

**THE CANADIAN
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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.

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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 1 1/2 inch margin on the left-hand side, on 8 1/2 x 11 inch paper. Any corrections to a typewritten ms should be made in pencil. Please submit original copy, nor 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

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Veillez 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 l'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 annotés devraient l'indiquer au moment de les soumettre.

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The Traverse

The helicopter whirled by the peaks a final time and spiralled steeply down toward Fury Gap. Tensions and doubts welled up. Should we put down in the col? What if the weather didn't hold? How would we do on Serra V? Could we deal with these packs? The skids settled into the gloaming, sacks and boots hit the snow, the power came up, and we were on our own. Ahead lay the most magnificent string of peaks in the Coast Mtns, nine great summits of 11 and 12 and 13 thousand feet. We hefted the packs, settled them onto our backs, and started uphill.

The traverse of the Waddington Range had been the subject of speculation and the object of desire amongst Coasties for years and years. Several attempts to traverse the Serras at the eastern end had failed — Serra V always seemed very nearly insuperable. While the climbing problems were easier to cope with, almost attractive, from the west, access and the commitment of tackling the project from the far end was a deterrent — the prospect of getting to Serra IV or V after two or three days and of then getting caught in bad weather remains most unappealing. And now here we were, on our way, the weather fine, conditions excellent, plugging up the initial slopes of the north-west ridge on Waddington, full of fears and fire, committed!

The evening darkened into night, rock led to snow, crevasses loomed and disappeared, an arête led on into blackness, the boreal glow and sudden meteors shimmered and flickered overhead. That night I seemed to be travelling alone, barely aware of the others, getting used again to the kinesthetic pleasure of working muscles and the bite of crampons and the creak of the pack straps, communing with the spirits, a bit awe-struck, I suspect, by the enormity of where I was and what I was (we were) confronting. Somewhere nearby I sensed the spirit of the Mundays moving with me, up this great ridge that they had discovered and ascended so many years ago. I felt on hallowed ground, my feet in their steps, my senses absorbing their memories.

Four hours and most of the ridge disappeared. We found a snug spot in a flat little col and erected the tent. A very short two hours later Peter was brewing for brekkie — early travel is fast travel! Half an hour up the ridge we emerged into the sun as we wound down into the bowl at the base of the Angel Glacier. The snow was perfect, the morning air crystalline. Geddes, then Bell sank beneath us. The Klinakleen shone in the distance. A few more steps — the vast trench of the Tiedemann yawned below our toes — we sat and ate. Just a couple of hundred metres away the rocks of the summit tower warmed in the sun — how many times had I tried this mountain? We cramponned down to the 'schrund with nearly 2000 m of air beneath our heels, found a way around its end, and quickly crossed to the base of the Tooth. Shattered but firm rock led to the Notch. Greg and I sorted gear — Peter mumbled a few words and was gone — we stuffed the ropes and a handful of hardware into the packs and followed. A spray of ice crashed down, with Peter safely in the back of the chimney, then he was over the second chockstone and out of sight, moving up fast. We started the chimney, then traversed onto the dry blocky face to the right — I was starting to think "Maybe. Maybe this time." A ledge appeared. A gully opened around the corner. The rock suddenly started to get badly shattered and snow filled the depressions. We

Approaching the main summit of Combatant.
Note two climbers traversing ledge on sunlit face. Mt Monarch barely visible to north-west behind righthand skyline of north peak. Don Serl



moved out onto the righthand arête, opening the exposure onto the Tiedemann again, and suddenly, there it was: a stubby pyramid of snow, sky beyond, the top of the Coast! We grinned and chuckled and had a bite and took a few photos, then I lazed back and basked and basked and basked as close as I could comfortably get to that elusive top. Life could be no better!

The next morning we retraced our steps from the bivy site on the ridge to the Angel Glacier, then found a way through the crevasses and ran below the ice cliffs to reach Combatant col, relieved to have behind us the only really objectively dangerous section of the traverse. As the sun climbed, we crunched up the western slopes of Combatant and scrambled the ridge to the top of the north peak. There we passed four lazy hours (something about letting the sun go off the east face delayed us) making water in hollows in the slabs, eating huge amounts of our seemingly infinite food supply, sleeping, and trying to hide from the searing glare of the sun! Ah, the rigours of alpinism!

Our enforced rest over, we quickly topped the main summit, regained our packs in the notch between the summits, and descended snow slopes into "Chaos" col. The 'schrund at the base of the west face of Tiedemann was awkward, but once across it we found easy snow slopes and superb rock leading us reasonably easily to high on the mountain. In a scene that was to be repeated several times along the traverse, Peter tossed a rope down from above to belay us up one short difficult section and we scrambled to the top just as the sun blinked out in the western distance. Two surprisingly complicated hours farther along the ridge we found a pleasant flat prow and stopped.

A strong breeze pushed up the south face all night but it swept on upwards above us and left us comfortable in our bags until the first rays of the sun roused us. The relaxation dissipated quickly — the sky was pallid and layered and Greg was sick, curled in

Northern aspect of the Waddington Range.

The breadth of the view is 10 km. The northern faces of the Serras, Asperity, and Tiedemann fall 1400, 1590, and over 1600 m respectively to the flats of the Radiant Glacier below. 1 to 5 - Serra I to V, 6 - Asperity, 7 - Tiedemann, 8 - Combatant, 9 - Waddington, 10 - Radiant Glacier, 11 - Chaos Glacier, 12 - Angel Glacier. B1 to 4 - bivies. Don Serl.



an uncommunicative foetal ball, occasionally colouring the snow with gastric juices. He came around a bit and we coaxed some tea into him. Meanwhile Peter and I vigorously attacked the food

Superb cramponing high on the Angel Glacier.

Fury Gap lies at the base of the ridge (2/3 body length) directly above Greg Foweraker's head. Mt Bell dominates middle left distance, Sil-verthron stands highest on left horizon at back of Klinakleen Glacier. Don Serl.



stocks — we still had far too much along and eventually we abandoned a dozen or so Saimins and a couple of big bags of pasta that we just couldn't figure how to consume for breakfast. To add to the troubles the stove was starting to burn poorly. An earlier mix up had lost us some fuel so we had replenished with remainders from the King's hanger. Now this old fuel was clogging the stove and we were without a pricker. Repeated fiddling with a knife kept it running, albeit poorly, until we reached the hut.

Finally we got packed and set off slowly. Greg, while very low on energy initially, perked up rapidly as we down climbed and was displaying a reasonable appetite by the time we took a short break below Asperity. A fine snow arête, some solid scrambling, and a short belayed step flowed quickly past and we found ourselves on the summit by mid-morning, only two hours from the bivy. The big peaks were done — now for the Serras! Onward!

A clattering above jerked my head up! Two-thirds of the way down the ice slope skirted the glacial cliffs on the north-east side of Asperity — danger! A swarm of ice chunks spewed out of the mixed ground onto the snow. The biggest piece skipped and slid a couple times and then, its momentum building, flipped up on edge and started for me. It was immediately apparent... well, as my mind put it at the time, that "That fucker's got my number on it!" On it came, whirling fast, bouncing a bit, angling very gently across the grain of the slope, true on course. Would it deflect? Might it bounce over me? I took a good grip on the tools, crampons firmly set, eyes riveted, nowhere to run, waiting. Whir-r-r-l-l-l-ll- now! — body flung sideways — dull awareness of a great blow on the back of the forearm, eyes scanning fast for followers — number 2 spins by

to the left — duck the helmet against the ice to take the shards as the wave of pain crashes into the consciousness, buckling the knees and tearing a long deep groan out through the teeth. ... A couple of minutes pass, hunched on the slope. Breath rasps in and out, in and out. Raise the head — slowly straighten up — not broken — flex it — aaaahhh! Easy.. .this still has to work.. .still gotta get down. Voices! The others appear, angling in through the séracs. A few words, then down again, slowly, tentatively, in pain but in control. Find a way across the 'schrund and plug across to the rocks in the col, weary from aching and tension and adrenalin let down. Peter brews while Greg and I drift in and out, recuperating. An hour passes. . .two. . .

Mid-afternoon, time to go. The dullness of the sky was as strong a spur to action as the tower above us was a lure. We belayed the first pitch past an old fixed pin, then a second up and right through corners and ramps and walls with ice smeared everywhere but always with enough rock exposed for uncomplicated climbing. Peter ran out the third rope length up steep slabs and through a clean cut chimney on the arête while I brought Greg up. One final rope length to the exact summit and, 21 years after Dick and Glenn, we had the second ascent of the hardest peak in the Coast Mtns in the bag!

Their summit note, written late in the day as an impending storm broke, ends, "Now how the hell do we get down from here?" We were wondering a bit of the same sort of thing, as the eastern walls of Serra V drop vertiginously into the IV/V col. We scrambled down to the north-east and found a good block, then Peter set out into the unknown. He rapped into a little notch, scrambled out its far side, clipped a directional anchor into the ropes, and continued down the arête on the outside of the pinnacle which was formed by the rotten gullies that met at the notch. Nearly at full ropes, he found a fine incut ledge which was easily made quite comfy by tipping out a couple of big blocks. Anchors were hard to come by, but eventually a couple of pegs and a nut or so got placed and he disappeared downward again. A disturbingly long time later we heard his shout and slid down to the next stance, a horrible affair of loose blocks and plaques of mudstone vaguely attached to the cliff. While the story didn't come out until later, he looked pretty pale — his troubles with finding anchors had been preceded by having a flake snap off beneath his feet, penduluming him into a corner and momentarily causing him to lose control of the rap. We were all hurting.

While the anchor blocks seemed passably well wedged Peter said that everything had been expanding when he had tried a pin placement, and we were seriously worried that the wall below was so steep that the ropes would not touch back in. In that case, all Peter could do would be to prussik back up and we would tie both ropes together and abandon what we had to in order to get down. He disappeared over the lip below and we waited quietly. Cold winds gusted out of a steely sky. A hammer rang, echoing off the walls, then long silence descended again. Finally the ropes slacked and a shout drifted up from below. My turn.

I clipped in and started towards the lip a few metres below. As I poised at the edge, worried about knocking loose fragments down onto Pete, Greg stepped down onto the blocks which I had just vacated to ready himself to follow me. There was a grating as

the two big blocks lying under the ropes directly above me started to slide out from underneath his foot — my heart froze, the world stopped — the blocks wedged against each other and held — Greg oozed back onto a higher ledge — I gingerly tensioned the ropes off the blocks and moved to the side. We had a problem! The blocks would have to go, but where was Pete? Would they miss him? I started to climb back up to the anchor but within only a couple of moves I pulled another big block out of the wall above me and only just managed to hold it teetering in place while I stemmed hard to keep myself on the rock. This was beginning to seem a bit serious! Still, there was not much debate about the options. Greg tossed me the end of a prussik to clip myself off with and I worked the rap rig off the ropes. We shouted the tale down to Peter and had him tie himself off to the ropes and unclip back to just one carabiner attaching him to his stance so that he could pendulum out of the way as a last resort. Meanwhile Greg tied off both strands in case one got cut. Then, with hearts pounding, we tipped off the blocks, giving them as much of a shove out and left as we could in the hope of avoiding Pete. They hurtled down into the col below, exploding off our wall to smash themselves against the slope opposite. Peter remained safe on his ledge, his guts curdled by the sound of these passing monsters. We joined him, feet barely skimming the firma where we jabbered, jittered, and ate convulsively, the ancient animal in each of us unquenchable in hunger for life. It was quite some time before we calmed ourselves enough to notice, metaphysics imitating reality, that the evening sky was clear, limpid, and blue.

The final day of the trip was definitely an anti-climax after this paroxysm of danger. We had burned up some of our nervous energy by constructing a huge tent platform against the base of Serra IV, and consequently we slept long and soundly, secure, safe, out of reach of the wind and cold that haunted the col that night. In the morning we quickly popped up onto the fine blade of Serra IV's summit and then traversed the ridge to Serra 111. Our spectacular rappel off the summit took us to the easiest ground we had seen in sometime, but one more rappel further down was necessary before we reached the II/III col. At last we could leave our packs behind and the climb up the lovely walls and arête to the summit slabs was real pleasure. We regained the col then two long raps deposited us into the soft snow of the Tellot Glacier and to all intents and purposes the traverse (THE Traverse!) was over!

One little detail remained. Peter (by rock) and I (by ice) nipped up the north side of Serra I to ice the cake while Greg waited below. Perhaps he was pondering my earlier jesting question to him, "So, how do you like alpinism so far?" Judging from the smiles which lit our way down through the slope to the hut, I reckon we all had much the same answer.

Don Serl

The first traverse of the Waddington Range, 26 to 30 July 1985. Peter Croft, Greg Foweraker, and Don Serl.

The Long Haul

In October of '83 Mountain Magazine flashed a neon sign around the globe — a photo of the west face of Bhagirathi Parbat III. Dave Lane and I envisioned a world wide rush of application forms to the IMF. Bhagirathi just looked too good to be true with its 1300 m west pillar of ice and granite sticking out like a sore thumb.

West pillar is the centre line. Scott Flavelle



Dave following a pendulum. Scott Flavelle



The peak's beauty and inherent technical challenge epitomized for us the climb of all climbs. We wrote to India for permission and, on the third try, got it.

Ten soul selling months later we were camped in Nandanban meadows below the Bhagirathi peaks and across the Gangotri Glacier from the inspiring Shivling. It had been a three day bus ride and two day walk to get here from New Delhi. On the journey in we heard that a Spanish party had probably climbed the west pillar two months previous. It sounded suspiciously like the route we had in mind. This news dampened our spirits for the rest of the journey in. We'd dreamt of a new route, treading where no one had been before, facing the total unknown. Now we knew one thing; it was not impossible.

As we approached base camp we talked of other route possibilities but when we rounded a bend and caught our first glimpse of Bhagirathi's west pillar all those thoughts vanished. This was a beaut. It didn't matter how many times it had been done before. Being on the obvious line on a magnificent mountain was all that mattered now. If there was any detraction in the route's appeal it was only the fact that we knew the one thing about it.

After eleven days around base camp, ferrying loads, acclimatizing, and resting we were ready to go for it. We got off to a good start the first day, making 300 m on ice and rock, but at dark logistics overwhelmed us, forcing a hanging bivouac midway through a hauling/jummaring routine. The second day was a low point in psyche. During the second pitch I was aiding a hairline crack that looked as if it led directly to good cracks a pitch above. As this thin crack became a seam I had to leapfrog tied off knifeblades. Rurps would have been nice but our mountaineering attitudes hadn't considered bringing them. Eventually the knifeblades were tearing and I couldn't hammer them in anymore. I had to find an alternative; a pendulum was my only choice. Well, the rumours were true, the Spanish had been here. I swung to a bolt. I hadn't been on the bolt long before I was careening back the way I'd come. The bolt had broken. So with hook in hand I swung back to the vicinity of the bolt and caught a little flake. I was released to the crack above. At the belay it was again time for a bivouac. With the portable ledge crammed into a tiny dihedral we tried not to think about the poor progress on only day two. We had ten days of food and fuel and at this rate would get half-way up. We were cheered by the thought of the larger looking cracks above — they'd take mainly Friends and that would speed us up a lot.

On the third day we reached the wider cracks. I tried a bit of free climbing but at 5500 m found it so exhausting I had to rest on pro every 3 m anyway. The easiest and most efficient method was to aid, with a steady, methodical pace. That night we reached the first snow terrace, our one-third mark. We had assumed the two obvious snow terraces were good ledges but this one was 60 degree ice so we had our third hanging bivy and it looked as though that was all we were ever going to get. I kept thanking Dave for making the ledge as it wasn't until one week before we left Canada that we decided we'd probably use one if we had one. It became our sanctuary. Once we zipped the vertical world outside it was like a familiar bed.

The aid climbing continued for another 500 m to the ice smears. The crux was the second to the last all rock pitch — a slightly overhanging awkward to nail corner with a few tenuous expanding flakes to get started. Our sixth night was spent at its end. We had a feeling that freedom was just around the corner, meaning the ice was about to begin. Perhaps we'd soon be motoring. Well we made six pitches that day and our fears of the rotten black shale band were unfounded as the overlying ice was an absolute joy — it had the consistency of styrofoam. The only problem was finding bombproof anchors for our three haulbags, the porta-ledge, and for the second to jumar on. It meant equalizing as many as eight different points. This took a lot of time and we soon tired of Yosemite style hauling and jummaring antics. That night we sorted and stashed all our unnecessary gear to be picked up on the way down. This committed us to rapping the route. However both the Spanish and the Scots from their route had harrowing descents

down the north ridge. That didn't appeal and we also didn't want to throw all our valuable equipment off or abandon it because we couldn't carry it all down an epic ridge.

On the eighth day we finished the mixed ground by mid-afternoon. With only another 300 m to go to the summit I was extremely antsy to go there right away. But it was late, the weather was perfect and Dave was right — we could enjoy a more relaxed and safer summit day the next day. So we had the afternoon off, beginning at the time the sun finally hit the face. We lounged about on our porta-ledge, pinned to the summit slopes of a huge wall somewhere in the Himalaya. It was bizarre and spectacular, a wonderful place to be. While enjoying the view Dave tried to convince me to do a family expedition to Hawaii. There we could go really lightweight — just one pair of shorts and 12 T-shirts.

On the morning of the ninth day we did a few more ice leads before stepping onto the relatively flat summit ridge. We enjoyed the new movements we could make, like walking without using our arms. And we could now see 365 degrees instead of just 180. The summit was anti-climactic, though cold and windy, and we couldn't look down the east side due to the cornices. In a sense our summit high was the day before when we had all the afternoon to contemplate our position in our surroundings, comfortable that success was imminent. The rappelling was uneventful. We threw one haul bag off with a belay seat parachute and we each hung a bag off our brake systems. It worked well and we had good anchors all the way down and just one more bivouac. We were relieved and happy to get down and finally untie from our vertical world. Now it was time to pick up our scattered belongings and head for home.

Scott Flavelle

West pillar of Bhagirathi Parbatt III, 6454m, Gangotri Group, Garhwal Himalaya, India. First alpine style ascent. Scott Flavelle and Dave Lane. 23 September to 1 October 1984. The expedition received a \$350 grant from the ACC expedition fund.

Beyond Kingcome Inlet

There's land where the mountains are nameless, And the rivers all run God knows where.

Robert W Service, *The Spell of the Yukon*.

Robert Service's description of the Yukon could well be applied to our destination in July of the perfect summer of 1985. All year John Baldwin and I talked about the terrain between Kingcome River and Knight Inlet, 180 miles north-west of Vancouver. Much of the country traversed is visible on the left side of the photo in CAJ 1983:29. On 17 July we drove up to Port McNeill on Vancouver Island, loaded up a Beaver aircraft, and took off. Beyond Malcolm Island the expanse of Queen Charlotte Strait gave way to the labyrinth of inlets and lagoons on Broughton Island. Then came the chalky grey glacial waters of Wakeman Sound and Kingcome Inlet. We placed two air drops on high snowfields along the intended route, the second from 1000 ft. We wondered if the food pulverized on impact. The plane then floated down through thick summer air to the shimmering green floor of the Kingcome valley and landed on the river beside the logging camp. Horseflies moved

in as we unloaded the packs and paid the pilot. The camp was dead quiet with the loggers on the early shift because of the heat. We found four fellows who were quite surprised at the appearance of a couple of tourists. After a chat and some advice about the merits of "coming to this place on your holidays" they told us to find Sam the super. We tracked him down and he immediately gave us bunks and invited us to supper and breakfast. After supper we all sat out by the river, drinking, swatting flies, and talking about the surrounding country. Al Halliday dropped by and we had a grand talk about the ranch at the inlet head which has been in his family since 1894. There was a big island in the river just across from us and John and I stared in disbelief when a 2000 lb black bull came out of the forest and ambled down to the river's edge. Al told us he had sold 25 cattle five years ago and the new owner put them on the island. They've been surviving wild and fighting off grizzlies and wolves ever since.

In the morning, after a logger's breakfast, Sam drove us up the road telling us about the good old days and how these "new young ones just don't cut it". Soon we were packing up the grown over road through thick, heavy valley fog. We forded the river and burrowed through thick bush to the road bed on the north side. The valley fog burnt off, revealing powerful sun bathed walls above the main forks of the Atlatzi. The first air drop was only two miles behind these forks but our winding route would take us four days to get there. Leaving the road we clambered through a bit of slash and on into deep woods. Just before dark we found the only trickle of water on the entire sidehill and hacked a tent platform out of the steep slope. The flies had their supper first — then we had ours cocooned in the tent.

After morning porridge we tramped up through cool shadowy forest and into the sunny alpine where a noisy little creek charged down through the heather. Hot packing in perfect weather. A family of goats raced off when they saw us just below the col. We lunched behind some shade trees, left the packs, and took a line towards the 6500 ft peak nearby. On the col there was a goat sitting in the snow, faced almost away from us, and flapping his ears for the flies. While we crept up quietly to get a picture he turned his head, saw us, ran up the snow ridge, and disappeared. We ran after him and found that he'd jumped off a 30 ft escarpment, landed on snow, and ran in a panic for the valley. Despite its height of only 6500 ft, the peak had commanding views because of its isolated location. Back at the col we sought out camp 2 on snow and in the windiest spot, just to keep cool for the night.

Another perfect morning. We packed north-east over snowy ridges that hadn't frozen last night. A lake to the north, sunk in a shady hollow at 4000 ft, was still completely frozen from last winter. The views kept our minds from the heat and the packs and we put camp 3 early in a field of sun cups just west of two alpine lakes. We fiddled away the afternoon with laundry, spaghetti, putting pine tar on boots, and just gazing around.

