc. Line drawings can be far superior.

The guides are divided more or less according to habitat but the titles are not all indicative of context. You cannot use the index because you do not know the name. So you hunt. Your first decision is, "Which book?" Read the titles. Field and Slope? Forest and Woodland? (When they are reprinted you will have three more.) One example of the problem is Saskatoon or Service Berry (Amelanchier alnifolia). You may find it in a dampish draw in the hot dry Okanagan valley or in stunted form high on a mountain. In the three books of the new printing you will not find it all, in the 1974/75 set it is in Wild Flowers of the Sea Coast because it grows there too. Countless other examples should be cited of plants with broad tolerances of habitats. No doubt Dr Clark knew the problem but it has no solution where space is limited. Photographs cannot be repeated in each of several books. Picture field guides are more suited to smaller areas, a park for instance, where the choices are fewer. Even had he covered only BC the area is still too big.

The Lewis Clark Field Guides will doubtless provide many names for many people but there will be no record of the frustration. In Switzerland some years ago I wore out a set of six books of similar style just by turning pages. If you want just to enjoy the photographs buy one of the big books. The cost is much the same.

Katherine I Beamish

The Climber's Bible

Robin Shaw. Doubleday, New York, 1983. Black & white photos,

line drawings, appendices, no index. 135 pp. Paper. $5.95

When I first glanced through The Climber's Bible, another how to book, I was mildly surprised that someone would have the audacity to publish such a bad joke. It made me cringe to think how misdirected and misinformed a young or beginning climber might become after reading this waste of paper. The book adds nothing to the existing literature. Rather it does a rather poor job describing equipment and techniques outdated a decade ago and tries in vain to squeeze into one book every aspect of rock and mountain climbing. The author wastes 19 pages of "interludes" in which he describes several of his epic climbs, serving only to highlight his incompetence as a climber. Basically everything about this book is bad — from absurd statements such as "when

surmounting overhangs and bulges the best technique to use is speed" to the hopeless action photographs. I could go on forever. Not only should you not consider buying or reading this book, starting a movement to have it removed from public viewing wouldn't be a bad idea.

John Howe

Rock Climbing Safety Manual

Robert Chisnall, editor. Ontario Rock Climbing Association, under the auspices of the Ontario Ministry of Tourism & Recreation, 1984. Available from Robert Chisnall, 12 Stephen Street, Kingston, Ontario K7K 2C3. Line drawings. 5 chapters, 5 appendices, pages not numbered (81/2 x11 x 7/8). $17.98 (postage included).

This prolix tome is a text for instructors, potential instructors and students of the Ontario Rock Climbing Association (ORCA). It deals solely with rock climbing and offers the usual chapters of most how to books, in addition to sections on teaching rock climbing and rescue and evacuation. It also presents a very long discussion on belaying and some interesting theoretical and experimental work.

All the material needed for an instruction book is there, the line drawings are excellent, and the information presented is generally correct. The problem is its length and sloppy editing. There are numerous typographical and spelling errors. There is no consistency in units. Metric or imperial units are employed, not always followed by the converted equivalent; non-preferred metric units are used as well as the kp for force, not a recognized metric unit at all. Personal style changes to non-personal style and the figures, although all numbered, do not appear sequentially.

The text is far too wordy. A ten page section describes various holds right down to specific climbs somewhere in Ontario where such a specimen can be found. Many items are repeated over and over in different sections of the text. The chapter on belaying is far too long and goes off topic repeatedly. This most valuable section with excellent information becomes tedious and confusing. For instance it contains a page on rope life although this subject has already been discussed under equipment. On the other hand while there is much written about the dynamic belay the book fails to provide a definition. The section on ascending gives, after the commonly employed methods, 14 diagrams of other ascending knots without any comments.

The organization of the text can be improved as well. Ethical problems of climbing are liberally sprinkled throughout the text. A separate section might be more useful. Knots are introduced whenever needed, disrupting the flow of the main topic. Constant cross references to other sections in the text are tedious and should be omitted; and one can remove all the fancy refinements of aid climbing such as skyhooks, cliff hangers, bashies, mashies and trashies as well as many other references to highly sophisticated climbing techniques which are of no interest in, what is essentially, a text on teaching beginners. It appears as if the various contributors to this work had to put everything but absolutely everything they knew to paper.

This leads to the question of choice. ORCA may want to be as objective as possible by showing, for instance, a profusion of harnesses and belay methods, listing all the pros and cons and leaving the choice to the individual. However a good choice can only be made after much experience. It would appear more logical and conducive to consistency in teaching to have one modus operandi.

One may wonder if this choice (often only variations on a theme) would have been given by a different editor. Would the Chisnal-Baxter harness, which appears to require a PhD in topology to put on — the text shows 19 diagrams to explain it — have been included by someone else? Or the Chisnall floating carabiner belay; or the waist belay by Filion (a major contributor). Both Chisnall and Filion are very active experimenters and innovators; there is however no need to push trivial variations.

As mentioned, the information is generally speaking accurate. The seat of the UIAA is in Geneva and not in Grenevall, a very peculiar error. It should probably be mentioned that the UIAA does not certify any equipment but only produces standards to which this equipment is made. Standards are now available for ropes, carabiners, ice axes, harnesses, helmets, accessory cords, and tape material, a fact not clearly stated. The most serious error is the statement that the Sticht plate belay is a UIAA recommended belay method. It very definitely is not. The reason is simply that the method is not foolproof and has led to many accidents, several of them fatal. It is not directionally versatile as stated, because certain belay stances do not permit a safe setup. On the other hand the Munter hitch, the UIAA recommended belay method, is essentially foolproof, has total directional versatility (not stated in text) and is an automatic two stage brake.

Despite these criticisms, this book contains much excellent material. Notwithstanding its many faults, the section on belaying is possibly the best in any present English text. Some of the experimental work presented in the appendices is new and of interest. However the book needs a major overhaul and it seems worthwhile to wait for the second fully revised edition.

Helmut Microys

Kongur: China's Elusive Summit

Chris Bonington. Hodder and Stoughton, London, 1982.
12 sketch maps, 59 black & white and 91 colour illustrations, 224 pp. Cloth. $19.95US

In its organization this book strangely resembles the works produced by the great German, Austrian, and British expeditions of the 1930s. Kongur is a thoroughly contemporary work in the quality and quantity of its illustrations, its style, and in the attitudes of the climbers involved in the expedition. It resembles however the famous works of a half a century ago in its connection with exploration and science, since the purpose of the expedition was twofold: to combine a four man alpine style ascent of one of the world's highest unclimbed peaks with the research of a four man scientific team. This team, under the Himalayan veteran Michael Ward, based its investigations on illness of lungs and heart related to lack of oxygen. Almost half the book is devoted to the preparation of the expedition itself. The other half is concerned with the ascent of Kongur (7719 m), which took place on 12 July 1981. There is also a generous amount of appendices using some 40 pages. They deal with medicine, geology, photography, natural history,

folklore, and the history of exploration of the Kongur massif. For what this book offers, its price is low. Now that China has, more or less, opened its doors to foreign visitors and trekking caravans, this book can also be a useful manual as to what to expect and to find when planning and carrying out an expedition in high central Asia.

Evelio Echevarría

Ice Runway

Roy Mason. Douglas & Mclntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1984. Map, black & white photographs. 220 pp. Cloth. $18.95

On 25 March 1910 the first airplane flight in British Columbia took place at Lulu Island. In the years that have followed the exploration of the remote wilderness of this province has been closely linked to the airplane. Access to the high mountains begun on foot but the airplane and more recently the helicopter have relegated approach difficulties to weather problems, availability of landing sites, and the cost of transportation. The mountains are still as difficult as ever to climb. Aviation has drastically cut access time to the peaks allowing energy to be expended on the routes rather than the approach to the mountains. Flying and mountaineering in the late 20th century have been closely related, especially in western North America.

A new addition to the literature of this hybrid between mountaineering and aviation is Ice Runway. The book concerns the reminiscences of a mountaineer who decided to expand his horizons by taking up flying and use his plane to access the remote mountains. His major problem was the lack of concrete or grass airfields in the high country. Ice Runway chronicles his adventures as he first learns to fly and then heads off into the mountains. As he eloquently describes, landing on alpine lakes and snowfields, no matter the season, is relatively easy. The problem is in getting airborne again.

A former president of the BCMC and a founding member of EC's mountain rescue organization, Mason dearly loves the mountains and flying. This is well conveyed in his writing. Even in his portrayal of dangerous incidents his style has a welcome brevity and lack of pretentiousness.

There is an ironic warmth to Ice Runway; as Mason unfolds his story it becomes hard not to like him. And for those of us who love the Coast Mtns it is nice to see these peaks receive their due. The book ends on a poignant and bitter-sweet note. Grounded by heart problems Mason worked hard to overcome this difficulty only to be grounded again for two years by an unseen bureaucracy. One can only hope that Mason will be able to return to the flying he loves. Whether the reader is interested in mountaineering or flying a few hours leisure spent with Ice Runway will not be wasted.

Geordie Howe

On Top Of The World: Five Women Explorers In Tibet

Luree Miller. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1984.
Reprint, Paddington Press Ltd, 1976. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & Mclntyre. Photos and maps. 222 pp. Paper. $12.95

On Top of the World is a collection of biographies of five explorers (Nina Mazuchelli, Annie Taylor, Isabella Bird Bishop, Fanny Bullock Workman and Alexandra David-Neel) whose common thread is that they were women and travelled in Tibet in the 1800s and early 1900s. Their travels are known today from their books, diaries, articles and letters. All five women were extremely determined to fulfill their dreams to travel. Except for Mazuchelli, none seemed particularly concerned with any constraints from being female. There was something they wanted to do so they went out and did it.

Fortunately the reader is spared any feminist soap-boxing. The author tries to let the women's accomplishments speak for themselves but doesn't quite succeed. A constant descriptive narrative of "she did this, then she did that" did not, for me, invoke admiration. For some reason David-Neel received twice as many pages as the others and this style became especially tedious. I did not feel I particularly knew the characters nor did I become caught up in their adventures. Mazuchelli may have been the first woman explorer but her methods were somewhat dubious. She cajoled her husband to set up an expedition of 70 servants for three Europeans. She was carried in a litter for virtually the entire distance. To walk any length was too unladylike. She was definitely outclassed by the other women who walked and rode for thousands of miles with few creature comforts. Mazuchelli's journey merited a footnote, not an entire chapter. The epilogue mentions that women explorers were considered by society as outsiders, "unfulfilled females". Yet acceptance by society was only a concern for Bullock Workman and David-Neel. Their accomplishments were recognized with both receiving numerous awards from "establishment" organizations.

The fact that there have been remarkable women throughout history is not in itself remarkable, even if they have been outnumbered by men. However female contributions to most fields of human endeavour have been virtually ignored because the male investigators simply weren't looking for any. This is rapidly changing as women scholars bring in their own perspectives. This book comes from such a perspective. It has been carefully researched with extensive notes and bibliography of obscure material. However I would recommend it more as a reference source about women explorers or Tibet than a collection of adventures to read for their own sake. Better yet, read the books the women themselves wrote. Top of the World makes you aware that their accounts exist.

Audrey Pearson

Mirrors In The Cliffs

Jim Perrin editor. Diadem Books Ltd, London, 1983.
Cartoons by Sheridan Anderson. 688 pp. Cloth. £12.95

Jim Perrin makes a "naked confession of taste" in the introduction to this anthology that the articles have been selected to "reflect upon each other to produce a satisfying pattern and whole". As an anthologist Perrin was attempting to make "a statement of belief on the part of its compiler and a commentary on aspects of the sport". Following five years after its companion volume The Games Climbers Play one might expect Perrin would have a dearth of material to select from. Even more so considering his goals. The over a hundred articles maintain a very high standard. Ranging from the beginning of alpinism up to the early 1980s

Perrin examined the literature, culling those essays germane to his themes. Considering the time frame and eclectic nature of the authors the quality of the writing, while not always consistent, never fails to entertain.

From Royal Robbins' foreword to Doug Robinson's The Climber as Visionary Mirrors takes us on a journey to question and perhaps answer what it is to be a mountaineer. The anthology is divided into six major sections: Roots; New Found Lands; The Moral? It's the Travelling; Cast List; Contingencies, Catastrophes, Death; Controversies, Tactics, Histories, Distractions. Within the framework established, Perrin has provided the reader with a few works of fiction pertinent to his quest. Included is John Menlove Edwards evocative "End of a Climb" (a quote from which provided the title for the anthology) and Jeff Long's interesting if somewhat pedantic The Soloist's Diary. It is to Perrin's credit that for the majority of the selections Mirrors does not fail to lose the reader's interest. Some favourites (besides those mentioned above) are Ivan Ghirardini's The Shroud Solo, Reinhard Karl's Boredom and the Big Numbers, Pete Livesey's Travels With A Donkey, and Lito Tejada-Flores' Crooked Road to The Far North. Then on second thought Tom Patey's A Short Walk With Whillans calls out to be mentioned. Oh hell, there are so many exceptional selections it is best for the individual to make his own choice.

Considering all that Mirrors has to offer it is not without its cracks. It is interesting to note that comments written about the companion volume The Games Climbers Play in the CAJ 1980 are just as applicable to Mirrors. There is a noticeable lack of female authors and those selections that do occur such as Arlene Blum's Pass the Mirror adequately sum up the problem. Another complaint concerns the lack of more foreign authors; surely the best mountaineering literature has not been British and American dominated? Finally the selection of photographs do not do the book justice, though Sheridan Anderson's cartoons are real gems.

Even with its flaws this is an exemplary anthology well worth having in any library. The next time someone asks "why do you climb" perhaps if the person is literate you should shove this volume into his hands.

Geordie Howe

Ascent

Edited by Steve Roper and Allen Steck. Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1984. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & Mclntyre. 80 photos, 20 drawings, 216 pages. Cloth. $35

It's always a pleasure to see a new edition of Ascent but it is getting to be rather an expensive pleasure. This edition contains both fiction and non-fiction from Jeff Long, David Roberts, Tom Higgins, Geoff Childs, and others. There is much to be enjoyed here; a variety of articles generally entertaining, occasionally stimulating, and only once or twice banal. The variety of content can be suggested by some of the titles: Masherburm, and Back Again, The Kahiltna Open, The Public Climber: A Reactionary Tumination, Mrs Robertson is Climbing Again, and Cold Shadows and Rushing Water: Rock climbing in the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. Explorations' characters and honourable dissents are all well and truly represented. Particularly interesting is Angels of Light, an excerpt from a novel-in-progress. This takes off from the well known incident of a few years ago when several Valley regulars found unexpected riches in the crashed plane of some dope smugglers. I'm not sure how the plot will fare in a full novel but this excerpt focusing on the Valley scene works well.

Throughout the book are black and white photographs and specially commissioned drawings. The photos are quite effective because they are pictures which work well in black and white and they are well reproduced. This is becoming rare as so many of us think and shoot in colour. The drawings add a welcome texture that would otherwise be lacking.

Bouldering and Denali are the subjects of the colour photo essays. The photos are as good as you would expect and magnificently reproduced by Dai Nippon and yet... I was not as moved as I should have been just a few years ago. Mountain magazine and the Sierra Club calendars have done much to devalue striking colour photos.

I wonder how much less expensive this book might have been without the two colour photo essays and with a soft cover. Such good writing should be kept as affordable as possible.

John Manuel

Books Received

Hiking Alberta's Southwest

Joey Ambrosi. Douglas & Mclntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1984. Black & white photographs, maps. 166 pp. Paper. $9.95 A guide to 120 hiking routes, with notes about wildlife, wild flowers, and geological and cultural history.

Outdoor Safety And Survival: A Pocket Companion

Douglas & Mclntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1984.

Line drawings. 153 pp. Paper. $4.95

A reprint, with minor changes of third edition of Wilderness Survival, published by BC Parks and Outdoor Recreation Dept.

Earth Science Studies

Wedgemount Lake and Glacier, Northern Garibaldi Park: 1984 Progress Report

The annual re-survey of the glacier was conducted at the end of the melt season in late September during a weekend of new snowfall. The weather again cancelled the basin survey from the summit of Wedge Mtn. Over the preceding year the climate was again anomalous with a very cold autumn and heavy snow fall in November followed by a very dry December. The winter was warm and at the close the nearby Whistler/Blackcomb ski area had scarcely one metre of snowpack at the timberline snow posts.

However spring arrived with a vengeance and a constant two metre snowpack from early April to early June held sway. July and August were rather warm and dry but the catch-up melt cycle just

barely managed to return the equilibrium line on the glacier to the usual 2140 m level. So on the upper velocity profile located just below this line, very little melt was observed at the monuments, and one on the west end was, in fact, still buried by old snow. Other tasks over the year included construction of a detailed topo map of the glacier from the 1947 oblique aerial photography (see outline of 1947 ice in CAJ 1978:133). The field work in September included the re-survey of the glacier snout position, the uppermost and lower velocity profiles. On the north edge of the snout of the glacier, the distance from ice to lake edge over a bouldery outwash delta was measured. In the 1976/77 year this corner emerged from ice cover (see photo in CAJ 1977) and retreat has now amounted to 35 m, as opposed to the south corner where ice has held a relatively constant position in the lake under Trig Stn 5. Previous CAJ accounts have reported some advance between these two end points, but the overall 1977 to 1984 picture is 2.5 m/yr retreat for the entire snout area.

WA Tupper, KE Ricker, and B McKnight

Ape Lake is Indeed a Beast — the 20 October 1984 Jökulhlaup

INTRODUCTION

Jökulhlaups — meaning an outburst of water from a glacier — have held a fascination for many glaciologists throughout the world. The Scandinavians have had much experience with the effects of such releases of water, and the Vatnajbkull in Iceland has over the years generated St Lawrence River sized outbursts. The phenomenon, prevalent in the high latitudes, has since been studied at several locales around the world, though the outflows are generally of a lesser magnitude than those of the volcanic hot spots of Iceland. Flicking through the past 30 years of CAJs, one sees the topic discussed for several glaciers which are scattered from the Arctic Islands to the St Elias Mtns, to the Boundary Ranges of the Coast Mtns, and finally to as far south as Snowcap Lakes in Garibaldi Park. In fact, in CAJ 1979 the writer compared one of coastal EC's jewels, Ape Lake, to the Snowcap Lakes which were once a single ice dammed lake. With recession there was a release of water in outbursts into Iceworm Creek on one or more occasions during the first few decades of this century. In the case of Ape Lake, the Fyles ice dam had not yet thinned enough for an outburst into the Noeick valley, though the Snowcap model suggested that it was to be expected soon. Dudra (1954) from air photos roughed out the first map of the area, showing the lake to be ice dammed. In 1953 he mobilized the first known plane flight to the lake.

On 20 October 1984 Bella Coola residents were testing a new road to Noeick valley which drains northwesterly from Fyles Glacier. They were rudely met by a noisy, dirty, debris laden river which was chewing at the road at a visible rate. The scene didn't make sense; the heavy October rains had ceased one week before but a phone call to officials of the forest company told them of the likely source of the problem — some sort of leak in the ice dam of Ape Lake. A day later several parties from Bella Coola and Nimpo Lake observed the expected: the lake was now a half-emptied wasteland with several smaller lakes. The Snowcap model had come through. By the following weekend the writer and others had visited the scene to inspect the devastation, working in conditions comparable to a winter polar operation. The trip has generated several technical studies but this article will focus on the cause and potential for further jokulhlaups here, as well as outline the consequences of the recent event.

DEVELOPMENT OF APE LAKE AND RECENT REGIMEN OF FYLES GLACIER

Ape Lake in full pool owes its origin to the advance of Fyles Glacier across Noeick valley during the last few centuries. Three samples of Abies and Pinus taken on and near its climax moraine (see sketch map) on the north shore yield ring counts up to 70 years proving the glacier reached its maximum extent before 1914. As colonization is slow on windblown moraines the climax is probably no younger than 1904 and could possibly be as old as 1856. Obviously more samples may reduce this error but a better line of dating may come from the annual record of sediments in the east basin being studied by Mr J Desloges of UBC. Near Ape Creek outlet the writer found, exposed by fresh slumping, 3 m of sediment overlying a partially buried log. Its cover includes 90 silt-clay couplets, probably annual accumulations, about 5 mm thick, underlain by about 2 m of unstratified sediment. The upper zone may represent about 180 years of sedimentation. Radiocarbon dating of the log may add many years to a record of a continuously high lake level, and a persistent glacier dam.

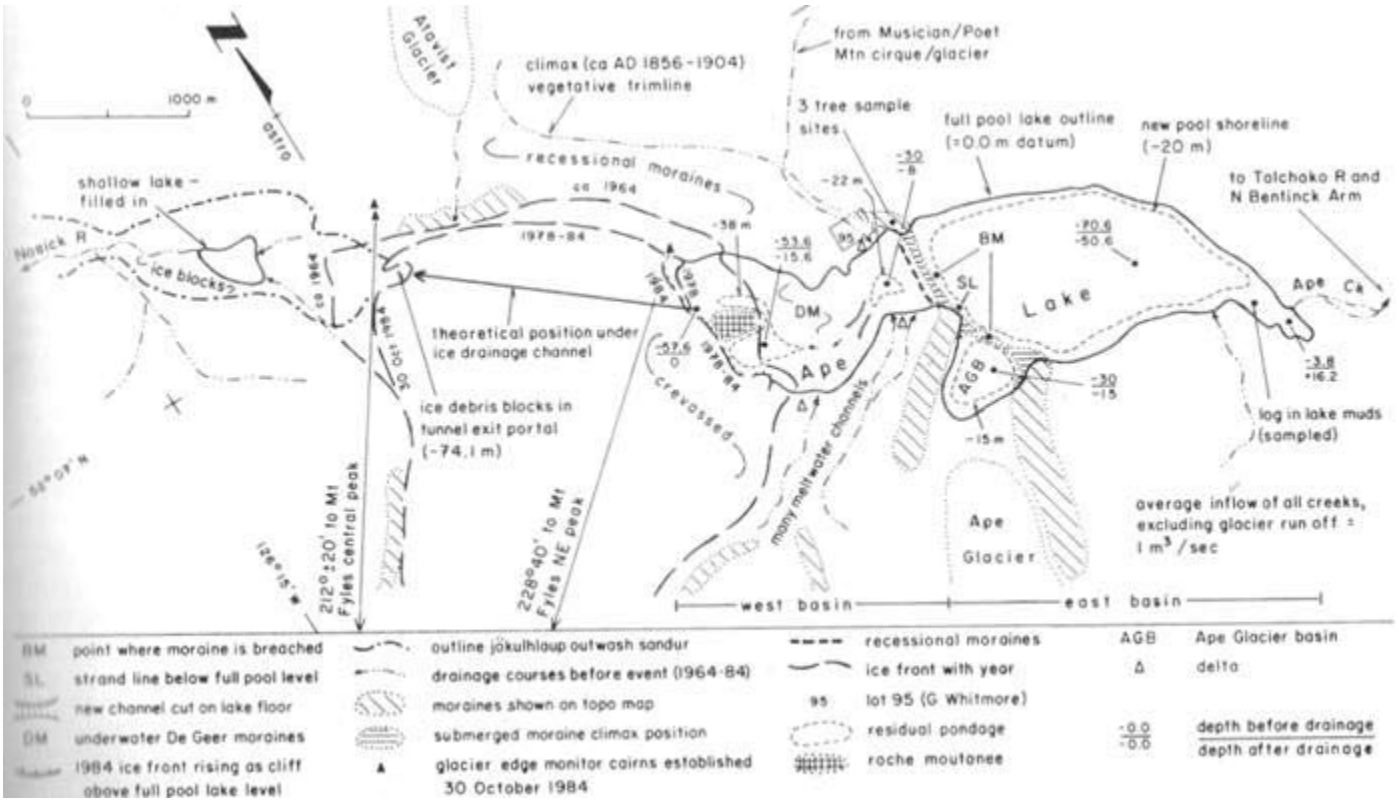
As for the more recent changes in the Fyles Glacier which led to its thinning and resulting release of the lake water, there is no on-site analysis. W Tupper is planning detailed maps of the glacier from each of 9 air photo missions since 1947. The most recent topo map is based on 1964 photos, and a set of 1978 photos has allowed us to revise the lake to glacier outline shown on the accompanying sketch map.

A profile along the axis of the glacier drawn from 1964 contours suggests about a 110m thinning of the snout since 1904 (or 1856?) climax, averaging 1.8 to 1.0 m/yr. The horizontal ice retreat for the same time span is ca 330 m, that is 5.5 (or 3.1) m/yr. By way of contrast, an eyeball comparison of the 1978 ice position relative to the 1964 contours shows perhaps as much as 4.3 m/yr ablation and a net ice retreat of ca 190 m at 13.6 m/yr.

The growth of the west basin of the lake, with calving of the ice snout, for the 1964 to 1978 period is about 0.21 km2 or roughly 15,000 m2/yr. However for 1978 to 1984 field estimates suggest that the rate is only about 1125 m2 /year. These correspond to an average lake edge ice retreat of 15.0 m/yr from 1964-78, but as little as 1.3 m/yr from 1978-84. The corresponding recession rates on the terrestrial western snout are about 8.0 and 16.1 m/yr respectively. Aerial photos show that the Fyles Glacier has receded almost continually from the climax event to 1984, whereas surrounding glaciers have undergone standstills for this period, and outstanding advances in the 1964 to 1978 interval for Ape, Atavist, Noeick, Purgatory, and other glaciers.

The thickness of the Fyles Glacier along the lake margin is now exposed as an undulating wedge. The average thickness of ice below a rather conspicuous full pool level etched on the ice cliff (photo 1) is 32.5 m; the maximum, near tunnel, is 57.6 m. An average 24.4 m thickness of heavily crevassed ice rises above the former water level.

Preliminiary geomorphic sketch map of the Ape Lake/Fyles Glacier and upper Noeick valley basin.
From NTS 93 D/1 edition 2, 1978 BC government aerial photos, and prelim bathymetry by Dept. of Geog, UBC. Supplemented with ground surveys 21-20 October 1984. Karl Ricker/M. Irvine



THE 20 OCTOBER 1984 EVENT AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

The magnitude of the jökulhlaup is worth a note. The 1984 area of the three sub-basins of Ape Lake is 2.47 km2. Bathymetry supplied by J Desloges indicates they contained when full 85.5 million m3 of water.

However the three basins were almost separated by shallow submerged moraines(photo 1),and a shoal within West Basin. These elements barred complete discharge of the larger east basin. The volume of water spilled was approximately 46 million m3, about 54% of the total. Only two small lakes are left within the west basin: an ice marginal lake (-38 m level) of about 373,000 m3; the other is about 33,000 m3.

Initiation of drainage, ie the precursor of a full fledged tunnel at the glacier sole is not well understood in this case, though the enlargement of the tunnel during discharge might be calculable, as shown by Mathews (1973) and others in subsequent more refined studies. Development of a deep fracture system by ice flow is not evident near the tunnel though there is one extra wide crevasse above the waterline. Buoyant uplift of ice by the lake is an alternate hypothesis but the ratio of 24.4 m ice above water to a maximum of 57.6 below level is far from the needed water-to-ice ratio of 0.9. However preceding this event there was an exceptional warm heavy rain on the east side of the Coast Mtns. Records show up to 200 mm of rainfall over a four day period, and streams were high on the Klinaklini, Lillooet, Homathko, Bridge basins, etc, and locals at Nimpo Lake said they had never seen an autumn rain so intense. So the storm and the jökulhlaup may not be just an accidental coincidence. If the lake level was raised the evidence is not visible, but the influx of water to the glacier and lake may have induced some change which is not yet appreciated.

On 17 October Crown Forest Industries staff had checked by careful aerial inspection for any unusual discharge around Fyles Glacier, having been briefed on the potential for catastrophe (Ricker 1983) but nothing was found. On 19 and 20 October Wilderness Airline pilots flew over the lake near noon, not noting anything unusual. However at 11 am on the 20th the Bella Coola residents trying to drive to South Bentinck camp via the new road, following Upper Noeick Creek, found the river running rampant. Water levels were stable for much of the afternoon but by 5 pm on the 20th they noted levels rising another 2 m in the 1 to 2 hours before sunset.