Off early, we climbed east to a 6800 ft peaklet that afforded views south and east into the fabulous tangle of peaks and snowfields where we'd be in a few days. We dropped north down a lovely snow ridge and up toward the 7100 ft peaks, a ptarmigan leading the way for awhile. The north-easterly of the two peaks is a nice rock scramble and from the top we couldn't take our eyes off



the big 7900 ft peak to the east. Back at the tent we had lunch and a snooze before breaking camp. Half-way along the heavily striated ridge to the south we spotted a small heathery meadow, complete with tarn, perched on the edge of a 600 ft cliff. Farther along we could see Kingcome Inlet on the right and the deep improbable green of the wild upper Satsalla tributaries on the left. Soon we were rounding up the parcels of the first air drop and carrying them up to the ridge crest to place the tent on a smooth level granite slab. Thick clouds blotted out the sun while we repacked burst bags and wiped up butter that had spread through everything on impact. It rained during the night but in the morning we were in the clear, sandwiched between two layers of cloud. The ranch, the logging camp, and the Indian village lay somewhere under a fleecy sea of fog. I made rice pudding for breakfast and John cached the extra food and gas in the rocks near the tent. After starting up the ridge a raven circled and croaked, then lazily spiralled down till the musical beat of his wings was audible. John returned the call — the bird floated close by, did a few rolls, and started a long glide toward the inlet. It was beautiful travelling over the next few bumptlets — I had a bath in a tarn on the ridge crest. Then we dropped down to an easy level granite ridge where a heavy drenching mist closed in. A long climb in the grey ended on a summit snow ridge. Where to camp? We groped left and dumped the tent on the first reasonable spot (camp 5). Inside we snoozed through an afternoon of cloud and cool drizzle. Waking up we looked at the maps for a while, melted ice wormy snow, and got busy with the serious business of oxtail soup and curried shrimp dinner.

In the morning (23 July) we napped after porridge till it brightened up enough to go for the 7400 ft peak nearby. Clouds floated around everywhere as we dropped down on snow and climbed up to finish the peak on a fast blocky ridge. The summit is incredible, surrounded by the loneliest upper tributaries of the Satsalla, Atlatzi, and McMyn Rivers. The north-east face supports a fantastically broken glacier contrasting powerfully with the deep

green basin of big timber to the north. Although it socked in back at camp we packed up and probed down a ridge, promptly getting confused in the fog. The compass helped out and we continued to the 6000 ft col where we peered down into the upper Atlatzi valley. Water sheened walls rose out of green sunlit forests sunken in the depths of this remote tributary. An eagle wheeled overhead as we dropped north onto a flat walled-in névé. After crossing it on sun cups we glissaded and slithered down the north edge of the glacier, hopping some crevasses and using bridges on others. Near the snout a handy snow ramp led over to some steep meadow where we dropped the packs and nosed around for a tent site. After a search through much lumpy heather we got the tent up and the stove going (camp 6). This was certainly one of the most wildly beautiful camp sites either of us had been in. It seems no amount of map and air photo studying prepares you for many of the surprise beauty spots. Clouds poured over the ridge tops to the south and dissolved among the little shelf glaciers on the face below. The heather around the tent was in bloom and beyond it the glacier snout was broken and blue. Waterfalls completed the scene of absolute isolation.

It was a pleasant morning with a cool breeze blowing loose clouds around the peaks. On the long snow climb ahead we couldn't stop taking photos of the hopelessly rugged McMyn valley. Past the first bump at 6000 ft the ridge dropped to a lovely col with a tarn and a heathery carpet festooned with goat wool. On the higher 6800 ft col beyond we dropped the packs and climbed two humble 7000 ft peaklets nearby. On the higher westerly one we found an animal track that must have been a wolf or lynx. We packed across a hot flat névé and noticed a compact range of low rugged rock peaks far down Galley Creek and wondered when somebody might go in there. After starting up the snow of the 7900 ft peak we put camp 7 in a sunny snow hollow at 6800 ft then loafed around cooking and drying boots. Later a half moon put a cold steely glaze on the cupped snow around the tent.

Headwall of the valley south-west of camp 10. John Clarke



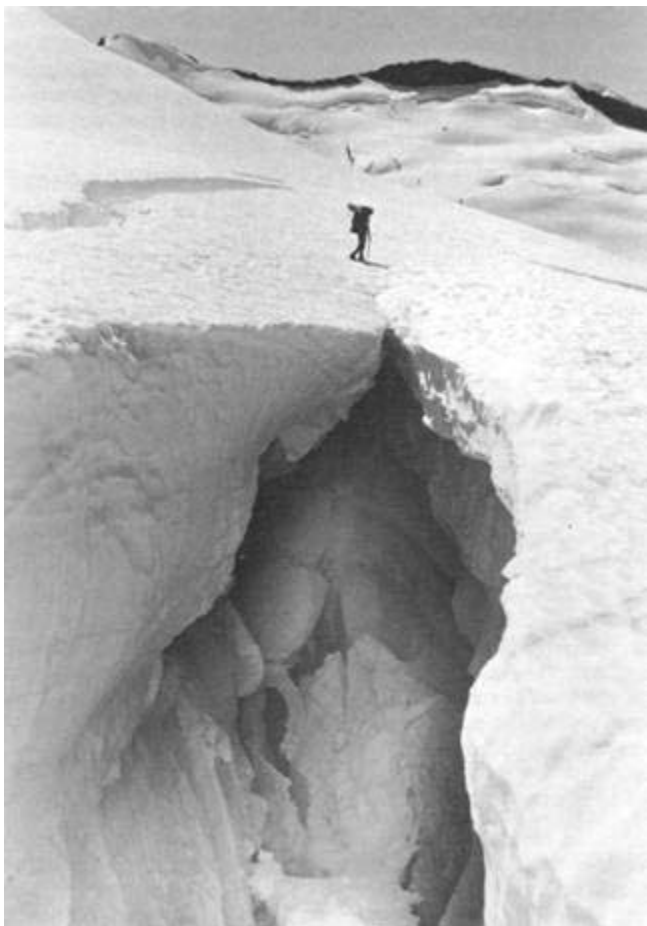
Looking south-east from Pk 7900 ft just north of camp 7, upper Galley Creek on left. John Clarke



Icefalls about a mile north-west of Klinaklini Peak. John Clarke



Along the route between camps 7 and 8. John Clarke



Looking down into the eastern tributary of the Sim River, south of Wahshihlas Peak. John Clarke



In the morning John made porridge and we put on crampons for the climb up the 7900 ft peak. It was cold and windy but very pleasant as all the valleys and ocean were under fog. A waterfall in upper Galley Creek dissolved into mist half-way down a 1000 ft face. The gentle summit was a supreme view point. The Whitemantle Range was clear but the best views were toward the south-west where hundreds of nameless little peaks and glaciers held watch over the fog covered ocean. After building a cairn we cramponed down to camp, packed up, and skirted crevasses to reach a col at 7000 ft on the west ridge of the mountain. From here we contoured on to reach the north ridge of the 7600 ft west peaklet of the massif. After a side trip into a crevasse to recover my camera case we plunge stepped down to the névé and had lunch.



where I had camped in 1973. Because it is ringed with icefalls, hanging glaciers, and waterfalls, the valley bottom is plugged with ice avalanche debris. A chaotically crevassed valley glacier spews out of a constricted southern tributary and, despite the map, ends down at 3300 ft. Later the fabulous icefalls on the north side of Wahshihlas Peak formed a backdrop to our route finding through crevasses and toppling séracs. Crossing a well crevassed bench leading to the 6200 ft col two miles north-west of Klinaklini peak we ran into a maze of crevasses with no way through. Confused goats had left tracks all over the place so I did a short recce higher up where it was worse. The goats had tried that too! Finally John jumped across one crevasse, belayed, and we sent the packs across on the rope. From there it was clear sailing all the way to the col. When I shuffled up the last gentle slope the stove was purring away inside the camp 9 tent. Behind the great ice faces of Klinaklini Peak crept down into the valley shadow. Spaghetti dinner, a gold sunset, sleep.

In the morning we cached some food in nearby rocks and slithered east down 1600 ft to the glacier. At the bottom we threaded through surface streams, snow swamps, and patches of bare ice then continued east up a steep crumbly moraine to emerge onto a boulder strewn heather garden with clumps of small trees that framed the icefalls behind. Peaks 8900 and 8700 ft climbed last year were visible behind the Klinaklini Glacier's winding trunk. A long climb led first through steep trees then moraine and finally a high glacier. The col beyond gave a chance to take in the new view of the lower Klinaklini valley and the Waddington Range. Dropping down east a little we followed a high bench, on the glacier to the south-east, that led to a tiny meadow perched on a promontory on a ridge. This was the last high view of the traverse. Camp 10 was in meadow at 4700 ft — the flies had been expecting us. From camp the valley to the south was a grand scene as one glacier comes down to 3500 ft despite most of its névé being below 7000 ft. The fluted face south of the valley head has little hanging shelf glaciers piled on every available ledge. A full moon completed the scene after dark.

Lazy morning. Porridge. Tired. Very tired. Mosquitoes staring through the mesh. They know you have to come outside eventually. Down into the shadowy timber. Blueberry bushes stirring in a breeze. Lower down we ran into orange tape on the trees — then a loud air horn. It was a surprised group of timber cruisers who thought they'd heard a bear. After the drive down the valley we scouted around looking for the cookhouse to put the reputation of logging camps for hospitality to the test.

John Clarke

A Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The St Elias

Deep in the south-east corner of the St Elias Mtns lies 13,900ft Mt Kennedy. From the south it appears as a minor bump on the huge glacial shrouded massif it shares with Mts Hubbard and Alverstone. But when viewed from the north Mt Kennedy soars up as a classic ice hung pyramid. Its massive northern wall is bisected by a perfect ridge — 6000 ft of snow, ice, and shimmering granite.

My friends Russ Turner and Paul Berntsen succumbed to the lure and concocted a wild scheme for approaching this ridge. Ostensibly in the interest of keeping costs to a minimum (affordable), the plan consisted of hopping ferries up the coast from Vancouver to Haines, Alaska, then begging a ride 140 miles across the border to Haines Junction in the Yukon. From there a raft and kayak would carry us down the Alsek River to the toe of the Lowell Glacier which, despite its recent spate of surging, would be ascended to the base of Mt Kennedy. After a successful alpine style ascent of the north ridge (it had been seiged previously in 1967 and 1977), a leisurely ski out the Kaskawulsh Glacier (south arm) and Slims River would see us back to civilization. For added uncertainty we would then hitch-hike with all our junk to Whitehorse to pick up an old Outward Bound crummy, complete with 25 ft war canoe strapped on the roof, for delivery to Vancouver. A Berntsen scheme if ever there was one.

Paul provided us with a unique perspective on the venture, having travelled the Alsek and Tatshenshini Rivers before. Between his two trips, one of which was accomplished with a slung arm and mending leg, the river has claimed three canoes, one five horse outboard, 15 gallons of fuel, and nearly everything else at a nasty spot. He also tried bumming a ride on the ferry. It worked no problem until his ride took one look at his massive pile of oars, fuel cans, engine etc, and drove off without him! In pursuit of life Paul has jumped trains across Canada, chased dickie birds across the high arctic tundra, climbed El Cap's Shield in a November

blizzard, paddled rivers all over, and felled trees up and down the coast to finance the way. Paul is having fun only if the outcome is in serious doubt.

Russ, on the other hand, I couldn't quite figure out. I had always known him for his great sense of humour, an easy going outlook on life, and a certain predilection for billiards. His thoroughly civil and pleasant manner has earned him the title Politeness Man from his friends. All these qualities add up to an amiable companion but he never seemed particularly inclined toward testing his limits in the world of climbing. He was always content to go cruise some sun drenched granite, preferably in southern California, and end the day with a few beers in the bar by the pool table. Last year in the Waddington Range our few fine weather days would invariably find Russ outside Club Wadd hustling a poker game, complete with music, wine, and hors-d'oeuvres, or perhaps poetically reminiscing on his last encounter with some really find Kona bud. "An odd one for a grueling slog," I thought, little realizing that beneath this facade there lurked a smelly, hairy, obsessed, 5.11 northwand lunatic of the lowest order, and all it took was a little cold turkey to reveal the true Russ Turner.

And me? I'm just another raggy-assed, no-account climber, out to cause trouble (as we soon shall see).

Thus we three disembarked from the "scourge of Surrey" to spend a couple of days in Prince Rupert. Our arrival coincided with a miraculous break in the otherwise unending rain and cloud that shrouds this fair town. Direct exposure to sunlight had an euphoric effect upon our local friends and we were treated to some true hospitality, Rupert style. What a place I tell you. All the buildings are on 20 foot pilings so they won't sink into the muskeg. When our friend Dave bought his house a year ago there was an old engine block sitting out in his back yard. It has long since sunk into oblivion. If you dare to step off the board walks covering his yard the ground quakes like jelly beneath your feet. Between this and socializing at the dump we were soon laughing hilariously over a crude array of Rupert jokes like a bunch of rude tourists. Too late we notice Dave isn't laughing. Sorry Dave.

As the clouds and drizzle returned to Rupert we carried our stuff aboard the Alaska state ferry, Takku. While bivouacked on the upper sundeck we met some other North to Alaska types all happy and eager for a summer of midnight sun. Upon hearing our plans they suggested that their various vehicles could withstand some serious stuffing with rafts, skiis, food boxes, oars, etc and we happily obliged, grateful that our first crux was only imagined. We all drove off, one big happy family, and roared away across the cold arctic moonscape to Haines Junction.

We awoke to a couple of problems. A late spring had left the Dezadeash River (it becomes the Alsek lower down) a bit iced up. It didn't look so bad as far as we could see (about 100 yards) but we could only speculate as to the rest so deemed it all navigable to avoid mind strain. The second and more serious problem was our icy reception from Lloyd Freese, the chief Kluane Park warden. He seemed a bit at a loss at our unexpected arrival. In fact he actually expected three months prior notice! Little was discussed at first but while I was off delivering our air drop Lloyd returned with a vengeance. "Your tent isn't a North Face? It'll never last and

neither will this flimsy shovel and who do you guys think you are coming up here, bumming rides, free air drop. ..." Lloyd's sidekick ranger Rick busied himself pointing out vital flaws in our solid aluminum sleds. It seemed we were deserving of more than the usual Park welcome. Somehow Russ and Paul calmed them down and negotiated a tense treaty. Lloyd insisted that we fly our raft and kayak out rather than burn them as planned. Already on a tight budget, this would have sunk us, but the local helicopter pilot, Doug Makkonen, kindly offered to fly them out for us if he could keep them. So, after swearing solemnly to be good boys (cross your fingers) and fix no ropes, Lloyd waved his bureaucratic wand and we were free at last to enter the magic kingdom.

We assembled our raft beside the highway, constructing a rowing frame for the oars with scrounged lumber and wire. After loading her to the gills we went for one more hamburger then breathlessly ran back, cast off, and were away. A beautiful day. The current flows vigorously and we dodge the odd ice floe, a portent of things to come. Occasionally we float quietly downstream towards a towering bull moose standing nonplussed, belly deep in the icy current, eyeballing us with a perplexed stare before turning tail and crashing to shore. Towards evening the dreaded head winds kicked up, to remain with us for the duration of our river travels. In the morning we beat the wind with an early start but before long a diminished current and increasing wind reduced us to frigid towing. Lots of lovely knee deep wading ensued, along invisible sandbars and into the occasional bottomless pit. In the Kaskawulsh flood plain (where the Kaskawulsh joins the Alsek) the current finally picked up and swept us into increasingly wild surroundings. Great sheets of ice hung cantilevered out over the banks, periodically breaking off to form lurching icebergs. We had hoped to reach the end of the Kaskawulsh braids that day but as the river started to braid the choice of channels became more complex and repellent. With little warning our chosen channel closed in with rotting ice bridges, forcing Russ and me to park the raft up against an ice floe. While I rapidly unloaded Russ held the raft with ebbing strength. Fortunately I settled the matter by fracturing off an enormous slab of ice while trying to anchor the raft with an ice axe, dropping myself and all our gear down onto a sandbar. This formed a nice little ramp to pull the raft upon. After waiting for the pitter patter of little hearts to slow down we transferred over to a large island that Paul had pulled upon and surveyed our situation. We were on an ice covered sandbar, undermined by channels and surrounded by the hungry current, relentlessly gnawing away at the fringes of the ice. Periodic collapses, punctuated by huge roaring splashes, looked for all the world like whales playing in the arctic ice pack. Our adrenalin stoked brains wanted out but a roped up reconnaissance convinced us to wait until the river level dropped in the morning. We picked a sandbar supported section of ice for our home and spent the night listening to our world collapsing around us. In the wee hours of the morn a bloody great enormous crash shook us from our fitful slumber. Nothing catastrophic followed so we fell back to sleep. Later we could only manage a nervous shriek when we saw the collapse — three feet from the tent!

We ferried cautiously over to the mainland for breakfast then sledged all our stuff down to the narrows at the end of the braids only to confront a massive ice jam. We sat and scratched our heads for a bit then suddenly the jam kicked out in spectacular fashion allowing us to play dodge-berg again and so finally escape the

Kaskawulsh flood-plain. That night we polished off our rum and slept with a glow on to keep us warm.

In the morning we proceeded nervously downstream, sending Paul ahead on scouting missions in the more manoeuvrable kayak. Before long the eternal wind picked up so fiercely we pulled up early. As we brewed up Doug Makkonen stopped by for a visit in his TNT Bell 206. One thing led to another and soon we were all zooming downstream for a little reconnaissance. Both the river and the Lowell Glacier looked appalling but with a 30 knot tail wind we enjoyed a rocketing ride back to camp. After bidding Doug adieu we pondered over our maps and routes and determined to traverse over a 8000 ft pass into the Dusty River valley and up the Dusty Glacier to our air drop on the upper Lowell Glacier, thus bypassing the gruelling terrain we had just witnessed.

After bundling up the raft and kayak for Doug we sledded our gear up and over Marble Pass in two days. As we crested the pass we cleared out of blowing snow and whiteout to view the friendly Dusty Glacier and high distant mountains. The remaining miles to Kennedy passed by with few surprises and clear blue skies. Slowly we left behind the emerging life of the river valleys and skied deeper into the world of ice, rock, and sky.

On day ten we collected our air drop and rolled to a stop under Mt Kennedy. We enjoyed a couple of days sorting gear and catching up on our sunburns, gradually warming to the idea of climbing. A small 9000 ft peak with a nice fluted north face caught our eye. Early next morning we sat on its summit, munching second breakfast and gazing at Kennedy's north ridge with mounting alarm. "Hmm, looks like a rock band there.. uh." "Yep, sure does.. .hmm." "Say you guys I don't know about this — sure looks harder than I thought it was gonna be — what do you guys think — looks pretty hard?" "Boy oh boy I dunno. ..." "Ah.. . Hmm."

We reasoned that we were looking at it face on, so early next day we threw together some food, fuel, and gear and skied up to a camp right under the ridge. We lounged through the afternoon sorting food, sharpening ice tools, and relaxing. Soaking in energy for the days ahead. As the sun lowered in the west and highlit the subtleties of the buttress above we could at last trace a line through the amorphous rock band.

Sometime in the early morning hours a thunderous roar, louder than the usual lot, draws Paul and me to the tent door. Away up above a billowing mass of snow and ice has separated from Kennedy's summit séracs and is steam rolling down the north-west flank, pulsing and glowing in the cold dawn light. We watch, wide eyes, until it hits the glacier a kilometre away, then close the door and huddle back into our bags. Moments later the tent rattles with the wind blasted snow.

A few hours later we're pulling over the 'schrund, collapsing the sugar wall beneath our flailing feet. All day we move together up moderate slopes, interrupted by a beautiful ice pitch and some easy mixed pitches. Towards evening we chop out a snow arête for a bivouac and spend the evening brewing up and admiring the view down to our lonely little tent on the glacier. In the morning Paul leads five pitches up a neat little névé field, belaying with bomb proof axe shafts for anchors. His last pitch leads precariously over

ice and mixed ground to the base of the rock band. Continuously scrappy mixed climbing, with uncomfortable semi-hanging stances, weaves through the rock band. Near the top the rock becomes more steep and compact, inducing some oddball manoeuvres in the race against darkness. Finally, tired but elated, we haul up onto the northeast face hanging glacier at 11 pm and crash in the 'schrund. In the morning a fallen barometer and high streaming clouds hint at a change in the weather. We carry on with day packs, mostly third classing, until we are looking up the 50 degree snow gully leading to the summit ridge. Here it becomes clear that if we continue on to the beckoning summit we will be caught high on the mountain by the approaching storm with somewhat limited supplies and some loaded slopes to descend when or if the storm eventually clears. It would be great to stand on the summit but we're just too strung out to risk one of those week long howlers the St Elias is famous for. All three of us had been dreading the prospects of descending the ridge so from our bivouac site we traverse off across the steep hanging glacier to the east ridge col. From there a windy traverse of a minor 11,500 ft peak leads to a steep plunge down its north ridge into the rising clouds on the Kennedy Glacier.

We awoke two days later to a freshly plastered Mt Kennedy outside the door, quickly shedding its load in the bright new sunshine. While the clouds blew off to wherever clouds go we oozed our way back to base. As we were boozeless we indulged in our ample food stores to celebrate, indulgence leading quickly to excess. Recharged we tore down our fetid camp and skied up to the head of the Kaskawulsh Glacier (south arm). With each passing mile the terrain became more unco-operative. This nasty trend reached a peak at the glacier snout where huge mud covered ice ridges and icy torrents cut us off from gentle, flower covered gravel bars a mere stone's throw away. A miserable spot but, lucky once again, we fluked out of a gruelling march way back and around by a curious natural stream diversion and once again enjoyed the sights, sounds, and smells of terra firma. After a relaxing day of pancakes, coffee, and demerols we journey for a further two days through river and bog to crawl up onto the Alaska Highway and greet civilization in the form of great white motorhomes thundering by.

Despite all our efforts they still thundered by, complete with disdainful stares. But now that I think back, perhaps we did look a bit like wolverines, slavering over a mound of refuse and ready to lunge for the nearest tire. After a few hours, Russ and I, bored, wandered off in opposite directions, leaving Paul in control. I looked around in time to see an old Chevy pickup, the cab jammed full with an Indian family, trundle to a stop. After Paul threw all the packs in the back, he tried to explain, both arms pointing up and down the road, about his errant friends. They managed half the story and soon rattled to a stop beside me. "Thanks for stopping. Uh, there's a friend of mine a mile or so back the other way. Do you think you could go get him?" They looked at me sceptically then shrugged an OK (crazy whiteman), turned her around, and back we went. When we found Russ he was standing there, grinning, with two new friends replete with packs. "Hey, thanks for the ride! Do you think my friends. ..?" By now the people up front were rolling with laughter (crazy, stinky whitemen!) so Russ and the two hikers joined Paul and me in the back and before long we rolled into Haines Junction and it was all over — or was it?

Bruce Kay

PT 9500ft (FS1396), first ascent via north face (Floydwand). Attempt on north ridge Mt Kennedy. Paul Berntsen, Bruce Kay, Russ Turner.

Paul filmed the whole thing and has been busily going crazy down at the National Film Board ever since. Keep your eyes peeled for Les Misérables Abroad coming to your neighbourhood soon.

The Ramparts: A Noble Range

The classic view, my first up close of the Ramparts from Amethyst Lakes, was far from disappointing. Standing in a meadow near the outlet of the lakes on a dull September morning, the clouds suddenly parted to reveal a sweeping wall of endless buttresses, ridges, walls, and gullies. As we stood there and gaped the sun broke through and its light slowly crept down the crags, unmasking every crest and cranny. Quickly as the scene had opened, a curtain of mist moved in to screen the marvelous vision. A light rain began to fall as we moved off. I gazed back often, hoping for another glimpse. Since that day I have been fortunate to see much more of this noble range, under varied conditions. During each sojourn I am as enthralled as the last, craving to see more.

The Ramparts, 25 km south-west of Jasper, straddle the Continental Divide, lying partly in Jasper National Park and partly in Mt Robson Provincial Park. It is hard to define exactly where they begin or end, so in essence we will consider the Rampart/ Fraser groups as one range, rising north of the Whirlpool River and extending northwestwards for approximately 30 km.

The south-east line of peaks, west of the Eremite valley, rise in the angle of Simon Creek and the Whirlpool River and culminate in the centre of the group with glacier hung Mt Fraser, which consists of three prominent peaks, namely Bennington, McDonnell, and Simon, at 3322 m the highest point in the range. The most prominent point on this line of peaks south of Mt Fraser is Mt Erebus (3119 m).

From the summit of Paragon

Looking south-west to Parapet in foreground, Bennington at left, McDonnell behind Parapet, and Simon at right. Glen Boles



Turret and Bastion as seen from the Geikie Creek valley below the Bennington Glacier. Glen Boles



Climbers near the summit of McDonnell Peak. Glen Boles



Looking south from near the warden station east of Amethyst Lakes towards the Eremite valley and the line of peaks which stretch south-east towards the Whirlpool River. From the left: Angle, Alcove, Anchorite, Eremite, and Outpost. Glen Boles



Looking west-north-west from the Clitheroe/Maccarib col
Across the north end of Amethyst Lakes at the north-west end of the Ramparts. Low squat peak at left centre is Drawbridge. Beyond are Bastion,
Turret, Geikie, and Barbican. Glen Boles



The foreshortened north face of Mt Geikie from below. Glen Boles

Looking from the Geikie meadows at south side of Barbican Peak. Glen Boles



The east faces, from left, of Oubliette (first climbed in 1962 by Beckey, Greenwood, and Gordon), Dungeon, and Redoubt. Glen Boles



Looking north-west from summit of Paragon towards Mt Geikie and, to its right, Turret; below the snout of Bennington Glacier and Geikie Creek; Mt Robson in distance at upper right. Glen Boles



A lower line of peaks on the west side of the range, virtually untouched except for their first ascents, begin at Beacon Lake northeast of Fraser Pass, and extend north-north-westwards to stop abruptly at Geikie Creek, north and west of Simon Peak. A short ridge stretches north-west from Simon Peak, crowned by two very striking peaks, Casemate and Postern, hidden snugly from view in almost every direction.

The main spine of the Ramparts is supremely spectacular, sweeping north-west from Mt Fraser, rising above the great expanse of meadows surrounding Amethyst and Moat Lakes. After Parapet and Paragon the next three and probably most overwhelming peaks, Oubliette, Dungeon, and Redoubt, are off to the north-west past Amethyst Lakes. The only obscure peak in this group comes next. Drawbridge Peak, situated south of Moat Lake is a long, low, squat looking hump which makes the remainder of the range look all the more formidable. Next is Bastion a fine pointed peak, then aptly named Turret beside the grand-daddy of the range, Mt Geikie. This massive mountain drops steeply on all sides, making it a very desirable mountaineering prize. It is the second highest peak in the area, being only 14 m lower than Simon Peak. The range ends at Barbican Peak, just beyond Geikie.

The early visitors to this area, if there were any, left no records. It is hard to comprehend but maybe the Indians did not venture into these high valleys. Mt Geikie was noted in 1898 by JP McEvoy during the course of surveys. The Tonquin valley was first visited in 1915 by MP Bridgland who occupied peaks to the east and north of the valley as survey stations. In 1919 Howard Palmer and Allen Carpe climbed Paragon Peak, and with RH Chapman also vanquished McDonnell Peak. Throughout the 1920s and '30s all

The massif of Mt Fraser
Consists of, from left, Bennington, McDonnell, and Simon. Glen Boles



Casement, left, and Postern as viewed from Paragon Peak. Glen Boles



Bastion Peak as seen from Drawbridge Peak. Glen Boles



the peaks of any consequence were ascended. Names like Conrad Kain, Val Fynn, Lawrence Grassi, Hans Fuhrer, Monroe Thorington, Cyril Wates, and HJ Ostheimer, to name a few, contributed to the blitz, but one name stands out during this era above all others and that is Rex Gibson. He made numerous first ascents and new routes. On many occasions he was accompanied by Robin Hind. Another name stands out in the sixties when between 1962 and 1967 Fred Beckey with several companions systematically knocked off most of the big faces above Amethyst and Moat Lakes. Only Turret and Geikie eluded him. In 1967 Royal Robbins and John Hudson succeeded in climbing one of the big prizes of the time, north face of Mt Geikie.

The best access to the range is via the Astoria River trail. There are also trails into the Tonquin by Maccarib Pass and by Meadow Creek. There are campgrounds in the Tonquin valley and of course the best base for activities in most of the range is the ACC Wates-Gibson hut at Outpost Lake. Bennington Glacier and Geikie Creek on the west side of the Ramparts are not often visited however the Ramparts can be reached via Para Pass at the head of Penstock Creek, or by the Bastion/Drawbridge col south of Moat Lake. The only other alternative is to hike around Barbican Peak from Moat Lake to reach the Geikie meadows. The south-east wing of the range is easily reached from Eremite valley. The mountains west of Simon Creek, not that difficult to reach but not that easy either, are normally approached by crossing the Fraser Glacier then descending to the head of Simon Creek.

The Ramparts are different from most of the other mountain groups in the Canadian Rockies because they are carved from pre-Cambrian rocks, meaning quartzite, a definite plus for the rock climber. But very little climbing has taken place here in the last decade or more. With world travel so easy, many of the best local climbers are travelling abroad. Others are happy to find a crag with easy access. For myself like those who came before, I've gained lasting memories from the seclusion, the isolation, and the solitude of this mountain paradise. How much longer can this era of placid remoteness last? No one knows. One thing the crowds will never change the Ramparts, an appropriate name for a noble range.

Glen W Boles

The Alpine Club Of Canada, Conservation And Parks, 1906 To 1930

This article is intended as a contribution to conservation history and as one means whereby the Alpine Club of Canada can recognize the Centennial of Canada's National Parks in 1985. It traces the role of the ACC in conservation issues, especially related to the national parks, from 1906 when the Club was formed, to 1930 when the National Parks Act was passed.

The national parks system in Canada originated not as a way to preserve wilderness, but rather as a way of exploiting natural resources for the benefit of the entire country. The first Canadian national parks, designated in the 1880s and 1890s were selected and reserved for the potential financial value of their natural

resources. The hot springs area at Banff was reserved in 1885 in the expectation that the site would become a tourist resort. Prime Minister John A MacDonalD anticipated that if carefully managed it (would) more than many times recuperate or recoup the treasury for any present expenditure. To this end, development of a national park, with the construction of facilities for tourists, was deemed necessary. However industrial developments such as a coal mine and a cement mill were also allowed, indeed encouraged, in the reserved area of the Rockies. At the time such developments were considered not only economically desirable but also as tourist attractions, and were not perceived as detracting from the scenery or value of the park in any way. National parks were multiple use areas of Crown Land where the preservation of the landscape to ensure continued public enjoyment of the attractions would not interfere with other resource uses typical of the frontier.

Over the next 20 years a notable shift occurred in public and government opinion regarding the role and character of national parks. This was evident in the Dominion Forest Reserves Bill of 1911 which led to reorganization of the national parks. While resource extraction was still to be permitted, control over it would be stricter. Greater emphasis was placed on landscape protection and recreational uses. This move from outright exploitation to a rationalized utilization of resources developed in response to a growing awareness and concern about the limited and depleted nature of Canada's natural resources. A philosophy of wise use but not strict preservation emerged.

It was during this period of wise use conservation and growing nationalism that the ACC was founded. Indeed, as a product of the times, it was initiated with both patriotism and conservation at its core. The nationalistic aspect of the Club has already been discussed by Gina LaForce in an excellent article (CAJ 1979:39-47). The present article will undertake a preliminary examination of the conservation aspect of the ACC up to 1930. This aim is pursued on the basis of research of the Club's activities as outlined in the records of the Club held at the Archives of the Canadian Rockies in Banff, in the Canadian Alpine Journal, and in papers in the National Library in Ottawa.

FORMATION OF THE CLUB

Mountain climbers were among the first tourists to take advantage of the Canadian Pacific Railway when it opened through the Rocky and Selkirk Mtns in 1885. The new national parks around Banff, Field, and Glacier, with their unclimbed peaks and hotel accommodation provided by the CPR were a natural focus for mountaineering. However most of the climbers were from the United States and Europe. This particularly disappointed Arthur Wheeler, a Canadian climber and surveyor, who undertook photo-topographical surveys in the Selkirks in 1901 and 1902. Accordingly he initiated the creation of the ACC and sought to increase interest in mountaineering amongst Canadians. With help from William Whyte, CPR Second Vice-President, open return passes were made available in March 1906 to enable 20 delegates to attend a founding meeting in Winnipeg. A constitution was drawn up, objectives outlined, and plans made for the first annual field camp. The Club's stated objectives were listed as follows: 1 - the promotion of scientific study and the exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; 2 - the cultivation of Art in relation to mountain scenery; 3 - the education of Canadians to

an appreciation of their mountain heritage; 4 - the encouragement of mountain craft and the opening of new regions as a national playground; 5 - the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora of their habitat; 6 - and the interchange of ideas with other Alpine organizations. A notable emphasis is the pursuit of conservation aims, both of a preservation nature as demonstrated in objective five, and of a utilitarian nature as in objective four. The Club at this time, like the national park authority, perceived no conflict between the preservation of mountain scenery and ecology, and the use of such areas as a national playground, especially by mountaineers.

Two of the ways the Club intended to accomplish its objectives were the holding of annual field camps and the publishing of a journal. The first volume of the CAJ appeared in 1907 and the nationalistic and conservation orientation of the Club are evident in the contents. William Whyte wrote the greeting, noting that the opening of the Alpine Club's Season of 1907 is awaited with the most pleasurable anticipation by great numbers of whole-hearted and patriotic Canadians, who were anxious to climb the peaks in the west. Whyte encouraged young Canadians to attend the field camp so they could secure an appreciation of some of the beauties of their own country. He saw native pride as having commercial benefits when he wrote that, the best method of advertising our mountains is first to have our young Canadians gain a thorough knowledge and appreciation of their heritage. The resultant pride in their heritage will quickly make itself known across the seas. Elizabeth Parker, another Club founder, added that the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their alpine heritage is of itself a *raison d'être*. The Canadian Rocky Mountain system, with its unnumbered and unknown natural sanctuaries for generations yet unknown is a national asset. Emphasising the conservation role she went on to note that the ACC is a national trust for the defence of our mountain solitudes against the intrusion of steam and electricity and all the vandalisms of this luxurious utilitarian age; for the keeping free from the grind of commerce, the wooded passes and valleys and alplands of the wilderness. While this suggests a growing concern about the impact of technology and commerce on the mountain landscape, the impacts of the railway and its associated tourism were apparently quite acceptable. Parker observed that the CPR had been wise in a national sense and had provided access to the mountains without wantonly defacing the landscape. Parker concluded her article by stressing the mental and moral benefits of mountain climbing in the wild alpine playground of Canada.

In another article, Sir Sandford Fleming reiterated the value of the mountains as an inheritance, and the benefits to the mind that mountain activities provided. Naturally too, as a key figure in the development of a transcontinental railway, he applauded the role of the railway, stating that in our mountain region, a rich heritage is made accessible to the world, and many persons may now enjoy the privilege of participating in the healthful and noble sport of the Alpine Club of Canada.

Thus the philosophical foundation of the Club with regard to conservation is clear from its stated objectives and from the first volume of its journal. Many of the statements regarding the Club's philosophy coincide with statements used contemporaneously to promote the national parks. Note, for example, the references to

heritage, national asset, and playground of Canada. The philosophy of the Club, like that of the national parks, reflected nationalism and a utilitarian approach to conservation. The importance of wilderness lay in its value to the nation. Conservation was important to ensure the appreciation and enjoyment of natural heritage. The philosophy of the Club and national parks regarding wilderness was markedly anthropocentric. Gina LaForce has commented on the utilitarian approach to conservation adopted by the Club. She noted the Alpine Club of Canada's pioneer urge to conquer what it held sacred and its emphasis on respecting nature by developing it or putting it to the highest use possible and not letting it lay idle and neglected. For the Club, the highest use lay in alpine climbing, for which a pure mind and willing spirit were necessary in order to take advantage of the benefits offered in this healthful and noble sport.

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE CLUB

Given the Club's utilitarian philosophy of conservation we find it involved, from 1906 to 1930, in both the promotion and enjoyment of alpine activities, and in the protection of the alpine environment, especially in the national parks. However the initial work of the Club, as outlined in the first volume of the Journal, was deemed to be the exploration and study of Canada's alpine tracts, the promotion of the study of glaciers and alpine art, and the organization of a corps of reliable guides. No endeavours were suggested for achieving the stated conservation aims of the Club. In all likelihood, no clear idea existed at this point of how the Club could pursue such aims, other than by encouraging alpine activities.

To encourage alpine activities, the Club organized annual camps, held meetings, published the Canadian Alpine Journal, and constructed facilities. From a membership that ranged from five to six hundred during much of this period, between one and two hundred members attended camp. Local sections of the Club, centred in such places as Vancouver, Calgary, and Toronto, were formed and facilities, such as the Clubhouse at Banff, were constructed in the mountains. According to a 1910 letter, written by Wheeler to the Minister of the Department of the Interior, the work of the Club was: attracting distinguished people to the country from many quarters, and binding them to it by permanent ties, to say nothing of the facilities it is giving to Canadians themselves to know, enjoy and appreciate their national heritage.

Many of the Club's activities related to the national parks, especially those in the Rockies and Selkirks. Accordingly, a co-operative relationship was established with the Dominion (later national) Parks Branch, and the value of the Club in promoting the aims of national parks was recognized by the government. The Commissioner of Dominion Parks, JB Harkin visited the Club camps in 1912 and 1923. The report of the 1912 camp records that JB Harkin gave a most instructive address upon Dominion Parks, their boundaries, administration and ultimate objects. He expressed himself on behalf of his government as fully in accord with the good work the Alpine Club was doing towards the development of the Canadian Rockies as a world playground.

In Harkin's 1923 address to the assembled club members, he was very complimentary about the efforts of the Club on behalf of national parks. He suggested that while the railways have done

a great deal of work with respect to National Parks, no institution has spoken with such success or authority as the Alpine Club. . . we have a standing through the world which we have got primarily through the efforts of the Alpine Club. Such world wide recognition can be attributed partly to the involvement of the Club in the World Congress on Alpinism, held in Monaco in 1920. Two Club members, Julia Henshaw, a botanist, and Byron Harmon, the Club's official photographer, attended as representatives of both the Club and the Dominion government. Harmon presented a report on the usefulness of Canada's mountain National Parks, accompanied by slides. Subsequently these slides were donated to the Alpine Club of France and, as Harkin noted in a letter to Wheeler, were a valuable advertisement for the Rockies.

Harkin also noted in 1923 that the Alpine Club (had) been a source of encouragement on many occasions, and that the government looked to the Club for a continuation of its assistance. That assistance included not only the promotion of tourism in the national parks but also the Club's stand on a number of specific conservation issues relating to the national parks. For example at the 1911 annual meeting, held at camp as was tradition, a discussion occurred regarding the government's proposal to reduce the size of Banff National Park. Members pointed out that the complete area of the park would be found necessary in a few years time to accommodate the uses of preservation, research, and enjoyment. The Club president, AP Coleman, noted in his address that it was fortunate that nearly the entire eastern slope of the Rockies was preserved as a public park, thus ensuring its beauty was safe from degradation. Although there is no record of public action regarding this issue, there may have been private lobbying, and by publicizing the issue the Club served to support the newly appointed JB Harkin and the newly established Dominion Parks Branch in their bid to preserve the parks in the face of threats by other government departments and politicians.

At this time publicity, resolutions, and letters appear to have been the main methods by which the Club dealt with conservation issues. An article in the 1913 Journal publicized and supported the development of Strathcona Park in British Columbia. However author WW Foster cautioned that In the development of the park, two points must necessarily receive equal consideration ie giving the public the best possible opportunity to take advantage of their domain as soon as expedient and its preservation to posterity as a heritage unspoiled by too great interference with the original gift of Nature. A few years later in 1917 the Club was asked to endorse a resolution put forth by the British Columbia Mountaineering Club recommending the creation of a public park to protect the natural features of the Garibaldi district. After discussion the Club endorsed the resolution though the Club's records indicate no further action being taken on the issue. Apparently such limited approaches to conservation issues were effective. Both Strathcona and Garibaldi parks were developed and in 1922 Wheeler noted that the government of British Columbia had also created a park reserve at Mt Assiniboine of twenty square miles of the finest of the scenic features, at the request of the Alpine Club of Canada.

More detailed records exist of the Club's involvement in two other conservation issues in this period relating to hydro development proposals in national parks. As a result of a letter from JB Harkin to Wheeler regarding a proposed development in Waterton Lakes National Park there was discussion of this issue

at the annual meeting of the Club in 1922. The Waterton Lakes irrigation scheme entailed a dam, reservoir, and irrigation system, partly in the park, to provide water for farmers of the region to the east. A variety of concerns were raised during the discussion, including: the despoilation of the park's beauty and its value as a pleasure resort; the establishment of a precedent for the alienation of park land; and the importance of water for the southern Alberta farmlands. Eventually a resolution was passed, stating that: with regard to the Waterton Lakes irrigation scheme the Alpine Club of Canada, while it recognizes the undoubted economic value of the project, deplors the necessity of the action to be taken if it involves the destruction of the natural beauties of a park which the Government has already decided shall be set aside for the benefit of the public. Of particular concern was the question of precedent, it being noted that it is not to be desired that the Government make a precedent of withdrawing any park or part of a park, however small, that has been given to the people for their recreation and welfare. Some members did not doubt that this scheme would go through, but felt that if the Mountain Parks (were) to be set aside for present and future generations they should be preserved untouched. The desire (was) to prevent the establishment of a precedent which will enable any corporation to go in and take away part of the parks. In addition to the resolution being passed by the Club and sent to the government, Wheeler discussed the issue, as well as the need for a National Parks Association to defend the parks, in public lectures and newspaper interviews. The issue prompted WW Foster, in his 1922 presidential address, to say that the Club during the next few years should devote more attention to the conservation of our great mountain heritage, as undoubtedly the present tendency of this very commercial age is to lose a proper sense of proportion and alienate, and even destroy, areas of natural beauty which can never be replaced.

In this spirit the Club soon became involved in an issue concerning development of the Spray Lakes area of the Rockies. In March 1923 it was announced at a meeting of the Club's executive that an application had been made to dam the Spray river at its outlet from Lower Spray Lake in order to divert water to the Bow River for power generation. A resolution condemning the potential granting of this application was put forth, on the grounds that such action would be contrary to the best interests of the Rocky Mountains Park, and would do serious damage to one of the principal scenic attractions of Banff, and again that a dangerous precedent would be established.

Wheeler drew the attention of the section chairmen to this issue in a letter and enclosed a sample resolution to be used by each section or for amendment to fit its views. He stated that he was strongly of the opinion that this is a matter in which the Alpine Club should take action. The Club, he continued, in order to maintain its identity and live up to its constitution and objects must take an active part in the development of the Canadian Rocky Mountains, of which the mountain parks and their integral interests form so vital a part. Among the specific reasons cited for opposing the proposed development were the destruction of the scenic features of the Spray valley, the destruction of an access route, and the fact that it had not been proven that the project was necessary at this site or even absolutely necessary anywhere. Wheeler encouraged the sections to protest the project on these grounds, and in addition to protest against any actions that will create a precedent for commercial

encroachment upon the integrity of the Canadian National Parks, or upon the interests of the very large number of people who visit them. Wheeler also sent a letter of protest to JB Harkin, stating that he viewed with the deepest apprehension the irreparable damage that will be done to Banff and its vicinity by such a project. In addition he stressed potential economic implications, noting that such a project will prove highly detrimental to the interests of the mountain parks, and to the revenues derived therefrom by the Government and by the people who work in conjunction with the said parks. In closing Wheeler suggested that the slogan Hands Off Our National Parks would be a good reflection of the policy to adopt for parks' administration.

THE NATIONAL PARKS ASSOCIATION

That hydro development subsequently occurred in the Waterton Lakes and Spray Lakes areas is indicative of the limited effectiveness of the Club in conservation issues at this time, and of the persistence of attitudes favouring resource extraction over nature and scenery protection. No doubt it was a recognition by Wheeler of the Club's limitations and the prevalence of such attitudes that led him to advocate the formation of a national association specifically to defend the national parks. In the June 1923 issue of *The Gazette*, the Club newsletter, Wheeler noted that the only way to ensure the future of the parks would be to create an organization similar to the National Parks Association in the United States. Accordingly, a few days prior to the 1923 annual meeting, Wheeler urged the formation of a National Parks Association of Canada for the purpose of maintaining the integrity of parks. The Club executive resolved that the Club declare itself in favour of the immediate formation of a National Parks Association for Canada, whose objects shall be the conservation of the Canadian National Parks for scientific, recreational and scenic purposes.