Photo 1 - View north-north-west of drained Ape Lake west basin, formerly dammed by Fyles Glacier (FG).
Dashed line = full pool strand level (SL); D = delta; DM = underwater DeGeer moraines; NCC = new cut basin floor channel connecting outflow of east basin (right) to tunnel outflow under glacier; BM = breached climax end moraines, AG = Ape Glacier; AGB = Ape Glacier basin; ATG = Atavist Glacier; MXLM = composite medial and lateral moraines. M Maxwell

Photo 2 - Cairn established north-east corner of Fyles Glacier
At former edge of Ape Lake. Note lake level at full pool etched into the ice (SL). K Ricker

Meanwhile at South Bentinck Arm (30 to 35 km downstream) pilots saw no evidence of a flood at 11 am but upon return at 1 pm a cloud of turbid water, charged with flotsam, was present, and this is confirmed by the watchman at the Noeick delta camp. Thus, the noon observation of the lake by the other pilot was probably that of an early phase before the emergence of the submerged moraines. With travel time for water flow from Ape Lake to Bentinck Arm at 7 hours (2 m/sec), the foregoing points to tunnel initiation in the early hours of 20 October. The tunnel was operational by daybreak and about 10 m of water drawdown on the entire lake probably took place by early afternoon. Thereafter the west basin provided the flow until it dropped to near the -20 m level. By mid-afternoon the main moraine may have been breached to allow another 10 or more metres of drawdown in the larger east basin, which gave rise to the late after noon increase in discharge noted at the road some km downstream. Another 5 or so metres of drawdown of the Ape Glacier basin was probably a late afternoon addition. Its moraninal breach (photo 1) is still very erodible, subject to further lowering. At noon on 21 October the Noeick delta watchman, on his first check of the day, reported the return to normal river levels. It would appear that the discharge of Ape Lake took at most 20 hours at an average rate of at least 635 m/sec. Obviously during the peak it had easily doubled this.

Left in the wake of this event is a half emptied basin with many features of depositional and erosional origin. Over and above the exposed terminal moraines shown in climax position, there are many "de Geer" moraines, developed annually in a recessional pattern on the north slopes of the west basin, and large complex roche moutonnée at glacier edge. New features in the basin are the ice tunnel entrance, 2.5 to 3.0 m high by 5 to 6 m across, and collapsing ice cliffs (photo 1). On the downstream edge of Fyles Glacier the tunnel outlet is funnel shaped, now partially filled with ice blocks that collapsed from the roof (photo 3). Around the lake basin there is much evidence of slope collapse, ravine washouts, and a new channel cut across the shoal between the east and west basins. The old Ape Creek outlet is high and dry, and the eastern end of the lake is a vast mud flat of irregularly jumbled to step-like topography.

Downstream a former small lake 400 m west of Fyles Glacier is now filled in. Farther downstream the stream banks, the fans of fallen glacier ice, and the toe of one glacier were undercut and the stream bed was regraded — in places lowered or built up several metres. Some ice blocks were carried to the stream mouth.

Downstream, the losses are: washout of several kilometres of logging road, the loss of several hundred thousand planted trees, 13 km of salmon spawning beds, an inundated airstrip, and a flotsam of woody debris extending tens of kilometres into the fjord system to confound water navigation. The losses to the forest industry are at least $250,000, and perhaps more in the case of the spawning efforts of several thousand salmon (Anon 1984).

FUTURE JÖKULHLAUPS?

The foregoing brings up the problem of whether or not the lake will refill, at least partially, before initiating a new jökulhlaup; this is tied into the overall regimen of Fyles Glacier. Will Fyles Glacier again block the Noeick valley, or are we to see an ice free corridor develop right through to the east basin of a much reduced Ape Lake in the long term?

The short term prospect hinges on the ice tunnel. This may close in the winter 1984/85 or 1985/86 by either or a combination of the following: plastic deformation (squeezing), cliff collapse, and refreezing of inflow water over the coldest months. If a seal complete or nearly so is effected winter 1984/85 the lake could be refilled in a year with an average inflow of only 1.5 m/sec. In a leaky dam scenario it could be the summer of 1986 before the lake is refilled. If the seal is too leaky the lake may not refill to maximum level, and be gradually drawn down to the emptied state at the close of each melt season.

Assuming that a tight seal develops the prospect of future major jökulhlaup is escapable only if ice thickens noticeably. In the present climatic trend however the phenomenon will likely continue on an annual or biennial basis, stopping only when the ice is too thin to dam up a full pool of water or too fractured to maintain a tight seal. Using ice frontal retreat rates quoted above there will be no ice left over the tunnel area in a span of 18 to 79 years. Even if the longer period proves closer, the lowering of ice will soon diminish the store of water. This is borne out by the scant 24.4 m of ice rising above the full pool level; if it ablates at 1.0 to 4.3 m/yr, lake levels will start dropping in 6 to 24 years. Thus the full pool scenario of Ape Lake is likely to last but a few cycles, with some years in the emptied state and other years of partial re-fillings. On the other hand the long term picture is up to two centuries of reduced lake levels with minor jökulhlaups before the corridor is completely ice free.

Exit portal cavern and collapsed ice blocks within it on western snout of Fyles Glacier. K Ricker

RECOMMENDATIONS AND FUTURE WORK

The prospect of years of jökulhlaups does not enthuse the silviculturist, the fisherman, the Bella Coola residents who want access to Noeick valley and South Bentinck Arm, or the mountaineers. If the above predictions are to be checked, an effort must be made to see if Fyles Glacier continues to recede. There are now two sets of monitors in place at both the eastern and western snouts. The lake-edge ice-retreat is marked by a cairn placed 32 m from the north-east corner of the glacier in line with the ice edge and the summit of Mt Fyles (photo 2). The other cairns monitor the western snout, and are placed on the north slopes of Noeick valley and they are also in line with the barely visible Mt Fyles. Observations on the former will assist in future predictions.

All is not lost to the climber however. The east basin will remain large and deep enough to supply float plane access regardless of the scene. The degree of emptiness of the basins is also of interest, and those visiting the area would assist by counting the number of toe to eye-level steps it takes to go up to the old shoreline from any of the three new lake levels, or from one common level should there be an intermediary filling cycle. However, it is suggested that no one place a camp on the upper Noeick flood plain downstream of the glacier, unless the west basin is in the empty mode as shown on the sketch map.

Karl Ricker

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Observations in this report are by DP Jones, J Desloges, M Maxwell, and the writer, supported by the Academic Emergency Research Fund of UBC, the Geological Survey of Canada, and the efforts of employees of Crown Forest Ltd. We thank other observers who provided their information, and appreciate the encouragement of several scientists. The writer's visit to Ape Lake was hurriedly organized by Nancy Ricker who performed magnificently without advance warning.

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Mt Robson: Avalanche on the Kain Face

On the evening of 22 August 1984 there occurred an event of major significance on Mt Robson. The hanging glacier immediately to the north of the climbing route on the Kain Face avalanched completely. This glacier, formerly a prominent feature of the eastern aspect of the massif, posed the main objective danger to climbers on the Kain route once the icefall below The Dome had been negotiated. On 21 and 22 August much minor avalanche activity was witnessed from the underside of the hanging glacier, some of it falling directly onto the Kain route. At about 7 pm on 22 August ice broke away from the face near its upper margin and avalanched through the depression north of The Dome, eventually reaching the region of Robson Glacier between The Dome and The Helmet.

It remains to be seen whether or not this change in the character of the Kain Face will eventually result in less avalanche activity, thus making this popular climbing route a less dangerous prospect for future climbers.

Graeme Pole

Coast Climbing Notes 1984

'84 was an interesting year. Poorish weather till early July kept most people confined to the crags — Squamish was BUSY! Meanwhile piles of snow accumulated in the high country and caused problems once the sun emerged. Also the further one got up the coast the poorer the weather got with, curiously, the north coast having one of the worst summers in memory while Vancouver basked.

Activity was broadly based. Locally, three good new lines got done within a week in the Chehalis, and the big rib on the north-east of the northern Nesakwatch Spire finally fell. Numerous other relatively minor things got done (or finally reported) as Bruce put the finishing touches on the new guide.

Further afield, many relatively neglected areas drew attention. The Manatee yielded considerable good climbing, as did the Raleigh/Gilbert area to the north. Poor snow foiled a couple of big plans in both areas. To the west meanwhile, John Clarke — first with John Baldwin and then solo — ran amok on the unclimbed summits in and around the Toba. Snow and poor weather foiled a Seattle party on Queen Bess.

The big activity took place in the Waddington Range, as usual. A big crew of the "lads" got some fine climbs done. The highlights were the north face of Serra lll,1250 m high and difficult of access, and the 2nd ascent of the original route on the south face of Tiedemann in two days return from the hut! A bigger route yet (2000 m!) was plucked by Mike Down and John Howe: the north-east ridge on Bell. They also did a fine ice route on Geddes. Much remains in the seldom visited areas around Frontier Creek.

At the northern end of the range, Monarch remained plastered and the weather spotty, so failure predominated. No one got into Ape Lake this summer and next summer no one will be able to — the biggest news of all was that the lake went out under the glacier which had impounded it, down the Noeick River into Bentinck Arm. RIP.

Everything worth knowing will be in the new south-western BC guide, so you can retire these notes and old copies of the Echoes now. Greatly looking forward to it!

Don Serl

Pt 5900+, the minor, albeit sprawling peak forming the northern wall of Illusion Cirque (Skagit Range) has this year become commonly known as "Guardian Peak".

In August Maxim de Jong and Robert McGregor made the first recorded ascent of Unnamed 6500+ ("Porcupine Peak"), a massive, granitic Skagit summit situated 4 km north of Chilliwack Lake road and 2 km east of Williams Peak. Very pleasant, rambling sub-alpine south ridge.

M de Jong, D Owen, D Houtman, D Campbell, Q Pham, J Whelan, M Evans, and D Kinischuk made the second overall ascent and first ascent of the east side of Mad Eagle Peak (from Depot Glacier; Redoubt Group, Skagit Range, North Cascades). The climb was made in August and consisted of steep glacial headwall followed by poor rock(ll, 5.5). Despite the poor rock, the area is recommended.

Maxim de Jong

In CAJ 1984 the caption for the photo at bottom right of page 24 should read Mt Waddington and Mt Munday from Pointer Peak.

Squamish 1984: the Onslaught Continues

New route activity remained at hectic levels and overall standards continued to rise. A different climb is emerging as imaginations and creativity expand alongside new abilities. The innovators are no longer attracted by just pure lines. Rather it is the not obvious but high quality routes that are drawing attention. The appearance early in the season of Fires, a new Spanish rock shoe, contributed in part to the rise in standards. The especially soft rubber sole provides much greater friction, particularly on Squamish coarse granite, and may lower technical difficulty on some routes by a full letter grade. The S grades introduced last year, though not widely accepted, have spurred much healthy debate. It is felt now that the YDS system will follow a natural progression towards the Australian system, with routes receiving one overall grade rather than one based on the hardest technical move. Squamish Municipal Council proposed removing gravel from the slopes below the Squaw which would have devastated several hectares of highly visible old growth forest. Peter Rothe organized a lobby group and convinced Council to begin rezoning the area under their jurisdiction from industrial to park. This may open the way for the entire Squamish Chief to be declared a park.

On what is quickly becoming known as Controversial Wall (The Sheriffs Badge) Peter Croft did not make many friends when he quite literally stole the show by free climbing the initial pitch of Astronomy. In an attempt to set a questionable precedent he disregarded the fixed ropes used by another climber actively cleaning the pitch and climbed the fiercely overhanging 5.11d finger crack. Originally aided and then forgotten in the early 70s this once obscure climb follows a wild crack system left of The Daily Planet. The second pitch, an elegant flake crack, was later freed by Daryl Hatten grading it 5.10c. Croft and Dean Hart added The Big Scoop (5.11a), the all too obvious hand crack and flakes right of Astronomy describing it as "the best pitch of its grade at Squamish". The route required no cleaning and represents a seldom seen on sight (no previewing) 1st ascent. This clean sweep of granite now has three world class routes.

Robin Barley and Bob Milward continued persevering with the Squaw and discovered The Great Game (5.10d,A1). It begins right of Birds of Prey and follows an arête for two pitches, at times difficult and serious, to reach a prominent corner (a superb pitch) below the final headwall lead. A point of aid still remains on the initial moves of the second pitch. On an early repeat Carl Austrom found out just how serious is the first pitch; he was stung by dozens of wasps after disturbing a nest whilst helplessly tied to the belay tree. Barley also dug his way up Insurrection (5.9,A2) right of Freedom Fighter, apparently finding some good crack climbing on this three pitch mixed route.

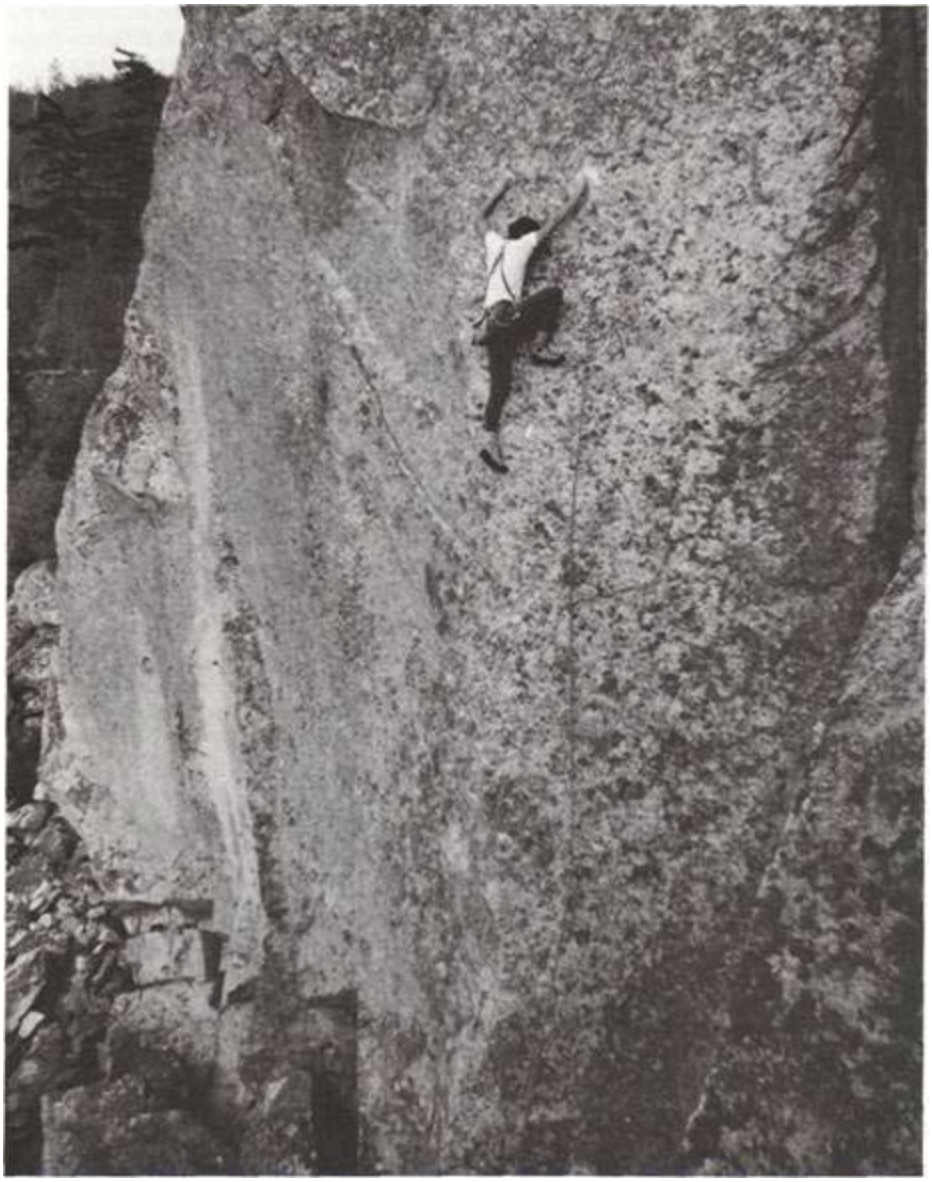
Taking full advantage of the new sticky sole technology Scott Flavelle Fired Dream

On of its aid points with Hart and felt 5.11c was still accurate. Scott commented that although the line Carl chose to climb was not what they had envisioned Dream On to be, it nevertheless is the best route on the Apron. He added that the true Dream On, still the direct route up the steepest section of the Apron, remains unclimbed. The last pitch on Carl's route is actually longer than 50 m and is still quite mossy. Following a precarious line between Grim Reaper and Unfinished Symphony is Teetering On The Brink Of Madness (5.11b: Austrom, MacDonald, MacRae). Their route continues directly above the cracks on Grim Reaper for two pitches before finishing up the final bolt ladder on Unfinished Symphony.

At the base of the Grandwall Milward and Campbell cleaned the vegetated corner taken by Peasants, the first technical route done at Squamish, producing a fine two pitch easy 5.10 free climb. More than a few eyebrows were raised when the conscientious pair returned to doctor the route back to easy 5.10 after a stump used to by-pass a thin section was removed on an early repeat.

Perry Beckham demonstrated his uncanny knowledge of the Grandwall by putting together another five pitch instant classic with Tim Holwill called Movin to Montana. After an initial crux pitch of 5.11d described by Beckham as "desperately thin liebacking" the route follows a line of weakness up and right eventually ending below the massive overhangs left of the Black Dyke. The last pitch, a traversing face climb, is also particularly stunning.

Dean Hart demonstrating his massive span on his own True Love (5.11d). John Howe



Java Jive had its remaining aid removed by Flavelle. The offending section just over the overlap on pitch two turned out to be only marginally harder than the traverse into it and the grade remains 5.11c. The steep slab dropping away from the Flake escape trail was breached by Flavelle and Hart who found enough holds to piece together Los Zapatos. A couple of attempted repeats indicate a possible sandbag at 5.11a. Somewhere near Rutabega Young, Brennan, and Thompson found Jockeramaman, a thin hand crack. After he cleaned sprouting greenery from the crux Beckham repeated Grand Wahzoo and felt a more appropriate grade would be 5.11c, rather than 5.12a.

It took a few attempts but eventually McLane and Beckham found a way to extend the free climbing on Deadend Dihedral two more pitches. The initial section on pitch three provided Kevin with some very difficult wild moves that he was unable to grade, save that hard 5.11 would be in the ball park. Perry continued to the end of the actual corner but was forced to pendulum left to reach a belay at the top of the 4th pitch.

The local lads were given a good lesson in bold climbing when visiting American Kjell Swedin made the first ascent of The Golden Scimitar in the Cirque of the Uncrackables with Todd Bibler. This awesome seven inch horror gained a considerable reputation after two local wide crack specialists refused to accept the prospect of unprotected hard 5.11 off width climbing. In the same area Kevin Smith and Barley climbed the Grip of the Kaffir Dog, the big flake and groove on the extreme right side of White Cliff. The pair used three points of aid to reach a belay above the triangular roof and graded their efforts hard 5.10. Bernie Protch and Barley found Conventional Arms (5.10a) a two pitch crack and face climb on the left side of the same cliff.

Action on the Malemute was limited to one addition, Survival of Flatus (5.10b; Hart, Croft) a bolt protected face climb on the rounded buttress to the right of Hot Licks. Although a possible approach pitch exists the originators choose to rappel to the base of the clean climbing rather than scrub the straightforward but filthy start. Interest in the Shannon Creek Wall was

rejuvenated when Hart, Atkinson, and Austrom completed Local Boys Do Good and realized the full potential of the area. In 1981 Joe Turley and Gene Smith followed the series of exquisite edges on Local Boys but ended their efforts 40 m from the ground at a short blank section. The 1984 trio continued up the logical conclusion of their route, finding the initial moves above the first station 5.10d and the rest of the route somewhat easier.

While Carl explored the massive expanse of slabs left of Local Boys finding Vibrating Hands (5.11b; Austrom, Shinobou) and Local Girls Are Bad (5.11a; Austrom, Holwill), Hart ventured about 300 m south to a steeper cliff. Together with Holwill and Shackleton he led two excellent routes — Never Say Never (5.11b), a steep corner crack, and Hungry Wolf (5.11b), the latter typical of the sustained varied climbing offered by the modern routes.

After several years of limited activity long time Squamish climber Randy Atkinson made a brilliant comeback by adding the highly visible corner above the highway, across from Browning Lake, to Murrin Park's list of pumping routes. 15 m of strenuous liebacking led to a poorly protected crux that dealt Randy a few good long plummets before he was able to negotiate the 5.11b moves. He surely felt more than a little twisted when he named his route Smell of Fat Chick (really Randy). Unfortunately the popularity of this fine route will undoubtedly suffer because of the 5.9 bush approach.

Dave Lane on Rugus (5.11c) at Comic Rocks.
John Howe

The search for steep intimidating rock took Kevin McLane to Petrifying Wall at the southern fringes of Murrin Park, an absolute gem of a cliff neglected since aid climbing days and left to gather moss while the new wave gathered steam. The first new route to fall was Dead On Arrival which follows a vague line up dikes and shallow corners through some very hostile terrain right of the original Petrifying Wall route.

Rather unique to Squamish this route requires a high degree of commitment on continuously strenuous and technical ground with few rests and minimal protection. On the first ascent with Hart and Lane, Kevin used one point of aid low down on the route. Almost before his chalk dust had settled Croft and Hart appeared on the scene and quickly dispensed with his one aid point. His other two routes, the Coffin (5.11 a; McLane) and Armageddon (5.10d; McLane, Turley) although not quite as wild are truly in the modern idiom.

Dave Lane spent several weeks in the gym and a considerable time in the air before he was able to free climb the beautiful roof crack of Rufus at Comic Rocks. As Dave had expected he found the crux making the very strenuous transition from the roof crack to the final vertical lieback. Originally graded S5, 5.10c a more appropriate relative decimal grade would put it around 5.11c.

The Smoke Bluffs have mostly taken a back seat however Crag X continued to provide some good unclimbed rock and yielded a few new routes and variations. Early in the year Kevin and Lynn McLane immortalized their dog by naming the wide crack and groove across from Stroll, On The Golden Mongrel (5.9). Kevin also added Picket Line (5.9), the cracks between Super Value and Triage Arête with Ted Marks as well as the hideous Side Show (5.10c), right of Talking Holds.

Certainly one of the hardest pieces of technical climbing accomplished this year was Dean Harts tip ripping True Love (5.11d). This route follows small but positive holds up the improbable wall between Super Value and Picket Line. Dean (6'4") admits that height is a definite advantage on this route. In the same area Silly Putty (5.10c; Howe, Lane) follows the steep diagonal slash starting left of the eventually joining Auntie Gravity. Activity in the Black Zawn was limited to two variations: Croft climbed the overhanging cracks to reach Joe Hill, improving the climb, and Howe straightened out Perfidious Albion, choosing to climb directly up after the initial moves, bumping the grade up slightly.

Scott Flavelle did Weenie (5.11 a), a direct start to Short People, and eliminated the aid on Jangling Ball Wall (5.10d) to push it to the top of the cliff. Left of Little Feat Bob Milward did a short boulder problem he called Big Foot (5.10a). Stink Foot (5.10c), another short one, starts left of then finishes right of Little Feat.

To the left of Zombie Roof, Hart faced a ground fall at the crux (5.11a) of the corner of Black 'n Decker but returned later to place a critical protection bolt. The big corners right of Zombie gave Milward hours of cleaning fun before he found Old Age (5.9). Left of Phelgmish Dance, the slightly contrived Alien Sex Fiend fell to Hart, MacDonald, and McLane. And finally Scott Young fingered his way across the thin crack left of Strawberry Jam to give us Cuticle Death (5.10c).

John Howe

Grainger South Pillar

Memories flood back. The clean open sweeping corners and slabs above are much as I remember them. Across the years I recall feeling overhwelmed and overawed. Rather than force the face to submit and uncomfortable with my then inadequate skills I found an excuse and went away, uncertain whether I would ever be back, uncertain really whether I would ever be equal to the challenge set by this magnificent soaring sequence of difficulties.

The willow of allure however springs up again, season after season, from its enduring roots deep in the earth of the mountaineering psyche. It takes only a little of John's boundless enthusiasm to entice me back again; Fires and good form bolster the confidence. And now here we are, the pale yellow slabs untarnished by lichen or moss and glowing in the morning sun, actually coming to grips with the pillar. And John is finding the first pitch every bit as hard as my memories promise it will be. Steep, fingery, and tenuous — like a back country Apron Strings or Unfinished Symphony.

At a little overlap half a rope length out he belays with most of his remaining gear. Following is very, very near my limit and I am hesitant and apprehensive as I stem and lieback into the groove above the belay. A few metres above the cracks die but it is just possible to get a peg in and to ooze left across the arête on a couple of tiny knobs to easier cracks and ramps. A spacious platform waits at the end of the pitch.

Three lovely rope lengths follow. There are so many options. We try to stay near the somewhat vague crest of the pillar, choosing what seems to be the most reasonable of the available lines. Where the headwall rears into its final sweep John belays at the base of a block filled groove cum chimney a bit left of the crest. It looks repellent enough that I choose the open wall further left where sharp cut little edges lead me to ledges and corners and a great overhanging chimney which forms the left side of a rock fin at the base of which John is belayed. It is tremendously exhilarating, extremely steep, difficult but secure — with good runners and the ropes dropping in long arches into space below. But I nearly find myself stuck on the ledge above. After several tries I work out the moves left and belay at the base of yet another chimney — clean, smooth sided, flaring.

John works his way about 10 m up this with considerable effort though not too much trouble but the exit is desperate. He has to move left into a very steep dihedral with a poor crack in the corner and precious little for the feet. He gets in a poor blade and a mediocre nut, scrabbles up as high as possible into the roof of the chimney, chalks up again, stretches 'way out left and works a foot onto the slab — he's committed — got it! 20 metres higher the face kicks back and we are up: another Chehalis gem in the bag!

Shine you sun, glisten snowy distances, roll on you old globe. The urges are quiescent for the moment, but another time, another reverberation, another summer and I'll find myself, here, again.

Don Serl

Mt Grainger South Pillar. First ascent John Howe and Don Serl, 15 July 1984. 61/2 pitches, 250 m, II, 5.10+ .

ACCESS NOTES

The south side of Grainger is well worth the walk (and drive) whether one is interested in one or the other (or both) of the face routes or just the via normale up the south ridge. As an aside note that a very large rockfall has marred the upper parts of the ridge and while the actual loose zone can be avoided to the left, considerable care will have to be taken with the gravel and boulders lying on the ledges below. Trundle what you can! From the north end of the logging road, a kilometre or so after it crosses back to the west side of Eagle Creek, a fairly good trail leads a couple kilometres to a claim site at the near side of a large alder choked run out fan. Cross this at its extreme upper end and follow a gravelly creek bed down its north-west side to the forest on the flats. A poor trail leads about a kilometre to a major creek with a waterfall. {This drainage leads to Nursery Pass and the north sides of Viennese, Clarke, and so on.) The bushy valley floor beyond is best negotiated right at the base of the mountain side slope. A large open gravelly torrent bed is reached in an hour or so — follow this up as high as possible then angle up through the forest to the north, quickly reaching a huge open alder slope. A talus slope leads easily up to the top side just below cliff bands and boulder fields can be linked up most of the way across. Angle gently uphill through the forest at the far side and follow patchy meadows across a rounded rim and Voila! — there you are in the 270 degree cirque below the peak. The ramp at the north-west end goes; there is an adequate tent site right at the base of the south ridge.