The need for such an organization formed the basis of the presidential address to the annual meeting. The president noted that a great many important matters were going to be discussed at this meeting, and then went on to state that it was necessary to publicize the magnificent alpine heritage of Canada in order that there may be a proper sense of responsibility on everybody for its conservation. He emphasised that the need for the conservation of exploited resources, such as timber and coal, was well appreciated, but that no such appreciation existed for the conservation of scenic resources. Mentioning the irreparable damage the Spray Lakes scheme would do to the alpine environment of Banff National Park, the president stated that it was very short-sighted policy that we should for commercial purposes allow anything of this character. While he considered this issue quite within the Club's stated areas of interest, he pointed to the lack of a large national body that concerned itself with the protection of natural areas. One of the big needs of Canada at the present time, he stated, is a body which will be responsible for the protection of these domains, and also be responsible for awakening the public conscience to the fact. .. There should be some public body which should follow up the splendid efforts which have been made to protect these areas for all time to come.

Following the address, the meeting began and Wheeler raised the matter of forming such an association. He mentioned the Spray Lakes situation and indicated that Club policy did not pertain to that case particularly, but was vitally interested in defending the

entire system of national parks from commercial encroachment and despoliation of their beautiful scenery. Harkin stated that this was also the policy of the national parks administration. After hearing strong objections to the degradation of parks, the meeting approved formation of an association to defend the parks. Immediately following the annual meeting the Canadian National Parks Association was organized. The Gazette of December 1923 listed the association's objectives as: a - the preservation of the national parks of Canada in their entirety for the use of the people of Canada and of the world, and the prevention of detriment to them through the invasion of commercial interests; b - the spreading of propaganda with the object of attracting people to them; c-the preservation of their natural beauties for the benefit of mankind, and of the fauna and the flora intact, for educational, scientific, artistic and recreational purposes. To maintain them inviolate as symbols of the great heritage we possess in this wide-spreading Dominion of Canada.

At the 1924 annual meeting WW Foster, the Club President, said that in time the formation of the Canadian National Parks Association would be regarded as one of the Club's finest achievements. Without the Association, he contended, attempts to exploit the Parks would succeed. The National Parks Association, of which the ACC was a life member, would remain somewhat dependent on the Club for a while longer, for financial and other assistance. Therefore Foster urged the sections to give such help for a work of such vital national concern and one so directly in accord with the objective of our own Club.

Wheeler updated the assembled Club members on the progress of the Association, noting that about 25 societies had joined the organization. As well, the Association had obtained the assurance from the Minister of the Interior that no alienation (of parkland) shall take place without the full knowledge of the people of Canada. The Association did go on to become an effective national organization defending parks in the inter-war years, but later disbanded and in 1963 was superceded by The National and Provincial Parks Association of Canada which continues to defend the parks today.

1930

The 1930 annual meeting of the Club passed a resolution urging the Government and Parliament of Canada to refuse any further cutting down of the areas of Canada's National Parks. Reference was made to a current proposal to alienate for hydro development the Lake Minnewanka area from the boundaries of Banff National Park. Reasons given to oppose this alienation included the heavy tourist use of the area, the fact that the permanent boundaries for the park had been delineated in 1929, and the belief that public use of the area should override private use. Wheeler encouraged the Club executive to give the resolution the greatest possible publicity. However there is no indication of any further action being taken on this issue, and after 1930 the Club records show very little involvement in conservation or national park issues until after the war.

The Club's declining involvement in conservation after 1930 may be attributed to a number of factors. Arthur Wheeler, who had spearheaded many of the conservation initiatives, withdrew from active involvement in the Club at this time. As arguments over the

1925 expedition to Mt Logan indicate, younger people with new ideas emphasising a narrower focus in the Club on technical climbing were taking over. The Commissioner of Dominion Parks, JB Harkin, with whom Wheeler and the Club had enjoyed a long and mutually supportive relationship, retired. A separate association concerned with national park conservation had been established and become active. Finally a new national parks act was passed in 1930 that suggested the government would conserve the national parks in a manner deemed appropriate by the Club.

The new national parks act represented the culmination of Harkin's endeavours to emphasize nature protection and tourism in national parks, rather than resource extraction and industrial development. It consolidated a variety of regulations serving to protect the parks and confirmed their boundaries. Its overall philosophy was summarised in the new famous phrase: the parks are hereby dedicated to the people of Canada for their benefit and enjoyment.. and such parks shall be maintained and used so as to leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.

At this time, neither the National Parks Branch nor the Club considered that the aim of using the parks, even just for tourism, but maintaining them unimpaired, was paradoxical and would later become problematic. However in the 1960s increasing tourism pressures and development proposals, threatening the natural qualities of the parks, forced the National Parks Branch to produce a new policy and plans for protecting the parks, and forced the Club to again become involved in conservation issues, especially in the mountain national parks.

Margaret Johnston and John Marsh

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Lost Again Or, The “Variazioni”

Mt Thor from the south-east. Eric Brand



As adventure, exploration, and companionship are all highly valued parts of the mountaineering canon, screwing up an approach or misestimating a route can be judged an integral part of a weekend, and even a perfectly designed method of revealing the darker aspects of your partner’s psyche and your own vocabulary. The best of these sorts of experiences arrive quite unheralded and are, in hindsight, easily avoidable and even faintly embarrassing. These sorts of quibbles are, however, vastly overshadowed by the raw tension and mind quickening uncertainty that one undergoes during the misadventure, and by the pleasing contrast between the ego boosting sense of accomplishment that one feels after having climbed a big new route and the hubris destroying awareness that any really competent climber could have avoided all difficulties you have just met and overcome and that, in fact, you were badly off route for most of the day!

Not that such bumblesmanship should be confused with ineptitude or incompetence. On the contrary, the mature bumbler requires, like the Beckeys and Bonattis of yester-year, plenty of ability to find a way to get up pretty much anything in any conditions, safely. As in the genetic warfare of evolution, adaptability, not skills, brings survival and success.

The weekend Carl Austrom and I spent on the north face of Viennese Peak this past summer brings these sorts of thoughts to mind. We set off with a vague notion of doing Viennese and Clarke and, as I had been into the range so many times that I supposedly knew every corner of the place like the back of my hand, neither of us did more than glance at the photo of the face in the ‘84 CAJ. Consequently once the debilitation of an obscenely early drive and walk-in were behind us it was not overly surprising that we were slapped rudely awake by trying to get up some streaming blank corners straight off of the snow, miles to the left of where John and Scott had started. As it never occurred to either of us that the rectangular snowfield above was not the initial snow patch on their route (which lay hidden well around the rounded buttress to the right) we persisted and eventually found a way to scramble to it on the extreme lefthand side. After crossing below it, memories of John saying something about scrambling well up the initial rock lured us into discovering empirically that it would be most unwise to continue unroped much higher. In fact, as it was well past midday and as there were 5 or 6 hundred metres of steep rock above us and, further, as the day didn’t feel any better than we did, we decided that it would be unwise to continue at all! Having stashed the gear for the morrow and kicked steps up the edge of the snow in anticipation of a frosty morning, we scuttled back down the way we had come and promptly fell soundly asleep in the pass.

Morning arrived cold, clear, and revitalizing. We quickly re-encumbered ourselves with the gear, nipped up the snowfield, and scrambled a hundred metres or so until it seemed best to rope up. Carl’s 100m “nine-mill” allowed him to climb through for a vast distance, up a dihedral and right to the crest of the arête where we unwittingly joined the original route. Three more long run outs brought us up to the infamous headwall and suddenly nothing looked very easy at all — a steep wall sporting a few rugosities on

the left, a series of hanging grooves above, and the slab pinching off into overhangs just beyond us. Where were we to go? As we had purposefully avoided dredging out all of the details of the route, it was up to us to figure it out for ourselves. The left wall seemed feasible, and Carl scabbled up 10 or 15 metres before deciding that he’d maybe rather traverse. A further 10 or 15 metres of difficult, artsy, poorly protected sequences ensued before he found a belay in the base of the groove above my head. He had, of course, strayed from the route. My pitch up the groove and into the corners and slabs above broke us through the major difficulties of the headwall all the same, and another 4 or 5 pitches saw us on the crest, grinning and gloating. We even managed to dash down the east ridge and recover our gear in the pass in time to bash back out to the car by dark. Welcome comfort awaited at home.

So, what of all this? We got up a big face that had fascinated me for many years. We did the right things at the right times: backed off the first day, climbed hard the second when our energy levels suited it much better. Mostly we enjoyed ourselves and each other and the mountain immensely, the more so precisely because we were off route and having to follow our noses and do as best we could minute by minute. Such is the allure of going after big unclimbed faces — or, in a pinch, of not paying attention and thus losing the route! Long live the variation!

Don Serl

“Variazioni”, a new route-cum-variation on the north face of Viennese Peak in the Chehalis. First ascent Carl Austrom and Don Serl. 14 July 1985. A bit of 5.10 on the head-wall, mostly mid-fifth elsewhere; 7 or 8 hours on the rock.

Mt Thor: The Direct West Face

Our goal was to climb the 4500 ft west face, tackling the 1600 ft overhanging headwall (previous attempts had ended at its base). In 1980 a large Japanese expedition retreated after the death of a climber and three Americans were driven off after 32 days by winds in excess of 100 mph. In 1983 a Japanese team reached the summit via the west and north ridge. Their climb avoided the headwall and unfortunately ended with the death of a climber during a stream crossing. We chose to make our attempt in May and June so as to enable Inuit packers to transport our gear on snowmobiles and to avoid the fierce winds that rake the area in July and August. We had provisions for 28 days on the face but the climb took us 33 days after leaving our fixed lines. The rock was crumbly for the entire route, making nailing insecure. Storms, rockfall, and severe cold plagued the lower portion of the face, as did the atrocious hauling conditions. Ten of the 12 pitches on the headwall were direct aid, and seven of those were A4.

I arrived on Baffin Island five days before the rest of the team to establish our base camp. The day after the others arrived we began to carry loads up the first 1000 ft of steep snow and class 4. The next 2000 ft of the face were vertical and the last 1500 ft had an average angle of 105 degrees. We climbed the face in increments of 600 ft.

The first 600ft of climbing was a large right facing dihedral that ended on a snowy platform that we named the First Pedestal. The rock was fairly sound but short sections of snow and ice provided great difficulty. The rockfall determined our tactics for the first 2000 ft. Atop the pedestal a basketball sized rock struck Earl and knocked him to the ground, his MSR helmet saving his life. Melting snow was freeing the rocks from a giant ledge 2000 ft above. This rubble strewn ledge was nearly 100 ft wide in places and down sloping over its entire length. John likened it to his combat experiences, except that here you couldn't run.

We weren't able to place a camp below the First Pedestal so we used the ledge at the 900 ft level. Climbing from the pedestal to one third up the vertical section of the face, we led by bat hooking in the down sloping holes, jamming copperheads in them, and making various hook, RURP, and rivet placements. Two of the three bolt ladders were solid A4. For the most part this 300 ft was crackless crumbly rock that the Japanese had bolted, the only bolt ladders on the face. Most of the bolts had been removed from the first two pitches, leaving useless down sloping metric holes. On my lead through I encountered one suspect bolt which, when I twisted it with my fingers came out, shattering surrounding rock. It was now the second week of May with 24 hour daylight. We climbed, whenever possible, in the cooler evening hours when there was less rock and icefall. Climbing in shifts of 24 hours or more, we were frequently at the edge of our physical limitations.

No sooner had Tom and John ascended to the ledge at the 900 ft level than the weather deteriorated into rain for two days. Finally, under leaden skies, Earl and I left base camp to assist in hauling. As the weather warmed the rockfall increased alarmingly, transforming the base of the wall into a battleground with dozens

of impact craters. Our first haul was an epic. The bags became stuck about half-way up to the ledge and Earl and I were unable to free the load from below. So Earl went up, freed the bags, and rode them to the ledge. Finally, after 48 hours, we were re-united. This epic was minimized by two-way radios loaned by Johnson.

Above the ledge our route deviated from the Japanese line for about three pitches. We climbed a system of cracks and ramps leading off the ledge which kept us out of the worst rockfall. This section was mostly easy free climbing with one section of 5.10 which Earl led.

We decided to place our bivouac under a dark overhanging bulge we dubbed The Heart. Again, Tom and John ascended to do the hauling. This time it was necessary to haul diagonally for 600 ft. During the first load the wall tent became stuck in a chimney and was difficult to free. Properly tensioned with lighter loads, the system began functioning. Over 24 hours later they finished the job.

I jumared to our next bivy. This time I was greeted by the comforting sight of our wall tent. We had all worked on the design and building of the tent and, given the very short time we had to test it, it functioned remarkably well, keeping us warm and dry.

During a period of intermittent storms, we reached the main ledge in two separate forays. We prepared to move our tent again. Earl and John hauled while Tom and I dismantled the bivouac. As I began my ascent to the ledge, snow began to fall heavily. Tom's position in the dihedral below became serious as he was in an avalanche chute. He erected the wall tent and took shelter in the upper deck. While the climbers on the ledge had a hot meal the lines became tangled and frozen in the wind and we had to cut them loose and untangle the mess on the ledge. Finally we left Tom a care package of hot food and water on a nearby ledge and retreated to the shelter of some boulders for some much needed sleep. We awoke to find he had managed to reach the rope. We finished the hauling and were reunited after 48 hours. We then began organizing for the headwall.

Earl led the next three pitches on an A4 expanding flake he named the Potato Chip Flake. The section to our first bivy was consistently difficult. After 20 days of climbing we were nearing our goal. However we were running very low on food and our ropes had taken quite a beating.

I belayed Tom on the first pitch above our bivouac from the warmth of my sleeping bag. Our goal was to reach a pair of ceilings about 500 ft above. Tom led this by linking a series of loose flakes together, eventually joining a crack system that was just as loose. I led the next pitch which was a giant slab occasionally broken by flakes and knife-blade cracks. I made six hook moves and placed two rivets then moved to tied off knifeblades, free climbing, more hooks, blades, and then an A3 expanding flake — 165 ft of scary, airy, and extremely enjoyable climbing. Tom was eager to lead the next pitch which was an A2 crack that reached to the first of the giant ceilings. It was one of the most spectacular leads of the climb. I cleaned the pitch in the setting sun's golden rays after which we descended to the tent for some badly needed sleep.

John led a short but difficult pitch to the site of our next bivouac. We had only three more pitches to the summit and were all very excited. We had just made radio contact with the Parks Canada wardens who could see our bright red tent closing in on the summit. Earl led the first pitch above the bivy — thin nailing leading to a flaring crack. Tom led the next pitch, a combination of free and aid.

One more pitch remained to the sum it — a giant slab. Although it was steep and poorly protected it could be a climbed free. Earl removed his outer boots and climbed in his inners. Tom began to clean the pitch when a large rock landed in his lap, causing him to fall. He wasn't seriously injured but his legs were cut despite many layers of clothing. I was the last to leave the bivouac and as I jumared to the summit I saw the expectant faces. The rope that I was on was a mass of knots and abrasions. Casting its last stone, Mt Thor sent an egg size rock whizzing by my ear.

The vista from the summit was beautiful, with miles of glaciers and jagged peaks stretching northwards as far as we could see. Marring this wonderful moment was our concern about Tom's injury. He was able to hike out and, true to form, carried one of the heaviest loads to base camp. With loads of almost 100 lbs each we made the 24 hour trip down the talus galcier to our camp. Having eaten our last Alpine Aire dinner on the summit, we had only soups to sustain us for the 30 mile hike to Pangnirtung. Six days after reaching the summit, we arrived. We were all happy with the climb and were soon on the plane with a drink in our hands.

Eric Brand

Mt Thor, direct west face. VII, 5.10, A4. John Bagley, Tom Bepler, Eric Brand, Earl Redfern. May 1985.

Into The Silence: A Ski Traverse Of The Homathko Icefield

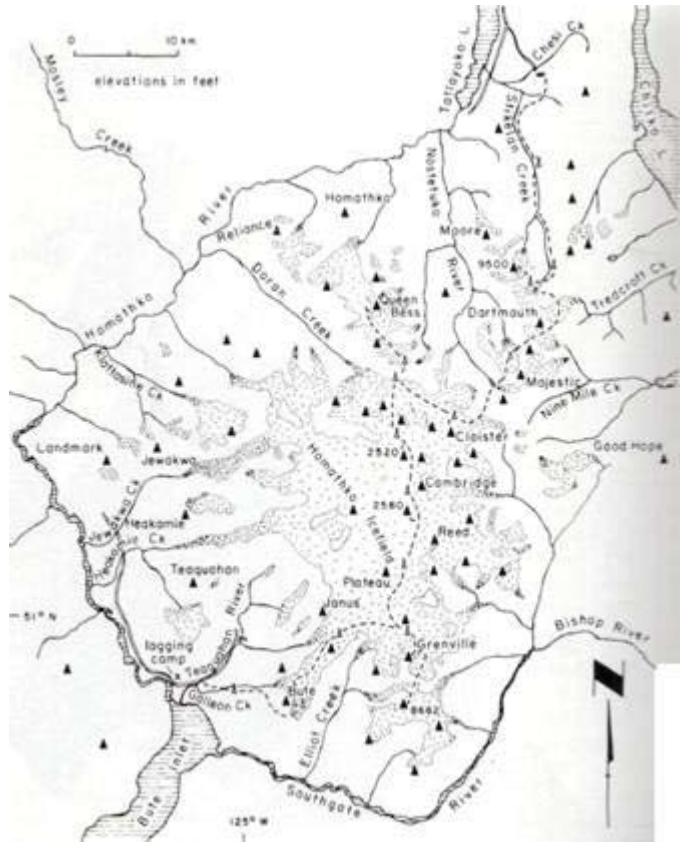
*The sunlight does not leave its marks
on the grass.*

So we, too, pass silently.

Chief Dan George, My Heart Soars

Have you ever noticed that when you go for a walk you are drawn to different things; the early morning mist swirling on the water, the delicate curves of a hemlock tree, the rush of a bubbling stream, or the raucous activities of a crow. And to these you listen. Well it happens on occasion that the things you are drawn to are icefields and that the walk takes three weeks and is on skis.

Tatlayoko (the name means strong winds) is a long blue gem of a lake that leads into the coast range from the Chilcotin. A good deal of confusion over a misplaced pair of ski poles (mine) led me to a ranch at the north end of the lake to use the phone. The residents were Harry Haynes and his wife Fran. Harry was the outfitter for the Munday's trip to Mt Reliance in 1941. The



following morning, after their much-appreciated hospitality, Harry drove me back down the lake to Chesi Creek. I picked up an old horse trail and followed its brown grassy edges through the jack pine to Stikelan Creek where John Clarke and my ski poles were waiting (many thanks to Mike King!). It was 25 April 1985; time to hit the icefields. John and I were headed for the coast. The day before Mike had flown us onto the Homathko Icefield and we had placed two food caches along our route.

Leaving the horse trail at the lower canyon we packed up the creek, crossing it from time to time on boulders and logs. That night we enjoyed the luxury of a camp on dry ground beside a camp-fire. Next morning we were skiing after an hour along sandbars and through open pine trees. Near lunchtime our snack bags suffered drastically when we discovered it was only just after ten o'clock. Higher up, near 6000 ft, we came upon a beautiful open pool overhung with icicles and a frozen waterfall poised nearby. Above the valley became alpine. The unsettled weather of the previous few days strengthened into a bit of a storm and snowflakes that had been trying to make an appearance all day now began in earnest. This upper valley was very bleak. Clumps of grass and rocks jutted out of the thin snow cover and it appeared that the wind intended it to stay this way. The snow-flakes were flying horizontally northwards towards the Chilcotin, seemingly never actually to reach the ground, as we skied on for another mile, passing a couple of rusted 45 gallon drums, to seek shelter for camp behind a clump of trees.

The following morning we headed off into a snowstorm but miraculously at lunch it cleared in half an hour. Feeling the packing a bit John stayed to set up camp while I skied off for the 9500 ft peak nearby just as the bad weather returned. I left my skis higher up and continued along the ridge to the summit on foot,

staggering around in the wind, one mitt on a ski pole for balance the other over my cheek to keep it from freezing. The view was incredibly barren, with sporadic glimpses down into rocky basins and the occasional silhouette of a nearby peak popping out of the snowstorm. The perfect black and white of rock and snow in the flat light seemed harsh and lonely. But somehow the feeling it left was not. There was a kind of simplicity to the scene that left no room for pretence.

April 28 saw us packing south as the cold morning clear spell degenerated into snow flurries. We decided spring hadn't yet arrived and scuttled across the Hamilton Glacier in very flat light. A steep gully proved the only connection with the basin north of Consort Peak. Exposed ice lower down glistened gun metal grey in the storm, and lower again I skied out from an old moraine. Peering around at the grey everything I decided to do a kick turn and go back to the moraine. Whoops! Two successive waves of snow came rushing down. The first knocked me down like a beached whale under my heavy pack, and the second neatly filled in the hollows and pushed me about 50 ft. It was not a big slide but I lay there panting while John dug me out. We camped on the glacier below and, after pondering the snow conditions, our thoughts turned to more serious matters and we both agreed that it would have been a good idea to put a box of Oreo cookies in the food caches.