The south face of Mt Grainger, probably the finest alpine crag in the Vancouver area.
South ridge at left, south face directly to highest point from slabby platform, south pillar at right edge of sunny face, east ridge and couloir at far right. Don Serl

Grainger South Pillar: the final chimney. Don Serl

Mt Ratney Raisin Rib

Being lovers of fruity delights, Mutch and I proceeded apace to the Chehalis where Serl and Flavelle et al have indicated there are plums to be picked. We find many blueberry thickets in full bloom and much in need of pruning, while the orchards of bush on the upland slopes beggar description.

The plan was to storm the north buttress of Ratney but the stacks of blank and overhanging slabs there cause us to look further afield. The line of weakness looks to be the northeast face. We ramble up slabby rock and snow to a spine chilling traverse under the nasty icefall reposing in the Ratney/Bardean cirque which creaks and groans like a tubercular troll as we scuttle beneath. (On our return we witness two huge séracs collapse in this icefall both of which send blocks of ice whizzing past us 800 ft below.)

From the icefall a quick traverse leads on to the faint rib which we follow, more or less, to the top. There are ledges, a chimney, a keyhole crawl, and some stretches of moderate heather. A goat we watched on Bardean summits while I sling the lone tree on route. On the summit plateau we witness some horrible black clouds swallow Judge Howay and some spectacular lightning illuminate the forests of Manning Park. Fortunately the storm remains engaged to the south so our summit bivy is a dry one, although the descent down the north ridge the following morning is a bit of a grope in mist which cuts visibility to forty feet. To avoid further engagement with the bush Hamish wades almost the entire north side of Statlu Lake — not much quicker but certainly original.

Lots of pitches on this one but the rock is slabby and awkward. There is also some fairly serious objective danger from the aforementioned icefall. The route fills a gap

in the north wall of the cirque and yields some nice views; to paraphrase one Scott Flavelle, "another raisin in the Chehalis has been skinned".

Bruce Fairley

Tomyhoi Peak North-West Ridge

CAJ 1984:76 contains a report and photo of this route (McAuliffe and Bryceland, 5 March 1983). The same route was climbed by myself and an acquaintance in September 1980. The route is not technically difficult (easy class 4) but considerable effort is required in bushwhacking and altitude gain. We found much evidence of previous exploration up to and beyond tree-line. The flat area at 5800 ft was cluttered with discarded tin cans and gas containers, probably left by prospectors years ago. The actual first ascent could easily have been made by these early explorers. In any event, congratulations to the (probable) first winter ascent team and to all others who complete this seldom visited route.

Paul Stoliker

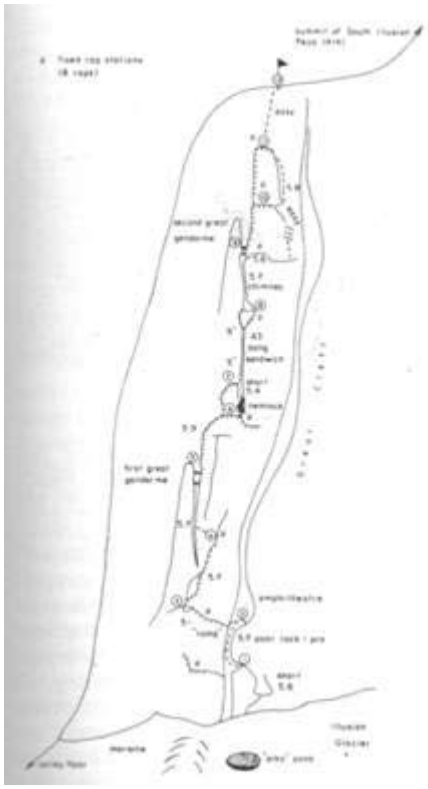
South Illusion Peak: Memorial Pillar

Wednesday morning rush hour, July 13th. The radio informs me of Kevin O'Connell's death — shock, too many friends gone. Leaving a worried wife in Vancouver, I pick up Rob and drive in a daze to the Cascades. The mountains beckon and I want to be home. The forests are cool, the night lonesome. Morning sun melts the mist and brings out the bugs; the unknown rock passes slowly, I feel tired and tense; 5.7 with a wall rack seems impossible. The rock warms and finally the flawless nature of the climbing takes possession of me. Superb, soaring granite, fascinating climbing, a ledge at the end of every single rope. Six hundred feet up we're stymied by a hideola off width — visions of Excalibur in Yosemite Climber. We're back the next week, armed with 18 chunks of hack-sawed aluminum pipe. We spend the night, each on our own ledge, each in our own world. Not a breath of wind. Dark shadows, oceans of breathless void below, the moon rises. After the initial bulging 20 ft of four inch crack I am jolted by the sight of a further 100 ft of screaming off width; flaring to ten inches, nothing fits. I make the pitch go at A4, stacking big Hex's with pipes. Four hours puts me on a Hilton ledge. A full rope of vertical chimney follows, with a small crack for pro — incredible. The pitch ends atop a wedged block 8OO ft above a Raven's perch. We dream through the remaining pitches. Later afternoon warmth on top, golden granite.

Maxim de Jong

South Illusion Peak, Rexford Group, Skagit Range, North Cascades, 6800+ ft. First ascent north-east (Memorial) Pillar, Maxim de Jong (Vancouver) and visiting New Zealand climber Robert McLeod. 18 to 19 July, 1984. Hardware: free rack to #11 Hex plus Bong sandwich or pipes for 4" to 9" off width on eighth pitch. Six pipes fixed and many pins and nuts on rest of route. 11 free plus1aid pitch. YDS IV, 5.9, A3.

South Illusion Peak: Memorial Pillar, IV, 5.9, A3.
Maxim de Jong/M Irvine



Alpaca New Routes

This seldom ascended ca 2000 m granitic monolith in the north Cascade Mtns is accessible via the Coldwater road beginning at Coquihalla Pass. The road to the latter is now being 'upgraded' to a highway to serve as a shorter way into BC's interior — traversing through the axis of the Cascades. By 1986 Alpaca's 2.5 km long and bold north face will be accessible on a day trip basis out of Vancouver or Kamloops.

In late 1984 the writer led a party to explore its routes. With a carefully located start from a logging spur located shy of the upper Cold-water bridge, the south end of the face can be reached in an hour where massive rock fall lies at its base. Here one party ascended the slabs to reach the very aesthetic south-east ridge. The remainder traversed north-westerly under the face to a point some ca 300 m shy of the Alpaca/Vicuna col. There are route possibilities along the way varying from clean cracks, ledge traverses, loose gullies with snow, grade four krumholz, and those of awesome overhanging slabs. All are five to eight pitches, while the time required to ascend would vary from a short to very long day. Beyond the col the face continues on a more serious tone as glaringly smooth slabs, with few cracks, beginning on low slope angles. The smoothness is due to erosion by tiny glacierets which have recently abandoned the scene leaving barren bilobed moraines at the base, impounding a neat tarn in one instance.

Just east of the col two routes lie side by side. The more southerly is a gully ramp which ascends through the face obliquely to the left. The other, which begins from the same slab, is a series of inside corners, comfortable ledges in between, and a final gully to exit onto the ridge. The route is just left of a fresh rock spall off the face. For the gully-ramp the rope was needed at outset because the start is greasy. Thereafter easy grade four climbing was upgraded only at anchored belay points. At pitch six the route enters krumholz but re-emerges on good rock halfway through the seventh. At the end of the latter, either traverse a heather ledge to reach the ridge or go up into an inside corner. A Meninga and the writer found the latter the best of the climb. Meanwhile Heiberg and Bloxsome were at work on the other. They had to veer right (west) and out of our sight to reach the base of the exit gully. It is topped by a cornice which Sue by-passed on good rock to the right, leading up to the rather broad ridge crest. The grade five route required five rope pitches. The summit was an enjoyable 20 minute hike away. Cordilleran ice had moved over this peak leaving a few black erratics and crescentric gouge marks upon a smooth ridge crest. We took our hikers new(?) route for the descent which led to a meadow in a basin common to Llama Peak, that is the slabs on the ridge's south end were outflanked and the trip was complete

in seven hours.

Karl Ricker

The Ryan Group

I felt very lucky to be invited along on a trip that almost guaranteed at least one first ascent. Bob Brusse and Grant McCormack had spent the winter and spring pouring over maps and surreptitiously questioning people. It looked like they'd found what they had been searching for — an unclimbed cirque of peaks up a southern tributary of the Ryan River.

They wisely decided the group would be safer with three and I didn't need any arm twisting. We left on the 29 July 1984 and spent more than a few hours exploring the private Ryan River logging road, permission having been obtained a couple of weeks previous. At kilometre 26 we found a ridge that looked like the most feasible access. The steep climb ended in a meadow where the terrain flattened out and the creek became braided. Far ahead it flowed out of two glaciers — above a spectacular cirque of rocky summits. A knoll between the two glaciers proved to be the best camp and from this vantage point we climbed up the untrodden ridges to build cairns on their virgin summits.

For four days we explored and photographed the area. The mountains on both the east and west sides of the glacier had easy access and no technical difficulty. The high pyramid immediately south of camp (Mt Rhyddin) provided an enjoyable route up its eastern side. And 7982 (Ryan Ice) gave us a grand vista of Mt Longspur and the Pemberton Icecap. We were not really alone as the rocky slopes catered to a rather large herd of goats who showed little fear of their two legged invaders. The weather faded on the fifth day and we loaded up our packs and made our way down "Sneakout Creek" to the logging road and our vehicle.

We entertained ourselves on the route down thinking up names for the seven peaks we climbed... Ryan' Ice, Ryan' Soda, Ryan' Ginger, Rhhydin, Ryan' Ham, O'Ryan, and Rhy Not?. A delightful area and easily accessible for long weekend trips.

Ellen Woodd

We were: Bob Brusse, Grant McCormack, and Ellen Woodd.

Eight Lil'wat Youth at Snowcap Lake

A two week Wilderness Leadership Workshop for eight native Indian youth from Mount Currie. The objective of the expedition is to teach the youths some mountaineering skills which they can then pass on to others as well as learning how to obtain a "natural high" rather than an "artificial high". The expedition, sponsored by the National Native Alcohol and Drug Abuse Programme, spent a week at Snowcap Lake before hiking out to the north end of Harrison Lake via the Misty Icefields and Fire Spires. The account is by two people. The voice of Paul Adam is in Roman type, that of Holly Joseph in Italic.

For the second time a flame shoots out of the stove and singes my hair. Two pressure valves have blown and the helicopter has only been gone five minutes. Cussing away about the fact that I had spent seven dollars on a haircut the evening before, I light the third stove. This time it works. Boy are we in a mess; two out of three stoves are out of action and this is the first day of a two week expedition. After tea, wood is collected and the area around Snowcap Lake is explored.

The next two days are spent lying around camp and playing cards because it is cloudy and drizzly. On Sunday everyone gets up early to climb Perce Neige. It was a lot of fun except that we had to wear chest harnesses and ropes in case we fell in a crevasse. I was leading so I could set the pace. I led up to the final rise before the peak. We had lunch on the peak. I was scared that the rocks on the downward route were going to start rolling and take us with them. Monday everybody relaxes and gets tanned, some even manage to get burnt. Some of us washed our heads in the Lake but a couple of the boys actually jumped in the water. Greenmantle was on the agenda Tuesday. On our way up we ran into some steep rocks. I was scared of falling so I started to sing "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" and to think this trip was being sponsored by an alcohol prevention programme. Sometimes I would forget where I was because I was talking so much and would sing the same verse two or three times. I calmed down once I got on the snow so I stopped singing but kept on talking. Once on the summit we read all the summit records with the earliest one we found being 1959 and the most recent 1978. When we started down we looked back just in time to see Dave have a great big wipe-out, his ice axe just missing his head.

After a quick Wednesday breakfast, Barren, Wayne, and I are off to climb Mt Pitt. We make Tuwasus Pass in 70 minutes even though we have to ford the stream between the two lakes. A speedy journey up Roller Coaster Ridge (an appropriate name) gets us to the glacier. Barren leads up the hard snow to the fore summit. From there a short rappel and a scramble brings us nose-to-rock with the cairn. The ideal conditions have allowed us to make to the peak in five hours instead of the eight we expected it would take us. We check the records and find the Jenkins Brothers first ascent record as well as those of the 1959 and 1978 ascents. The descent of Roller Coaster Ridge is quickly done although it seems there are more bumps on the way down than there were on the way up. Suddenly we're at the ford and the day's efforts begin to show as we plunge into the water without taking our boots off. At camp, we collapse. Doreen, sensing our hunger, says, "There's rice and meat in the pot, I think it is still warm, it has been in the sun." Barren and I dive into it and devour it at a disgusting rate, Doreen looks at us in disbelief. Upon satiation, we collapse on our sleeping bags.

Thursday, it has been a whole week since we arrived at Snowcap Lake and it is time to start heading home. We divide up the food and the equipment then start heading out of camp. Crossing the first stream, almost everyone got wet but I fell in pack and all. When I fell in I was really scared. I didn't realize what had happened until all I had on was my underwear. Everything was wet so I ended up wearing everyone else's clothes. We spent the night camped on Snowcap Peak. That night all nine of us were forced to sleep in a single tent. The next day we headed to Stave/Misty col but we didn't quite make it there, stopping at the beginning of the Misty Icefields. It hadn't taken us long to get there because we took a short cut through some rocks. Going down the rock I was scared because I was getting in the habit of falling. We stopped for lunch on a rock and were Just about to leave when Doreen said, "I would rather stay here where there is water and a half decent place to set up a tent." When we settled in I laid out all of my wet clothes

The south side of Snowcap Lake
From left to right, Nip and Tuck, Perce Neige, Schnee Kogel, Snowcap, and Raingod. Paul Adam

and most of them dry. My pack got a little lighter, thank God. Early the next day we headed off to Misty col. We stopped for lunch at the foot of Stave Peak and made the second ascent. I was the first girl to climb it. On the way down I wiped out — it was funny. After lunch we continued to the col.

Barren, Wayne and I headed off to Misty Peak. Ascending the gully just north of the peak, we head up a class three ridge. Suddenly we run into something that is more like class five, fortunately only six metres long. From the top of the pitch we quickly scramble to the summit where we find John Clarke's first ascent record. A little later Doreen, Bruce, and David join us on the summit. During the descent Bruce slips five metres from the bottom of the gully pulling Doreen off with him but David's belay holds. In the morning we head down the glacier to the head of the Stave River. The evening finds us pitching camp and fighting mosquitoes in the valley below the Fire Spires. The next day, a 41/2 hour hike finds us below Flicker. While the girls sun tan the males make a first ascent of a peak they decide later to call "Matkw" which in the language of the Lil'wat means to "play with fire using sticks as torches" — like kids do at camp fires — because it fits into the nomenclature of the area. The next morning we climb the Flames, crossing them in a west to east direction. From the col between the East Flame and Ember, we tackle the north-west ridge of Ember and a half hour of enjoyable Class 4 to 5 finds us on the summit. A quick descent back to camp and we start heading to Glendinning.

At five, we leave for the Glendinning col. The journey is easy until just above the col. Paul's route finding error has us rappelling with a full pack. I have never rappelled before as a result I was really scared. Paul kept yelling instructions to me so I get mad and swear away at him. Because darkness sets in only five of us make it down. The rest come down the next morning. The next day all we have for breakfast is granola but at least it is energy. It seems to take forever to get out of the valley. Around two we reach a clearing which we think is the logging road but it turns out to be just a burnt out area. After an hour we come upon the logging road which is completely overgrown. We make it down to the river where there is an old broken down bridge. We had lunch there after which we head across the river on a log. The boys went first, then came back and took our packs across. That night we didn't bother to set up our tents because we were all too tired. The ones that were still hungry cooked but they had to cook in their mess kits. It was funny listening to them, Paul in particular, getting mad because the fire kept going out.

The last morning we just throw everything into our packs and get moving without breakfast so we can get to the road quickly. I lead off and straight away am faced with Devil's Club. After 300 metres of the stuff we find we have to ford the river again. No logs here, this is a wading job. The North Sloquet is swift so Wayne takes a handline across. He is hardly on the other side before everyone charges across in their boots. On the north side the road can now be seen, sort of, rather than being a row of alder and Devil's Club in amongst the conifer. Eventually the logging road proper appears. After walking down the road for an hour we hitch a lift in a truck for the last few kilometres to the bus where Harry is waiting for us. At 12.30 the expedition is over.

Paul Adam and Holly Joseph

Participants: Bruce N Edmonds (19), Doreen Edmonds (23), Wayne R Frank (21), Barren H Gabriel (19), Benita L Gabriel (17), A David Joseph (18), K Holly Joseph (16), Sherry L Wallace (18), and Paul J Adam (leader).

Eight Lil'wat Youth: the Gang
Left to right front, Barren Gabriel, Holly Joseph; back, Bruce Edmonds, David Joseph, Wayne Frank, Doreen Edmonds, Sherry Wallace, Benita Gabriel. Paul Adam

Mt Davidson North-East Ridge

I guess a lot of climbs start this way: an enticing something seen from afar. In this case some clear weather Thanksgiving '81 gave us a good look at the ridge from Singing Pass where Rob Driscoll and I were bogged down, sans skiis, in early season snow. I filed the climb in the memory bank and later heard of other aspirants.

Late spring 1984. With Harold Redekop

I sit at the base of a peak in the Cheam Range counting the avalanches pour off the face we had come to climb. Face climbs on the coast are doomed for at least another month. I scan the memory bank and up pops the ridge on Davidson. It's perfect because the late snow which has wrecked the faces will have kept Garibaldi Lake frozen.

Rob hikes up one day just to be sure. The lake is still solid. We gather Kevin Haberl and Ken Legg, pack up our skiis, and bivy the first night about 300 m below Mt Carr. The next day is a long one. Up before five, cup of tea, up over Carr and down the Cheakamus Glacier. The right side is a snap to descend, just the greatest crampon snow imaginable. So much for the access problem which was always supposed to be the bugbear for this one. When we gain the crest of the ridge we are all overwhelmed by the quality of the route ahead of us. It ain't the west ridge of Hunter but for lowly Garibaldi Park it looks pretty damn fine.

The ridge turns out to be pretty narrow. There's a lot of cornice, a clutch of rappels, a couple of short leads of class five. We are unable to surmount a huge loose block on the biggest gendarme, backing off when I almost pull the sucker down on top of me. If you ever go up there and want to retrieve the sling and crab, be mighty careful. We rap to the east face and easily regain the ridge, thinking the difficulties are over. But naturally the next to last pitch throws some sticky 5.8 our way. Rob leads it in cross country boots with what's left of our feeble rack after all those rappels — about three pins, a couple of prussics and the faithful friends.

We descend via the west face, which is fast, even in the dark, but the trudge back up the Cheakamus is endless. Everyone has a different hallucination in the weird light. I keep seeing a huge wall to the left of me; Rob says he feels like he's walking in a trench. We regain the bivy at one in the morning and have some soup. Kevin starts brewing cocoa but by the time it is ready he can't even wake the other three of us to share it.

Bruce Fairley

Mark Bitz skiing in front of Bonito Peak. Grant McCormack

Manatee Glacier ACC Vancouver Section Summer Camp, 21 July to 6 August 1984

The July weather was phenomenally good and in fact so good we almost didn't get into the camp. The two weeks prior to our leaving the Coast Mtns were under a dry, hot spell creating conditions perfect for several forest fires. Eldon Talbot, our helicopter pilot, spent the five days prior to our leaving fighting these fires from dawn to dusk. He was only 45 minutes late but coincidentally it was the first break he had to take us in. In calm, clear conditions the flight from Meager Hot Springs over the Manatee Glacier was spectacular. We found a meadow, perched on a moraine at 6000 ft, which looked out over the unlogged Manatee Creek and upper Lillooet valley and across to the Pemberton Icecap. The moraine descended as a spur from Dolphin Peak and separated the Dolphin Glacier to our west from the Manatee Glacier to our south. We were overlooked by the north face of Manatee Peak three miles to our south. The camp site was still shedding its spring snow pack but with temperatures up to 29°C it melted rapidly. The surrounding area was alive with avalanche lilies and remarkably tame marmots. We were entertained one evening by the courting rituals of a pair of spruce grouse.

The first day began quite auspiciously with John and Mike making the first ascent of the east peak of Obelia via its east ridge. A traverse was attempted to the main peak but prevented by large pinnacles. The snow and rock buttress leading to the summit of Remora, which could be clearly seen from camp, was climbed by Grant and Peter. Although an aesthetic line it was notable for its poor rock and soft snow. This same day Greg and Mark climbed Sirenia by a new route up the 800 ft couloir leading to the summit's east shoulder and thence up the remaining original route on mixed rock and snow to the top. Not bad for the first day! There were 16 people there during the first week and five during the second. Needless to say with all the good weather there was a great deal of climbing done and all the peaks in the area were climbed by most of the party. A large party climbed Manatee and Remora via their standard routes. Later in the week Mark and Peter got lucky with cold early morning air and cramponned up the south-east face of Manatee from the Manatee/Dugong col. Sirenia, the highest peak in the area, had frequent ascents with two parties meeting on the top by different routes one day. A contingent repeated the north-east couloir whereas Mike, Greg, Peter, and Grant put up new routes on the south-west side. Mike and Greg did a fine line up the west ridge in three leads (5.8, A1). After the first lead Grant and Peter left the west ridge to complete a line on the south face directly to the summit, keeping it in the mid fifth class range. There are numerous possibilities for routes on the south side of this peak which has Bugaboo like granite. Wahoo Tower was climbed several times by its standard east face route although the upper snow field was avoided in favour of a class 3 rock and snow route to the south peak and thence the straightforward summit ridge. Unfortunately nobody got around to the spectacular 1500 ft north buttress. Mermaid, Oluk, and Dolphin were lower than the other peaks but quite popular because they were close to camp. John and Mike made the first ascent up Mermaid's east ridge from the Manatee Glacier on class 3 blocky granite. Obelia Peak was climbed by several parties by its standard route but Peter, Gouin, Audrey, and Grant made the first ascent of the rambling west ridge. It was mostly class 3 and scrambling with one pitch of low fifth.

Manatee Glacier Camp
Left to right, Manatee, Mermaid (foreground), Remora, north buttress Wahoo Tower, and Sirenia. Les Suchy

Camp life was quite relaxed. We had the luxury of taking days off to relax knowing that the weather was stable and there was plenty of time for climbing. The solitude was interrupted one afternoon by a squadron of fighter jets which screamed up Manatee Creek below the camp and shot through the col between Remora and Sirenia. The group on Sirenia that day were in the clouds and didn't know what was going on. During the first week a spectacular lightning storm moved across the southern coast range hitting the glaciers with bolts of lightning and scattering electrical tracers across the sky 4000 ft above our heads. In the wake of the lightning the rain pounded our tents but the next morning dawned monotonously clear and warm. One feature of this camp was the use of cross country skiis by Mark, Greg, and Peter. They carried their climbing boots each day and were usually not far ahead of those walking, however they were invariably back in camp an hour before anyone else and had the added pleasure of the ski run down. The 'spring conditions' were perfect and this area, with its large undulating glaciers, is well suited to the summer use of skiis.

The good weather persisted into the second week for the smaller group of five. They took good advantage of it and climbed several of the peaks already mentioned including an ascent of Dugong which had not been climbed as yet. Ian and Howard proved the hardiest by swimming in the camp's local pond, fed by snow melt. The only moment of concern came when Tom made a faster than planned descent of Obelia. He was quite severely shaken up by the fall and bruised to the point of almost being incapacitated. Luckily no vital organs, besides his pride, were damaged and he was able to recuperate in the camp. The remainder of the week was uneventful except for when Les, Arnold, Howard, and Ian got blown off Sirenia before reaching the summit by the first snow storm of the season. The next day again dawned clear but unfortunately it was time to permanently break the camp and head for Vancouver.

Grant McCormack

Those that enjoyed this camp were Peter Jordon, Mark Bitz, Greg Mauer, Gouin Barford, Audrey Pearson, George Hamilton, David Malm, Wolfgang Harms, Nancy Tremel, Joyce Davies, Doug Wylie, Pat Farley, Doug Ibbott, John Cicero, Mike Thompson, and Grant McCormaok. During the second week there were Howard Rode, Arnold Springer, Ian Kay, Tom Herbst, and Les Suchy.

Lillooet Icecap Traverse

Our little icecap adventure, as I like to refer to it, occurred over ten days in April/May 1984. At times we had more adventure than planned for, at other times it was sadly missing. But always there was the excitement and interest of a new and seldom visited area. The plan was to travel from the Monmouth area south to the Lillooet River, crossing in between most of the glacial systems comprising the Lillooet Icecap. We would fly in via fixed wing aircraft and land either on the Edmond Glacier or somewhere near Monmouth. En route we would drop a food cache on the Stanley Smith Glacier near our planned second camp site. As well as ski traversing the icecap we hoped to climb several peaks along the way and get in more than a few runs in between. Wanting a minimal number of moving days, we planned only three camps on the icecap.

We began on a superb morning with the flight in affording excellent views but started off poorly by landing too low for our liking on the Tchaikazan Glacier. Then our food cache placement went afoul, in conjunction with the weather though we didn't know that at the time. When camp was set up we had time for a short ski to suss out the surroundings. My first impressions were of barrenness and an accompanying feeling of isolation. But the ruggedness and seeming simplicity of the area had its own appeal.

Day two we planned to climb Monmouth and though we woke to poor weather everybody seemed confident of making the summit. We approached via the glacial tongue separating Monmouth and Fluted then, leaving the skiis, headed up the south-east ridge. We tested for avalanche hazard first after which there was a mutual decision to continue but when the lead climber set off a small slide high on the ridge and we encountered some class three to four rock we decided to back off. The descent proved interesting in that it showed up the drastic changes in snow conditions we sometimes encountered. After our setback we decided to climb a minor peak on Fluted's long west ridge, after which some of us wound up careening wildly down a few hundred feet of its ice packed north side. But just below on the glacier we enjoyed perhaps the best powder skiing I've ever had. The run made up a lot for previous disappointment and left all happy skiing back to camp.

Next day we moved camp to the upper reaches of the Frank Smith Glacier under the south side of Mt Porter. It was an extremely strenuous day as we touched on four separate glaciers as we traversed the eastern sides of Boys Pyramid and Fluted Mtn then between Transition Pks and Mt Fowler.

The next three days were consumed by our food situation so to speak. We found that our food cache had never been put in (this story is too long to go into). Eventually the food was transferred to Pemberton Helicopters who kindly delivered it in less than perfect conditions. Inactivity was not total during this time as some of the group did climb Mt Porter by the south-west ridge and Mt Mills by the north face but still we didn't accomplish near the amount we wanted to in this area.

The next morning dawned crystal clear with the peaks beckoning but forced to move camp to stay on schedule we again bore heavy loads to trudge across the vastness of the Stanley Smith, this moving day proving as strenuous as the last. We decided to climb Mt Stanley along the way and were able to ski the north side right to the top. This was the only peak on the trip everyone made it up. The ski down was second only to the Monmouth ski in enjoyment and made the extra work worthwhile.

Our plan was to climb both Lillooet and Tisiphone but now we had only time for one so the group split into two parties. Both approaches started up the main glacier opposite the Ring. The Lillooet climbers headed south-east from the large col directly between the two peaks, curling around to the final ascent on the south ridge. A small section of some class 3 mixed climbing proved to be the only problem encountered as the rest was low angle trough excavation. The Tisiphone climbers cut north-east from the col, directly up the face to the east/west ridge but were unable to complete the long slog along the ridge to the summit.

The last two days of the trip were spent exiting to the Lillooet River road system. We circumvented the lower icefall on the

left then cut across the snout to the south side of Silt Lake. The exit via the river valley was mostly pleasant considering a half metre less snow covering the underbrush would have transformed it into a grand thrash. As it was only some short sections created difficulties, though some members did manage to find the elusive Devil's Club. The old mining road from Job Creek made the last day simple and fast, and I must say the beers tasted good.

David Adshead

D Adshead, D Ash, D MacDonald, C Bradley, S Croft, S Dates, B Therriault, S Trewin

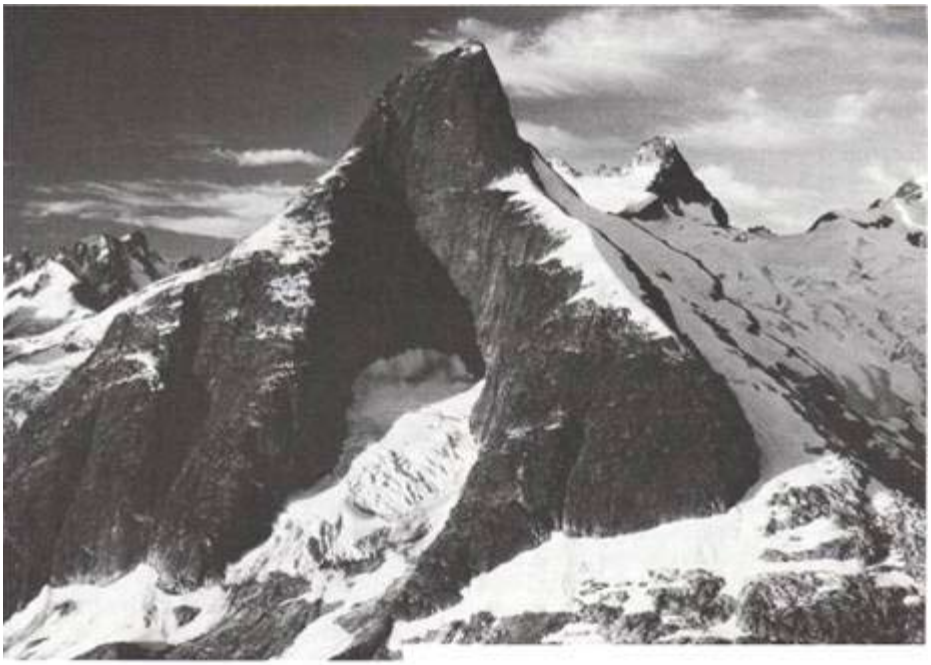
Pointer Peak East Buttress

Pointer Peak, a spear of granitic rock in the Whitemantle Range high above the Homathko River valley, is known to only a few but some day may become famous because of its magnificent setting. A photo taken by John Clarke when he made the first ascent stirs the imagination. A study of maps shows that the peak, because of the advances of logging roads, is one of the easiest to reach in the central portion of the Coast Mtns.

An opportunity to venture on a climb presented itself in mid-July 1984 and after a promising weather forecast Jim Nelson, Dan Cauthorn, and I flew from Vancouver to Waddington Logging Company's Scar Creek airstrip. It was a peerless flight with many vistas, including a flanking scan of our objective. Bert Bull, one of the company's foremen, took us as high as feasible on a logging spur west of Scar Creek and his route suggestion for reaching the divide of the Whitemantle Glacier proved to be a good one. Our first evening found us huddled under a dry patch in the snowy timberline zone. We built a roaring fire and rejoiced at our initial good luck at getting so close to the mountain in one day from the city. The following day was almost too easy — a snow hike to the divide overlooking the Whitemantle Glacier. A tiny flat below the ridge crest provided a perfect camp site with nearby pools of water. Pointer Peak loomed across the valley, appearing both closer and larger than we had expected.

Two anchoring ridges appear on its east face. The upper one (facing north-east) had been our planned objective, based on the existing pictures. But its upper portion, sweeping to the summit, appeared smooth and questionable in my binoculars. The companion left ridge was less steep overall but much longer and to us the clear choice for a second route to the summit. We pondered about the advisability of starting that afternoon but the thought of carrying bivouac gear for the cold night prevailed. High cirrus moved in from the west and in the morning a thick cloud over the Whitemantle Range crest looked ominous. It served to delay our start.

Pointer Peak East Buttress: route climbed is obvious lefthand ridge. John Clarke



The first chore was to descend about 1000 ft of snow and rock rubble to the glacier. This we crossed on a downhill slant, aiming for a series of lateral snow patches that led to the lowest portion of the ridge. We agreed on the start: a short rock wall followed by a mossy gully. Pitch after pitch of brushy rock followed, reminiscent of the peaks above the Fraser River. The climbing ranged from challenging to strenuous non-technical. One would wish for the strength of Neanderthal Man during some of the pull ups on Alaska cedar. We roped on the most exposed sections, often cursing at the tangle of rope and twigs. Route finding was not easy — mostly educated guesswork. But it seemed that we chose the best way for the sequence of cliffs and heather ledges continued. Jim led a difficult and poorly protected ramp and slab traverse then each of us took part in further leads. The clouds almost vanished as we climbed some tricky upper class five head-walls and we rejoiced at our progress. After eight pitches we climbed many hundred feet of snow, some of it steep and thin over the rock, to the final ridge swoop. We took turns on the leading, which proved to be highly enjoyable steep granite, always protectable except for the final problem — an off width crack on the ridge's corner. Dan led this to easier rock above. These final eight pitches had taken their toll in time and energy. A scramble up a lower angled section took us to the summit where we found Clarke's cairn and register. Clouds indicated an end to the spell of clear, dry weather. In the oncoming dusk we found the scramble route downward — no mean achievement for a solo climb — and then took a series of snow slopes and couloirs (one rappel) to the crevassed glacier north of the peak. In the dark we crossed the main Whitemantle then struggled singly back up the slope to camp. It must have been about midnight when we arrived — I being the last one, waking up my companions in my desire to start the stove and cook a hot meal. The next day was wet — a good one for the descent to the road. It had been a fine coast range trip. Grade IV, class 5.9.

Fred Beckey

Tellot/Waddington ACC Camp 1983

Originally scheduled for 25 people, this late July camp was scaled down to fit the eleven applicants. The idea to provide a cook was abandoned and, since most of the participants were away from base camp for much of the two week duration, a cook would have been an extravagance anyway. I took on the job of camp manager for a partial refund, while being a participant.

Our pre-camp rendezvous was 16 July at Williams Lake from where we drove west to Bluff Lake, the operating base of White Saddle Air Services and some 60 km north-east of Mt Waddington.On17 July pilot Michael King airlifted the ten participants to the head of Tellot Glacier where we set up a base camp in near perfect weather 7 km due east of Waddington. We then divided into two functional groups, four men planning to occupy base camp and do day climbs of the Tellot peaks, we other six, including the only woman, planning to leave the next day for an attempt on Mt Waddington.

July 18 the Waddington group descended 750 m to the Tiedemann Glacier and crossed it to confront the mountain from the east, travelling, climbing, and camping as two teams of three each. During the next four days we moved up toward Spearman col, our fourth and last camp site at 3250 m, contending with deep, wet snow most of the way. The most serious obstacle was the steep 150 m head-wall between camps 2 and 3. On the third of these days a storm kept us in camp three and whitened the main peak of Waddington, causing us more concern over the climbing. July 23 was a good summit day, clear and cold as we left Spearman col before dawn. For several hours we wrestled with the south-east ridge, routes tried by the two teams occasionally diverging, as we found some very challenging problems along the way. As a result only Dave Holland and I reached the summit, which we enjoyed from 4 till 4.30 pm before hurrying down in a race against night. With down climbing and five rappels we reached the glacier below the north-east gully from the Notch between the main peak and its south-east gendarme, the Tooth, at 7 pm, and camp in daylight at 8.30.

Snowfall, dwindling supplies, and our overdue status necessitated our return to

Radiant Glacier cirque peaks
(Left to right) Serra III, Serra IV, Serra V, Mt Asperity, Mt Tiedemann, and Mt Damocles.
Bruce Kay

base by 26 July and no further attempt was made. We found the base camp group had done a good list of mixed climbs although hindered by whiteouts and deep snow. After a day of whiteout in base the weather cleared enough to allow a number of us a good short climb of Claw Peak, and preliminary packing up for our fly out next day. Dazzling weather returned for that event and the '83 Tellot/Waddington camp was over, successful to varying degrees for the various participants.

Everyone previously unfamiliar with that region (viz most of us) was amazed with the extent and ruggedness of the Coast Mtns and the scope and quality of the climbing available. I heartily recommend a mountaineering visit there and confirm that Mt Waddington is not an easy bag.

Orvel Miskiw

Tellot: John Andrachuk, Ed Gunkel, Wally Joyce, and Tom Swaddle. Waddington: Lyn Ashley, Ben Curtis, Dave Holland, Orvel Miskiw, Hamish Mutch, and Bob Tripp.

Waddington Range

A trip to the Waddington area in July and August 1983 by Dan Canton, Pat Post, and Bruce Kay resulted in some new routes.

The south buttress of Dentiform South Peak is short but sweet and a fine introduction to the superb coast range granite, hinting at what lies waiting nearby. Best approached by traversing the scree slopes under Gnats Tooth and Dentiform (as viewed from the hut). Start well right of the buttress toe then traverse back left to stay as close along the crest as possible. Five pitches. Grade II 5.8, nuts only. 1st ascent Canton and Kay. Similar to the above but shorter is a grade I 5.7 route on the south buttress of Gnats Tooth. First ascent (?) Canton and Kay.

On Claw Peak north face our route followed flakes, cracks, and a few bolts straight up to the east end of the summit. Grade IV 5.8, A3. 1st ascent.

Our route on the north-east face of Mt McCormick East Tower is reached by descending three quarters of the way down the ice chute (45 degrees) between Shand and McCormick. From broken ledges a very steep left facing corner system (obvious) heads straight up the wall to a three star bivy ledge. From there flakes, cracks, and dreams lead to the top. Most of the route is A1 on RPs to #4 Friends but include a medium selection of KBs to 1" angles.

Grade V 5.10, A4, 250 m. 1st ascent Post and Canton.

Bruce Kay

Waddington Climbs

On 2 August 1984 White Saddle Air Services flew our party of nine into the Plummer Hut for a three week climbing holiday. Unlike 1983 this August turned out to be the most vile in terms of weather. Long periods of blowing snow and tent twisting winds toned down our initial enthusiasm to such a degree that our few fine weather days were often spent in sun splashed decadence, lounging outside the clubhouse. On a warm sunny day, the spell binding views combined with fine wine, good music, and raucous poker games tended to postpone any climbing plans, at least until the next day. When truly determined to do what we came for (ugh) our efforts were rewarded with excellent climbing in a solitude and wildness destined to draw all of us back again.

Peaks climbed include Claw Peak (naturally), Shand, Dragonback, McCormick via the east face, Serra III via the north ridge, Dentiform south buttress, and Serra II via the excellent ice couloir leading onto the north-west ridge.

Serra I and Stiletto were also attempted. As departure day arrived so did the good weather. So Rick and I stayed a few more days to climb the south face of Tiedemann, a beautiful route.

Participants: Rob Tomich, Ray Moon, Russ Turner, Leslie Reid, Dan Canton, Mary Prendergast, Jean "Coffee Machine" McRae, Rick Boersma, Bruce Kay.

SERRA III: NORTH RIDGE

After the last flight in Mike King flew Rob, Dan, and me over to the Radiant Glacier. In shifting mist wethreaded our way through the upper icefall to bivy beside the ridge toe. Next morning the second pitch slowed us down with a dangerous chockstone (now removed). Many pitches of excellent snow and ice followed to a bivy at about one third height. Next day we climbed more snow and ice until a snow storm forced a halt at the small hanging glacier at three quarter height. Late the following morning a break in the storm allowed us to continue up through fresh powder snow and hard ice in the final couloir. After a wild ridge traverse we dug in in the teeth of another storm but this time on the summit. A brief clearing next morning showed us the descent route and that afternoon saw us across "The Plains of Abraham" and up "MF Hill" to hot mugs of Rum at "Club Wadd".

Grade V, 5.6 Al 3-4,1300 m. 1st ascent 3 to 6 August 1984. Dan Canton, Rob Tomich, Bruce Kay.

Bruce Kay

1600 Metres

It is July 1983 and we are about to land on the Tiedemann Glacier below the unclimbed north faces of Mts Marcus Smith and Merlon. My companion is the always enthusiastic Fred Beckey and we are travelling by jet helicopter courtesy of White Saddle out of Bluff Lake. As we fly deeper into the range I search the horizon for Marcus and Merlon. Not having seen pictures beforehand I am over-anxious for them to come into view. Not until the final minutes of the flight do they appear and before I know it we have landed. Mike King disappears over a ridge, as he flies back to bring in Bill Pilling, Chuck Gerson, and Greg Collum. With about one hour until they return, Fred and I begin to examine the mountains above us. They are bigger, steeper, and icier than I had somehow imagined. Also the glaciers guarding the north faces are very broken and will take some time. "Do we really want to use up our good weather forecast here?" we ask ourselves. We hem and haw and before we know it here comes Mike. A quick decision and Mike continues up the glacier to the base of Mt Tiedemann.

Tiedemann south face buttresses
From just beyond the second tower; route ascends first snow couloir right of buttresses, gained from snowfield at lower left. Bill Pilling

Now instead of Marcus and Merlon we have Waddington, Combatant, Tiedemann, and Asperity towering above us. I don't think I have ever seen so much sun baked, south facing granite before. The possibilities appeal right away. Especially Tiedemann's south buttress, touching down to the glacier less than 200 yards from camp. "Yes, yes. Let's do that, it looks great," exclaims Bill. "Let's do that one." Meanwhile Greg and Chuck begin to eye a route to the west, Fred one to the east.

After a walk up the glacier we discover that the south buttress is really more of a ridge and that the 500 m buttress above camp is actually only the first of two towers on the ridge. The ridge seems to join the upper south face at maybe two-thirds height. From here a series of steep buttresses and narrow couloirs continue to the summit ridge. "Well Bill, what'ya think? What'ya think of those towers?" "Well I don't know Jim, what do you think?" "I don't know, looks a little committing descending off those towers, what do you think?" "Yea, uh huh, I see what you mean, what do you think?" "What about the weather?" "I don't know, I just don't know. What do you think?" And so it went, eventually with Bill and me deciding to investigate further by climbing the first tower as a reconnaissance. This we did the following day, encountering delightful climbing to 5.9. Meanwhile Chuck and Greg explored the lower reaches of the Tiedemann/Asperity couloir and the access to Fred's proposed route.

Regrouped that night at base we exchange notes. Access to Fred's route appears to be blocked by several bergschrunds but they think it may be possible to reach the south ridge from that side, by-passing the first tower. Fred feels that he has not done enough rock climbing this year and doesn't feel up to the south buttress. Graciously he withdraws his proposed route as an option and encourages us in our plan. Greg and Chuck meanwhile plan for a route to the west (see this volume, Collum and Pilling, Coast Ranging). A description of our route follows.

Bill and I spend most of day one preparing for the climb. How much food, fuel, etc? Eventually we left camp late in the afternoon and climbed the initial portion of the Tiedemann/ Asperity couloir/glacier. This will give us an early start on the ridge in the morning.

After a difficult bergschrund crossing (perhaps the crux of the climb) several hundred feet of class 4 (loose) gains us the ridge crest at the notch between the two towers. The pitch out of the notch is quite steep (some aid). From here we climb 10 or more pitches to a sloping bivy ledge near the top of the second tower. Climbing on the tower is moderate to strenuous free climbing on very good rock. We climb left (west) of the crest, except on the first pitch where we are slightly right.

Day three, with the sky still clear of clouds, the route continued to the crest of the ridge just beyond the second tower. From here we traverse the right side of the ridge crest in several pitches (climbing to 5.9). At this point the narrow ridge widens dramatically and becomes very easy. We then descend several hundred feet to the west to gain a prominent snowfield. At the top righthand portion of this snowfield we enter a narrow snow couloir which leads all the way to the summit ridge. Climbing in the couloir is straightforward, except for some good mixed climbing at half height and again near the top. As we gain altitude in the couloir scary lenticulars began forming over Waddington's summit. Upon reaching the summit ridge of Mt Tiedemann visibility is reduced to maybe 100 ft and the wind blows hard. The storm rages all night, all day four, and again through the night. Well provisioned, we spend a leisurely time secure inside our little bivy tent.

It is still quite windy in the morning but the storm seems to be passing. A great day for the summit and Bill and I can scarcely contain our enthusiasm as we get going early. With poor visibility we cautiously make our way up Tiedemann's summit ridge, taking about two hours. At the summit the storm has still not completely quit. Bill produces a couple of cigars and we spend over an hour searching for surrounding summits as the clouds slowly retreat. An occasional glimpse down through the clouds reveals the two rock towers, now far below on Tiedemann's south ridge. As we retrace our steps back down the summit ridge all the clouds rapidly begin to evaporate and the fabulous BC Coast Mtns reveal themselves once again. The remainder of the day is spent descending, first down the summit ridge to the Tiedemann/Asperity col followed by the couloir, reaching base camp a little before dark.

Jim Nelson

Waddington Explorations

Coming from Germany we wanted to explore some of Canada's fantastic mountain ranges and decided to go into the Mt Waddington area. Don Serl in Vancouver gave a lot of helpful advice and on 19 July 1984 Mike King of White Saddle Air dropped us off on Ice Valley Glacier where we set up base camp.

The first day we climbed an unnamed peak between Sockeye and Agur on the ridge that divides Ice Valley and Agur Glacier (grid reference 437871 on 1:50,000, 2760m high). We climbed the north face and reached the summit after many hours of complicated route finding where we had to go down steep snow couloirs and up again on the mountain's south side. We returned from Agur Glacier up the ridge north-westerly of 'our' peak and down on Ice Valley Glacier. Our next climbing goal was Mt Munday. From Ice Valley we went up the right of two steep glaciers on Munday's west side. We set up camp on its summit plateau. The next morning we went down Bravo Glacier to about 2600 m and made a pretty dangerous traverse to the foot of Munday's north face which we climbed under difficult circumstances — difficult crevasse crossings, séracs, and very steep soft snow climbing. We followed the north-west ridge to Munday's north peak and back to the summit plateau. After a day of whiteout we went down the other glacier of Munday's west side quite underneath the north-west ridge of Arabesque Peak. We had a rest day in camp and then set out for Waddington. We went across a col down on Dais Glacier and set up camp at about 3000 m close to the rocky ridge that divides Dais and Regal Glacier. Next day we went up a south couloir and traversed down on Angel Glacier. We reached Mt Waddington north-west peak in the clouds and after a bit tricky crossing of the very open bergschrund. Altogether we spent 16 days in this area with mostly wonderful weather and we had a great time. We are sure that we will be back one day.

Herbert Bruckmaier and Bettina Franke

Herbert Bruckmaier, Bettina Franke, Herman Bonier, Brigitte Bonier.

Ape Lake Easter 1983

After a period of confinement in Vancouver's stifling beauty there is a thrill to travelling in the remote corners of the Coast Mtns. It never ceases to affect me in unforeseen ways. Landing at Ape Lake, a bit high on an air sickness drug, had me staggering about in a frenzy. Remote, beautiful and frozen scenery spinning around and giving rise to all sorts of mystical feelings. All of which came to a brutal end with the ever sobering experience of trying to select a camp site with the excruciatingly fastidious Don Serl. (There were, perhaps, between five and ten thousand possible alternatives for a base camp, with the only real variable being a non-existent yet mythical Ape Lake wind.)

Don and Sue climbed East Jacobsen Peak the following day in weather fit for denning polar bears. As we understand it, by their arrival at the col between the twin summits they were unable to see anything. On the route above the col they saw less and they recognized the east summit only after there was no more up left.

Weather was marginal during the early days of the trip. Our next endeavour saw all five of us ski and ramble most of the distance to the top of Throwback Peak at the north-west end of Ape Lake. After a minor false summit problem Don and I finished the encounter dropping down and across a col and up the corniced summit ridge.

After changing camp to a site on the Jacobsen Glacier the following day, in partial whiteout, we explored the Jacobsen Glacier looking for climbable ice in a rather impressive cliff system. While returning unscathed and unclimbed to Fort Jacobsen, the forces of natural justice and bran overcame the erstwhile Serl. Skiing to a large boulder situated on an obvious moraine and proceeding to squat, he discovered that his weight was less efficiently distributed off the skiis, that the assumed moraine was in fact glacier, and that it is indeed quite surprising to fall into a crevasse. Given that he wasn't injured, the rest of us proceeded to speculate on the relationship between gravity, the density of various kinds of organic life and its byproducts, and Newton's First Law. As there was no evidence on his boots we assume he hit bottom first. We neglected to check his hair!

After a suitable rest day we climbed the slopes above to a ridge that separates the Jacobsen Glacier and the next unnamed glacier spur to the east. Our objectives were two unnamed and unclimbed peaks on the west side of the spur that mark the northern end of a set of peaks running northward of Beelzebub Peak (which is incorrectly located on the 1:50,000 series maps). After several hours skiing across and along the spur glacier we were below the col separating the two peaks. After a thousand feet of third class scrambling we

Ape Lake Easter 1983: Griffiths Peak (right), Beelzebub (centre back) and Peak 8700 (left) from Ape Lake. Don Serl

were at the broad col, where we split into two groups. Sue, Terry, and Ellen travelled north and came close to the summit but were blocked by technical ground. Don and I climbed the long, relatively easy, corniced ridge to the south and by late afternoon stood on the ca 9200 ft unclimbed summit in full conditions. Cold and deprived of a view once again, we were down rapidly and were treated to some superb skiing back to Fort Jacobsen. A day later were back to Ape Lake and on our way home.

We have proposed that the twin summits be hereafter referred to as the Griffiths Peaks in commemoration of Blair Griffiths, who was killed while serving as a climbing cameraman on the 1982 Everest Expedition. He loved the coast range, climbed with strength, and lived to explore. At the time of writing there has been no confirmation of this request from the Permanent Committee of Geographic Names.

Stephen Fuller

Personnel: Stephan Fuller. Terry Rollerson, Don Serl, Suzanne Slade, Ellen Woodd.

Ascents: East Jacobsen Peak — Serl, Slade. Throwback Peak — Fuller, Serl. South Griffith Peak — Fuller, Serl (first ascent).

St Elias Mountains And The Yukon

Kluane Report 1984

During the 1984 climbing season in Kluane National Park there were 16 groups that climbed or skied in the St Elias Mtns. This was made up of 87 men and women who spent a total of 1903 person nights in the area.

Lloyd Freese, Kluane National Park

Brian Verzina, Bill Maurer, Jamie Moffatt, and Peter Ravensburg were unsuccessful on a winter attempt of Mt Logan's King Trench.

Steve Smith, Alya Storm, Philip Smith, and Scott Duncan had a successful ski trip and climb of Mts Hood, McCauley, and Steele. They went up the White River and out the Kaskawulsh Glacier.

Jim Rennie, Dick Ireland, Doug Brown, and Brian Rose were successful on the east ridge of Mt Logan.

Milan Hoholik, Jan Stankovi□, Duran Mackjo, Sejza Haak, Milan Husár, Dominik Michalik, and Oleg Štrulraiter were successful on Mt Logan's east ridge.

Darlene Quinn, Jenny Hager, Jessie Miller, and Claire June Carren were successful on the King Trench of Mt Logan.

Gary Clark, Lynn Clark, David Stephenson, and Tazwell Bramlette were successful on Mt Kennedy.

Martyn Williams and Maureen Garrity led a ski team made up of Stuart Hamilton, Pam Glasby, Janet Green, Brian Slough, Lise Densmore, Violet Van Hees, and Brian Finney from Walsh col to the head of the south arm of the Kaskawulsh.

Martyn Williams, Neil Rester, Don MacRae, Bill Sawyers, Cam Powell, Stuart MacKinnon, Elliot Myers, and Bob Wyntonik skied down the Kaskawulsh Glacier.

Wally Orr, Sharon Breed, Kerry Bernstein, Karen Wojcieson, Tom Furland, and Tom Tyles were unsuccessful on their attempt of Mt Logan's east ridge.

Hector Mackenzie, Fritz Koepel, Nick Lees, and Peter Lake were successful on their climb of Mt Logan via the King Trench.

Lt Bruseth, Cpl Marshall, Cpl Brice, Lcpl Bradwell, Tpr Henderson, and Cpr Bazley had a long ski trip in the St Elias.

Steve Young, Greg White, Nancy Ritger, Pat Petersen, Andy Michaels, and Steve Brejc were successful on the south ridge of Mt Steele.

Mike Sharp, John Jewell, Rick Thomas, and Nige Young were successful on the east ridge of Mt St Elias and also did a ski trip on the Seward Glacier.

Paul Huskisson, Tim Hatch, Darren Arkwright, Jenny Oakley, Ian Lewis, and Julie Kiernan hiked up the Kashawulsh Glacier and climbed a few mountains en route.

Hector MacKenzie, Lise Dinsmore, and David Cosco climbed some smaller peaks from the Lowell Glacier.

Willie Pfisterer, Gerry Israelson, Cal Sime, Pat Flanagan, Clarence Summers, Tom Hurd, Hal Morrison, Rick Staley, Ron Chambers, and Lloyd Freese were successful on their climb of Mt Alverstone.

1984 Livermore Yukon Expedition to Mt Kennedy

On 14 May, after Kluane check out formalities, we were flown in two trips to a landing spot on the Cathedral Glacier at about 1800 m by Andy Williams. We left about half our supplies in a well flagged cache and skied up the glacier. We double carried our gear up through a skiable route in the centre of the lower icefall. Camp 3 was at 3000 m on the left side of the upper end of the large relatively flat area below the upper icefall. The morning of 17 May poor visibility limited progress to a partial carry up the upper icefall. The next day was better and we were able to establish camp 4 above the icefall, though for the first time the snow was too steep for our Bushwhacker skiis, even with skins, so we had to carry them. We found ourselves in the rubble from a large recent ice avalanche and as the danger appeared too great for a leisurely passage we pressed on to the top of the upper icefall. Ideally high camp should have been further up but diminished visibility meant route finding through the frequent crevasses was impractical.

We made our first summit attempt on 21 May. None of the tops of the major peaks was visible so route finding was not obvious. We learnt too late that visibility was poorest in the afternoon — when we were doing most of our climbing. We turned back just below the large triangular rock face at 3600 m because of poor visibility and unstable snow. The next day we made much better time to our previous high point and decided to go for the top even though

the visibility was again deteriorating. We passed the rock face on its left side and skied up steep slopes to the summit ridge. The snow on the ridge was very deep and soft and as the angle increased we changed to crampons for the first time. Climbing the summit ridge was slow and difficult. The steep ice was covered with a metre of powder snow. The main difficulty however was the weather. Visibility varied from poor to zero. As temperature was not extreme we were able to wait for slight improvements in visibility and eventually find our way to the top. We used no belays or fixed protection but were very glad to have ice axes and ropes. We supplemented our wands with skiis and eventually ski poles to mark the route, reaching the summit with three wands out of our original supply of 200. There was nothing to see on the top so we started down quickly after taking a few photographs. We recovered our skiis and poles and groped down from wand to wand with the skins still on to control our speed.

While we were on the mountain a large ice avalanche from the séracs high on Mt Hub-bard carried all the way across the valley, burying our approach route under 10 m of rubble the size of cars for hundreds of metres. This was the third sizeable avalanche on the same path during our one week stay at high camp, convincing us that there is no approach route to this side of Mt Kennedy that is free of objective hazard.

After a couple of days waiting for improved weather with supplies running low we dismissed any hopes of attempting Mt Alverstone and started down. Crossing the rubble from the recent avalanche was difficult and scary. We had some trouble finding our wands through changing crevasses on the upper icefall and were finally stopped by zero visibility somewhere near camp 3. As supplies were getting low and the weather had been poor for so long we resolved to move quickly at the first clearing.

The next morning was cold and clear and we had the best skiing of the trip with a cm of frost on top of a hard crust. We crossed fresh wolf tracks at about 2400 m, the first sign of life we had seen in ten days. We picked up the sleds in a few hours and were down to the main cache by lunch. After packing all the gear on the sleds we skied down the Cathedral Glacier and around the corner to the main glacier. Here we began the first of many unsuccessful attempts to contact the outside world with our 5 watt amateur radio. We could hear a few conversions but no one could hear us.