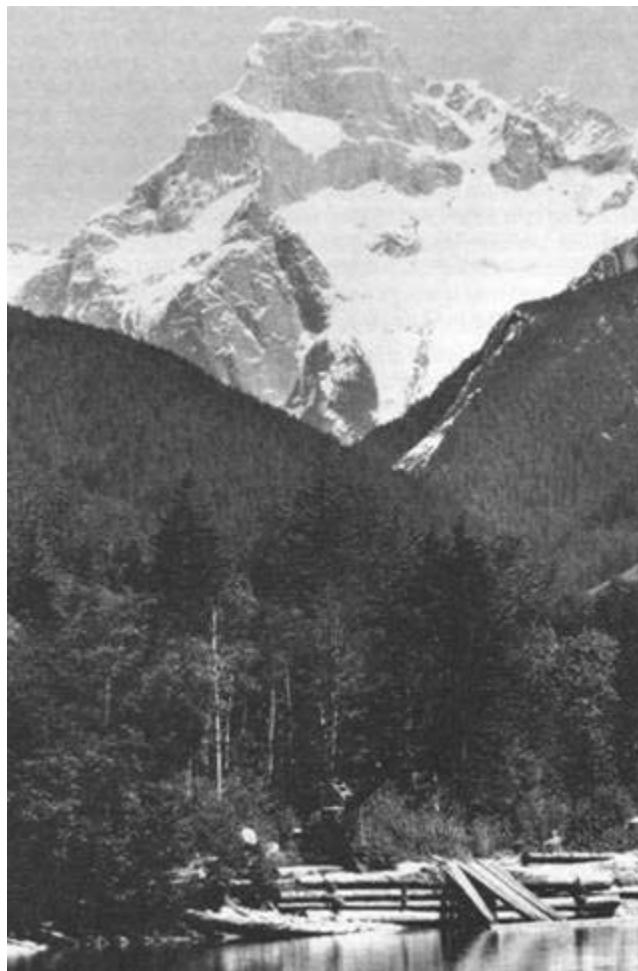
The opaque blue tongues of several small hanging glaciers glowed softly on the 29th as we packed up over the shoulder of Majestic Peak. Consort's rock pyramid provided a handsome backdrop. The snow again kept us guessing as we skied down the north side of the Cumberland Glacier, squeezed between rock bluffs and huge séracs in a smooth corridor. Half-way down a small slab broke from below John's feet and dropped into a gaping crevasse. Beautiful views of the Alp Glacier and the icy north side of St John Peak told us we were leaving the dry side of the range behind us. That evening two litres of hot spaghetti were greeted enthusiastically; steam rose from our cups quivering in unison with the buffeting wind on the tent.

The last day of April we awoke wearing every speck of clothing but delighted with the clear weather. Dying to seethe icefield we immediately headed for Cloister Peak, its north-west ridge etched with cornices and flutings highlighted by the morning sun. Spindrift spun into the air and half way up our boots froze solid on our feet. On top — Yee Ha! What a view! The icefield was spread out below us with Grenville and Bute rimming it to the south, its smooth forms and gentle shading enough to leave us speechless. Cloud obscured the Waddington Range to the west. That afternoon we pushed on to the first food drop in deep snow and more unsettled weather and devoured a four course meal. Behind camp was the strong smell of pine trees and we strained our eyes in an effort to spot the nearby stunted specimens that issued forth the wonderful sweet odour. Perhaps that is what it's like to be a bear.

From another camp several 1000 ft above the food cache we made a big push for Mt Queen Bess — but as John put it we weren't doing the pushing. A red sky in the morning soon turned to icy blue séracs silhouetted against a grey sky, and just below the "Munday Couloir" on the west side we turned back in semi-whiteout. The next morning we awoke to a full storm. As we lay in our sleeping bags the side of the tent swirled and shook as the spindrift blasted



Bute Mtn from logging camp on the Homathko River. John Baldwin





it like suds against the glass door of a washing machine. After breakfast John wrote lyrics for a country and western song titled *The Walls Are Pressing In* and after lunch the copious quantities of food down at the drop decided us that we should move back there. We took down the tent and our little pinprick of inside disappeared, leaving us in this howling washing machine. The snow scoured along the ground and poured over rocks at high speed spraying 10 feet into the air. With every square inch of skin covered we staggered around in the turbulence, literally blown off our feet on occasion.

The storm passed and on the afternoon of 4 May in a mixture of billowing cloud, snow flurries, and shafts of sunlight we left the food drop and moved south to a camp on the upper Jewakwa, from which next day we continued out onto the icefield. After a few morning snow flurries a weak sun came out to shine through a hazy sky. This was the first day of the trip that wasn't windy and we quickly discovered a beautiful set of pinnacles west of Mist Peak where we could frolic in the relative warmth. The snow stretched southwards for miles to where the next drowned giant reared its rocky tip out of the ice. There was an incredible silence about. It was not just quiet though. There was a powerful stillness beyond a mere lack of noise that seemed to leave a feeling of vibrancy hanging in the air. We climbed "Little Mist Peak" (2520 m) and moved on. This place was made for skis, each one sliding effortlessly forward into the sparkling crystals of untracked snow: action without movement!

After the morning oatmeal on 6 May we thawed the boots over the stove. Half that day was spent on the 2580 m group of small peaks south-west of Cambridge Peak. The highest point was reached from the south and proved a little tricky but before we climbed this we had to investigate a beautiful 60 ft needle on the shoulder east of the group. We rounded up all our climbing gear which consisted of 1 sling, 1 carabiner, 1 binding cable, and 100 ft of 7 mm rope and, by using all of it, managed to grope around and find a route. South of us one arm of the Heakmie Glacier radiated a tremendous feeling of space as sunny spots and shadows streaked slowly across its surface, soft silhouettes of snow slopes receded into the distance, and in the warm afternoon light our tracks meandered across it.

The next day was absolutely clear for a few hours in the morning and we got our first good look at Waddington looming above the skyline in the distance. Once again we were drawn to an incredible finger of rock that poked up out of the smothered ridge running east from Plateau Peak; we had to laugh when we found a cairn

just below the massive summit block which was one solid piece of smooth granite 30 ft high. Lunch was at the second food drop below Mt Grenville and the rest of the afternoon we had heavy snow showers. Although we hadn't had any really heavy storms until then the food cache was buried under three feet of snow.

This put us at 7900 ft poised beneath the summit of Mt Grenville, one of the main peaks of the range at 10,300 ft. Next morning we opened the tent door to see the pink fingers of dawn caressing the fresh powder snow that clung to the rock walls and buttresses of Bute Mtn. This was by far the best weather we had had, and would soon prove to be one of the best days of the trip. We skied to 9000 ft from where we had excellent views of the valley cloud billowing up in front of the Raleigh/Gilbert area and where an easy snow basin led up to Mt Grenville. But we were not headed for Grenville. You see John has this affliction for unclimbed peaks — and there was one nearby — Peak 8662 to the south. It is an attractive peak; despite its height relative to its close neighbour it was considered photogenic enough to make the pages of the 1941 CAJ. Besides it provides ski touring at its best: lots of vertical past wild rugged icefalls, with fluted whipped cream scenery everywhere. We began with a superb 2000 ft ski run down into the basin south of Mt Grenville, whose south side is an interesting jumble of granite cliffs, towers, and icefalls. Midday clouds and flurries to the summit and then afternoon clearing. The abruptness with which we had left the icefield and entered this rugged terrain was fascinating. The flutings and cornices on many lesser peaks glowed in the afternoon light and there was an occasional glimpse deep down into the depths of some wild remote valley. The last few hundred feet of the long climb back over Grenville was a mixture of warm sun and the sweat of the climb, with cool sweet evening air that you could taste on your cheeks.

May 9 was as if split into two separate days. The morning was beautifully clear and cold with distant peaks rising above low valley cloud and saw us this time headed for Mt Grenville. All the way to the summit it was one of those rare days. At last we got a view of the icefield we had crossed. It is different from other icefields in the coast range, the drainage basins of its different glaciers having all but filled themselves to the brim, leaving only small sharp rocky peaks exposed. A second lunch back at camp helped us pack up and ski around to Gargoyle Peak where we were stopped by deteriorating weather.

We left the main icefield here and after a storm day had the coldest morning of the trip. Our fingers and toes shrieked while we packed up and only stopped complaining after much deep trail breaking in beautiful fresh powder. An easy corridor took us south-west through otherwise very rugged terrain. The steep rock buttresses on the north sides of Galleon and Bute looked excessively wintry with a heavy dusting of light snow. Even more so perhaps on Bute where the rock was mixed in with huge ice bulges on the 2000 ft north face. Afternoon snow flurries forced us to camp again, this time in the bowl east of Bute.

On 11 and 12 May it stormed. Our food bags had shrunk but our appetites had not. These storms are great. We just lay there waiting — but not really waiting. There was nowhere to go, nothing to do except watch, just lie there and watch. One day, two days, the wind shifts slowly around to the west. By careful figuring we determined

it was Monday — yes, Monday! It seemed ages since we had left the Chilcotin, years perhaps, but yet it didn't seem three weeks that we had been out. Iccap time! Lunchtime. Yes, but Monday. . . a heavy gust of wind on the tent brought us back to reality. Gradually it stopped snowing, then a grey light dawned in the sky, then a shaft of sunlight shone across the valley. It was time once again to open the kitchen door and let the kids out to play.

We packed eagerly in the morning, determined to put our remaining two days of food to good use. East of us Mt Grenville soared out of the valley cloud. We dropped our packs higher up and continued on skiis right to the peak of Bute Mtn. It was warm and calm and we were giddy and speechless. Ice crystals sparkled in the air, valley fog oozed over a corniced ridge, and 9000 ft below lay Bute Inlet and the dark green valley bottom of the Homathko River. We could hear the sound of running water muffled by the distance — it was spring down there. We took a good look at the slopes into Galleon Creek and set off on a 7000 ft ski run. Picking up the packs lower down we skirted some shakey sun warmed slopes on the south side of the peak then dropped directly into Galleon Creek. The upper slopes here had knee-deep powder. In the valley there were trees, things were green, and the sound of running water was joined by the hooting of a grouse. At 2500 ft there was still three feet of snow — clearly this was not the Chilcotin. We headed out Galleon Creek, all the way peering up at the 2500 ft granite face rising abruptly on the north side of the valley. Lower down we hit the old logging road and sprawled out beside the tent, basking in the warm smells of the valley. After dinner (ours) a black bear wandered through the woods across the creek.

May 15, the last day of the trip and the first really warm sunny day. Lower down the overgrown road got better for walking; the bleeding hearts were knee deep, the alder leaves were just out. There were the ferns, the birds, and the thick moist air, and nothing to do but listen. After lunch on the Teaquahan bridge we walked the few miles into camp where we were well received by the friendly, albeit confused loggers (where did you come from?). We had reached tidewater and the end of another trip in the Coast Mountains.

John Baldwin

A Traverse Of The Stuart Range

The heavy insect drone of a car...there it was again. Striding up in the steel cool black and still half in dreamland, reason seemed absent and living nightmares quite likely; I scabbled off into the bushes like a crab. Engine hum and bright beams swung round a bend and a moving picture of forest was freakishly illuminated in deep black and white. The vision passed and I moved on, safely nocturnal, a mantra of gravel sending me.... Lights coming back down the road! Reason clasped me firmly on the shoulder like a parent and I stood my ground as the driver pulled up beside me. His dome light cracked on as the door opened and I watched a Hawaiian print pudgy arm reel in a mighty revolver and step slowly out. Warnings from recent tabloids screamed through my skull as my skin prickled with dread and I realized that this lunatic was going to

scatter my brains with that howitzer of a handgun. But the maniac spoke to me in a voice full of logic and clear thinking bureaucracy, asking me my name and address and so forth. . .”A cop! Oh shit! Oh yey!” my mind yelled. This wonderful undercover officer was checking for car break-ins at the Lake Stuart trailhead. Suspicious government slit eyes wondered at this hyperventilating freak who claimed to have walked up from the campground and was on his way to go climbing at one o'clock in the morning. Satisfied that the tool posed no threat he got into his Chevette and drove off into the dark, leaving me by the roadside, out of adrenalin.

I was on the trail and more than awake now, in fact every pore was keenly receptive to the icy winds surging down the valley and the black needles that gnashed from the shadow trees. Night rustles and squeaks sent my high strung headlamp whirling and darting. Passing Lake Stuart campsite I panicked a squat porcupine who was using the cover of night to go and nibble the salt out of the out house seat. The first traces of daylight oozed out as I left the forest and entered the gully that leads through to the high bench beneath Mt Stuart. Its upper throat was coated in filmy ice but I bounced knuckles and chopped steps across it with a blade of granite. Racing up over a moraine I was faced with another icy slope five times as vast. This chipping took most of an hour. Half-way across I noticed my knee was leaving a trail of blood blotches and then, as I watched, the entire snowfield turned glowing pink. I looked up and out across sleep misted valleys as the bloody sun slowly erupted.

Once changed into climbing shoes, I released myself up the north ridge of Mt Stuart. No need to prime muscles for effort, there was none. I just followed the way, up corners, chimneys, offwidths, and blocky spine climbing along the crest to the Great Gendarme and the steep rock and deep air that live in that place. That and the scramble that followed passed and the summit was warm and good. A skoosh of water and a fig bar — and the way led down towards Sherpa Peak with the sphinx presence of Rainier on my right. Sherpa came and went with another fig bar. As I moved on I left the fine Stuart rock and entered a zone of garbled earth vomit. Spiky pines grew up on the easy sections and the next peaks of the chain receded in time as the sub-alpine scrub closed in and deep, dusty ravines with sharp rotting cliffs revealed themselves. Water bottle drum-dry and limbs pink with lashings, I took a short cut down a dangerous gully, armed with decaying fangs, to open screes a couple of thousand feet below. Absence of bushwhackery, welcome shade, and much needed snow melt shot me back up to the crest at the base of the first tower of Argonaut's west ridge. Popping corn lichen, many backtracks, and more difficult climbing than I anticipated took me through the many granite thorns to the summit fig bar. (I had enough for three more peaks.) I poked around and peered down big cliffs till I found a route down some wet rock on the east side. I wallowed and skated all squinty eyed across sunshot shards of frost blasted white scree, setting off rock slides and marmot sirens.

Colchuck and Dragontail Peaks were walkups but the view was fine and the marmots simmered down. Two pals of mine, Greg and Jim, were on their own outing up Dragontail's north face and on to Prussik Peak. On Dragontail's top I sensed their passing: a whole wheat fig bar lay crisped in the sun on the summit rocks. A kind gesture and one I'll not forget!

On to the Enchantment Lakes where I weaved among white bulging rock, screes, and alpine pools patched together by snow sheets. I hadn't room in my fanny sac for sun-glasses and now I paid for it with a thick headache rising up behind my eyes. I stripped to the waist and swaddled my throbbing head in my dank T-shirt as I entered this blazing tanning studio. People started popping up with increasing frequency. I waved greetings to some but my flowering headache had put the blinders on and I still wasn't sure where my path lay. I drank the last of my water and traced one of the vein-like trails up to Prussik Peak. Here I felt the high pressure urge overcome the storm cloud in my forehead. I reached the summit, swinging brown arms and scuffed white hands up the west ridge, and ate my last fig bar. I then laybacked and jammed cracks back down the col where I realized I was at the end of the chain. Though I vaguely wished for more climbing I found, as I eased off my climbing shoes, that I had a simple desire to just amble through this high area. A rich wave flooded my nose. I hastily stowed my footgear and moved off.

Miles to walk and hours it took, but they were changing miles and I wouldn't have traded them. The giardia infested creek was my reason to stay thirsty and when I reached the road and met my friends it was still hot. About a quart of water drunk that day and the last of it smacked up 15 miles ago. I felt I had been sanded by a gravel coated tarp. Sweat salted eyelids, lips gummed up thirsty, and legs made giddy. But I am making this sound like an epic journey and I shouldn't do that, because it wasn't. It was just movement.

Peter Croft

Traverse of the Stuart Range, Wenatchee Mtns, North-Central Cascades, Washington State, USA.

A Mountain Flooded With Ice - Mt Balfour

With an elevation of 3272 m Mt Balfour is easily the highest summit on the Wapta and Waputik Icefields. Yet by effect of its positioning, the mountain is virtually hidden from view in the surrounding valleys. It can be glimpsed at close range from the east on the Icefield Parkway north of Hector Lookout and from further away to the west at Ottertail Viewpoint on Highway 1. And the keen eye will pick out Balfour's summit from an even greater distance to the south-east, peering over Mt Daly's shoulder for much of the drive between Banff and Lake Louise. The mountain seems well guarded by dense forest, high cliffs, icefalls, and long approaches. This air of inaccessibility is not just illusion. In attempts on Mt Balfour, past and present, reaching the mountain has often been the major difficulty.

The name Balfour was brought to the Canadian Rockies by Dr James Hector of the Palliser Expedition who, while in the vicinity of Howse Pass in 1858, named a mountain after Scottish botanist John Hutton Balfour (Holmgren and Holmgren 1976:14).¹ The mountain he so named was probably Howse Peak or one of its neighbours.² However early editions of maps compiled by the Dominion Topographic Survey gave the name Mt Balfour to the mountain we now know as such,³ and amongst most explorers of

the day the name came into common use. Most explorers that is, except WD Wilcox. In his classic work *Camping in the Rockies* Wilcox (1896) identified a photograph of Mt Balfour as "Mt Daly". Wilcox's intent was to honour CF Daly, then president of the American Geographical Society (Holmgren and Holmgren 1976:72), a sentiment not unpopular at the time, a majority of the pioneer climbers in the region being from the United States. But the resulting confusion was unpopular, especially with Professor C E Fay of the Appalachian Mountain Club. So during his 1898 attempt on Mt Balfour from the south, Fay gave the name Mt Daly to the vast summit ridge so plainly visible from the railway (Fay 1899:94-5) which he passed en route. He afterwards attempted to get Wilcox's approval of the transfer of the name. Wilcox apparently didn't receive that communication (Ibid) but eventually did get the message. In the revised edition of his book the same photograph is captioned "Mt Balfour" (Wilcox 1896:192, 1909:140). The names of both mountains have been uncontested and in universal use ever since.

Mt Balfour is essentially a ridge mountain, occupying some 6 km of the Continental Divide between Balfour Pass to the north and Lilliput Mtn to the south-east. The summit lies at the intersection of the north and south-east Divide ridges with the south-west facing Trolltinder spur (Habel 1898:334, Outram 1905:226).⁴ A lesser summit (ca 3140 m) lies ca 1/2 km along the north ridge from the highest point.

The summit area of Mt Balfour is a glacially sculpted shale pyramid which sits atop heavily stratified quartzites. These lower strata are largely horizontal on the eastern side but exhibit much folding on the western side of the mountain. In common with several other mountains in the vicinity,⁵ the western aspect of Mt Balfour forms a nearly perpendicular cliff in which the strata dip towards Balfour Pass on the north, while showing much folding in a general dip towards the Takkakaw Falls depression on the south.

From the base of the rock buttress beneath the north summit, the Diableret spur⁶ extends west for 3 km towards the Yoho valley. It hems in the Diableret Glacier to the north, separating it from the Trolltinder Glacier in the next basin south. This in turn is separated from the Fairy basin⁷ further south by the previously mentioned Trolltinder spur. The escarpment which forms the real wall of the Fairy basin continues south to end on an unnamed summit some 4 km from Mt Thompson 11 km to the north-west, a view of Mt Balfour through Vulture Col with the two peaks of Mt Olive on left, east summit of Mt Gordon on right, and in foreground St Nicholas Peak and the Wapta névé. Graeme Pole



The complex terrain east of Mt Balfour as seen from Crowfoot Mtn south, 7 km to the north-east.

1 - Waputik col, 2 - east Lilliput col, 3 - Balfour Glacier, 4 - Balfour/Lilliput col, 5 - north-east glacier, 6 - Balfour High Col, 7 - north glacier, 8 - Vulture Glacier and ridge (below), 9 - Diableret Glacier, 10 - Balfour Pass. July 1985. Graeme Pole



km south of Mt Balfour, and Fairy Glacier, having receded from the basin, now follows this contour. There are several elevations on the south-east ridge and from one of these, just over 1 km from the summit, another ridge runs roughly south to end on benches above Daly Glacier in 3km. The main feature of this ridge is the cliff on its western side, quite invisible from the east. It dictates that approaches from the south must keep to either one side of the ridge or the other as crossing over the cliff is not easily accomplished. Just east of where this south ridge leaves the south-east ridge is Balfour High Col (NH 384121). It gives access between the north glacier and the Waputik névé and at 3005 m is indeed a high col — a vital link in the Wapta/Waputik ski traverse and so often hidden in clouds. Farther south-east is another minor elevation, followed by the Balfour/ Lilliput col(NH 398114), which links Balfour Glacier and the Waputik névé.

The three glaciers on the west side of the mountain are matched by three on the east. The north glacier flows from the high col towards Balfour Pass, cascading in a spectacular east facing sérac wall beneath the summit area. To the south-east of this, descending from the elevation on the south-east ridge between the high col and the Balfour/Lilliput col, is the north-east glacier. Farther south-east, descending from the Divide ridge either side of Lilliput Mtn, is Balfour Glacier proper. To the south of the mountain lies the vast slope of the Waputik névé which feeds Niles and Daly Glaciers. So fully eight of the ten principal glaciers of the Waputik Icefield rise on Balfour's slopes — the western side characterized by cirque glaciers, the north and east by valley glaciers, and the south by an icefield. No wonder Wilcox referred to Balfour as a mountain flooded with ice (Wilcox 1896:193).

The recent recession of these glaciers is well illustrated by a comparison of the present situation with photographs taken by the Dominion Topographic Survey, and by the first explorers of the region around the turn of the century.⁸ Approaches are now considerably more difficult because of cliffs and broken ground uncovered by the retreating ice. Presently a 300 m headwall exists above Balfour Creek, resulting in parts of the eastern approach to, or exit from, Balfour Pass being threatened by the tongues of three hanging glaciers. To the west recession of the Yoho Glacier

Mt Balfour from the summit of Mt Gordon to the north-west.

1 - Mt Hector, 2 - Hector Lake (below), 3 - Balfour Pass (below in immediate foreground), 4 - Waputik col, 5 - Balfour Glacier, 6 - north glacier (below), 7 - north ridge, 8 - Balfour High Col, 9 - Diableret Glacier (below). April 1984. Graeme Pole



has made summer access to Waves Creek canyon and Balfour Pass well nigh impossible without a direct ford of the Yoho River⁹ — a manoeuvre best accomplished on horseback.¹⁰

Mt Balfour was a much sought after prize in the summers just before the turn of the century. The mountain had been studied from the summits of Stephen, Hector, Lefroy, and Victoria (Abbot 1896:14, Dixon 1898:105) and so strong was its lure that while the Wenkchemna Peaks, Huber, Hungabee, north Victoria and other fine summits of relatively easy access remained unascended, it was to remote Balfour that the collective attention of the climbing elite turned.