Our next camp was by a small lake in the ice below the pass leading to the upper Lowell Glacier. After a rest day we skied over the pass and up the Lowell to a good landing spot with excellent views of the east side of Mt Kennedy. Here we waited for five days for Andy to arrive. The weather was not completely clear but seemed adequate for a landing. Apparently it was worse at Kluane Lake. When the appointed pick up day passed we began conserving rations and fuel. By using a black plastic sheet on top of a sleeping pad we were able to melt all the water we needed, even when it was snowing. Thinking that we might be forced to walk back to Kluane we decided to ski over to the Kaskawulsh Glacier before our food ran out.

We skied up to the base of the pass on the evening of 3 June and the next evening crossed the pass onto the South Kaskawulsh, stopping about midnight in a heavy snow storm. The storm lasted until late the next afternoon. When the clouds rapidly cleared we skied a few kilometres down the glacier where we met a guided party who had also been waiting for several days to be flown out. Their radio had the correct commercial frequencies and contact with Andy and the outside world was quickly established. We were all flown out the next day.

David A Stephenson

Expedition members: Gary Clark (leader), Lynn Clark, Taz Bramlette, David Stephenson.

Queen Mary College Yukon Expedition

In July 1984 a team of six from Queen Mary College Mountaineering Club (University of London) undertook a two week expedition to the Kaskawulsh Glacier. On 11 July the expedition set out from the south end of Kluane Lake and walked along the east side of the Slims River valley, taking 21/2 days. On 14 July base camp was established on the glacier between Observation Mtn and Mt Maxwell. Next day Tim Hatch, Paul Huskisson, and Ian Lewis set out for Maxwell. They climbed the hanging glacier to the east of the summit and walked along the north-east ridge towards the top. Due to one member suffering from heat exhaustion it was decided to return to base, having achieved a height of 9000 ft. We then walked further along the north side of the Kaskawulsh and on 19 July the above members plus Darren Arkwright and Jenny Oakley climbed an unnamed peak opposite Kaskawulsh Mtn and the South Arm, along the south-east ridge to a height of 8500 ft. Finally the whole team, including Julie Kiernan, climbed Observation Mtn.

Jenny Oakley

Iames Club on Mt Logan

The aim of our Slovak expedition, organized by the newly founded Iames Club from Kemarok, was to climb Mt Logan. After our arrival at Kluane Lake we gave up the climb of the south wall, the expenditure for transport there exceeding our possibilities, and decided on the east ridge.

On 13 May we were flown by Andy Williams to the Hubbard Glacier and saw for the first time the marvellous mountains of this range. Alas, our strongest man, Dominik Michalik, had to stay behind. He injured himself shifting our luggage at Montreal airport.

The evening of 15 May Štrulraiter and Stankovi left with loads for camp 1 (3360 m). We dug a snow cave and the camp was supplied by the 17th. Camp 2, at 4050 m under a glacier and already over a knife-edge, was supplied on 20 May. On 21 May the route to camp 3, under the Dome at 4550 m, is assured. On 23 and 24 May we set up and supply a camp at 5280 m on a plateau under the east summit. The weather has been fine and snow conditions good. At 6 am Haak, Štrulraiter, Stankovi□, and Hoholík start out and at about 2 pm we reach the east summit in thick fog and deteriorating weather. Haak and Stankovi□ decide to go down but Štrulraiter and I want to try for the main summit. Knowing nothing about the terrain ahead we agree to wait till 7 pm. By 6 we can see the main summit through the mist so we start. Finally at 11.30 pm we are on the main peak. It is bitterly cold. We traverse through south and south-west the steep hills of the main and east summits to join our ascent route in the lower half of the slope rising from the plateau to the east summit. This traverse looked simple but

The view from Mt Maxwell base camp.
Route went up the hanging glacier on the left, along the north-east ridge towards the summit; descent was by 3000 ft glissade to base of the corrie, then down the scree slope. Jenny Oakley

was in fact difficult and rather complicated. Not till 4 am do we reach our plateau camp. On the same day Husar and Macko reach the east summit.

Then the weather turns — fog and heavy snow. Now we experience personally how cruel the weather can be here. As we go down great dusty avalanches move at many places. After two days we come to the flare path on the Hubbard Glacier.

We are happy that we succeeded and hope that this ascent in these marvellous mountains is not our last and that we will return again.

Milan Hoholík

G Haak, Hoholík, M Husar, D Macko, D Michalik, J Stankovi, O Štrulraiter.

We'd like to express our particular thanks to all friends in Vancouver, especially Milan Carnogursky and his wife. Further we acknowledge the help from the workers of Kluane National Park and pilot Andy Williams' great sense of humour and especially our safe transport to the glacier and back due to his skill.

Chitina Glacier Area

For reasons of topography and aspect the Chitina Glacier is something of an anomaly in the St Elias Mtns. Following my failure to evacuate the International Chitina Glacier Expedition from the upper Chitina Glacier by fixed wing aircraft they deemed travelling conditions to be so bad as to make it impossible to move down glacier to a gravel bar landing strip (see CAJ 1984:44-47). Several days of hard labour were required to consolidate a suitable landing pad for a helicopter. I estimate that after early June deterioration in surface conditions is rapid and the glacier unsuited for landing STOL aircraft or a helicopter. Only with a group on the ground to prepare a landing area is the latter possible. In contrast to the rest of the range which is fairly stable throughout the year the Chitina impressed me as being extremely dangerous by mid summer for both aviators and mountaineers. Future expeditions should consider tackling this area in April and May only.

Andy Williams

Mt Steele

On 2 May 1984 Andy Williams landed our American team of six at 7500 ft on the Walsh Glacier just seven miles south of the mouth of the Dennis Glacier. It was a picture perfect day, the sunny, dark blue skies contrasting sharply with the bright, white snows of the rising mountains. It proved to be a good omen as the next 24 days followed suit with only a few instances of snow flurries and poor visibility.

The approach to Mt Steele found our team skiing north on the devious Dennis Glacier. An icefall at its mouth, several crevasse ridden snowfields, and another major icefall at 9000 ft called for some intricate route finding and slowed our progress. This however did nothing to dampen our spirits but merely raised them as the slow pace allowed us to take in the immensity and raw beauty of this sublime range.

The aforementioned major icefall at 9000 ft which we dubbed Little Khumbu nearly stopped us altogether. Our original plan was pass this icefall and ascend the headwall between Lucania and Steele to

14,000 ft to attempt Mt Steele from the west. Little Khumbu however showed us no passage and our team was forced to change plans and attempt Mt Steele from its long east south-east ridge. A 3000 ft subsidiary ridge needed to be climbed to gain the main ridge. Getting there proved difficult. The defenses of the Dennis Glacier would not retreat. Superb route finding, weak narrow snow bridges, and lots of adrenalin got our party through this maze of wide bottomless crevasses. It took two camps at 10,000ft and camp 2 at 11,000 ft to reach the main ridge at 12,500ft. There we lightened our loads, cached gear, and began our march towards the summit, still six miles away and 4100 ft vertical gain. Our plan was to make one more camp and then try for the summit, but not without first pushing ourselves over a very conspicuous 14,000 ft knob and then back down to a 13,000 ft saddle where we made our summit camp.

On summit day, 16 May, the team woke at 5 am to a temperature of -15°F, strong winds, a spectacular full moon setting just over the mammoth snowfields of Mt Logan, and an equally spectacular orange rising sun in the south-east. It was just what we needed to get going on this frigid morning. Eleven hours later Steve, Greg, and Pat stood on the summit of Mt Steele. The considerable 3600 ft gain from our summit camp proved to be too much for one team member and their rope had to descend a few hundred feet from the summit. The descent took five hours and followed the ascent route. The snow slopes averaged 50 degrees and were hard styrofoam, excellent for cramponning. Hindsight showed us that a higher summit camp would have been better and possible.

The expedition ended with the party skiing off the east south-east ridge to Walsh col. We followed a route across the Walsh Glacier towards Mt Queen Mary and down onto the head of the Kaskawulsh Glacier where Andy Williams picked us up. The remoteness of the St Elias Mtns provides for a true wilderness experience. We encountered no others in our 25 days. This, coupled with the magnificence of the range, made for an unforgettable mountaineering expedition.

Steve Brejc

Expedition members: Steve Brejc, Andy Michaels, Pat Petersen, Nancy Ritger, Greg White, Steve Young (leader).

Lotus Flower Tower, Logan Mtns

During a climbing trip in North America Vincent Bauderet and Guy de Meroier from Switzerland climbed the McCarthy route on the south-east face. In July 1983 we flew in by float plane from Tungsten Mine to spend two weeks in the area, during which time we saw no one. The climb took two days, the rappelling descent in the left gully in very bad conditions another day. We walked back to Tungsten Mine in five days, encountering bushy land and difficult river crossings.

Vincent Bauderet

Unclimbing in The Unclimbables

A week of rain. Lots of unclimbing. I cook. Carl eats. I get lost in William Irwin Thompson. Carl finds himself in Leon Uris. We both get bedsores as skyherds of rain clouds stampede across the deserted land.

A day of sun. Leaden limbs ache as we hump shoulder bruising wall loads up to the base. Getting off the ground is a real grovel. Seamy, loose, oozing wet rock. Not till the fourth pitch is big wall ambience felt as the wall cleans up and the route opens out into a curving shallow face crack. From its top still along way to any ledge so we fix the ropes and rap off.

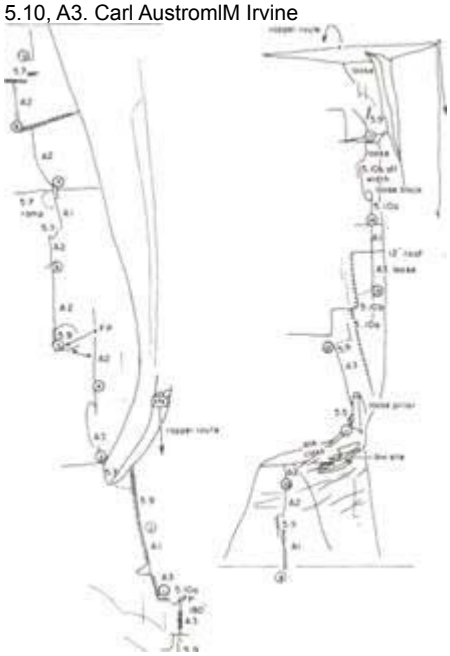
Another week of rain. More unclimbing. The tent fills up and starts making like a duck pond. I pull out the bath toys. Carl makes sketches for an ark.

A day of sun and a rainbow stretches out. It's nailing bomber cracks right to the summit with a Hilton ledge half way up to do the hang as the rain lowers down on the second day. Just keep wailing on the pins and the summit is assured. Then many rappels back to the ground for another round of unclimbing, this time more festive.

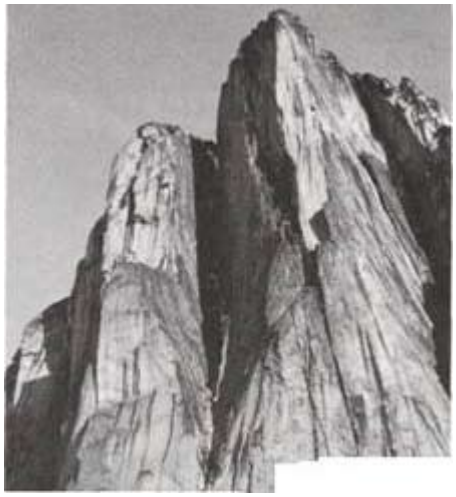
Michael Down

Tara Tower, Cirque of The Unclimbables. 1st ascent Eric Weinstein Memorial Route. VI, 5.10, A3. 18 to 20 July 1984. Carl Austrom and Michael Down.

Tara Tower, Eric Weinstein memorial route, VI, 5.10, A3. Carl AustromIM Irvine



Lotus Flower to right, Tara Tower to left
Route follows series of face cracks right of centre on wall. Michael Down



Chilkoot Pass ACC Historic Trek, 4 to 25 August 1984

We met in Prince Rupert to follow the Trail of '98. Many were well seasoned Yukon travellers but for others it was their first visit and only their second chance to canoe! Under blue skies and brilliant sunshine we sailed up the Inside Passage to Alaska, past killer whales, forest, spectacular glaciers, and snow capped mountains.

At Skagway two brave volunteers looked after our canoe gear and enjoyed last bright lights and comfortable beds instead of a first night under canvas at Dyea. Next morning we had our first grim reminder of

the dangers faced by the prospectors when we saw the graves of the victims of the Palm Sunday avalanche of '98.

After an initial steep climb from the trail head at the Taiya River bridge we undulate through thick timber, past Irene Glacier, then over moss and lichen covered rocks to camp across the river from the site of Canyon City. Trees are sparse, as is the underbrush. A cookstove and large boiler remain, used to generate electricity to power the tramway that hauled goods to Crater Lake.

We soon found which tents could stand the downpour. The next day our jackets were also tested as we climbed to Camp Pleasant and on to Sheep Camp. Then the day of reckoning! Up at 5 am to cloudless skies. As we climbed the mountain ranges down the valley became increasingly impressive. At timberline the trail led over stream channels and to the Scales at mile 16— in '98 the last stop before ascending the Golden Stairs to the summit. Here miners had goods reweighed and bargained for their transport to the top. We paused to gather energy for the mile long 45 degree slope of huge boulders. We took the Chilkoot Pass and not the more dangerous Peterson Pass to the right. We re-entered Canada at the summit but did not meet the NWMP who in '98 checked that everyone had food for a year. That could mean 30 ascents of the pass but we were content with just one. The alpine terrain was now covered in heather. By 7 pm we were snug in our sleeping bags at Morrow Lake with gale force winds and heavy rain outside. From Deep Lake we followed a canyon to Lake Lindemann shelter, a log cabin surrounded by fireweed. The shelter soon looked more like a laundry as we ate lunch — the last dehydrated package — amidst drying socks and long Johns! The last day we hiked endless miles along the narrow gauge tracks of the White Pass and Yukon Railway to Log Cabin. The train from Lake Bennett to Whitehorse is now discontinued. We were met at the highway by the K & P team who were to transport us to Whitehorse and later to Carmacks to begin our 260 mile canoe trip to Dawson City.

Partners paddled out into the swift currents and large boils of the Yukon River. Next day, with instructions to keep to the right and to keep our paddles in the water, we faced the notorious Five Finger Rapids but were disappointed when they only resulted in minor turbulence. That night at Merrice Creek the mood of the Yukon was captured in the poems of Robert Service, expressively recited by Don Forest.

Tuesday — Sam McGee's ashes, a brilliant white streak of volcanic ash in the river bank, and sightings of bald headed eagles, sandpipers, swallows, and dall sheep. By 5 pm we reached the confluence of the Pelly and Yukon Rivers and Fort Selkirk, until the '50s a flourishing town visited by sternwheelers. Now it is an historic site with restored churches, fort, and schoolhouse with wood stove and desks still in place.

Thursday, 47 miles of canoeing in glorious sunshine with no wind. At midday, gold! Our excitement turned to laughter when we realized the nuggets were painted stones. By rafting the canoes we drifted at 4 mph and were keen to repeat this method daily.

The White River flowed into the Yukon and its high volcanic ash content changed the silty water to a milky consistency. At Stewart Island we enjoyed the hot weather. Some donned swim-suits, others emerged Lawrence of Arabia style — no sunburn for them! Here the store of the only residents of the island was stocked with tinned foods and chocolate bars and an array of furs including fox, lynx, wolverine, and marten.

Sunday to Dawson City — a small town beyond its heyday with dusty streets, boardwalks, shops, theatres, and cabins. Many buildings were restored, others tumbled down with age, permafrost, and flooding. We tried to win our fortunes at Diamond Tooth Gerties, the only legalised gambling hall in Canada, and then by panning for gold near the original Discovery Claim. Mining this land is still a lucrative business although the hillsides remain scarred because no law demands their reconstitution.

The following day we set out on our homeward journey with fall well on its way. We were able to unwind on the ferry before all going our separate ways in Prince Rupert.

It's the great, big, broad land'way up yonder,
It's the forests where the silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder,
It's the stillness that fills me with peace.

Robert Service, from The Spell of the Yukon.

Elizabeth Smith, Christine Thomas

Participants: Bob Jordan and Bunty Jordan (trip leaders), David Fisher, Don Forest, Dee Gaiger, Peter Mix, Heather Mortimer, Mike Mortimer, Roland Reader, Elizabeth Smith, Joan Smith, Christine Thomas, Diana Trubshawe, Geoffrey Webster.

Interior Ranges

Mt Prestley East Peak, Southern Valhallas

1st ascent of west ridge, 30 July 1984, Paul Allen and Steven Horvath. Pleasant 4 pitches of easy class 5 (5.4 maximum) on good rock. Can be climbed at a higher standard by keeping more to the right (south) side.

Steven Horvath

Kokanee ACC Ski Camp, 30 March to 7 April 1984

We gathered together in Nelson's Peebles Motor Inn for an early breakfast on Saturday. The 12 persons, including the cook, were to fly in but ski out, so a car had to be left at snow line on the Molly Gibson Park access road. This is a good route out but has a high avalanche hazard at times. The helicopter got us in good time to the Slocan Chief cabin, at 2012 m at the base of the Kokanee group of peaks. Those going out told us that the snow conditions were good, though no new snow for several days. We discovered that the Parks Branch had installed a new stove, lined the inside of the cabin and insulated, and installed a new toilet. All of which made our stay far more comfortable than expected.

After lunch on Saturday we headed up to explore the high country. We climbed to the top of Snowcap at about 2750 m and had an

excellent run down although in places the snow was lightly wind packed. In the trees the powder was excellent. For the next two days the good weather continued and we had another trip among the peaks above the cabin, our highest point being Esmeralda (2739 m). The following day we went south and climbed Outlook Mtn (2500 m). Usually everyone went on the same trip: sometimes Susan, the Park Warden, and her dog Kischa came. Most had downhill skiis but a few cross country skiis were used. Our camp manager, Bruno Struck, was the only one with a good knowledge of the area and was an excellent leader for most trips. The last four days saw deteriorating weather but new snow made up for the lack of visibility. We had one more high climb and skied down the Kokanee Glacier in a partial whiteout. For the remainder of the time it was mostly skiing in the trees in excellent powder. By Friday the new powder was deep and everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable day making tracks above the cabin. Up to 1500 m vertical was skied by the more enthusiastic on that memorable day. A heavy fall of snow on the last night gave us a trail breaking job on the Saturday ski out. By the time we reached the car in the mid afternoon it was raining lightly but the week had been excellent and the rain could no longer do any harm. Kokanee powder had lived up to expectation.

Norman Purssell

Vowell Group

From the Kootenay Mountaineering Club camp at Tamarack Glen, Peter Tchir and Hamish Mutch climbed the following new routes:

Snafflehound Spire, north-east face. 10 belayed pitches, mixed class 4 to 5. Keep an eye on the cornices.

Wallace Peak, north-east face. Steep snow followed by two rock pitches. Easy and pleasant. Makes for an enjoyable traverse when followed by a descent of the south-west ridge.

South Wallace (Black Wallace; Peak 9350), east ridge. 6 belayed pitches, 5.6, short day.

Information on the following previously unreported ascents was obtained from the respective summit records:

Centre Peak, north ridge complete, Rock, class 5. Helmut Microys and Ron Factor, 1983.

West Peak, east ridge from West/Centre col. Rock, class 5. Traverse below several prominent rock steps to easier ground. Helmut Microys and Ron Factor, 1983.

Traverse, Spear Spire to Wallace Peak via Snafflehound Spire and Mt Kelvin. 10 hours. Helmut Microys and Ron Factor, 1983.

Wallace Peak, south ridge. Impressive first pitch, 5.8. Bruce Carson, Dave Anderson, and Uncle Fred.

South Wallace, north-east face. Medium snow slope. J Lasmer and B Lilley.

Hamish Mutch

Interior Report from Kamloops

As usual cross country skiing dominated the activities of local members during the months of January and February — Kokanee Glacier and Peak were visited while the Wheeler Hut provided the base for the favourite runs to Asulkan and Balu Passes. Amand Groner and Bert Kent made the first winter ascent of Mt St Anne in this period. A winter camp at Berg Lake attracted seven enthusiasts; no major ascents were made due to uncertain weather and snow conditions. June was mainly devoted to local rock climbing though at the end of the month a party of seven made the trip to Crater Lake where Mt McKeen was climbed and the party were much intrigued by a cave and huge boulders constructed of fibreglass being readied for a multi-million dollar movie. Amand attended the ACC Glacier Circle camp. Early August saw a party of five tackle Mt Thor (2955 m) in the neglected Monashee Mtns and later in the month a two week camp was located above the South Canoe Glacier in the Premier Range; weather was a cocktail of extremes however the six participants were able to climb Sir Laurier, Little Matterhorn, and Mt Penny. Weekend trips were made to explore Perry and Coldwater River areas. Seven people attended the Thanksgiving work party at the Wheeler Hut; preservative was put on some of the lower logs, the steps and platform fixed, and the woodshed completed.

Despite the machinations of one airline four of us managed to forgather in Innsbruck from Dundee, Kamloops, and the United Arab Emirates for another shot at some of the Austrian peaks and the deluxe type of mountaineering that goes with well appointed huts, menus, wine, beer, bedding, and kindred spirits. There are good paths between huts though in the case of the higher ones snow-fields and some crevassed glaciers may have to be crossed. Many of the classic peaks are not technically difficult by the popular routes though many can provide a hard way if you're so inclined — we weren't. Access to the climbing areas is easy — by bus to the valley bottoms and chairlifts can take a lot of the drudgery out of packing loads to the huts. We overnighted at the Breslauer Hut (2840 m) and next day climbed our main objective, the Wildspitz (3770 m). The highest in the Tyrol, essentially it was a matter of plugging up snow slopes of varying steepness. A delightful hike through gorgeous scenery took us from the Breslauer to the Vernagt Hut. From then onwards it was snowfields and glaciers all the way to the Brandenburger Hut; we did pause at the Gustar Joch to enable the energetic members to climb the Fluchkogel (3500 m). The Brandenburger Hut has a sensational location high on a rock rib flanked on three sides by the ferner way down below — only the Bertol Hut in the Valaise has a more spectacular location in my opinion. Our brief stay enabled us to ascend the Nord Hintereis Spitz but the fine weather ended and it was time to get back to Innsbruck and disperse to our various compass points.

Hugh Neave

Glacier Circle ACC General Mountaineering Camp, 21 July to 11 August 1984

For most of 40 or so participants week two began with an about eight hour walk into Glacier Circle base camp over the Illecillewaet Glacier. For the about ten persons left over from week one it was either a rest day or an opportunity to try a climb close to camp. An amateur leader Mike Gund and I decided to climb Mt Fox by the east ridge overlooking base camp. We set off at 6.15 am pursued by a large

following of friendly mosquitoes. We reached the summit at 3 pm after a fairly steady climb (mostly scrambling) on rock of mixed quality. The weather was fine and sunny enabling us to look down on base camp as well as watch the traffic on the Illecillewaet Glacier. We got back to base at 8 pm after descending to Twisted Rock and crossing the Fox Glacier.

The next day (Sunday) three groups were led up over the Deville Glacier headwall to high camp. We arrived at 4.30 pm and soon found tent spaces and made ourselves at home. The camp was full to capacity with three to a tent, 25 persons altogether.

On Monday parties of five or six climbers set off across the Deville Glacier in every direction. Our group of five, guided by Wayne Bingham, set off to climb Mt Wheeler via the south-east ridge, a route that Wayne felt might not have been done before. We reached the summit at 12.30 pm then descended the west ridge and made our way to the headwall of the Deville Glacier. Wayne went on down to base camp while the rest of us returned to high camp arriving at 4.30 pm, tired and hungry. Tomorrow 19 people will be coming up so 19 must go down to base in the morning.

Wednesday morning before breakfast we saw the northern lights. By 5 most were on their way towards various peaks. Rudi Kranabitter led our group of seven up Mts Selwyn and Häsler. As we came down we watched Jim Allen, Lawrence Bruce-Robertson, and Mike Gund climbing across the way on the Bishops Range. By the time we arrived at camp it had begun to rain and blow. At the height of the storm we were pleasantly surprised by Wayne Bingham bringing hot tea to each tent. Unfortunately my camera was not ready.

On Thursday one group guided by Mike Gund went directly down to base and another led by Murray Foubister first climbed Mt Topham. Those remaining would climb from high camp and come down on Friday. I was with Murray on Mt Topham and we stopped on the way down for a swim in the lake near the Glacier Circle Hut. There were a number of others there from base camp and it was a tired but clean group that showed up for supper that evening.

Friday was a mixed day. Several groups came down from high camp, some climbed from base camp, others took the day off. Bob Sawyer, Bill Clifford, and I climbed Mt Macoun by the north ridge. We were accompanied by a group of six guided by Murray who were also climbing Mt Macoun (by the east face) and then going out to the Wheeler Hut. They planned to climb Sir Donald on the weekend so were leaving base camp early.

That night after a tasty turkey supper with all the trimmings the climbers did the dishes, as is the tradition on the last day of camp. Then the camp staff challenged the climbers to a game of Softball in a nearby clearing. A singsong and social in the recreation tent followed that lasted till midnight.

On Saturday the gong awoke us earlier than usual so we could get an early start across the Illecillewaet Glacier towards the Wheeler Hut. After breakfast we packed our remaining gear, dropped it for the chopper to fly out, then started our walk out. There were three groups departing at 6.15, two by way of Witches Tower and one by Mt Macoun. Bob Sawyer took a group of us by the Mt Macoun route and we reached Perley Rock by 10 am but took our time after that. We finally reached Wheeler Hut at 12.30 pm just as the gear was arriving back from the helicopter pad.

So ended a time I had been looking forward to all year. With mixed feelings we split up, wondering where and when we will meet again.

Allan Michelin

Gothics East Peak

The broad 1500 ft south-west face of Gothics East Peak is one of the most impressive walls in the Northern Selkirks and it forms a great background facade to the Adamant Glacier. In 1980 I made two attempts on this face, one with Eric Bjornstad, both being frustrated by summer blizzards. The route was pushed about one third up the face and included some awkward grooves, interesting slab problems, and finally a long off width chimney which required some aid because the back wall was wet and sometimes snow choked. Three ropes were left on the wall in anticipation of an immediate return and jumaring to the high point. The poor weather did not permit this and a frustrating

Gothics East Peak
Route follows closely lefthand skyline. Eric Bjornstad

trip to the region the following year did not get beyond the campground at Golden.

In 1984 the weather promised success. Eric, Jan Schwartzburg, and I flew into the snow slope south-east of the peak with Bighorn Helicopters in mid-July. We made our base camp on a dry rock knoll then the next day trudged up the glacier with bivouac equipment, ropes, climbing gear, and four days food. The pitches proved often wet from snow covered ledges and meltwater, and several times we had to climb poorly secured snow gullies and slabs. Our first bivouac was two pitches above the glacier snow gully, the second was on the aplite dike only a few hundred feet below the summit rim. The chimney was wet as before but the old fixed rope helped here. The next pitch was a crux — a wide open stemming manoeuvre. The final wall to the summit took a steep crack system. The first pitch was an awkward groove (not well protected) and the next started as a slanting off width (wired nut protection) that was a grunting effort; this led to broken cracks and a headwall pull-up. The true summit was a 200 yard hike westward. The descent was highlighted by thunder and a torrential hailstorm, with slithering rappels the result. Quite soaked, we were happy to get to our boots and ice axes at the edge of the gully. We hiked out via Swan Creek.

Fred Beckey

1st ascent south-west face. Grade V, class 5.9 and A2.

Going Fishing

Rumour was that Fred Beckey had been spying on fish with high powered binoculars near the Odin Peaks. Seemed a queer way of fishing and since we'd been told about at least one unclimbed peak in those parts it

seemed prudent to get up there. We'd heard of an attractive rock tower ringed below the summit by a steep, blank headwall. This peak so caught our eye from the logging road that our excitement level increased to the point where we got a bit serious, meaning we left the beer in the car for the trip back.