It was a man with a compulsion to reach another mountain who first set foot on Balfour's slopes. In July 1897 the German explorer Jean Habel journeyed from Field via Emerald Lake to the Yoho valley in an attempt to reach "Hidden Mtn" (Mt Des Poilus). In this he failed, although his party did take the first steps on the Wapta Icefield, ascending the Yoho Glacier to a point roughly on a line between the summits of Mts Collie and Gordon. Habel also ascended east from the Yoho tongue to the highest point of the Diableret spur and this panorama pieced together the layout of the south-western Wapta for future travellers (Habel 1898).

Less than a month later and apparently unaware of Habel's ascent of the Yoho Glacier, a talented group,¹¹ many fresh from the first ascents of Mts Lefroy and Victoria, left Lake Louise for an attempt on Mt Balfour. Opting for an approach from Bow Lake instead of the then more obvious Hector Lake, they ascended the south lateral moraine of Bow Glacier and in two ropes picked their way through the icefalls to the Wapta névé. Climbing out of the Bow Glacier basin, they lunched beneath the slopes of a peak they called "Beechey Head" (Mt Thompson). From there they scanned southwards for Mt Balfour and, selecting the rocky east summit of what is now known as Mt Gordon as their goal, set off for the notch at its base in order to make the ascent. The notch they named Vulture Col and the view southwards from it revealed the true Mt Balfour, much too distant for that day. Wiser to the lie of the land but yet undaunted, they continued with their consolation prize, the first ascent and traverse of Mt Gordon (Thompson 1898, Dixon 1898:105-12).

Mt Balfour from Balfour Creek in 1895.

The ice tongue in the foreground probably received flow from the Vulture and east Vulture Glaciers (as well as the glaciers on the east and north sides of the mountain, now much receded), making it the product of five valley glaciers and two icefield systems. July 1895. Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, WD Wilcox.



Two days later on 12 August 1897 members of this same group were assembled at Hector Lake preparing for another attempt on Balfour. Poor weather precluded an all out summit bid but a reconnaissance was made to the toe of Balfour Glacier, then south up the headwall at the only point... it can be ascended (Thompson 1898:326). In descent they sought out the connected basins of Turquoise Lake and Lake Margaret, seen by Thompson from the summit of Hector in 1895, and followed these to Hector Lake (Ibid p 327).

Professor Fay, perhaps a more dedicated bushwhacker than the others, had meanwhile been contemplating an approach to Balfour from the south. As early as 1896 he toyed with the formidable idea of reaching the Waputik from the railway via Bath Creek (Fay 1899:93). In August 1898, with D Campbell and RF Curtis, Fay made his southern attempt but via a more likely route, approaching from Sherbrooke Lake with a camp on Niles Creek. On the 3rd, their start delayed by a thunderstorm, the party crossed the Niles/Daly col and, skirting Mt Daly, struck out across the Waputik névé making directly for the peak of Balfour, much foreshortened and seeming more remote than ever (Ibid p 95). The late start, soft snow, deteriorating weather, and Campbell's losing heart — not to mention the sheer distance of it all — put an end to the attempt (Ibid). Among its accomplishments, this party was the first of hundreds to experience the onset of bad weather at the high col! As their consolation, Fay and Campbell made the first ascent of Mt Niles two days later (Ibid p 96).

The first ascent of Mt Balfour was accomplished shortly thereafter on 11 August by CL Noyes, CS Thompson, and GM Weed. They put the previous year's reconnaissance to good use, reaching Balfour Glacier from Hector Lake via Lake Margaret and Turquoise Lake. The glacier was ascended to the Balfour/Lilliput col and the névé followed to the south-east ridge. This they apparently crossed and, travel alternately on the upper Fairy Glacier and the ridge itself, reached the summit in late afternoon. Their descent reversed this route; the round trip, falling short of a return to camp, occupied over 16 hours (Noyes 1899:28-31).

With Balfour ascended, interest in the Wapta and Waputik waned slightly. The unclimbed summits about Lake Louise and the new territory of the Freshfields, the Lyells, and the Columbia Icefield

Mt Balfour from the summit of Mt Stephen to the south.

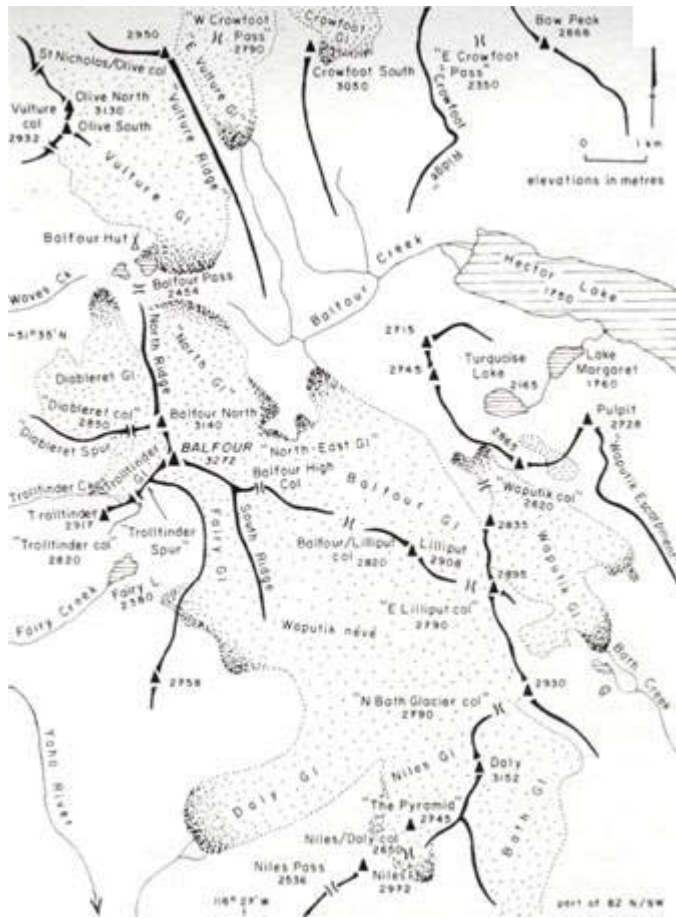
1 - Trolltinder col, 2 - Trolltinder spur, 3 - Fairy Glacier, 4 - Balfour High Col, 5 - south ridge, 6 - Balfour/Lilliput col, 7 - Miles Pass, 8 - Daly Glacier. August 1985. Graeme Pole



became the centres of activity. Notable exceptions to this trend were Sir James Outram's excursions from Field in 1900 and 1901 (Outram 1905:144-86) and his teaming up with Edward Whympere for a remarkable tour de force in the Yoho in July and August 1901. No less than eleven first ascents were made, including that of Trolltinder Mtn (Ibid pp 189-233). The journey was capped by the first crossing of Balfour Pass by Outram and guides C Kaufmann and J Pollinger. Over completely unfamiliar ground, through complicated icefalls, and with a lengthy bushwhack around the north shore of Hector Lake thrown in, the three travelled the 40 km from the tongue of the Yoho Glacier to the Chalet in Lake Louise in a mere 12 hours, including rests! As Outram dryly put it, Really a tremendous day's expedition (Ibid p 233).

On 26 August 1903 a party organized by Professor Fay made the first ascent of Mt Daly via the Niles/Daly col from a bivouac in a cave along Niles Creek. They descended over Daly Glacier for the Yoho valley and, the gully south of Takkakaw Falls not yet discovered, grappled for hours with the fearsome cliffs of the valley's east wall. Once down they were benighted in the Yoho canyon at a spot where five had to be accommodated in a place which would have been uncomfortably circumscribed for three (Tewes 1904:381). Glum faces indeed appear in the published photograph of that bivouac (Ibid p 380). Still, a new variation on access to and exit from the southern Waputik had been roughly pioneered.

In July 1904, the north ridge of Balfour was climbed for the first time by Miss GE Benham and guide C Kaufmann, with a western approach from the Yoho Glacier (Benham 1904:334-5). Then on 11 August 1909 a party of 12, on a tour of the Yoho country following the ACC Lake O'Hara camp, made the first complete ascent from the south. They reached Daly Glacier from Sherbrooke Lake via Niles Pass and the summit of Balfour via Fairy Glacier. In descent they returned to Daly Glacier and then traversed north above tree-line on the slopes below Trolltinder Mtn to camp at the Yoho Glacier (Solly 1910:138-40, MacCarthy and Bartleet 1910:147-9). In 1911 the ACC annual camp was held in the meadows above Sherbrooke Lake. Numerous ascents of Niles and Daly were made and even one of Popes Peak but not a single rope as much as set out for Balfour (Patterson and Forde 1912:148-9). However the summit was reached from the 1914 ACC camp in the Little Yoho by a route or routes unrecorded (Wheeler 1915:257). It was probably during one of these camps that the gully south of Takkakaw Falls was first



discovered and used and a bridge across the Yoho built near its base.¹² The first traverse of Mt Balfour was made 7 August 1933 by Mr and Mrs I A Richards and AM Binnie. They ascended the north ridge and descended to Takkakaw Falls (Binnie 1934:84-5). Traverses in the opposite direction are unrecorded but doubtless have been made.

In 1932 the first ski ascents in the Yoho were accomplished (Neave 1933).¹³ Skis were taken to Balfour's summit for the first time in June 1935 by the party of BG Moodie, L Harmon, DE Batchelor, and guide V Kutschera, who approached via Niles Pass from a timberline camp at Sherbrooke Lake (Moodie 1934-35).¹⁴ The match of the Wapta and Waputik Icefields with ski mountaineering was thus firmly established.

The first recorded ascent of Balfour from a northern starting point was that from Bow Lake in May 1936 by G von Lillienfeld and party. They reached Balfour Pass by an ascent to west Crowfoot Pass and a descent of the east Vulture Glacier. The summit was gained via Balfour Glacier and the Balfour/Lilliput col, the ascent taking 13 hours. Descent was made to a thawing Hector Lake and a miserable bivouac (von Lillienfeld 1936:78-9).¹⁵ Truly an adventurous outing and probably not since repeated in a single day, if at all.

In August 1964 the first of two technical routes to date on Mt Balfour was put up on the east sérac face above the north glacier by G Boles, A Cole, R and G Geber. They approached on foot from Bow Lake via Vulture Glacier and bivouaced in Balfour Pass. The ascent from the north glacier was through the icefalls directly below the summit, trending north to the upper north ridge.

Descent was made along the north ridge to a shallow snow gully which was followed back to the north glacier, thus completing the second route of traverse on the mountain (Boles 1965).¹⁶ The other technical route was an ascent of the west buttress from the Diableret spur to the north summit in July 1978 by C Israelson, D Bouchard, and C White. This was the party's third attempt at the route, poor conditions having thwarted the previous two. They rated it F7. The route was down climbed and rappelled in descent (Israelson 1979).

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, with the increased focus on ski mountaineering and traverses on the Wapta and Waputik icefields, the ACC and the Calgary Ski Club began work towards establishing a hut system to make multi-day trips in the area less arduous. The first building was a fibreglass igloo placed on the south side of Balfour Pass. Although a less than perfect shelter, it did keep out the bulk of the notorious weather and served as a good staging point for those using the high col exit. The foundation of the igloo was damaged by shifting of the ice cored moraine beneath it and in an attempt to rectify the problem the building was first moved a few metres and then later helicoptered to the north side of the pass. There it finally succumbed to the ravages of a wolverine (Toft 1984).¹⁷ The igloo was replaced by a more weatherproof wood structure in 1971. Currently owned and operated by Parks Canada, the Balfour Hut accommodates 12 on a permit basis (Ibid). For most parties, the hut is seven to eight hours travel on skis from Bow Lake. A round trip to Balfour's summit from the hut via the high col or the north ridge will typically occupy the better part of a day. So even with the convenience of the hut, Balfour is for most parties still very much a three day mountain.¹⁸

There remain a few obscure firsts to be accomplished. A high level circumnavigation of the peak, which would force the Trolltinder col, is a possibility. Less obscure is the Trolltinder spur itself which awaits ascent. Steep snow and ice gullies split both the north-west and south-west aspects of this spur and may offer the most reasonable lines. Still the spur may wait a long time for an ascent, for by Outram's description it is a splendidly imposing sight, an absolutely sheer precipice many hundred feet (Outram 1905:228). And if that's not enough, as with all the routes on this mountain, a party making the attempt will have to deal with the Balfourish pleasures of just reaching their climb.

Graeme Pole

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FOOTNOTES

1. Hector studied under Balfour at the University of Edinburgh.

2. In 1859 Hector was again in the region and crossed Howse Pass from north to south. South of the Pass, on the upper Blaeberry River, two compass bearings were taken on "Mt Balfour" — almost due north, and slightly east of north — which would place it in the Howse Peak group, and most likely the highest point — the present day Howse Peak. Had it been visible the present day Mt Balfour would have been on a bearing to the south-east. Yet it is interesting to note that on the Palliser Expedition map, "Mt Balfour" is located west of the source of the Bow River (Howse Peak is north-west), in a position nearly consistent with the Balfour of today. See: Palliser Journals (1863) and Index (1865), and Spry 1968:449.

3. See Department of the Interior 1903-07.

4. The name "Trolltinder" was given to the castellated peak on Balfour's west slopes by Jean Habel in 1897. He named it after a summit of similar appearance and the same name in the Romsdal, Norway. The name means "Witches' Peaks". The spur, glacier, basin, and creek take their names from the mountain.

5. Lilliput Mtn, North and South Rhondda, and St Nicholas Peak on the Divide; the north ridge of Yoho Peak, and the west faces of Mts Gordon and Collie.

6. The spur takes its name from the glacier, but the source of the name is unknown.

7. Several nearly vertical icefalls cascaded over the rear wall of this basin at the turn of the century (see Outram 1905:228 for photo. Perhaps this spectacle created in some observer an association with the name by which the glacier, lake, basin, and creek are now known. The name was not in use in 1901 (Outram 1905).

8. See Thompson 1898:320 for a view of Mt Balfour and Hector Lake from the east ca 1895; Ibid p 321 for a view of Mt Balfour from Mt McArthur to the west ca 1891; Noyes 1899:26 for a view of Mt Balfour from Vulture Col in 1898; Tewes 1904:376 for a view of the southern Waputik and Sherbrooke Lake from East Cathedral survey station ca 1896; Sherzer 1908:256 or Wheeler 1920:126 for a view of Mt Balfour from Bow Peak South ca 1900; Outram 1905:195 for a view of Takakkaw Falls, Daly and Fairy Glaciers, ca 1900; Outram 1905:228 for Fairy Glacier in 1901; and Outram 1905:232 for Balfour Icefall in 1901. Also refer to Wilcox photograph this article.

9. So dramatic was the recession of Yoho Glacier (444 ft in 12 years) and so difficult had access to its toe become, AO Wheeler was forced to abandon his ongoing study of the glacier in 1918. See Wheeler 1920:145.

10. The usefulness of horses in fording the Yoho River is mentioned by JM Thorington (1932:409). Habel used them in 1897.

11. GP Baker, JN Collie, HB Dixon, CE Fay, A Michael, CL Noyes, HC Parker, CS Thompson, guide P Sarbach, and outfitter B Peyto.

12. In the first edition of the Climber's Guide (Palmer and Thorington 1921) the route description for Mt Daly infers that the gully was already in use as the regular access route to Daly Glacier. Thorington (1932:405) refers to the remains of a bridge across the Yoho River existing in 1930.

13. Yoho Peak, The Vice President, Mts Olive, Gordon and Collie in May 1932, by AA McCoubrey, C Secord, R and F Neave.

14. Good photographs.

15. Good photographs.

16. Marked photograph.

17. Other information on Balfour Hut supplied by C Israelson and P Fuhrmann of the National Parks Warden Service.

18. Round trips to the summit of Balfour and back have been accomplished in a day from Takkakaw Falls in summer, and from the Icefield Parkway via Hector Lake on skis, but these outings are exceptions to the rule. Witness this account: "Mt Balfour still retains its reputation as a night club. A party of seven, after making a successful climb were unable to cross the swollen stream and spent the night at the junction of Angel (Fairy?) Creek and Yoho River. Seven proved to be the perfect number, as they were able to divide the seven hours of fire-tending evenly and spent a comfortable night" (MDF 1937:160). An accompanying photograph shows the summit of Balfour being approached from the north.

Aurora Ridge On Mt

Lucania

We paid our dues sitting in the Kluane Lake dust bowl, playing hacky-sac on the frozen lake, looking into the frontal ranges, and hoping that we'd fly in tomorrow. As usual Andy Williams astounded us with his efforts to get all of us in on the same day. The last pair flew in through clouds to our landing site at 9000 ft on an arm of the Dennis Glacier. After choking on that first breath of cold air the next thing that came to me was the stillness. It's a powerful feeling watching that plane take off. Six miles north and 1000 ft below, our ridge rose out of an icefall on the Dennis Glacier 8000 ft to Lucania's north-easternmost summit then traversed 31/2 miles to the true summit at 17,147ft. All the uncertainty collected in my stomach from this straight on view. I peered through my telephoto lens until cold hands told me to quit.

Jay found all the crevasses on our ski to the base of Aurora Ridge. The first destroyed his sled towing system and I felt that the next two were partially due to his now poor towing rig. Without skis crossing the Dennis Glacier would have been a real problem, littered as it is with holes, some of them large enough to swallow a freight train.

The original ascent of Lucania was by Brad Washburn and Robert Bates in 1937. Due to deterioration of the upper Dennis Glacier I doubt that their route is repeatable. A large icefall dominates the corner of the glacier between 8500 and 10,000 ft. Aurora Ridge is gained from the base of this icefall via a wide 500 ft couloir. The angle of the couloir steepens near the top and we fixed 300 ft of polyprop to protect the load carrying. The couloir tops out onto a large half mile wide by a mile long low angle plateau which climbs gently to 10,500 ft. It was here we made camp 1. Food and fuel for 18 days were ferried up and rope was fixed above.

Aurora Ridge is divided into three sections. The lower one third is the Wishbone, aptly named. On the right side we fixed another 1500 ft of rope to make secure 50 degree snow slopes and some short 60 degree ice gaining the top of the Wishbone. The middle section is a descent and traverse to where the ridge rises again. The final section rises another 2500 ft to the first summit.

The key to the ridge comes when it appears to want to traverse an extremely steep snow slope around 12,500 ft. Belaying was useless in the endlessly deep snow. Being in the shade heightened the chilled feeling I had as I started across in Whitey's footsteps. Each one settled another few inches but was generally solid under foot. Whitey climbed straight up to the 25 ft cornice barring our way onto the ridge top. The cornice had broken off leaving a tunnel through to the sunny side of the ridge only large enough to crawl through and drag packs behind. He had seen the light coming through the cornice. The 'Window of Light' became the key to this new route. We could fix rope into and out of the window but then we were out of rope. We could not have fixed our way across the steep slope beyond the window without pulling all our ropes from below. Using the window allowed us to keep the ridge below fixed for quick descent. Another camp was dug in 300 ft above.

Above camp 2 the ridge leveled off and descended across the



“Centennial Cornice Traverse”. We named this in honour of Parks Canada celebrating their hundredth anniversary. At the end of the traverse the ridge rose again, a scary and exposed 800 ft into our next camp at 14,500. All we could handle was one day's carry from our last camp even though it was still another 1500 ft below the first summit. Two things kept us from making another camp. One was the weather — sort of clear followed by two to three days of snow and wind. The other was that just above the window Pat had lost his pack down the 3000 ft to the glacier below. None of us wanted to go down and get it so we went without the few extra days of food and Pat ingeniously created a pack from extra webbing and food bags.

Two more days of inclement weather passed. At the end of the second day it got cold and clear. At 3 am Whitey and I were up heating water. At 5 the six of us were stomping out. It was difficult to go at a comfortable pace because our feet were freezing in the crampons. We moved faster into anaerobic states in hopes that the added circulation might thaw us out. Clouds began collecting from over the land mass to the east, generating a brilliant sunrise and our feet were forgotten. Jolted by the sudden rise in altitude and somewhat disenchanted by the light snow now falling we kind of just plodded along. Luckily negotiating the ridge in the snow was slow work. We weren't up to making quick decisions. Then we climbed above the clouds traversing the middle summit and the magic of summit day began to flow again. We approached the top together around 1 pm and sat above the clouds in the cold sunshine. We were feeling the 2700 ft climb and 3 1/2 miles of traverse above 16,000 ft. The climb had taken 16 days. After an hour or so we laced ourselves together and plodded back across the ridge and down to camp. Next day we descended to our camp and

cache at 10,500 ft now totally dehydrated. We removed our fixed ropes the day after.

The climb was done in very clean style. All our human waste was jettisoned into crevasses in paper shopping bags. We carried out everything else and no gear was left on the hill. Our ski out followed the Dennis Glacier to the Walsh Glacier where Andy Williams picked us up 23 May.

Steve Young

New Route, Aurora Ridge, Mt Lucania. Greg White, Chip Brejc, Pat Petersen, Jeff Patheal, Jay Pistono, and Steve Young. 1 to 23 May 1985.

Articling Blues

Articling blues are something every young lawyer experiences — the long hours, low pay, and uncertainty of future employment can combine to make it a trying year. For a climber it can be particularly miserable. Most give in and start a slide to professional respectability but a few brave souls refuse to compromise their climbing careers. This is the story of a man of that sort, and the tale of a great climb.

At 6.30 am on Saturday 24 August Bruce Fairley (young lawyer), Bill Durtler, and I rendezvoused at Ken Legg's house as planned. We were going to attempt the north buttress of Wahoo Tower, a soaring summit in the Manatee Range, southern Coast Mtns. My ambition to climb this route had been building all summer but when the weather was good the logging roads were closed and when it was bad you couldn't climb. To circumvent the access problem and because Bruce could only beg one day off work we decided to fly in using a ski plane based at Squamish. I knew this would be my last climb of the season and a new route on Wahoo would be a fine way to cap a great summer's climbing.

Things started badly and went to worse. The fourth member of our team was found lying in a drunken stupor on his garage floor. He explained he had returned from a party but a mere half hour previous. Nonetheless he was packed and ready for our 8 am flight. Unfortunately our pilot wasn't; his response to our 9 am call was, "It's okay, I'm going to be late."

The flight to the Manatee Range took about an hour. Two months of dry weather had left the glaciers bare. We suggested to the pilot that he land on a high icefield below the base of Wahoo but he chose the lower glacier, misjudged his distance, and executed an extremely rough landing in the middle of a crevasse field, snapping a support rod on his tail ski. While the pilot reattached the rear ski with a piece of polyprop rope, Bruce pondered the possibility of humping it out to the Meager Creek Logging camp and getting back to Vancouver all in one day. There really wasn't any decision to make however, since we all had doubts that our erstwhile pilot, Ron Banner, could coax his plane into the air again. While Ken and I began fashioning a runway on the glacier, Bruce and Bill started packing to the base of the wall. After a couple of hours of flattening suncups and filling in holes Banner was able, much to our surprise, to bounce his plane off with a display that would make an albatross look graceful.



From our previous sighting of the buttress we were expecting that a substantial amount of aid climbing might be necessary but Bruce and Bill were able to fix and free two pitches on the face to the left of an enormous cleft in the wall quite easily. With the possibility of good bivy sites en route we abandoned any plans of fixing lines. The advance team descended while Ken and I cooked dinner. Our comrades were somewhat distressed to learn that the supper menu consisted exclusively of Kraft dinner and the breakfasts of Red River cereal.

At 4 pm Ken and I started jugging the lines. I led an easy 5.7 pitch and Ken a moderately difficult 5.9 in fading light that put us on the large ledge system that capped the great cleft. We located a bivy under an overhang, then watched helplessly as Ken's ensolite fluttered down the face, leaving us with one between four people. With a sleeping bag I got a reasonable night's rest, while the other three without got very little.

The next morning was beautifully clear, as were most mornings in the amazing summer of 1985. We began climbing at 7.30 am. The next four pitches ran 5.9, 5.7, 5.9, 5.7, and remained quite true to the buttress crest. A detailed description can be found in the revised Alpine Guide to Southwestern BC. The eighth pitch saw us onto the Great Snow Ledge that is clearly visible two thirds of the way up the buttress. Ken led off from the ledge, taking a strenuous 5.10 line right on the crest, but we were then forced to traverse left to a shallow gully. The gully, which went around 5.5, had the only really poor rock on the route. Above the gully the 12th (5.8) and 13th (5.6) pitches again travelled up enjoyable cracks and open books on great rock. The final pitch began on a ledge at the base of a blank looking wall. A lead of exciting 5.10 face climbing put me in position for the final half lead right up the buttress crest and right on to Wahoo's fabulous flattened summit. We spent an hour basking on the warm slabs, gorging, and picking out peaks we had climbed on our traverse from the Raleigh/ Gilbert area the year before. The summit celebration would have been perfect but for a nagging case of Articling Blues. Articling Blues Buttress then, V 5.10 14 pitches — a fantastic climb that is worthy of many repeat ascents. A fast party could easily do the route in a day — and then there is the whole right side of the face. ...

The descent down the east face on snow and ice was tricky as we had only carried runners up the climb. As Bill had inadvertently jettisoned his shoes prematurely Bruce endured the agony of descending in Fires. Determined to outdo Ken, Bill also watched his helmet bounce with gusto down the entire length of the north face. The steep snow slope that dropped from the Wahoo/Mermaid col was frozen solid and intersected by two large 'schrunds. A series of tedious rappels didn't see us down to our tents until dark. After a feast (three guesses) we were asleep before 10 pm.

First light came and went; we overslept. Around 7.45 (about the time the senior partners of Richards, Underhill started arriving for work) we were on the move, traversing around Dolphin Mtn and descending to the site of the 1984 ACC Vancouver section summer camp. Rather than contour the glaciers we took a gamble and dropped to the moraine below; it worked, but involved a couple of tricky fords, the second of which was particularly harrowing. The walk through the Manatee meadows was as pleasant as the year before, when we had been exiting from our traverse with light packs.

Ken and I reached the end of the meadows around 5 pm and quickly dropped to Devastation Plain. Beyond the plain it is a mere quarter of a mile to the logging road — if you can cross the creek. Floods the previous winter had destroyed most of the log jam which we had relied on the year before. Ken and I spent an hour searching for a means of crossing, finally settling on a thin pole which stretched across the creek. A rock cairn we built at one end prevented it from bouncing. The technique was simple: straddle the pole, bend the knees, keep yer feet above the water and don't fall off. We tyroleaned the packs across and waited for Bruce and Bill. It's a shame that access to the Manatee area is so problematic because of this one dubious crossing.

Parks Canada Camp: packtrain approaching camp site. Clair Israelson

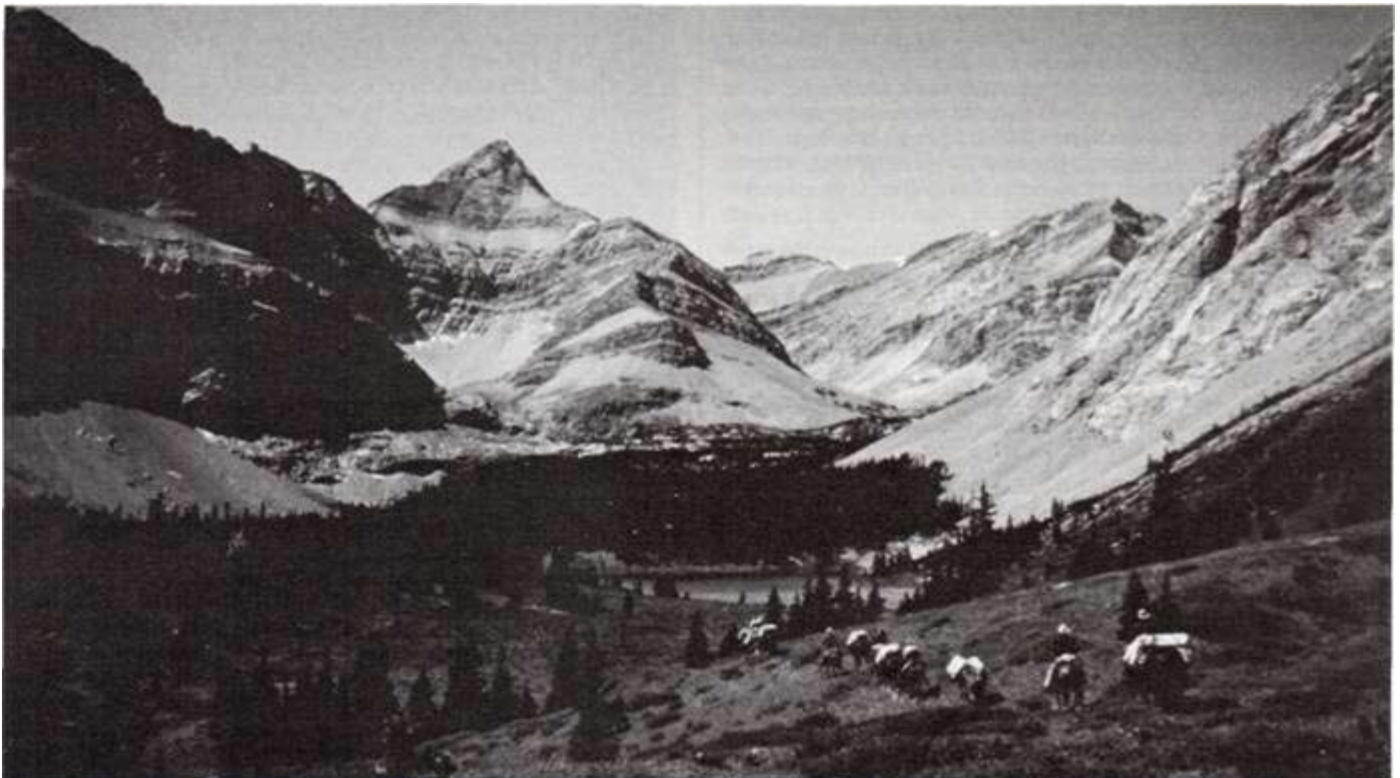
All that now remained was 8 km of logging road and the choice of a friend to receive our midnight call for a bail out ride to Squamish. I reached the camp at 11.30 pm, woke the resident caretaker, and used his radio-telephone to make a collect call to the designated victim. Impressing on him that Bruce had to be at work the next morning or the Law Society would likely excommunicate him or something, our friend left immediately and rolled into the camp around three in the morning. Back in Squamish we treated him to breakfast in the Big Scoop (hey, it was the best we could do, and anyhow the friendly lady took pity on us and got out her own homemade jam to go with our toast) while we waited for one of the gas stations to open. At 7.30 our friend Joe Hailey left with Bruce for Vancouver; he was also due at work.

Reports of snoring coming from the Courthouse library that afternoon have now been confirmed — probably Bruce dreaming of climbs for the upcoming Labour Day weekend. Some guys know how to live.

Rob Driscoll

Parks Canada Centennial Commemorative Climbing Camp

In the fall of 1984 Parks Canada management asked the Warden Service for proposals to celebrate the 1985 centennial of our National Park system. As the mountain National Parks were first used and explored by horse outfitters and mountaineers, and since these traditional activities continue to be essential skills for park wardens today, we decided an exploratory trip using horses for access and climbing previously unclimbed peaks in the Clearwater Group of Banff Park was an exciting and appropriate project.



Since the inception of our National Parks six park wardens have lost their lives in the line of duty. In 1929 Percy Goodair was killed by a grizzly in the Tonquin valley. In Riding Mountain National Park, Lawrence Lee was shot by poacher(s) in 1932. James Brink and Robert Marak died when their patrol vehicle was struck by a transport truck in Banff Park in 1971. In 1979 in Banff Park Neil Colgan died after being kicked by his horse while on backcountry patrol. In 1981 Robert Leblanc was killed in a fire fighting accident in Kouchibougeiac National Park. To commemorate 100 years of National Parks, and to recognize the dedication to duty of the Warden Services, we will request the Canadian Permanent Committee of Geographical Names to designate the mountains surrounding the north fork of McConnell Creek as the Warden ranges, and to name six of the peaks climbed after these men.

On 24 July 1985 park wardens from British Columbia to Newfoundland met at Lake Louise. At 6.30 am on the 25th five rode out of Lake Louise with the 30 horses we would use for the trip. By 2 pm they had covered 58 km of rough trail and were waiting at Scotch Camp cabin for the rest of the crew to arrive by vehicle. The remainder of the day was spent organizing loads for the pack horses. At daybreak horses were saddled and packed and soon small groups of three or four men had started off up the Red Deer River trail. At McConnell Creek we turned north and followed the right side of the creek, along an old trail that had been cleared of deadfall a few days earlier. Travel was good for the first 6 km until the trail petered out at the end of the gravel flats below the creek forks. We picked up an elk trail on the north side of the creek and began to follow it toward the north fork of McConnell Creek. Although this route seemed to be a good idea at the time, it turned out to be a poor choice. The timber became thicker and the horses had to jump, squeeze, and crash through the bush. Packs came loose and had to be reset, horseflies attacked in earnest, and the terrain changed from gentle slopes to a steep stream below. Our admiration for the early explorers who bushwhacked for months at a time grew immensely. It was a great relief to finally enter the open alpine meadows. A few kilometres more and we arrived at our camp site, a meadow beside two small lakes just below tree-line. Although we had only travelled 15 km from Scotch Camp the horses were tired and we were glad to have that part of the trip behind us. As we were riding into the camp site we met John, Dale, Don, and Gaby who had found an easier route up the west side of the valley. Their trail was used for all further travel. By evening camp was set up, and while Don, Dale, Gaby, and John returned to Scotch Camp to pack in more supplies the following day, the climbers set out to scout the surrounding countryside.

“MT COLGAN”

From Two Lake camp to the ridge immediately north of camp, then follow crest of ridge up steep steps interspersed with gentle saddles. 3 km to the summit. The steps are occasionally overhanging but the rock is solid. Descent via ridge to the south-west to a saddle then via south-east facing slopes into valley above camp.

Peak 662286, 3065+ m. No record previous ascent. 5 1/2 hrs camp to summit, 2 hrs descent: V. Israelson and Dafoe. 27 July 1985.

“MT BRINK”

From Two Lake camp past the third lake to large fourth lake (45

min), around north shore of lake and up scree slope and cliff bands to a fifth lake (40 min). Turn north up scree slope and rock ridge to start of east ridge (1 hr) and follow up ridge to summit (11/2 hr). Descent via north ridge and west face to col (1 rappel, 1 hr).

Peak 658275, 3050+ m. No record previous ascent. Low IV. Stinson, Kosachenko. Pfisterer. 27 July 1985.

“MT MARAK”

In conjunction with “Mt Brink”, ascent via west face and col (2 hrs from col). Loose rock and shale slabs throughout. Descent via north ridge and east face (4 rappels) and down climb to scree slope. Then over snow and boulder fields to fourth lake (2 hrs).

Peak 655282, 3050+ m. No record previous ascent. III Stinson, Kosachenko, Pfisterer .27 July 1985.

“MT LEE”

From Two Lake camp hike up to third lake then up easy but loose rock towards north ridge (2 hrs). At base of ridge traverse into east face. Climb loose class 3 rock and traverse to east ridge via indistinct ledge. Follow east ridge on loose grade IV rock to summit buttress. After some problems with down sloping rock a final 5 m chimney leads to the summit (6 hrs from camp). Descent via easy west ridge to west saddle then down north facing scree slopes into head of valley and back to camp (3 hrs).

Peak 667261, 3110 m. No record previous ascent. Fuhrer, Tessolini, Abbott. 27 July 1985.

“MT GOODAIR”

From Two Lake camp hike up valley to fifth lake then up huge scree slopes to the ridge. Short rope over tottering piles of shale to first high point on ridge then about 300 m to true summit. Descent via ascent route.

Peak 651261, 3080m. No record previous ascent. Auger, Elliot, Peering. 27 July 1985.

“MT LEBLANC”

From Two Lake camp hike into next valley north then up easy open ridge onto east summit ridge. Follow ridge crest to summit buttress at 2895 m. Rope up and follow gully and ledge systems, staying close to ridge of buttress until summit is reached. Loose rock throughout.

Peak 659302, 3050+ m. No record previous ascent. Ascent 4 hrs, descent 3 hrs via ascent route; III. Israelson, Burstrom, Fuhrer, Kosachenko, Tessolini. 28 July 1985.

SMOKY MTN

From “Mt Leblanc” continue north along ridge. First climbed in 1919 by the Dominion Topographical Survey. Descent via south-east slopes to valley below (3 1/2 hrs).

Peak 655324, 3133 m. Fuhrer, Kosachenko, Tessolini. 28 July 1985.

PEAK 683263

The apparent peak on ridge immediately south of camp. From camp, up valley to just below third lake then follow sloping ramp to

centre of face. Several pitches of belayed climbing on moderately good rock lead to easier ground and base of final cliffs. Two more belayed pitches to summit ridge. Descent via large scree gully back to lake.

2835 m. Ascent 4 hrs, descent 2 hrs; V. Auger, Dafoe, Elliot. 28 July 1985.

On 29 July it rained and the clouds obscured everything above tree-line so Willy, Tom, Hans, Darro, and Clair saddled horses and rode up to the head of the valley to scout out the access to peaks in that area. Highlights were observations of a grizzly bear, six mountain goats, a nursery herd of 102 wapiti cows and calves, and Willy trying to light his pipe in a thunderstorm.

PEAK 709326

First attempted on 28 July via the south-south-west ridge when, two-thirds of the way up, an overhanging drop of ca 65 m was encountered which could not be negotiated. Two days later smooth 35 to 40 degree slabs were climbed directly up the west face.

3050 m. No record previous ascent. 2 hrs from foot of climb; III. Stinson and Tessolini. 30 July 1985.

PEAK 713312

From Peak 709326 follow ridge southward on easy grade II traverse. Or ascend via south ridge from Peak 718305 (see below). Descent via west face on good scree to a cliff and slab and two 50 m rappels (1 1/2 hr).

2988+ m. No record previous ascent. From Peak 709326: Stinson and Tessolini. Via south ridge: Pfisterer, Peering, Dafoe. 30 July 1985.

PEAK 718305

Can be climbed via the south-west ridge thus by-passing both fore-summits. By-pass first fore-summit through valley to north; traverse second through its north face to south-west ridge 500 m below summit. Easy walk to peak (2 1/2 hrs from base of climb). Descent via north ridge (1 rappel) to col (1 hr) then ascend Peak 713312, II+ (1 hr).

3020 m. No record previous ascent. II+. Pfisterer, Deering, Dafoe. 30 July 1985.

PEAK 720295

Up valley to north of peak to by-pass false summits on ridge then up scree and loose slabs of north-west face to summit. Descent via ascent route.

3020 m. No record previous ascent. NTD. Ascent 2 1/2 hrs from tree-line, descent 1 1/2 hrs. Israelson, Abbott, Kosachenko. 30 July 1985.

PEAK 725288

Ascend via valley to north of summit then hike up scree and slabs of west face (2 1/2 hrs from tree-line). From the summit the ridge to the south was followed for an ascent of Boar Station (Peak 728281, 3040 m), previously climbed by the Dominion Topographical Survey party in 1955. Descent by easy slopes of

west face (1 1/2hr back to tree-line).

Peak 725288, 2988 m. No record previous ascent. Fuhrer and Elliot. 30 July 1985.

Back at camp on 30 July, that night we pack the climbing gear away and count up our accomplishments. Twelve previously unclimbed peaks and two climbed earlier by others. While much of the climbing had not been of a high technical standard the experience of being in this beautiful valley climbing with our colleagues from other parks, and exploring a valley in the park where not a single trace of human passage could be found made this camp an unforgettable experience for all. We felt certain that the wardens who had over the years lost their lives in the service they believed in would approve of our efforts.

At daybreak we were out of bed and breaking camp. All the gear was put into pack horse loads for the 27 km ride out to Cyclone Cabin at the head of the Red Deer River. The only problem was that two horses had pulled out overnight. John eventually found them 12 km from camp, headed for Scotch Camp. As a result the last group did not leave the camp site until almost noon.

As we rode over the hill out of the valley we stopped for one last look. We are all used to being in the back country but this valley had been a special place. We felt proud to be custodians of parks where it is still possible to feel the thrill of exploration similar to that experienced by the climbers and outfitters of 100 years ago.

The trip to Cyclone was long, hot, and uneventful. Each of us were lost in our thoughts, riding along soaking in the sun and the scenery. At the cabin the horses were put out to pasture, the tents were pitched, and we all sat around talking in tired voices. The last day, 1 August, was a short 18 km ride out to Lake Louise by way of Baker Lake and Boulder Pass. Perfect weather and the horses stepping out, knowing they'd soon be home. As we rode over Boulder Pass down into the trees we passed a group of hikers who asked if we'd had a good trip. The answer was a big smile and a "You bet!"

Clair Israelson, Park Warden Banff National Park

Participants: Darro Stinson and Willy Pfisterer (Jasper), Hans Fuhrer (Kootenay), Tom Elliot (Yoho), Ed Abbott (Elk Island), Eric Dafoe and Frank Burstrom (Revelstoke/Glacier), Peter Deering (Gros Morne), Brent Kosachenko (Waterton), Don Mickle, Ron Tessolini, Gaby Fortin, John Nylund, Dale Loewen, Tim Auger, Clair Israelson (Banff). For this excellent Park Centennial event all involved offer sincere thanks to the Centennial Committee, Western Regional Office for providing funding. Special thanks to Frank Burstrom for his superb cooking, and to Dale Loewen and John Nylund whose equestrian skills contributed greatly to the success of the venture.

Portal Peak Revisited

In 1939 Frank Dawe and Roger Prentice of North Vancouver BC took a boat up the Toba River to explore the mountains west of Filer Creek. I had read their story many times (CAJ 1939:20-4) and always wondered exactly where they'd gone since the maps of the day showed only a rough approximation of the ridges. They described their boat trip up the river, the ascent of a diagonal gully, and a northerly traverse of the range between Filer and Klite Creeks. At the northern limit of their travels they climbed and named Portal Peak, then dropped west off the divide and returned to the Toba valley via Klite Creek.

On 15 August 1985 John Baldwin and I chartered a Beaver aircraft in Squamish and flew north-west to the Toba country. Our plan was to follow Frank's and Roger's 1939 route and determine which peak they'd climbed as government maps had placed the name on a peak too far north, then continue on to circle the Klite Creek watershed in a high level horseshoe traverse. Two air drops were placed and the flight gave us a chance to view the almost hopelessly rugged barrier at the head of Klite Creek. Dan, the pilot, dropped us off at the head of Toba Inlet and we started hiking up the hot logging road. At mile ten we turned into the bush heading for the base of the diagonal gully described in Roger's article. We wove through dried out sloughs and silent valley bottom timber until we heard a musical little stream and followed it into a narrow shadowy gully. It had a powerful closed in feeling, the sturdy little trees on its sides rooted in the granite. We camped at 1000 ft after making a flat spot with boulders, sticks, and moss. Stars shone through the sliver of sky between the enclosing walls.

We spent the next day in this fabulous gully but it didn't go! The air had the heavy resinous smell of prolonged good weather. We clambered all over the place with the packs, everything a dead end, so packed back down and camped in woods near the creek at 500 ft. A ramp we'd seen farther east must be the real diagonal gully.