That evening found us, as they say, at the base of our objective. Having bush and bug whacked since noon we were a bit sorry about leaving the beer. We remembered tales of trappers who drank so much that their breath could kill bug, Devil's Club, or bear and realized we'd blown a prime time to experiment. Then we gazed at the peak and realized that the bush appeared to continue at least halfway up the north-east buttress. Above that the 'blank' headwall seemed split by a rather wide and deep crack — it had all the features of a chimney. Obviously our two sets of Friends and assorted pins, unlike the already much discussed and sorely missed case of beer, were overkill.

Anyway, the next morning had us up early and after quite an enjoyable third class romp up the very coast like buttress we roped up for the last three to four interesting 5.7 to 5.9 pitches. Thus we found ourselves, by 9.30 or so, on a very picturesque and definite table-top summit. Happy to think we may be the first up here we spent several hours either lowering the peak via trundling or raising it via building a respectable cairn. We ate a good deal and pondered long and hard about what to name this monolithic collection of rock and bush. Our peak did border on the Frigg Glacier so we settled upon the eloquently goofy title of Frigg Newton.

That chore done we hustled off the edge towards the east ridge by means of a couple of steep rappels. Like falling cookie crumbs perhaps we bounced our way down and after a few more raps near the bottom were at the packs and then not many hours later back where it had all begun — at the beer, near the creek where Fred's fish were still waiting to be caught.

Mel Fish

1st ascent Peak 8200 ft ("Frigg Newton"), a tower on far end of east ridge of Mt Odin, Gold Range, Monashee Mtns. Scott Flavelle, Dave Lane, Mel Fish. 9 August 1984.

Monashee ACC Ski Camp, 25 February to 3 March 1984

As another Pacific front chased east across the Monashee Mtns we assembled at the start of a logging road just north of Avola. We were met by Adolf Truefele, gracious and talented builder of the Monashee Chalet. He carried our food and packs into the chalet by snowmobile and we followed on skiis.

Sunday the entire party skied to a 2200 m col north of the chalet for lunch with views of Robson and Whitehorn and a quick climb up the adjacent 2255 m summit, the only one attained in the week. Frontal cloud thickened during the day and as the weather warmed the snow attained a consistency reminiscent of coast range cement, forcing us to seek ever steeper slopes. Fortunately avalanche activity was nil.

The remainder of the week we explored the basins 2 to 3 kms north-east of the chalet on a stormy day (tantalizing views of several fine slopes not skiable in the fog and flat light), the south-east slopes of a 2225 m peak above Finn Creek, and a basin on the end of the south-west ridge of this same peak. The latter two locations provided deep powder skiing when the weather began to clear on Friday. Nearer the chalet several in-the-trees slopes were well carved by week's end.

The comforts of the cabin compensated for the weather with games, flute and concertina duets, poetry readings, and serious pursuit of the pleasures of Recreational Eating to the limits of the envelope, thanks to the cook's talents.

True to form the weather cleared Friday afternoon. That night the aurora borealis illuminated the entire northern sky. The ski out was made in a bit more than an hour, the snow ranging from powder at the chalet to life threatening ice crust at the valley bottom.

Monashee Chalet is a fine site, suited more to nordic than alpine skiing. There are several modest peaks to climb, ample touring, and sufficient slopes for good and bad weather skiing. Being northerly and a notch closer to Pacific storms inclement weather may be more of a problem. For us the accommodations and camaraderie more than compensated for the weather.

John Wegmann

Participants were Murray Foubister (manager), Joan Bernard (cook), Rick Billingham, Bill Clifford, Stephen Howey, Bernie Ivanco, Alan Robinson, Dorothy Shorter, Garth Thomson, Pat Thomson, Carol Tilley, John Wegmann.

Rocky Mountains

Mt King George East Face

On the long weekend 1 to 3 September 1984 Frank Campbell, Russ Varnam, and I did what we believe to be the first ascent of the east face of Mt King George in the Royal Group. As the Fynn first ascent route took to the spur to the right of the face, we believe our route to be the true east face line. Our original intention was the Congdon/McNab couloir however, because of a late arrival and rockfall, we decided to try an appealing line about 200 m to the right of the couloir. The climb itself is relatively straightforward, mainly an ice route with class 4 mixed rock below and easy class 5 mixed climbing on the ridge above the ice, all with crampons.

Once across the first 'schrund four pitches of enjoyable mixed class 4 rock was climbed to the base of the obvious hanging glacier in the middle of the face. In some years, as a year ago, there may be greater sérac and cornice fall over the lower rock pitches. The hanging glacier was climbed direct from the bottom with two pitches of stepped, steep to vertical ice (grade 3), to a snow slope below a huge intimidating 40 ft high, 400 ft wide overhanging ice barrier. Lacking the guts to frontpoint up the overhanging (chin-ups on shaft placements didn't seem appealing), we traversed right and up to the base of the upper face. Another 'schrund and about 500 ft of typical 45

degree alpine ice brought us to join up with the Fynn first ascent route below the summit. Two more pitches of interesting mixed easy class 5 rock and a half pitch of dense 65 to 70 degree water ice had us one pitch from the summit. Splendid views, fun climbing, and fantastic weather had us on the summit to simultaneously top out with other parties from the ACC trip. The route itself is highly recommended, quite similar to that of Victoria north face but with two pitches of steeper ice. The rock is excellent compared to that of the loose grunt standard south-east ridge.

Karl Nagy

First Ascents and New Routes in Kananaskis Country

Misty Range

"SOUTH MIST TOWER"

The highest, at 2790 m, of three sharp peaks on the ridge between Storm and Mist Mtns. From Highway 40 at creek draining the Mist Towers scramble up west ridge to Storm/Mist ridge. Follow the narrow ridge about 100m north to one of two high points (second high point not accessible by this route). Class 4.

Laurel Howard, Lynda Howard, John Martin. 1984

MT RAE EAST TOP

A 3150 m double summit peak 1 km east of the main peak and connected to it by a high ridge. The connecting ridge does not appear to offer a feasible route. Gain the col south of Mt Rae then traverse down north on the far side to a break in slabby cliffs and descend to the head of the valley between Rae and Rae East (Burns Creek). Climb up a prominent snow gully that leads to a notch between the two peaks of Rae East. Where the gully widens out, climb up and right to gain the summit ridge of the higher south peak. A short class 4 slab and a knife-edge section of ridge leads to the top.

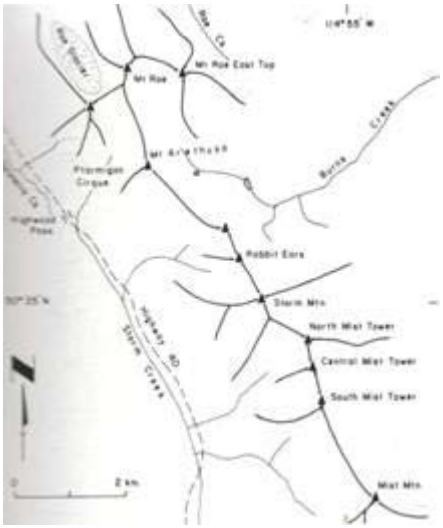
J Martin. 1984

MT ARETHUSA: PTARMIGAN ARÊTE

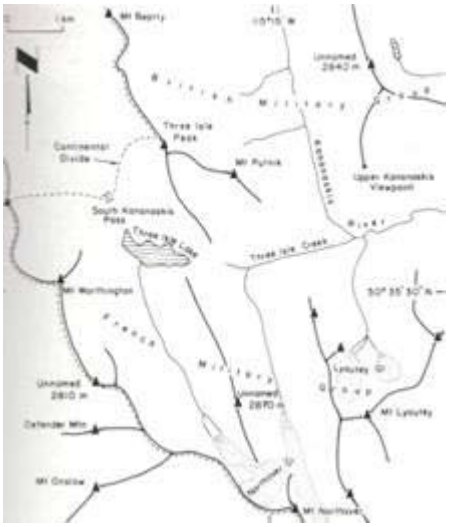
From end of vegetation in Ptarmigan cirque climb to top of a moraine and then go up a short scree slope to base of the north face at a sharp arête, the right side of which is slabby. This is the right of two arêtes which are separated by a long inside corner. Climb crest of the arête on generally firm class 3 and 4 rock. Near the top of the mountain the arête merges with the west ridge and two sharp pinnacles must be turned to the right (5.5). Beyond the pinnacles continue up the ridge past a steep wall to the summit. The best descent is by the normal (south ridge) route.

New route on north face. J Martin. 1984

Misty Range. J Martin/M Irvine



Three Isle Lake area. J Martin/M Irvine



View south from summit of unnamed 2870 m ridge, French Military Group, toward Mts Northover and Joffre. J Martin

"RABBIT EARS"

A 2870 m double summit peak (east summit higher) 1 km north-west of Storm Mtn on main ridge crest. From Highwood Pass contour around into the valley between Mt Arethusa and Storm Mtn. Walk to head of right branch of the valley and climb up toward skyline ridge, trending left up class 3 slabs on the south-west face of East Rabbit Ear to avoid scree. Just before reaching main ridge crest, traverse left and climb a short, steep wall (5.4) to a notch in the south-west ridge of the summit tower of East Rabbit Ear. Climb a short wall on ridge above, traverse up and left to a gully, and climb this to the final ridge. A short exposed wall leads to the top. Easy descent to the north-west over scree slopes.

Lynda Howard, Lynne Howard, J Martin. 1984.

Elk Range

MT LOOMIS

Approach via Loomis Creek and North Loomis Lake. Gain col south of the peak and follow south ridge easily to top.

M Benn, Y Huang, J Proctor, T Sorenson, T Swaddle. 1979.

French Military Group

UNNAMED 2870 M

This 4 km long ridge between Three Isle Lake and Mt Northover provides a scenic and enjoyable ridge scramble. Gain ridge crest from trail just east of Three Isle Lake and follow it over several high points, eventually descending to Northover Glacier. Ridge crest followed throughout. Class 4.

J Martin. 1984

MT NORTHOVER WEST RIB

From Northover west col climb up broken rock to steep buttress. By-pass by class 3 climbing a short distance to left, regain the rib and follow to summit.

New route from the west. J Martin. 1984

UNNAMED 2810 M

On the Great Divide 2 km south of Mt Worthington. Approaching along crest of the Divide from the south, steep shale pinnacles force a detour under east face cliffs. Climb easy break in cliffs just south of prominent waterfall to gain large snow bowl. Continue up left side of bowl, gain south-east ridge, and follow this past a short class 4 cliff to top. Cairn but no first ascent record found. Descend north ridge over scree and snow.

New route from the south. J Martin. 1984

British Military Group

UNNAMED 2840 M

Highest peak of ridge 2 km west of Mt Invincible. Approach as for Upper Kananaskis Viewpoint (KC Trail Guide hike number 79) and climb easy south ridge.

J Martin. 1984.

Opal Range

THE WEDGE: ORGASMIC RUNNELS

The route lies near south end of west face. Approach via Rocky Creek and watercourse that drains west side of The Wedge. Above a series of falls, angle up right to base of the climb, below first prominent left facing corner. Climb a pitch to a belay ledge at base of corner proper. Here the runnels can be seen on slab left of the corner. Follow righthand runnels in three pitches of 5.6 on excellent rock to top of the slab scramble to crest of easy south ridge. Good selection of hexes and Friends required to protect the runnels; belays are semi-hanging.

New route on west face. John Rowe, Kelly Tobey. 1984

John Martin

Amadeus

Autumn 1984 was wet and cold, particularly in the eastern front ranges of the Rockies. In the Kananaskis valley ice climbs exist where previously there have been none or only partial ones. When we noticed this falls was completely formed we were on it the first chance we had. The climb, located on the west side of Barrier Mtn near Barrier Lake, is visible from Highway 40 to Kananaskis Provincial Park which runs just 1000ft below. Although a grade four, the variable ice quality made Amadeus exciting. Every type of ice was encountered from brittle to plastic, thin plate ice over air to wet slush. As it was the first climb of the season for us, and we climbed it free, it was fun!

Approach via right side of gully below the climb. Possible avalanche danger, particularly in late season. The first pitch has the most variable ice with one steep section if climbed the least difficult way. The belay is on the left, a small ledge with a bomb proof thread and piton belay. An unnecessary bolt has been added since the first and second ascents. The second pitch is longer and more sustained but we found better ice. No walk off has yet been found so rappel from the pitons in place (should be checked). If the ice is thicker than we found it, conduit could be used. This would be the place, if anywhere, for a bolt but the rock right beside the ice is of poor quality. A good addition to the other classic grade fours in the Rockies.

Raymond Friesen

Karl Nagy, Dave Clay, Ray Friesen. 27 October 1984.

Barrier Mtn Crag North Face

The crag, easily accessible from the Kananaskis road a few miles past Barrier Lake, rises to over 300 ft and gives step, interesting climbing. Zulu (4 pitches, 5.8) follows a prominent Z crack on an orange coloured slab. Central Corner goes up the corner direct to ledge and belay then traverses right and up more easily but with scanty protection to the top of the crag (3 pitches, 5.7). An interesting 3 pitch climb with the crux a triangular shaped overhang

Barrier Mtn Crag North Face:
East flank, 1-Zulu, 2-Central Corner; west flank, 3-AJ's Corner, 3a-AJ's Corner Lefthand Variation, 4-Apocalypse, 5-Scorpion, 5a-Direct Start.
Bill March/M Irvine

half-way up the face is AJ's Corner (5.8). The Lefthand Variation goes from the overhang up and left over a series of overlapping slabs. Fine exposed climbing. Apocalypse (5.8) follows the obvious crack corner left of orange lichen covered wall. Climb to foot of the crack poorly protected then to belay ledge. Move right and climb crack left of Scorpion finish. Scorpion starts right of orange lichen wall, below and left of obvious deep corner crack in upper part of face. Climb up to foot of crack passing a steep wall and bulge (peg). Climb crack up short, steep overhanging wall above to top. Rappel descent. 5.7. Direct Start (5.8) goes

up left of original route to foot of crack.

Bill March

Zulu, Apocalypse — B March, R Baillie. Central Corner, AJ's Corner, Scorpion — B March, J Perdue. 1979/1980.

Fisher Range Rockclimbs

WASOOTCH CREEK

Several new one pitch slab leads were established at Wasootch Creek during 1984. On F Slab, John Martin, Lynda Howard, and Chris Dale climbed three new routes. Locomotion, on the right side of the slab, is an enjoyable 5.8 with an optional 5.9 direct start. Nasty Habits takes a direct line up the centre of the slab and has a steep, reachy start that is 5.9 for tall people and 5.10 for everyone else. To the left Moon Unit (5.9) features sustained climbing and a serious runout to the first protection. The other new routes were on C Slab. To the left of Absolutely Unethical, Geoff Powter climbed Powter's Problem (5.10d), while Martin, Howard, and John Rowe added Flakes Away (5.10a) to the right. Martin and Rowe also straightened out Absolutely Unethical with a tricky direction variation, Sweet Tweet (5.11a). An updated topo guide to the Wasootch Creek Slabs is currently in preparation.

Bill Stark on the difficult opening moves of Nasty Habits, Wasootch F Slab. J Martin

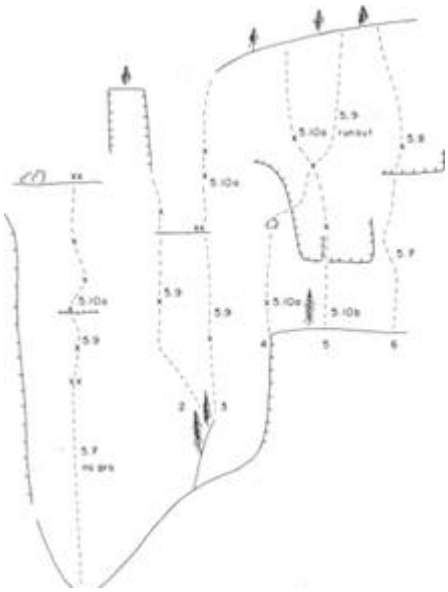
Bill Stark completing the crux sequence of Nasty Habits, Wasootch F Slab. J Martin

McDOUGALL SLAB

A new climbing area discovered during 1984, it lies on the west side of Mt McDougall about 30 minutes uphill from the new Mt Allan viewpoint, 2.6 km south along the highway from Wasootch Creek crossing. The climbing is on a steep, sound bedding plane slab about 60 m high with a fine view of the northern Kananaskis valley. Six routes of surprisingly diverse character have been established so far (see topo). Of these, Flypaper (5.10a) is particularly recommended.

John Martin

Fisher Range Rockclimbs: McDougall Slab. 1-Flypaper, 5.10a, fixed pro, Martin and Howard. 2-Dimples, 5.9, 1 or 2 medium chocks, #3 Friend, Martin and Howard. 3-New Toy 5.10a, fixed pro, Martin and C Perry. 4-White Room, 5.10a, small wired nuts, Martin and Howard. 5 -Ships in the Night, 5.10b, fixed pro, Martin and Howard. 6-Lost Atlantis, 5.8, small nuts and pins, Martin and Howard. John Martin/M Irvine



John Martin on the second pitch of Flypaper, McDougall Slab. L Howard

Unnamed 9610 and 9840, Murchison Group

Part of a string of peaks about 8 km north-north-west of Mt Hector that form the inside of a bend in Mosquito Creek. A short scramble up Noseeum Creek leads to a small, pretty lake. From here summit of unnamed 9610 ft (2930m; 82N/9 498217) easily gained over scree. Cairn built as no sign of previous ascent. Descended and climbed adjoining unnamed 9840ft (3000m; 82N/9 490223) via class 4 gully between cliffs (avoidable). Cairn found on summit. Traversed to one more high point (a mere bump), piled some rocks, and called it a day (16 August 1984). The solo traverse took 21/2 hours return to the lake and afforded impressive views of the Molar Pass area. A pleasant surprise to find still un-climbed peaks and easy ones at that, so close to the road!

Tom Jansing

Wates Gibson ACC Hut Camp, 8 to 22 September 1984

While the first week of the camp at Outpost Lake was not blessed with the Indian summer weather we had all hoped for, the 17 who attended all agreed it was a good week. The company was good, the food was good, we covered a lot of country and improved our knowledge of the area, on the one clear day we saw the spectacular peaks which made it all worthwhile. The

12 mile trip in took about six hours and, despite clouds and threatened rain, we all arrived dry to be greeted by our cook Olga Coltman and camp manager Bill Hobeck with a warm cabin and quantities of tea — a very welcome brew.

Sunday was wet with the clouds down on the peaks. Short trips were made around the lake and up to the moraines under Outpost Peak, some covering more ground than others. Monday continued dull and wet but intrepid hikers explored the Eremite valley as far as Arrowhead Lake where we were caught up with and passed by our cook Olga, known as the Flying Finn, who made it up to the glacier and was back in camp preparing supper before the others had time to turn around. Meantime the Toronto contingent explored the moraines of the Fraser Glacier.

The weather was somewhat better on Tuesday, though clouds still enveloped the peaks. A large party made their way, via the very muddy horse trail, to Amethyst Lake to visit with the lady warden there and enjoy her coffee. We continued up to Clitheroe meadows and were rewarded with views of the Ramparts, albeit with clouds on their brows. Botanists in the party were happy to find end of the season harebells and gentians. Meanwhile Bill Hobeck, Gil Jones, and Ursula and John Galpin located and taped an old hiking trail from Penstock Creek to the Surprise Point Campground. It was used later in the week and despite deadfalls proved to be much better than the mud and mire of the horse trail.

We awoke Wednesday morning and wondered if we were at ski camp — four inches of snow and more coming down! Bill organized a logging operation to fell dead trees which we hauled to the cabin and sawed up. The afternoon saw people exploring the moraines below the Fraser Glacier. Thursday trips were made to the meadows below Surprise Point and up onto the Fraser Glacier. Friday morning at 6 am we were wakened by Bill exhorting us to get outside and take pictures of the sunrise on Outpost Peak — a perfectly clear sky — wonders never cease! There were trips to Amethyst Lake, Clitheroe meadows (where the party saw a herd of ten caribou), and Thunderbolt ridge.

And then it was Saturday. Time to pack up and take the trail out with memories of a happy week of good fellowship and spectacular country.

Mabel Hawkins

The rain, the snow, and the Pope may have interrupted our week but a compatible group, a congenial camp manager, superb meals, and one near perfect day made this week a memorable one. We were warned beforehand that we would have to pack out all our gear so most of us pared our dunnage. When we left Cavell Lake Saturday morning it was crisp, ideal for hiking. The kilometres slipped by as we all trudged along at our own pace. Everyone made a final stop at Chrome Lake to take in the view then it was on to the Wates-Gibson. All were there within five hours of leaving the trailhead. We were soon organized and introduced to the tea pot. Cook Olga Coltman sported an apron covered in bold letters reading I'd Rather Be Skiing. We'd rather she stayed in the kitchen after we were introduced to her culinary efforts three hours later. Hearing stories of the previous week's bad weather we looked forward to a busy week, based on the latest weather forecast.

On the first day Thunderbolt Peak was climbed by a party of two and various groups hiked in other directions. Vigorous helicopter activity that day in the Astoria valley and at Amethyst Lakes heralded a warden visit to Outpost Lake. We were told anyone entering an area within a two mile radius of the cabins at Amethyst Lakes the next day would be in trouble with the security people looking after our Papal visitor. However it rained hard all the

The Ramparts from the outlet of Amethyst Lakes. Glen Boles

next day, our members stayed put, and it's doubtful if the Pope came to the area.

Wednesday was an extraordinary fall day, one I won't soon forget. It started with the scarlet bathed peaks reflected perfectly in the cold placid waters of Outpost Lake. A party of two headed for Thunderbolt Peak, the rest for Amethyst Lakes. The lakes were still glass smooth reflecting the superb grandeur of the snow plastered Ramparts. One had to be a boob not to be impressed. We headed up through the meadows, often looking back over our shoulders or just stopping to take it all in. Seven of us climbed Maccarib then five continued on to Clitheroe. The views were magnificent from Robson to Clemenceau.

That night the temperature hovered far above freezing but as is often the case when nights stay mild, next morning the weather changed. By mid morning Thursday it began to snow. As the day wore on it progressively snowed harder. Friday morning it was still rather mild, snowing hard, and there were 15cm on the ground. Reluctantly, for it had been a most pleasant week, we all decided to leave.

Glen W Boles

Ontario

D Smart on Plunging Neckline (5.11) at Devil's Glen. M Lang

D Smart on Crown of Thorns (5.10) at Catalan Quarry. M Lang

Southeastern Ontario Climbing Report 1984

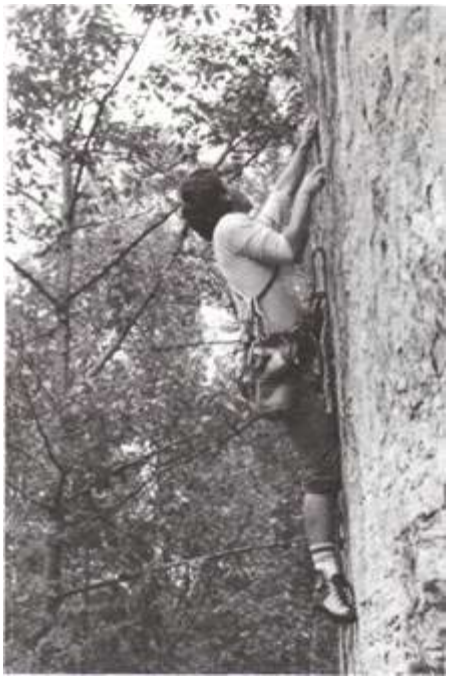
At Mazinaw Jay Danis, Steve Murray, Lisa Murray, and Rick Freeman put up Sweet Suite (5.4) on one of the minor crags just south of Pinnacle Point. The climb, made to raise funds for cancer research, received a substantial number of pledges.

Several new routes were established at Bon Echo. A significant ascent was a totally free variation of Spiderman (formerly 5.7, A3) by Dave Lanman and friends (5.11).

At Eagle's Nest near Bancroft Moe Brown and J Danis put up That's It (5.3). Rick Freeman and J Danis climbed Three Ravens (5.4, A2), reported to be a likely 5.10 candidate.

Frontenac Park, north of Kingston near Sydenham, has been investigated only recently. Rob Chisnall and Ian McKay put up Gash (5.11 +) on the Arab Lake Gorge, a roof problem involving an off width crack. They also established Libian! Duck! (5.8+), Hasty But Tasty (5.8), and a few easy solo routes.

D Smart on the thin crux of Knifed in the Head (5.11) at Catalan Quarry. M Lang



At Little Blue Mtn Chisnall and McKay completed Strawberry Jam (5.11 +), a scary and aesthetic line following a thin crack and shallow dihedral system a few metres to the right of A-Okay. Chris Lloyd and Philip Townsend put up the fine, albeit short, Greensleeves. Chisnall and Corey Finnigan did Boogers and Boulders (5.6) — a Dihedral hidden beneath moss and rubble. Chisnall and Lloyd freed up an old unrecorded aid line calling it Unknown Piton (5.8). Lloyd led Tor (5.7), an aesthetic face and crack route. Chisnall seconded.

Kingston Mills saw Chisnall and McKay make the first ascent of Testicular Torsion or Testy (5.11 +) just right of Fred's Folly. Chisnall freed up the remaining aid move on Sorcerer (5.12) and free climbed Dangling Delight (A3) on top rope. The free variation is called Kamasutra Surprise and rated 5.12+.

The Ontario Rock Climbing Association conducted its annual certification clinic at Kingston Mills. Nine instructors were certified. Climbers attended from Queen's Climbing Club, Royal Military College, and from North Bay and the Toronto area.

Robert Chisnall

New Routes on the Niagara Escarpment

About 200 new routes were done in 1984. A very brief and exclusive synopsis follows. Steve DeMaio climbed a 5.11 finger and off width crack at Mt Nemo to produce the excellent, overhanging, Tender

Passions. DeMaio and John Kaandorp climbed Where Eagles Dare, a nearby 5.10 of high quality. At the crag's south end Tropical Storm by Smart, and Pumpster by DeMaio, are both hard to protect and sustained 5.10 routes worth doing.

At Cow Crag, Kevin Lawlor climbed Twenty Minute Workout, a serious 5.10 route up a steep wall. Dave Lanman and Adam Gibb finally climbed Mud Shark Dancing Lesson, a very prominent overhanging dihedral which goes at 5.10.

The best climbs of the year were on the northern crags. At Metcalfe Rock the hardest on limestone, going at 5.11 + , are Vox Angelica, and Say Your Prayers. All are very overhanging (3 to 5 m). Dave Smart and Harry Hoediono also made the third ascent in many years of Dynamic Duo, a 5.11 off width.

Devil's Glen is the best crag in Southern Ontario and has seen much activity this year. Iron Maiden by DeMaio is a 5.9 face route of high quality. To its left is Zoot Suit, a 5.11 thin crack by Smart. To its right is How Elevators Changed Paris, a great 5.11- thin crack and face route. The most notable climb of the year was Plunging Necklines, a 5.11 overhanging hand and finger crack which is the best of its kind in Ontario. Smart and Michelle Lang put it up.

A recently discovered quarry in the Owen Sound area yielded Knifed in the Head, a nice 5.11 thin crack, and Crown of Thorns, a good 5.10 wall. At Malcolm Bluff near Wiarton, Smart and Lang climbed a 4m hand crack in a horizontal roof 10 m up at 5.11, naming it Low Overhead.

Dave Smart

Ice is Nice

Orient Bay has, over the last few years, seen considerable development since the first reconnaissance in November 1981 (see CAJ 1983:98, 1984:98).

The 1982/83 season was a long one, lasting till mid-April, and saw the ascents of the most extreme climbs to date. The culmination was the ascent of April Ice, the last major waterfall to be climbed. Many brittle weeping walls are still waiting.

Summer and autumn of 1983 saw little rain and in consequence the 1983/84 season had very poor ice. The very wet summer and fall in 1984 will certainly cause the waterfalls to form the largest in three years. An aerial reconnaissance has revealed another 10 to 15 ice falls in the immediate vicinity of the highway near Orient Bay. There could easily be 35 or more routes. Local climbers hope to promote the area with an annual Orient Bay Ice Fest, to be held each February. It will give climbers from different areas a chance to socialize and exchange ideas during the three days of climbing.

Shaun Parent

ORIENT BAY ICE CLIMBS

1981: Go-Mar Falls, grade 2, 80 m, Shaun Parent, Paul Dedi. Cascade Falls, grade 3, 30 m, S Parent, P Dedi.

Tempest, grade 2, 60m, P Dedi, S Parent.

1982: Mellow Yellow, grade 3, 50 m. Hully Gully, grade 2, 100 m; both S Parent and Guy Lacelle. Groove Tube, grade 2, 25 m, S Parent. Glace Eclatante, grade 3, 60 m, G Lacelle, Paul Landry. Snowflakes Westwind, grade 2, 70 m, S Parent. Baps-E-Babble, grade 2, 80 m, Paul Mahoney, S Parent. Amy-R, grade 2, 20 m, P Dedi, Dave Pugliese. Pause For A Whisper, grade 2, 30 m, S Parent, P Dedi. Ice Invaders, grade 1, 30 m, P Dedi, S Parent. Hidden Gully, grade 2, 40 m, Mike Hendrick, G Lacelle, S Parent. Aqua Blue, grade 3, 45 m, S Parent, G Lacelle. Fast Stittys Judgement, grade 3, 45 m, S Parent, P Mahoney.

1983: April Ice, grade 2, 30 m, S Parent, P Dedi. Remember The Day, grade 4, 55 m. Eveil-Des-Sens, grade 4, 60 m. Obsession, grade 4, 50 m; all G Lacelle and S Parent. Sycho Icycho, grade 2, 50 m, S Parent, Joanne Murphy. Tears of Joy, grade 3, 70 m, G Lacelle, S Parent. Andromeda Weeps, grade 4, 70 m, S Parent, P Dedi.

Toronto Section Cabin Dedicated

Since the members of the Toronto Section have always had a strong affiliation to the parent club, it was decided in the early 1970s that a Toronto Section cabin should be constructed adjacent to the Club House. Part of the justification for the building of the cabin was to fulfill local requirements which would show that the Club was a responsible neighbour. By building we managed to retain a portion of land which otherwise the Club may have lost.

A fund raising campaign was started by Walter Robinson. In summer 1978 Walter and Helmut Microys headed the initial construction crew. By spring 1983, through the co-operative efforts of members of the Edmonton and Calgary sections, the cabin was finished. The last major portion of the funding came from the estate of former Toronto Section member David Carroll.

In July 1983 the Toronto Section was hosting a camp in Clemenceau and it was decided that the hut should be officially dedicated at that time. On a sunny Thursday afternoon several Toronto climbers gathered. The hut was dedicated in memory of our past and dear friends: David Carroll, Sean Lewis, and George Manson, all of whom perished on Mt McKinley.

Robert Rick

Quebec

Quebec Report 1984

The 1984 Carnaval du souvenir in Chicoutimi was accompanied by a new ice climbing carnival. The province wide ice climbing get together was organized by Sylvain Malchelosse of the Club de montagne du Saguenay. During the weekend of February 10/12, 20 climbers from various regions of the province climbed on 12 routes along the Saguenay river, all of which could be reached within a ten minute drive from Chicoutimi. This first ice climbing jamboree was a success and it is hoped that a similar event will be organized in another part of the province next year.

Elsewhere in the province ice climbing continued to gain in popularity. Of particular note were five ascents of the spectacular ice couloir La Pomme d'Or on Mont de l'Equerre in the Malbaie River valley. This route was first climbed in 1982 by two Americans. The first of the five teams to climb this impressive route in 1984 took two days (see The Pomme d'Or this volume). The next four teams completed the ascent within one day. They were composed of Alain Henault and a friend, Daniel

Lévesque and Yves Laforêt, two Italians vacationing in Quebec, and finally Jacques Lamontagne and Gaétan Martineau. A new route was also put up by the Laforêt team in an ice couloir to the right of the Pomme d'Or. The first winter ascent of Gros Bras in the St-Urbain region was done by Jacques Lamontagne and Gaétan Martineau. The two climbers decided to add some spice to their feat by putting up a new route — Chinook (250 m, 5.8 A2) just to the right of Campanule.

Turning to rock climbing in the summer season, the above-mentioned Chinook was repeated by Louis Babin and a companion. The climb was freed completely and was graded 5.10. On the same wall, Louis Pare and Gaétan Martineau put up L'Entrechat (250 m, 5.9) between La Panoramique and Campanale. A new route climbed on the Dome, also in the St-Urbain area just to the left of La Moustique, by Alain Cote, Claude Langevin, and FX Garneau was Bioinorganique, 150 m, 5.7. Finally, Gaétan Martineau climbed two new routes on La Muraille in the Malbaie River valley. Chauve-souris (70 m, 5.8) was done in June with François-Guy Thivierge. Poussiere d'étoile (150 m, 5.7 A2), also on the left side of the wall, was achieved with François Roy on 24 and 25 November.

The Federation Quebecoise de la montagne (FQM) celebrated its 15th anniversary this year. A special anniversary issue (No 7) of Le Mousqueton contained an article on the history of the FQM and included the names (and some photos) of the pioneers. These people were honoured in a special ceremony which took place during the FQM's annual jamboree at the auberge Le Noroît, Lac Supérieur, Mont Tremblant. These activities brought back many fond memories to many people and made the climbing community aware of the rich heritage climbers possess in the province.

François Garneau

La Petite Glace du Nord-Est Québécois

Charlevoix et la vallée du Saguenay possèdent de longues et difficiles voies de roches reconnues depuis plusieurs années. L'escalade de glace par centre est un phénomène plus nouveau (environ 10 ans). F-X Garneau et compagnons gravirent les premières voies de glace prés de Chicoutimi (vallée du Saguenay). Ainsi toutes les voies de glace longues et/ou difficiles furent grimpées (ou presque) dans le royaume Saguenéen. L'escalade a Chicoutimi se caractérise par la proximité de la ville. C'est un peu grimper dans le centre-ville. L'avant-midi se passe sur une voie de glace, l'heure du diner chez McDonald's, après-midi sur une autre voie et les soirées dans les bars. Le problème a consiste en trouver de nouveaux défis. Alors l'attention s'est porte aux minces rideaux de glace (1 a 5 cm d'épais) ou aux voies de faible largeur (autour de 1m). Trois voies (2 à Chicoutimi et 1 dans Charlevoix) ont été ainsi découvertes au cours des deux dernières années.

La première fut grimpée par Sylvain Malchelosse et Paul Bedard (février 1983) prés de St-Urbain (Charlevoix). Elle se situe sur le flanc sud de la montagne "Dos de la baleine". En réalité deux voies furent découvertes, mais une s'est avérée si décevante qu'elle ne mérite pas d'être décrite. La route "Evant de cristal de Moby Dick" mesure 80 m (en trois relais) d'une largeur moyenne de 1.5m. La première partie consiste en une escalade de glace épaisse de faible largeur. La seconde partie s'exécute sur de la roche (cotée IV UIAA). La troisième et dernière partie est le joyau de la voie. Laglace s'amincit jusqu'a disparaitre pour 1 m. L'espace sans glace s'additionne alors a un surplomb de glace très mince (1 a 2 cm) et de 0.5 m de large. Cette sortie gonfle le bouton du plaisir à son paroxisme. La protection s'avère bonne malgré tout (une vis ou la glace s'épaissit localement). C'est une route esthétique, dotée d'une sortie aérienne.

La seconde voie fut grimpée dans Chicoutimi (décembre 1983); nominée "Sans vis et sans glace". Une mince et étroite glace se pose sur une dalle de roche pour 35 m. Ensuite la finale s'exécute sur un mur vertical (15 m) de petites chandelles de glace (1 cm de diamètre). Les seules protections disponibles et non psychologiques sont les relais. Le relai est suspendu à un cèdre. La voie semble facile mais la sortie ne doit pas être sous-estimée. La première fut grimpée par Sylvain Malchelosse et Paul Bedard en compagnie de Sharon Dean et Jean Bissonnette. Un des grimpeurs devint hypothermique; ainsi il n'y eut jamais de party après cette première.

La troisième voie "Variante Marga" fut grimpée par Alain Côté et Paul Bedard en Janvier 1984. Sylvain Bourdon et Guy Tetrault grimpèrent la première partie (Marga) par le passe. Cette première longueur se grimpe sur une belle glace épaisse et sèche. La variante par contre est mince, verticale et peut-être même surplombante. La sortie est au travers d'aulnes machiavéliques. Apres la première partie (Marga) il y a une petite bande de roches mignonnes de laquelle il faut faire le tour. La seconde partie (15 m) se grimpe sur une mince glace cassante d'un cm. Les piolets doivent être frappes avec la force d'un papillon butinant; Cote en a casse la pointe de son piolet. La protection est inexistante et la triomphale sortie so négocie au travers d'aulnes qui repoussent le grimpeur vers l'abime. Cette section pourra générer une calvitie prématurée à plus d'un grimpeur.

L'escalade de glace (version mince) a un futur prometteur au Saguenay et dans Charlevoix. Surtout que les voies minces sont maintenant recherchées.

Paul Bédard

The Pomme d'Or

There's this alleged grade VI ice climb called the Pomme d'Or somewhere in northern Quebec. A few years ago an American, Kurt Winkler, made the first ascent and no one has been able to get up it since. Not for lack of trying but more due to the long approach, remote setting, cold temperatures, poor ice condition, and difficulty of the climb.

A friend and I skied in one January '84 weekend for a peek at the phantom icicle and hit -35 °C temperatures for the entire three day trip. We found the climb after some navigational wizardry and were absolutely stunned by its immense presence — 1400 ft up, steep most of the way, and a bit intimidating to say the least. That was all I needed to get interested but a better form of transportation was needed as skiing with full packs didn't seem attractive a second time around.

Bill March and I skidooed in very early on 13 March. By 8 am we were at the base of the climb and felt very insignificant and isolated as the sound of the skidoos faded down the valley. Bill's first reaction was, "No way can we climb this in two days." But we were stuck there so decided to slog

up to the ice and have a go. We swapped leads for 900 ft up to a large ledge, hauling on the steeper pitches and wearing our packs on the easier ones. The bivy wasn't bad except when I pulled out my sleeping bag it was my down parka. On top of that my thermarest got punctured during the hauling. A long night of leg slapping and toe warming gave way to an overcast, dreary gloomy morning.

With the most difficult climbing ahead and the uncertain weather our morning preparations found us silent, each one trying to decide if he really wanted to continue. Suddenly there was some icefall on our route, followed by more within one minute. That made up my mind so I spoke first in favour of retreat. Bill wished to continue with plans of rapping off after one more pitch if conditions didn't improve. Off he went over and up to the base of what seemed to be the crux of the climb. "You'd better come have a look at this," he shouted. I took the gear, went off to have a look, and found the most spectacular pitch of the route. It was very steep (90 degrees), very exposed (1000 ft up) and very windy, ending all too soon in a sheltered cave 300 ft from the top. The final pitches went without incident and we enjoyed our only food of the day on top at 12 noon. We rapped the route in warm deteriorating conditions and arrived at the river at 7 pm. This was indeed a spectacular ice climb and is destined to become a classic test piece attracting many climbers from around the world.

Jim Ongena

Eastern Arctic Mountains

Auyuittuq Report 1984

Yukio Terashima, Teruji Yoivel, and Ivorio Hoshino completed the first recorded ascent of the west face of Mt Thor. Kazue Kumakura was the base camp manager for this Japanese expedition. On their return to Pangnirtung Ms Kumakura was swept into the fiord while crossing a river and drowned.

André Filion, Louis Bareite, Guy Gilbert, and Jacques Trancia from Quebec made the following climbs. Asgard, secondary peak: snow gully slope 60°+ leading to summit, south-east face, 4 hours. Thor, secondary peak: rock climbing, 9 rope lengths, grade 5.5, 4 hours. Freya via south-east face: snow gully ca 1500 ft vertical above northern section of King's Parade route, a few crevasses, new snow.

Ray Breneman
Auyuittuq National Park Reserve

Baffin Island 1984

I arrived in Broughton on 27 June. On the night of 30 June - 1 July I was taken by kamitik south around Ooeevaralook Peninsula to my base camp in Kangeetulujuk Fiord (the large fiord extending south from the abandoned settlement at Padloping). I was set down, with eight weeks of food, on the west side about six miles from the fiord head. I planned a seven week overland trip across southern Cumberland Peninsula, past the heads of the fiords flowing into Exeter Sound, and on to the area west of Touak Fiord.

During the first week of July I double carried seven weeks of food along the shore of the fiord and south on into the valley beyond. Excellent weather made every tributary stream a major obstacle. Double packing necessitated three crossings of each. High temperatures soon caused me to switch to night carries, sleeping nude through the heat of day.

At the end of the week I reached the great curving valley, known locally as Kangeetulujuk, about 15 miles south of the fiord head. When making plans for the summer I had greatly underestimated the size of the river flowing out of this valley. The water was unusually high, the result of day after day of sunshine and above normal temperatures.

Attempts to cross on three separate mornings ended in failure. The last nearly ended in disaster so I turned to climbing to give the waters a chance to recede; they did just the opposite.

At the end of the week I tried to move up the valley to a new climbing area but was stopped short by a swollen tributary stream. Instead I moved camp several miles down the valley until progress was halted by yet another flooded stream. There I waited the rest of the week for an opportunity to cross. Sunny warm weather continued day after day. More climbing was done while waiting.

I was finally able to negotiate the stream late in the week. After two more difficult crossings of tributary streams that same morning I climbed up 500 ft of steep dunes into the less windy valley leading east to Totnes Road Fiord. There, in alpine garden surroundings, I camped for the fourth week and made three more substantial climbs. On one day I walked far out the fiord into which the Kangeetulujuk valley feeds. By the end of the week the waters of the main river began to recede but a crossing was still out of the question. My hope of visiting Touak Fiord was abandoned. There was no longer time to travel so far and hence no motivation to cross the river.

On one of the first overcast days of the summer I retraced my steps back up the valley, crossing all the tributary streams on the north side, until I reached the great glacier at the upper end of the valley. In the evening of 30 July the first snow storm of the season struck. During the remainder of the fifth week, between snow and rain storms, three more climbs were made, including the highest of the summer, just under 6000 ft. At the end of the week, as yet another storm blew itself out, I packed up remaining supplies and left the Kangeetulujuk valley.

My sixth week was spent in an east valley halfway back to the head of Kangeetulujuk Fiord. From a camp situated just north of the confluence of the two substantial glaciers filling this valley I made five more ascents. Included were most of the high points on the north side of the valley.

Early in the seventh week I began my final return out Kangetulujuk Fiord. Two days were spent in the valley extending west from the fiord head. From a camp up this valley I visited another 5000 ft top on a magnificent afternoon climb. I made my final two climbs two days later, visiting a pair of 5500 ft summits I had admired from the north on one of my climbs in 1979. From the tops I bid adieu to most of the peaks visited the previous six weeks. I stumbled back down into my fiord camp at 1 am by the dim light of a quarter moon. The next evening, with food nearly exhausted, I was back where my guide had dropped me seven weeks earlier.

High winds prevented my guides from reaching me until 21 August. Further high winds followed by blizzard conditions pinned us down on the shore of Merchants Bay for 30 hours. During that time we told stories and consumed large quantities of boiled char, tea, and bannock. The long periods of high wind cleared the ice from Davis Strait. Without the protective ice the wind pushed the sea into twelve foot swells by the time we were underway around Ooeevaralook in our 20 foot canoe. The emotional and physical stress of this experience so drained us that we made for the first protected beach we could reach on the other side in order to dry out and rest in the warm sunshine. Later in the afternoon, as another storm was building, we completed our recuperation with a big kettle of fresh boiled seal. That evening, 23 August, we reached Broughton after two more hours on wind driven chop, buffetted by a raw north wind.

The delays during the return boat trip caused me to miss my flight from Broughton by eight hours. Flying without reservations required another week to reach Montreal.

All in all the summer was a success. Though high water prevented me from reaching my distant objectives, the good weather that produced the uncrossable rivers made it possible to complete between 14 and 20 ascents (depending upon what is classified as a distinct summit). There was no evidence that any of these peaks had been visited before. Plans are underway to return to northernmost Auyuittuq National Park in 1985.

David P MacAdam

Foreign

Mt Kilimanjaro

Having climbed in many parts of the world, my wife Jackie and I decided to try for the highest peak in Africa and to attempt a very difficult route, the Breach Icicle. We landed in Nairobi 15 June 1984 full of wonder and excitement, not quite sure what to expect. We bought a guide book and phoned the local climbing club for current conditions on the mountain but the locals were not to be found so we caught a public bus and headed south to Kilimanjaro (5896m).

Travelling through Africa is a story in itself, unlike anywhere else I've visited and a worthwhile experience I'd recommend to all you travelling nuts. We spent a few days in south Kenya in the village of Loitokitok at the foot of the mountain trying to gather more information about our approach and climb only to discover that no one knew the slightest thing about the western side of the mountain as 99% of all ascents go up the Marangu or Tourist Route. We discovered that this route, which begins in the Tanzanian town of Marangu and goes up the south-east aspect of the mountain, was the only "legal" way to the mountain. So we travelled around the peak by bus to the park gate where we could officially register with the rangers ($300 CAN and hours of red tape). The head ranger finally got us a guide and two porters and allowed us to descend the north slopes but strongly advised against it as the trails were seven years overgrown, the animals were not to be taken lightly, and we had no machete. This all seemed to make sense until we thought back a day to those local bus rides and agreed that anything would be better than repeating that ordeal. Little did we know what our descent would entail.

Finally we set off up the mountain with our guide and two porters. We were taken by surprise when the porters poked and grunted at our packs and finally put them on their heads. They found it much easier than carrying them on their backs even though we tried to show them the fancy adjusting straps and hip belts. Oh well, when in Rome...! After three hours of pleasant walking, through beautiful vegetation complete with monkeys etc, we arrived at the Mandara Hut (2700 m). The second day, also short and pleasant, brought us to the Horombo Hut (3700 m). Both huts were very luxurious by Canadian standards. Day three we veered off of the normal route, crossed under the south glaciers, and finally got to see the rugged aspects of Kill. We even got a glimpse of the Breach Wall just as we arrived at the Baranco Hut (3900 m). Our guide and porters had to leave us here as they had neither the experience nor the equipment to continue. Day four we climbed to the base of the Heim Glacier and hacked out a bivy site. Messner's original approach was from the Arrow Hut and he bivied about 200 m below the icicle. We felt that our approach seemed a bit easier and still got us close enough to climb the icicle before it got soft and started to melt. This it does every day by 9 am so we needed an early start from the window buttress. Our approach to the top of the window buttress had the added reputation of Africa's classic ice route even before getting to the Breach so, what the hell, sounded good. Day five saw us up and gone at first light. We spent four hours on the technical part of the Heim Glacier to the window buttress. It got as steep as 70 degrees but presented no real problems other than fatigue due to the heavy packs. We stared at the icicle, watched it pouring down the cliff, and simply headed off up the Heim route to the summit. I wasn't keen on swimming up that thing or spending an entire day hoping for it to re-freeze by 4 am. Heim is normally a two or three day climb but we decided to go for it in a day as we felt strong, well acclimatized, and were over the hard part early. We didn't make it up until dark and were forced to bivy on the summit. Damn, what a cold and windy place to sleep with your wife; if only we had a tent. Day six found the mountain clear and cold and breath-takingly beautiful. This was our highest bivouac and we needed 11/2 hours to get our frozen boots on — our longest ever. We went down the normal route to Kibo (5000 m), rested, drank, and started down the north side, planning to spend the night at the Outward Bound Hut (4900 m). We got there by 2 pm but couldn't find the hut so, gutsy as all hell, decided to try for the bottom by nightfall, fully aware that if we lost the trail or tired out we'd have to sleep in the jungle. All local warnings made us a bit apprehensive about this so we rushed off as quickly as our tired little bodies and big packs could go. "Damn, there is no trail here," I said to Jackie as I searched frantically for signs.

As we descended the tundra, cairns were supposed to become trails through the brush. We kept bushwhacking until the brush got taller and thicker and became real jungle. If we only had half a grain between us we would have climbed back up, slept above tree-line, and gone down the normal route. But we hadn't the brains or the energy left so tried to sleep in this jungle with both eyes open, ice axe in hand, and a heart rate of 180. This slowly brought

us to day seven, our second day with no food or sleep and what was to be the most demanding day of our lives. Suffice it to say it took all my reserves — physical, mental, and emotional — and damn near ended in disaster. We crawled and climbed through the worst vegetation imaginable until we were totally tangled up and then tried to follow the river bed until it dead ended in a waterfall and then climbed back into the jungle. This pattern went on all day with two episodes of quicksand and several waist deep trudges through the river. Add to this the heat and the animal threats (yes they were there) and you'll get the picture of our descent of Kili. The ranger was right but then what's life without a little adventure? The fear of another night with the lions, buffaloes, elephants, etc drove us on until we found a trail. We followed a network of these until we reached native shacks and eventually the Outward Bound School where we were invited to spend a few days before flying off to the Alps. We ate, slept, ate, and limped about for two days recovering from fatigue and mega myositis and then left Africa with pleasant memories and an urge to return next year.

Jim Ongena

A $250.00 grant was received from the ACC expedition Fund.

Manaslu Winter Expedition

The expedition arrived at the 13,500 ft high base camp on 19 November 1983 after a two week walk up the Buri Ghandaki gorge. Camp commanded a spectacular position on a south facing slope overlooking the Manaslu Glacier. Tents had to be sited on platforms dug into the hillside. The most important structure was an old stone yak herders' shelter which we converted into an insulated meeting and eating place complete with fireplace.

The route crossed beneath the glacier snout and up snow covered moraine to 'equipment dump' at 16,000 ft. The route to Naiki col and camp 1 at 18,300 ft was a straightforward glacier made somewhat arduous by two feet of recent snow. By 25 November we had dug an ice cave at camp 1 and were ready to beg in the real climbing by the start of the winter season on 1 December. From this point we worked in two teams, each team with three Sherpas, one team resting while the other pushed the route out.

The route to camp 2 at 21,500ft wound through small icefalls and across one quite dangerous 100 yard gully where large ice blocks were a reminder not to linger. Camp 2 was reached on 7 December and three days later an ice cave had been dug and stocked with some food and propane. On 12 December Alan's and Adrian's team carried fixed rope and climbing gear up to 22,500 ft. We had decided not to place a camp in this exposed position because a cave was impossible due to wind erosion and a tent would have had a limited life. Rather we opted for one final camp at 24,500 ft which could be placed at the time of the summit attempt. On 16 December Gordon and Trevor reached the high point. Winds hampered their progress and so they descended to base. Immediately Alan and Adrian set out up again and after a four day storm at camp 2 once more made an attempt to reach camp 3. After two hours they reached the high point but the three Sherpas were complaining of freezing feet. The temperature was below -30°C and the winds were gusting to well over 100 mph, sometimes lifting the lighter weight Sherpas off their feet. The Sherpas returned to camp 2 while the Twins continued to scout out a route above. At 23,300 ft they too decided that not much could be done in such conditions. Back at the camp 2 ice cave they conferred over the radio with the others at base camp. Sickness and fatigue meant no replacement climbers were forthcoming. After a lot of debate as to the possibility of success with no other Westerners participating the expedition was abandoned on 22 December 1983.

Alan Burgess

Adrian Burgess, Alan Burgess, Trevor Jones, Gordon Smith.

A $600 grant was received from the ACC expedition fund.

Canadian Mt Everest Expedition Postscript

The Canadian Mount Everest Society is winding up its affairs as an independent society. The balance of the Canadian accounts, $7200, plus any further royalties from the expedition book have been donated to the ACC expedition fund. The remaining funds in Nepal, ca Rs 80,000, plus some accrued interest will be donated via the Department of External Affairs to the Monastery at Tengboche to furnish a library in memory of the three sherpas killed on the expedition. The records of the expedition are being collected and will be housed in the Club library. Thus ends a chapter of Canadian mountaineering which had its fair share of controversy and publicity. Let us hope we can all get back to some quiet climbing.

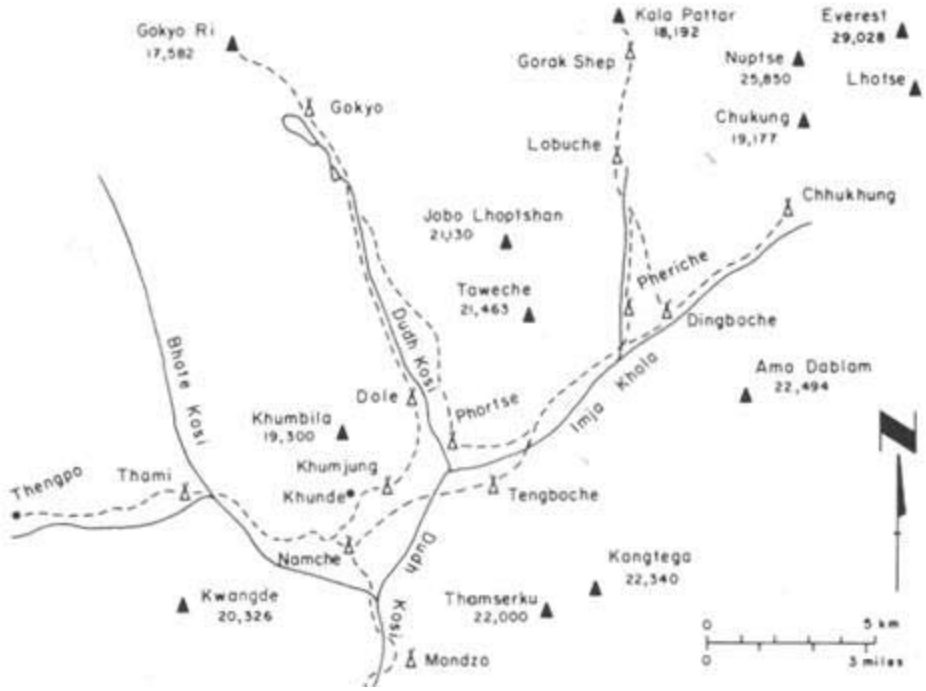
Bill March
Vice-President, CMES, leader CMEE 1982

Khumbu Himal Nepal ACC Trek, Autumn 1984

Preconceptions and lifelong dreams could not have prepared us for the panorama of snow peaks stretching from Annapurna to Makalu as our helicopter broke through the cloud cover over Kathmandu on 17 October. Forty minutes later we landed at Lukla. As we sorted gear, met our porters, cooks, and sherpas, and settled into our tents the silence contrasted with the din of the previous three days which had been filled with the pageantry of Swayambhu, Baudhanath, and Bhaktapur, and with Hindu holy men, beggars, lepers, and barterers.

The following morning dawned cold and clear with a view of snow ridged Kwangde from our breakfast table. The trail led down to the Dudh Kosi, the "Milk River", and past prosperous farms with dahlias and roses in bloom. Waterfalls cascaded down the green hillsides and the sacred mountain Khumbila dominated the valley ahead. We camped in a secluded meadow far above the busy trail at Mondzo. Next morning we climbed 2100 ft to Namche Bazar and hotels, showers, shops, and amenities. We all luxurized but some felt the altitude, experiencing headaches and apathy. Saturday market at Namche was cast from centuries ago with produce of all kinds carried in from the valley. Hundreds of people crammed into the narrow streets with the goats, chickens, eggs, rice, and goods of all sorts. By noon all was sold and we were happy to leave the bustle and climb north-west, conifers giving way to rhododendron and scrub juniper of the sub-alpine zone. Purple gentians and edelweiss become profuse as we climbed the Bhote Kosi valley past Thame with its

Khumbu Himal Nepal Trek: map. Bob Addison/M Irvine



School girls at Lukla. Bob Addison

hydro-electric development. We crossed the river and climbed steeply to Thami with picturesque stone walls and juniper groves, all dominated by the hillside monastery. Some of us accompanied Mike to meet the Head Lama, an energetic 24 year old, who graciously received us in his private chapel and invited us to dinner. A festival had been planned for the evening and the Head Lama was everywhere, greeting the dignitaries and orchestrating the stage production. Children and their parents soon packed the gomba's courtyard, their laughter and happy voices drifting across the valley to Kwangde illuminated by the alpenglow. At 12,500ft most of us had mild mountain sickness with headache, GI distress, insomnia, and periodic breathing predominating.

The following day, 21 October, we walked to Thengpo and all experienced shortness of breath at our 14,500 ft lunch stop. Next morning we had all recovered and enjoyed the walk to Khunde and Khumjung and a visit to the Hillary Hospital. The more adventuresome sampled the local chang and reported no ill effects.

The walk up the Gokyo valley was truly the most beautiful of the trek. In the morning we saw Impeyan Pheasants (Nepal's national bird) with multiple iridescent colours, white rump, fantail, and jaunty topknot scratching in the potato fields. In the afternoon the slopes abounded with Himalayan deer. Across the valley Ama Dablam rose above Tengboche monastery and behind us towered Thamserku and Kangtega. As we progressed up the valley Cho Oyu glistened in the distance. The slopes around Gokyo Lake are covered with a plant whose fragrant leaves are used by the gomba as incense and their fragrance and the quiet beauty of the lake tell one why this is a holy place to the Sherpa. In the morning two yellow ducks swam on the lake in front of our tents, rippling the otherwise glassy surface.

Gokyo Lake and Ngozumpa Glacier
From Gokyo Ri with Jobo Lhoptshan and Taweche. Bob Addison

On 25 October a two hour walk up Gokyo Ri brought us to an unparalleled panoramic view of the peaks of the Solu Khumbu. Cho Oyu dominated the north, its massive ridge forming the border with Tibet. Pumori just peeked behind the wall allowing a full view of Everest's north and west ridges, Nuptse, Lhotse, and Makalu were prominent. As the sun set the colours changed from gold to pink and we rushed down from the 17,600 ft summit in the suddenly cold evening. Except for Mike we had all set a personal high altitude mark and it was hard to believe that we were sleeping higher than Mt Blanc. We then dropped down the east side of the Gokyo valley to Phortse and next past Pangboche to Pheriche. We toured the trekker's aid post staffed by the Himalayan Rescue Association with its

interesting high altitude pressure chamber and research projects which had effected a significant reduction in morbidity and mortality in the 6000 annual trekkers who frequent this valley.

The trek to Lobuche and on to Gorak Shep and Everest Base was marked by the increasing discomfort of our poorly dressed porters due to cold, altitude, and the barren land devoid of wood. From the rocky summit of Kala Pattar (18,192 ft) we were just six miles from Everest's crest with beautiful Pumori and Nuptse breathlessly close. In a solemn touching moment Mike spread Kevin O'Connell's ashes, paying respect to the man, the mountains, and the loss.

Gorak Shep was our highest camp but after two weeks of acclimatization all felt fit. Nonetheless it felt good to drop down to the permanent settlement of Dingboche with warm tea houses and amenities like chocolate bars. We saw grain threshed with flails and were lulled to sleep under clear moonlit skies by the rhythmic thumps.

Up the Imja valley to Chhukhung the Lohtse/Nuptse wall towered two vertical miles to the north and the great north face of Ama Dablam to the south. As we climbed Chukung (19,177ft) Makalu towered above and behind the now diminutive Island Peak (20,305 ft), a popular trekking peak. One last look at the perfect symmetry of Pumori in the distance and we started our descent to the contrasting greenery and forests around Tengboche. The active trekking industry has wrought many changes in this lovely spot but the five minute climb puts one beyond the sight and sound of the 20th century intrusions to the chortens, prayer flags, and eagles of a different world.

It saddened us to leave the high country and retrace our steps from Namche to Lukla and the flight to Kathmandu. No description can really give the flavour of the Nepal experience — the beauty, gentleness, and joy of the people and their land. We were indeed fortunate to have Mike Rojik as leader. Through his linguistic fluency we were able to communicate. Through his years of living and working with the people of Nepal on all levels he gave us insights into life and customs that would otherwise have been hidden from us. Thanks Mike for a five star trek!

Bob Addison

Participants: Ouida and Bob Addison, Suzel and Peter Donitz, Wendy Edom, Bob McCoy, Mary-Ann Podgorski, Ernest Reinhold. Leader: Mike Rojik.

Mt Everest Kangshung Face

"Everest from the east, big, bold, and beautiful," says Carl on the phone. It only takes a second to agree. Another two calls, one to George Lowe in Colorado and one to Jim Morrissey in Stockton, and it's all confirmed. I'm on the 1983 American Everest Expedition to China.

An expedition to China is not only a chance to climb on a remote side of the Himalayas but also an opportunity to experience the magic of China and Tibet. We spend four days playing tourist and hosting our new Chinese friends at innumerable banquets. Then it's into an old turbo-prop of Russian origin to Chengdu in Sichuan Province for a further two days of sightseeing and gorging before proceeding to Lhasa.

I walk the streets of Lhasa and remember Harrer's incredible adventures as well as those of Younghusband and others of the same era. Déjà vu around every corner. Strolling through the market below the Potala I expect to come across the Dalai Lama inspecting his domain, engaged in animated conversation with Harrer concerning a modification to the recently installed sanitation system. The highlight is a walking tour of the Potala, a working Bhuddist monastery where pilgrims journey for days from all corners of Tibet to pay homage to the various Bhuddas and this sacred place. The presence of the Dalai Lama is everywhere. How tragic that Tibet's new rulers cannot come to some agreement that would enable him to return.

After three days in Lhasa and the beautiful surrounding area we are finally on our way to the mountains. The first day we ride in minibuses over a good dirt road that winds up and over a 17,000 ft pass before dropping into the Xigaze valley. Eleven hours of bumping later we get out at the guest house and walk around the town. An impressive monastery, the Tashi Lampu, is a backdrop. On the adjacent hillside are the remains of an old Dzong or fort, one of the many destroyed by the Chinese during the 'liberation' of Tibet. Happily there is some

Mt Everest Kangshung Face. David Cheesmond

indication of a more relaxed attitude from Beijing and some of the destroyed historic sites are now being rebuilt.

After a night in the rural guest house it's off again in the back of a truck, in convoy with the other four carrying our equipment and food. Highlight of the day is a pass from which we see Makalu, Everest, and Cho Oyu. Unfortunately only the north side of the great peak is visible and our route lies tantalizingly behind the north-east ridge. Some of us race the trucks down the other side of the pass, trying to get a semblance of acclimatization — we have not yet exerted ourselves at altitude and will soon be walking from the roadhead at 14,000 ft to base at 17,000 ft. That evening we scramble up the remnants of the monastery at Xegar. From the town at 14,000 ft this once magnificent building rears up the hillside for over 2000 ft, alcoves overhanging the vertical cliffs on each side. It is rumoured that the monks resisted the Chinese artillery in 1956 by rolling rocks down from the windows onto the approaching troops. It must have been an interesting if rather unequal battle! For the last part of the journey we have a cold and miserable mist. We jolt along in the back of the truck, each one keeping to himself his thoughts of what the trip holds in store. At Kharta we spend two days sorting out 15 tons into yak loads. With amazing efficiency 140 yaks are loaded up one morning and start meandering off up a valley to the north. I have no idea where we are going but some of the team who

Mt Everest Kangshung Face: the team at base.
Left to right, back row: Andy Harvard, David Cheesmond, Jim Morrissey, Carlos Buhler, Dan Reid, Lou Reichardt, Carl Zobin, David Coombs, Chris Kopcynski; front row: John Boyle, George Lowe, Kim Momb, Jay Cassell, Geoff Tabin, Jack Alustiza. David Cheesmond

Mt Everest Kangshung Face: on the headwall. David Cheesmond

were on the 1981 east face attempt assure me we are on the right track. Four hours of puffing to a beautiful camp site by a pristine lake in which are reflected Makalu and Chomo Lonzo. A magnificent view of two impressive unclimbed north faces.

The next four days we relax into a routine of breaking camp early in the morning, walking for five or six hours, then camping for the night. Gradually Lhotse and Everest loom ever larger and we begin to make out features on the east side of Everest. Rising direct from the Kangshung Glacier is the Lowe Buttress, 4000 ft of steep to overhanging rock and ice with a barely perceptible line running up the initial slabs, straight through the overhanging headwall, under the appalling ice formation named the Helmet, and directly to the summit up a faint buttress projecting from the otherwise outlandishly threatening face.

We settle into base camp and say good-bye to our yak herders and their charges as immense avalanches rumble down to left and right of our route, spreading out across the glacier. A week of load humping to advance base, directly below the start of the route, has us all pretty well acclimatized to 17,000ft. Kim Momb, Dave Coombs, and Geoff Tabin fix the initial slabs. With Kim's knowledge from the previous attempt we soon have line strung up to the horizontal snow ridge, a prominent feature on the lower part of the climb where we make a temporary camp so Carl Tobin and Dan Reid can work on the way up the Mush-room Ridge, through possibly the most dangerous portion of the climb. Part of this section goes through the Bowling Alley, a couloir which funnels any rock and ice from above straight down the fixed ropes. The camp above is named Pinsetter Camp which I guess made us the pins in this great bowling game of the Gods!

While everyone else carries loads up to Pinsetter, George Lowe and Kim continue up the vertical ice of the Ice Hose, or Reid's Nemesis as it became known in 1981. Slowly we push our new ropes up parallel to the remnants from the previous attempt — 5.9 A3 at 20,000 ft. Carl, George, and I climb the steep runnels leading up and through the Helmet and my turn comes to get out in front. This side of the buttress overhangs by 300 ft, showing the lines left from each of the last 30 years' precipitation. Two and one half days later we establish

Helmet Camp at 21,300 ft. Then a week long storm forces all back to ABC for a few days of well earned rest.

The logistics of carrying loads up the overhanging headwall was a problem. Steep jumaring precluded a heavy pack and to use haul bags in conventional Yosemite manner would have wasted time and energy. George Lowe (physicist) and I (engineer) sat, drank much tea, and devised a system. We figured that using a counterbalance winch with snow filled haul bags on the one side we perhaps could haul up 100 Ibs at a time with little effort. Four days later the wonder of gravity raised six 100 Ib loads up 800 vertical feet in a couple of hours. Without this system we could not have got the necessary weight up the headwall in time for the summit bids.

Once all loads and 13 climbers were established at Helmet Camp we could break trail up the technically easier but crevassed ridge leading up towards the summit. Four hard working days had our next camp in at 23,500 ft and a few days later tents were pitched below a sérac barrier at 25,000 ft. We could all sense the summit now, just 4000 ft vertically above, and it was with a sense of expectancy that Lou Reichardt, Kim Momb, and I pushed through and placed a tent at 26,000 ft. That night I faced a shattering disappointment when I felt the beginning of some altitude related affliction in my chest. The only sensible course of action was descent and early next morning I went down to advance base, feeling better all the way. The only consolation was the knowledge that at least someone must make it up in the next few days.

The following morning Kim, Lou, and Carlos Buhler moved into the 26,000 ft camp and, starting early in the morning, climbed to the top by two o'clock. On the way they passed three Japanese coming up from the South Col/South Pillar, attempting an ascent without oxygen. Next day George, Dan Reid, and Jay Cassell went to the summit, also encountering a Sherpa and some Japanese on the way. Later we learnt that of the seven Japanese hopefuls only four returned alive. A convincing argument for the use of oxygen above 26,000 ft!

I was by now fully recovered but all further summit attempts were forestalled by the decisive onset of winter in the form of about three feet of snow in 24 hours. Within a week we were back on the road to Lhasa — endless banquets and drinking sessions later we landed back in San Francisco.

In retrospect I have come to terms with giving so much of myself, coming so close, and yet not quite making it to the top. Even in mountaineering terms I realized for the first time on Everest that getting up is nearly everything — in the eyes of the media and the public, for what it's worth, it is everything. In no way do I regret the experience. I have 13 new friends, who helped put up what is at the moment possibly the most technical route to the highest point on this earth, have learnt an incredible amount about what goes into the organization of such a venture, and have dared to challenge an awesome opponent and come back safely home.

Ours was a happy, safe, and enjoyable adventure. Much of the credit for this, and for our success, must go to Jim Morrissey. His casual Irish-American leadership style fitted well with the requirements of the group, all very technically experienced.

.. .So the reporter said, "Well, give us your honest comparison with the 1982 Canadian expedition." But I couldn't even begin — there is so much that could be said. And in any case what does it matter — climbing politics can be even more boring then the usual kind. Besides, there's this new route in the Rockies that I need to go and have a look at!

David Cheesmond

New route on the east (Kangshung) face of Mt Everest, 29,028 ft (8848 m). James D Morrissey (leader), John Boyle, Carlos Buhler, Jay Cassell, David Cheesmond, David Coombs, Andy Harvard, Chris Kopzcynski, George Lowe, Kim Momb, Lou Reichardt, Dan Reid, Geoff Tabin, Carl Tobin. David Cheesmond received a $350 grant from the ACC expedition fund.

1984 American Makalu Expedition

Although titled "American Expedition" our team consisted mostly of Canadians. In all honesty however the American designation is justified as much of our sponsorship originated there. This was the result of brilliant work by Carlos who never quit looking for assistance. The day before we left Seattle he found another thousand dollars; in Kathmandu he found some folks willing to help us with another five hundred dollars. If accumulating enough money was our first major accomplishment then getting our 30 plus oversize bags onto our Thai Air flight, with just a small bill, was our second achievement. Our final and greatest achievement was successfully passing through Nepali customs without being slapped with an expedition tax. After these obstacles the hard physical work of climbing a Himalayan peak should be child's play.

The trek to the base of Makalu was fairly standard but interesting nonetheless. It included two weeks of walking in the seldom visited Arun River valley, reputed to be the deepest in the world. I thought it to be one of the hottest in the world as well. The only moments of excitement came while crossing something called a bridge with the raging Arun River 150 ft below. Otherwise we only had the occasional porter strike to contend with. Thanks to a team of really tough porters, paid double for the last day, we were able to reach our base camp on schedule. At 17,700 ft, base camp, our home for the next two months was a cold, windy, desolate place.

The route we attempted, the west pillar of Makalu, was first climbed by a French expedition during the 1971 spring season. Although it was a large team the ascent was a fantastic achievement for any day and age. As a steep, technical, direct line to the summit of the fifth highest peak in the world, it is a classic Himalayan route. Most importantly, as a prominent ridge composed of very sound granite, it is also "relatively" safe.

The route was ascended a second time in spring 1980 by Roskelley, Kopczynski, States, and Momb. For a small team to fix over 10,000 ft of rope requires tremendous commitment and incredible work loads for each individual. This second success was also a very significant accomplishment. The attempt previous to ours, led by Peter Hillary, had not gone as well; two members were killed in two separate accidents. We intended to climb in the same style as the second ascent team, but with one extra climber for good measure.

The terrain of the west ridge (pillar) of Makalu is varied and always very exposed.

Base camp to camp 1 was an easy scramble involving no fixing. Carlos and I were able to establish the camp and move our first loads on 28 March. Although we didn't use Sherpa support we did obtain the assistance of our sirdar and our best porter for the carries to camp 1.

The route to camp 2 required climbing along the apex of a very narrow ridge. Fighting high winds we fixed rope along this kilometre long ridge which eased as we approached camp 2. This section seemed to take forever but we eventually established camp 2 on 13 April. Due to continued high winds the camp was moved a few days later to a more sheltered site.

Above camp 2 the ridge reared up and the ground became mixed and much more technical. Camp 3 also seemed an impossible goal until we finally strung rope to the 24,000 ft level and found the old French camp, situated at the base of the true west pillar of Makalu. The pillar is composed of a band of compact granite that reaches a vertical angle. About a week later camp 4 was located in a small bay at the top of the pillar at 25,500 ft.

The climbing between camps 3 and 4 was a highlight of the trip. Although very hard work, the situation was fantastic with extreme exposure, great views, and excellent granite. The actual climbing wasn't so terrific because of the extreme altitude and wearing crampons for the duration. After five all out days of fixing rope we reached the site for camp 4. The date was 12 May.

On 13 May, after several hard days on the hill, Albi suffered a retinal haemorrhage. Having worked so hard he was to be denied an opportunity to make a summit attempt.

Meanwhile we still had to load camp 4 with food, tents, and other provisions for a summit attempt. This would be a difficult task that would probably "waste" the individuals who performed it and lessen their summit chances. Who would make the carry and who would make the first and perhaps only summit bid was tough to decide; everyone had performed magnificently and deserved to have a crack at the peak. It was decided that Carlos and I should be the first summit team since we had both been to 26 grand before without oxygen. That left Charlie and Sharon to make the sacrificial carry. They accomplished this on 17 May and after a rough night at camp 4 started back down. At the same time Carlos and I were making our way up through the lower camps. We reached camp 4 late in the afternoon of 20 May. The evening was spent brewing and catching a few hours of hypoxic unconsciousness. We woke at 10.30 pm and again started brewing until leaving our tent at 1.30 am on 21 May.

From camp we alternately soloed and belayed up a series of 45 degree snow and ice ramps. Despite wearing every speck of clothing we found the cold night air to be bone chilling and a constant concern, especially for our hands and feet. At 4.30 we were above these initial slopes and rested as the sun broke on the upper slopes of Lhotse and Everest just to our north-west. We were still in a cold shadow as we next negotiated a broken 400 ft rock step that in turn led to a horizontal ice ridge. The ice ridge guided us to the southeast ridge of Makalu which we joined at about 27,100 ft. This is the top of the west pillar. It was noon and we took a short break for some lunch. Although a few puffy clouds obscured the distant peaks the weather seemed to be holding. With just 700 ft to go thoughts of success began to tease us. The south-east ridge was easy here but we occasionally had to belay or plow through hip deep snow. As we moved slowly upward the weather definitely deteriorated and took on a more ugly character.

At 3 pm we arrived at our last major barrier, a rock wall that forced us out on to the east face. We scrambled up 45 degree rock slabs covered in unconsolidated snow. At 3.30 pm, half-way up the rock wall and 100 to 150 yards from the summit, we stopped to consider our position; we were at 27,500 plus ft, it was snowing heavily, and the summit cornices were no longer visible. We knew we could reach the summit but just barely before sunset; we knew the return route was intricate and would be very dangerous in the dark. Finally we knew a night spent up here without oxygen, protection, food or water most surely meant severe frost-bite, if not death. We turned around. After a few feet we stopped. "Are we making the right decision?" As it was we didn't reach the newly appreciated luxury of camp 4 till midnight. Five days later Sharon and Albi made a final summit attempt but encroaching monsoons and concern for Albi's eyes turned them back at camp 3.

Well, what can you say? "Close, but no cigar?" Although we just failed to reach the summit of Makalu via a very difficult route, I'm very proud of our attempt. It was an excellent and positive team effort. I can not say enough about how well my team mates climbed, about how conscientious and supportive each individual was. I suggest that the tone of our "team" effort as much as our ability as individuals accounted for our effectiveness.

Dwayne Congdon

Sharon Wood, Albi Sole, Ken Basset (the Doc), and Dwayne Congdon all hail from the Rockies. Our token Americans were Carlos Buhler (leader) whom I'm sure spends more time outside the USA climbing than he does state side, and Charlie Sassara, our man from Alaska, a state I'm told doesn't even consider itself to be a part of The States.

Dwayne Congdon received a $300 grant from the ACC expedition fund. Many thanks to all the others who helped us.

The High Road

To climb Aconcagua has always appealed to me despite stories of a scree trail to the summit and crowds of climbers. I'm definitely an altitude junky so when Greg suggested January 1984 to do the climb I quickly accepted. It wasn't long until we found ourselves and bulging packs in Santiago airport and a day later in the sweltering heat of Mendoza. Here we obtained all our supplies, except some freeze dried cardboard we brought from Canada, and our permit to climb the mountain, now a quick half day procedure instead of the former torture session. At Puente del Inca, a village near the Chilean border, we hired mules to take some of the equipment and food while we walked in with lighter packs. The 40 km walk was interesting in a dry, dusty sort of way, its main excitement being river crossings. One is definitely dangerous — a nervous jump over the boulders and raging water.

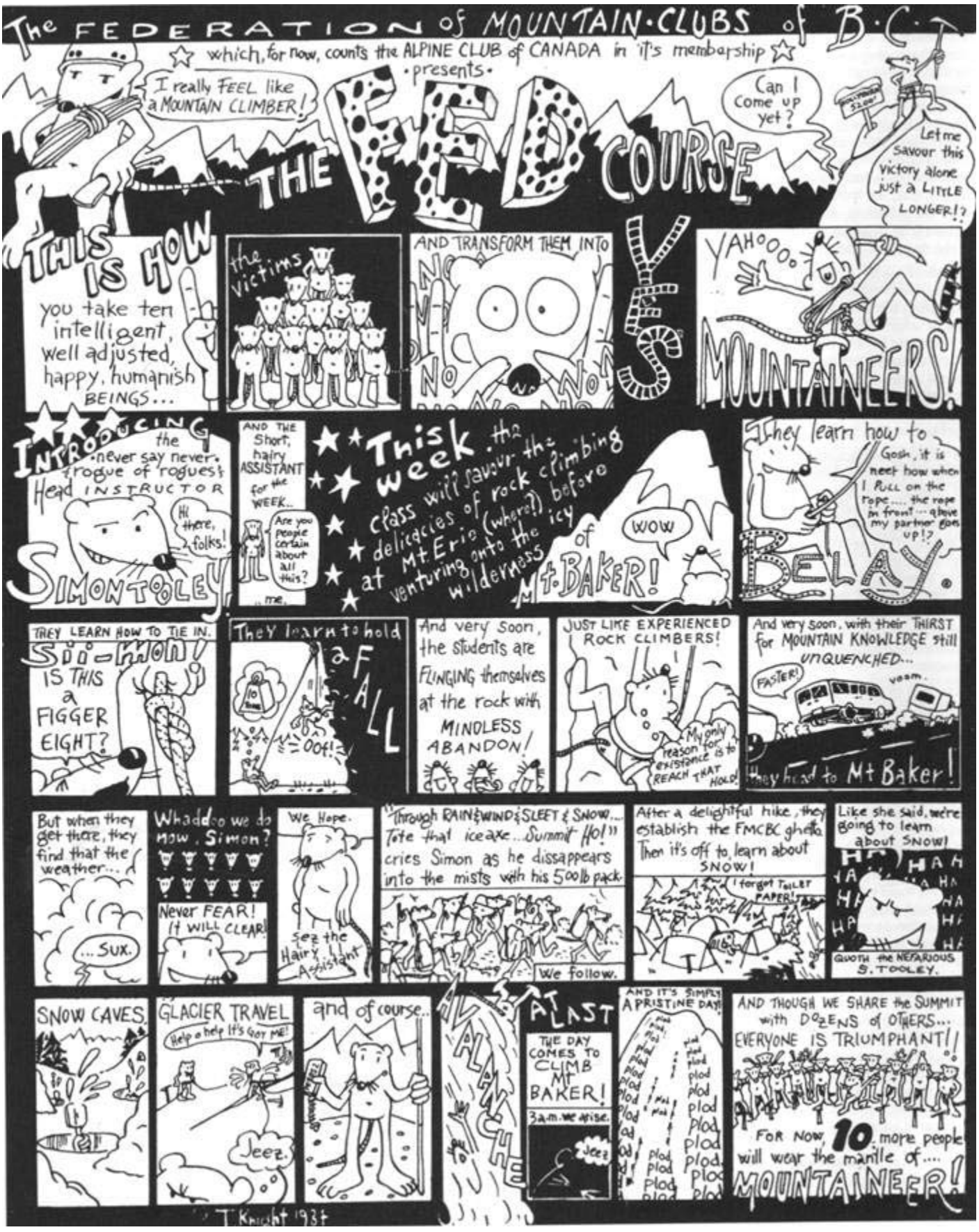
In three days we reached Plaza de Mulas, a tent city at 4200 m and base camp for the normal route on the north-west side. From here a trail leads nearly to the summit, the only problems being altitude and weather.

In fact the route is so easy many people fail or die because they go up too fast. It is an exercise in patience to go no faster than your body can cope. We take seven days from Plaza de Mulas to the summit. There are numerous camp sites but only two of the many huts are still of use to climbers. Views are tremendous, the sun sets defy description. Our summit day is clear, -20°C with about a 30 kph wind — excellent weather for Aconcagua. The final slope is, as warned, a panting, wheezing, gasping struggle for air on an unstable rock heap. But all is forgotten when we reach the top at 6960 m. Two days later we are back in Mendoza, having been away 14 days in all.

Rob Kelly

Participants: Greg Horne, Rob Kelly, Allan McDonald, Bernadette McDonald.

We greatly appreciated the financial assistance in the amount of $400 from the ACC expedition fund received by two members. A detailed report of the trip is on file with the Banff ACC office.


The FEDERATION of MOUNTAIN·CLUBS of B·C·
which, for now, counts the ALPINE CLUB of CANADA in it's membership
·presents·
THE FED COURSE
I really FEEL like a MOUNTAIN CLIMBER!
Can I come up yet?
Let me savour this victory alone just a LITTLE LONGER!?
THIS IS HOW
you take ten intelligent, well adjusted, happy, humanish BEINGS...
the victims
AND TRANSFORM THEM INTO
NO
NO
YES
YAHOOO
MOUNTAINEERS!
INTRODUCING the ·never say never· rogue of rogues Head INSTRUCTOR
SIMON TOOLEY
Hi there, folks!
AND THE Short, hairy ASSISTANT for the WEEK...
Are you people certain about all this?
me.
This week the class will savour the delicacies of rock climbing at Mt. Erie (where?) before venturing onto the icy wilderness of Mt. BAKER!
WOW
They learn how to
Gosh, it is neat how when I PULL on the rope.... the rope in front... above my partner goes up!?
BELAY.
THEY LEARN HOW TO TIE IN.
SII-MON! IS THIS a FIGGER EIGHT?
They learn to hold a FALL
10 kms
OOF!
And very soon, the students are FLINGING themselves at the rock with MINDLESS ABANDON!
JUST LIKE EXPERIENCED ROCK CLIMBERS!
My only reason for existance is to REACH THAT HOLD!
And very soon, with their THIRST for MOUNTAIN KNOWLEDGE still UNQUENCHED...
FASTER!
vroom.
They head to Mt Baker!
But when they get there, they find that the weather...
...SUX.
Whaddo we do now, Simon?
Never FEAR! It will CLEAR!
We Hope.
See the Hairy Assistant
"Through RAIN & WIND & SLEET & SNOW... Take that ice axe... Summit Ho!" cries Simon as he dissappears into the mists with his 500lb pack.
We follow.
After a delightful hike, they establish the FMCBC ghetto. Then it's off to learn about SNOW!
I forgot TOILET PAPER!
Like she said, we're going to learn about SNOW!
QUOTH the NEFARIOUS S. TOOLEY.
SNOW CAVES
GLACIER TRAVEL
Help a help It's GOT ME!
Jeez.
and of course...
AVALANCHE
AT LAST
THE DAY COMES TO CLIMB MT BAKER!
3 a.m. we arise.
Jeez
AND IT'S SIMPLY A PRISTINE DAY!
plod
AND THOUGH WE SHARE the SUMMIT with DOZENS of OTHERS... EVERYONE IS TRIUMPHANT!!
FOR NOW, 10 more people will wear the mantle of.... MOUNTAINEER!
T. Knight 1984