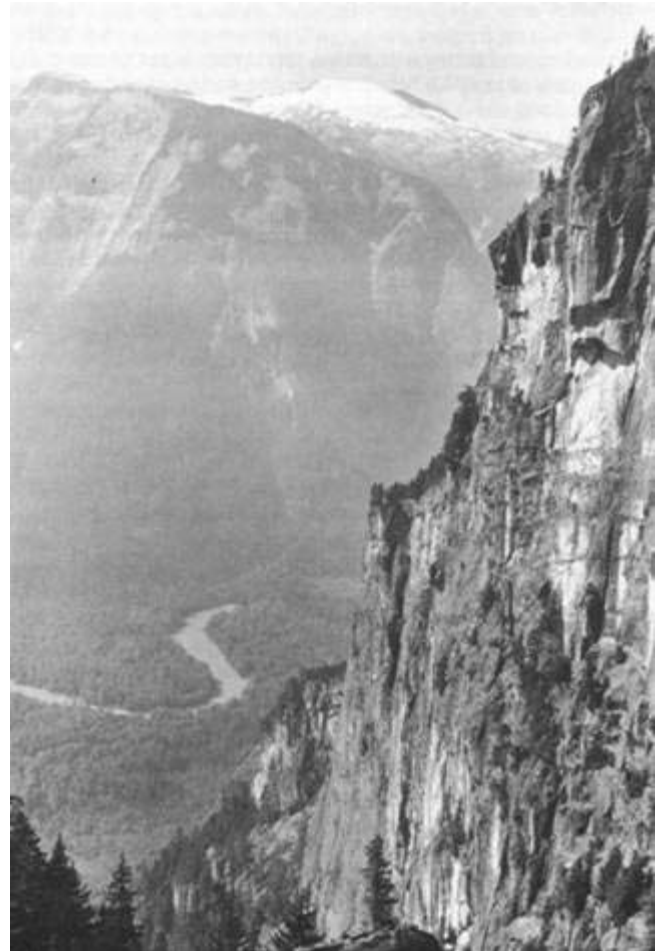
We got away early after the last of the porridge. The thought of nibbling dry bread crust for supper quickened our pace. The real diagonal gully had a fantastic vertical wall on its west side and most of the climbing was over open rocks and boulders. At 3000 ft we left the sunny rocks and walked into the filtered light and springy turf of the woods where we dallied a while to feed on blueberries. Climbing on up through easy timber to the ridge crest, we had a swim in a warm, mucky tarn. Despite the map, there is a rock step on the ridge between 4000 to 4500 ft. We negotiated this by using the same knife-cut in the cliff that Frank and Roger had used and the chock stone at the entrance was just as they described it. Above everything opened up — gorgeous alpine with wide expanses of flat white granite with many more tarns and another swim. Far below the meandering Toba River lazily took its time getting to the sea. We hiked on and around Diagonal Mtn to the air drop (camp 3), finding a complete goat skeleton on the way.

In the morning while John sorted food I sewed up my tattered shirt that had disintegrated the day before yesterday in gully number one. We packed north on easy ridges, watching goats and taking in the views. Far off puffs of cumulus were the only clouds and the breezy air drove ripples across the surface of the tarns. At point 6765 ft we were where Roger said One more ridge

remained between us and the high peak. Below, a thousand feet, the Klite-Filer divide curved up the steep snow slope to meet us. The high mountain they were admiring was the bold looking Peak 7585. They had dropped down this 1000 ft slope to the 5700 ft col, turned south-west, and camped in a meadow. We also cramptonned down the 1000 ft but continued on toward Peak 7410 in the hope of packing over or around it. The sight of a couple of steps on the south-east ridge drove us around to the north-east ridge but we were stopped here by a rock step just below the peak. Finally we packed on glaciers across the north side to place camp 4 on the rocky ridge west of the whole massif.

In the morning we groped in fog up the west ridge of Peak 7410 and there it was — Frank's and Roger's cairn! Searching it we found an old glass bottle with a rusted metal cap, through which water had soaked the paper inside. It read Aug. 16, 1939, Frank Dawe, 1180 Cortell St., Capilano, B.C. Roger S. Prentice, 338 Queens Rd., North Vancouver, B.C. Writers group of the West End Community Center. We dried it out, put it in a sealed tube, and waited around in vain for the fog to clear. It seems they had used the south-east ridge from which we'd shied with the packs. The day after their climb they had a terrible bushwhack down the valley west from their camp. Roger wrote, Slide alder, salmon berry thickets and devil's club reached nightmare proportions. There were times even, while crawling through this thorny jungle, when we despaired of ever getting out.

Mt. Julian and Toba River from high in the diagonal gully. John Clarke





Looking south from Peak 7440 ft.
Peak 7410 ft on left, Peak 7515 ft above cairn, Peak 7587 ft on right.
John Clarke



Klite Peak (7865 ft) showing the south-east buttress. John Clarke



Traversing across the north side of Peak 7410 ft with Peak 7585 ft beyond. John Clarke



Back at camp we dozed awhile then packed up and hiked in the fog to the 7000 ft level of the north-east ridge of Peak 7585, lurching in a drafty nook on the way. Leaving the packs in the snow we hiked over a false summit and finished the climb on ledges just south of the northeast arête. The summit was a narrow lichen covered ridge and the fog gave a pleasant feeling of suspension between earth and sky. After building a cairn the clouds parted overhead and although we didn't see any other peaks the bit of fog filtered sunshine warmed the summit rocks for a while. Back at the packs we dropped down to the low point in the ridge, finding a big pile of goat wool on the snow which I collected. The tent (camp 5) was put on a flat granite slab and we got inside just as a light rain began its job of slowly drenching everything. We were very satisfied with today's travelling as it was all done in fog.

The morning was sunny with only a few untidy wisps of cloud scattered on the peaks. We hiked over to the north-east ridge of Peak 7515, dropped the packs, and scrambled on up to the top. We especially enjoyed the views over toward Klite Peak, a glacier sculpted granite horn that stands up proudly at the source of Klite Creek. We were concerned about packing around it and in the afternoon the long ridge walk out to Peak 7707 confirmed the ruggedness of a route through there. All along the ridge we stopped to look back at the lake to the south-west and the horseshoe of peaks behind it. Peak 7707 was a perfect vantage point for viewing almost the whole length of the deep, aloof Filer River valley. Throughout its length slab-by cliffs disappear into a valley bottom of slide alder and swamp — this is one valley that does nothing to

temper the remoteness of the ranges around it. Of course our eyes also kept straying north-west toward the confusion of peaks and walls that separated us from the next air drop, and our chances of success over there were the subject of endless discussions on the long tramp back to Peak 7515 and the packs. The tent went up on the ridge crest (camp 6) and rice, mushrooms, peas, and bean curd were welcome after the long day. A final discussion produced the verdict — we would go home the way we had come. Our main concern was being held up by the weather and topography on the ridge just east of Klite Peak.

In the morning we hiked over to Peak 7440 from where we saw the whole south wall of the Klite Peak group. Rising out of the steeply enclosed, avalanche raked upper Klite valley, Klite Peak is a triumph of granite architecture. The appalling looking south-east buttress is a classic and will be climbed some day. We built a big cairn on the summit slab and put in a goat rib, some wool, two goat teeth and a few pitons that had been getting less welcome in the packs. We returned, broke camp, and started south, seeing the views that we'd missed on the way north in the fog. That evening the tent was put on a flat lawn (camp 7) a mile south-east of Peak 7410 (Frank's and Roger's Portal Peak). Woolly trails of cloud had floated around all day but it was very clear after supper.

August 22 was a day of splendid ridge walking with grand views. The 4700 ft lake east of Peak 6590 has a glacier pushing into the iceberg crammed water. We lazed around the slab tarns again before dropping down to a rocky promontory that gave the feeling of being suspended over the meandering Toba, 4500 ft below. Camp 8 at 4000 was by the muddy tarn we'd swum in on the way up.

The descent through the calm forest and the diagonal gully was done in the cool of the morning and a swim in the Klite River tempered the hot 11 mile walk to the head of Toba Inlet.

John Clarke

Most of the country traversed is shown in the photo CAJ 1983:45. Both gullies used on approach are visible on the right side of photo at bottom of page 30, CAJ 1985.

The Wimp And The Shrine

*Come away O human child,
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping
Than you can understand.*

WB Yeats, *The Stolen Child*

It was 12 July 1984 and the beginning of my summer vacation. I had been away from Zurich hardly more than 24 hours and as I sat on the pier in Bergen I made the following entry in my journal.

All day I kept wondering why none of my friends were here to share with me this interesting and exciting place. Not that I asked any of them, but they would not have come. A very expensive trip to the edge of the inhabited world, with no objective, for too short

a time, not even to the right places, with the chance of getting eaten by a polar bear thrown in for good measure. My friends are not crazy.

Well maybe I was exaggerating slightly about the polar bear but the tourist literature about Svalbard certainly tries to get one thinking that way. Later I boarded the MS Polarlys and she carried me away on my northward pilgrimage, my escape.

At least one popular trekking organization has the word escape on the front of its catalogue but I found no specific elaboration of the concept between the covers. Probably it refers to the good kind of escape, the socially acceptable kind which is usually called getting away from it all. By this we mean removing ourselves from jobs, television, and the monthly bills for a little while. But is there not another kind of escape which is a fleeing, a running away? Or do I make too fine a distinction? In any case the really important thing is that our minds escape. Merely to remove ourselves physically is of little value unless we can also banish our troubles to the dark corners of our minds. Certainly they will come back from time to time and they will be re-examined, perhaps from a more detached point of view, but they cannot dominate our thoughts if we are actively engaged in being free.

*The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!*
William Wordsworth, *The World*, 1807.

We are not all yuppies, we of the baby boom generation, and there are those of us who strive not to lay waste all our powers in getting and spending — not an easy goal or a new idea. Great Nature is out there and in her wilderness we can begin to explore the nearly untouched wilderness which is ourselves. I recall reading somewhere once that the last frontier is us.

In these days of indoor and mechanized life man is beginning to realize that he is in danger of being ensnared and enslaved by his mode of living and by the power and prodigality of his inventions. He longs for contrast; longs to escape from the artificial to the natural order of things; longs to free himself from mass suggestion and mass hypnotism, from narrow and die-hard religious, social and political creeds and dogmas, and rejuvenate himself; to seek in purer airs, amid the grandeurs and beauties of Nature, a physical well-being, a mental solace and a spiritual expansion. FS Smythe, *The Spirit of the Hills*, 1935.

Hopelessly romantic? Perhaps, but better so than just carrying the rat race with us from the cities to the mountains. We need to escape, for is not he who is in control of his escapes in fact the well-balanced individual? The idealists, cynics, and closet rebels must rest their minds for a time. Man is unkind to man and greed is rampant in society. To recognize this is not, unfortunately, to avoid it. We are today's version of the various women and men, educated, unsatisfied people, who still moved within. .. society as if they were nearly as tame as their outward behaviour showed, but who were inwardly raging and mad (DH Lawrence, *The Rainbow*).

The coast of Norway is very beautiful and the days passed leisurely by. I felt comfortable there and was led to speculate that



King's Glacier and the Three Crowns, near Ny Alesund, Svalbard. Sandy Briggs



there may be a kinship among northern lands. I was impressed by the bright little houses and the ocean, the highway at their front doors, and naked geology at the back. The Lofoten islands are from a fairy-tale. They cannot exist yet they do. My fantasies wandered the summits and ridges of those mountains and I wished for companions with whom to share the fascination.

From Tromsø I flew to Spitsbergen. A travel agent in Zurich had told me I could not go there alone but I knew better and did not darken her door again. I had to visit the arctic once more, if only for a week, if only to look. Spitzbergen! Pointed mountains, land of a hundred million birds, home of polar bears. Why go there? For the clean air and the wide sky, for the endless day and the sharp juxtaposition of blue sea and grey rock and white snow, to prostrate myself before the 37,000 sq km pristine shrine of ice, to escape, to climb a hill. I met a Swiss who, with a friend, had just completed a long ski trip on the inland ice and climbed Newtontoppen (1717m), one of the two highest peaks in the archipelago. I watched two young Germans pack for a similar trip. Then there was the Russian who asked why I'd not gone to the Los Angeles Olympic Games instead. It was a politically motivated question but I was so politically tuned out that the point of his question evaded me at the time and it fell flat. I camped for a few days in the valley west of Longyearbyen and my thoughts were of polar bears and of beauty and of life. The reindeer grazed peacefully by the river. I read my book. I climbed my hill.

Then came the time for a voyage on the little ship *Isdronningen* (The Ice Queen). We were four passengers, four escapers I suppose, plus the captain and a crew of three. The French couple was to spend several weeks camping and kayaking near Ny Alesund, as

they had done before. The Norwegian journalist said she wanted to see as much of the world as possible before it gets blown up. We cruised northward along the coast between Spitsbergen and Prins Karls Forland. It amazed me the way the glaciers swept from the mountain tops in graceful continuity right out into the sea, ending in broad flat tongues which looked like beaches. It was difficult to imagine that this remote region was, in the 17th century, the scene of an active multi-national whale fishery involving thousands of people. Although much of the history of Svalbard is one of whaling, sealing, and hunting, these activities have now largely ceased and nearly half the archipelago is protected in national parks or nature reserves.

It was a cheerful sunny morning as we entered King's Fjord and the mirror like surface of the water was alive with feeding birds and the occasional seal. The small burger-bits of ice glistened in their enticing way and we zigzagged among them before docking at Ny Alesund. The arctic was working its magic on us all. Soon we were bundled up warmly aboard a Zodiac and one of the crew, pretending to be in command of an ice breaker, took us for a ride to the ice wall where the great King's Glacier calves its tilting pinnacles and slabs into the sea. Seals were numerous there; there where a greater power humbles one with its cold blue-green stare.

It would have been exciting to spend more time in Ny Alesund but alas holidays and money are in limited supply. That evening aboard ship we had a special dinner consisting mainly of all the shrimp one could eat, accompanied of course by bread, butter, and wine. Not being among the initiate I struggled valiantly with the tasty little crustaceans, quite unable to hold my own in the feasting. There seemed however no end to the tiny beasties, so it was three hours and four kilograms of shrimp later when the six of us finally called it a night. Such times as these are treasures in our lives. We do not see them coming and we can only hope that they will come again. In the morning we departed for Long year by then, chugging our way into a healthy swell. For a while I stood outside on the bow feeling the air, riding the waves, and watching the water and ice and rock.

A cold and searching wind drives away all contagion, and nothing can withstand it but what has virtue in it; and accordingly, whatever we meet with in cold and bleak places, as the tops of mountains, we respect for a sort of sturdy innocence, a Puritan toughness. All things beside seem to be called in for shelter, and what stays out must be part of the original frame of the universe, and of such valour as God himself. It is invigorating to breathe the cleansed air. Its greater fineness and purity are visible to the eye, and we would fain stay out long and late, that the gales may sigh through us too, as through the leafless trees, and fit us for winter: as if we hoped so to borrow some pure and steadfast virtue, which will stead us in all seasons.

HD Thoreau, A Winter Walk.

The mind was absorbed but the stomach was not up to philosophizing. The rises and falls of a ship may be as the ups and downs of mountains, or the ups and downs of life. We ride them as best we can, taking what is good and learning lessons from the rest. I retired to my cabin. Perhaps it was the waves but I think it was the shrimp and the wine.

Sandy Briggs

The Three Sisters Climb, *August 1930*

My first mountain climb: Douglas, Ivone, Ken Betts, Lawrence Grassi (guide), and self.

Joe Smith drove us up to Canmore, where we were to meet Grassi, on the Saturday afternoon. We crawled into bed about 11 pm but owing to a confounded dance across the street from our windows it was 1 am before we could sleep. We were up at 3.30. It was one ungodly hour to crawl out at but it had to be done. Breakfast over we got under way shortly after 4.30 and kept going with the exception of an hour or two until 6 pm. It was some day!

We climbed from the time we left Canmore, very gradually to begin with but getting steeper. Grassi was very interesting, pointing out many items as we went along. Peak number three was our objective and we headed for a certain shoulder below it. This was attained without much difficulty. Then the fun started. We were on solid rock from then on and continually going up. For a time the top seemed to be coming nearer. Then it stayed still and we seemed to make no progress.

About 200 yards from the top my feet refused to go any further and I quit. The others proceeded and gained the top. On their way down I joined them once more and the hike home began.

The main descent on the rock wasn't too bad but there was an extremely high wind which played the deuce with us. It blew from every direction and we didn't know which way it was going to come from so that it was rather tricky going from rock to rock. Finally the shoulder was reached once more and we then took a different route back to Canmore. We plunged right over the edge of the shoulder and down. We went down in about 20 minutes where we had spent the better part of two hours climbing up in

the morning. If the ascent was as easy as the descent there would be nothing to it. We then followed a dried up river bed back to Canmore, arriving at 6 pm. A good brew of tea went into our insides and then we staggered down to the YM and ate a hearty supper. Then Joe rolled in from Banff and so we sauntered home. The altitude of the peak was some 10,000 feet (sic).

George Irvine



Obituaries

Arthur W Knudsen

Senior Member 1964, Banff Section. Died 29 December 1984, aged 64.

Francis Silsbee

Life Member 1924.

Lillian Gest 1898 to 1986

Life Member 1926, died 5 January 1986. A graduate of Bryn Mawr and Vassar College, she was discouraged by her parents from taking regular employment. Consequently she spent many years working as a volunteer and presiding on the boards of various social agencies in the Philadelphia area. Her interest in social work led to a Master's degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

An outdoor enthusiast, she spent her summers in the Rockies, riding and camping around Banff and Jasper. With Swiss guides she made some outstanding climbs. In later years writing about history, ecology, and bird life replaced the climbing. Lillian said she was a joiner, the ACC being only one of many organizations

to which she belonged. Long time ACC members will remember Lillian's many visits to the Banff Clubhouse.

Harry (BH) Lacey

The Thunder Bay Section was greatly saddened by the untimely death early in 1985 of its Vice-Chairman Harry Lacey. Harry and his wife Marie shared an unlimited amount of their time and expertise in the administration of the Section and in their friends' personal projects. Introduced to the mountains by George Stefanick, Harry carried his enthusiasm to Thunder Bay where he was professor in the School of Business at Lakehead University. Here he became well known as an approachable and ever cheerful teacher and leader. A scholarship for first year Business Administration students has been established in his name.

Walter Sparling 1923 to 1985

Walter Sparling was born in London, England, whilst his parents were over there attending a wedding! Shortly after his family returned to Manitoba and eventually moved to Vancouver where Walter attended Kitsilano High School, graduating from

there in 1941. He served in the RCAF cadets and then attended UBC, gaining his BAsC in Geological Engineering in 1949. Walter married Barbara Richardson in Calgary on 5 July 1957. For a number of years he worked in the petroleum industry. In summer 1965 he was in Greenland with Leo Grillmair prospecting for the Black Angel Mine. Then came 13 years teaching science subjects at various Calgary schools, including a spell at William Aberhart Senior High School. Later Walter returned to his original profession, being employed by PanCanadian Petroleum Limited in recent years.

Walter joined the ACC in 1947 and climbed extensively in the Coast Mtns, Monashees, Selkirks, and Rockies. He received his Silver Rope in 1956 and Section Leader Badge in 1960. He became ACC Western Vice-President in 1962. Over the years Walter served the Club and the local section in many ways, including work on camp sites, the Club House and other committees, and on the Calgary Section executive.

If knowing someone is measured simply by the number and length of occasions spent together then I did not know Walter well. But if it is to be measured in the quality of the moments shared and the richness and closeness of the human understanding emerging in those moments, sometimes in circumstances that test such qualities, then I may claim to have known him very well.

I first met Walt in the summer of 1955 at a Calgary Section camp in the Kananaskis. I had been very seriously injured whilst trying a new route on The Wedge and Walter was on the small rescue party that got to me shortly after sunset. I well remember the efficient and methodical way in which I was taken care of by all, and the support and comfort Walter provided throughout that rather long night. He showed a wonderful mixture of practical mountain craft, quiet humour, and human caring for which I will always be grateful. On the carry down the next day I felt safer for Walt's presence. Over the next few weeks in hospital he and Barbara visited me frequently and it was Walt's encouragement as a mountaineer and as a man that did so much to help me through the recovery period and the self questioning one goes through in accident situations.

There are of course happy memories of climbing days when all went well. I am sure that many members will have far more memories of days shared with Walter than I have, but one I will relate. It was on 1 July 1957 and we had decided to climb the south peak of Mt Lougheed. Walter seemed to be hurrying but I put it down to my recent return from the tropics and being out of shape. I had to use a knee on one ledge (a shocking thing to do in those days) and mentioned this in a rather apologetic manner when I eventually pulled myself up to where he was belaying. Walt simply said, "Don't worry, most people fall off there." I was encouraged somewhat and we carried on, at much the same fast pace. On the summit Walt looked at the register and remarked, "Good, we knocked 15 minutes off Bob Hind's time." I thought we had been going at such a pace so as to win abet with Bob but no, this was not the reason. In a few minutes Walt looked at the weather which was by now pretty threatening. "We'd better hurry back by the fastest route — I'm getting married in four days and I've got to make some final arrangements tonight." It was a happy and fun filled moment in a high and lonely place. I offered Walt my

blisters as a wedding present! I recall one other thing that Walt said on the summit. "You know, I've come to the stage in my climbing life where it is more important to me who I climb with than what I climb." Over the years the deep human sense in that remark has grown to mean more and more and has helped my love for the mountains to mature and be tempered in a satisfying way that does not demand the impossible any longer.

Walter was a kind and generous person, a competent mountaineer and loyal friend, and in every sense of the word — a gentleman. I am sure he will long be remembered as such by all who knew him — and especially by those who climbed with him. He is survived by his wife Barbara and two sons.

Kenneth Pawson

Richard Servos Thomson 1927 to 1985

Dick Thomson joined the ACC at the Fryatt Creek camp in 1960 and promptly took to mountaineering with the same enthusiasm and good humour that characterized all of his many and varied pursuits. His activities in the Club included the Baffin Island Expedition in 1963, the Yukon Alpine Centennial Expedition of 1967, the Langtang Himalayan expedition in 1970 (followed by an ascent of Mt Kilimanjaro), and a term of office as Eastern Vice-President 1968-70. He contributed both text and photographs to Expedition Yukon, our official YACE publication. An expert photographer, Dick served with distinction in various offices of the Toronto Camera Club, including that of president. He was much in demand as a photographic instructor, salon judge, and especially for his entertaining travelogues.

Born and raised on the family homestead in Scarborough, Dick graduated from the U of T honour course in mathematics and physics in 1949 and from Osgoode Hall Law School four years later. In his profession he became a leading member of the Upper Canada Law Society and a senior partner in a prominent Toronto law firm.

A strong supporter of St Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Scarborough, Dick's Scottish blood and firm faith held fast through six years of courageous battle against cancer. During that time his cheerfulness and positive attitude were always to the fore. He refused to curtail his activities and his unquenchable spirit was an inspiration to all about him. He is survived by his wife Noelle and four children.

Wallace Joyce

Reviews

The Climber's Guide To North America. Volumes 1 & 2

John Harlin. Chockstone Press, Denver. Vol 1, 1984, 358 pp. Vol 2, 1985, 396 pp. Paper. \$22 US each

So, the CAJ turned down my request for travelling expenses to review all the crags in North America. Instead they sent me a couple of guide books covering just the western half. If a climber's guide to the world comes out of some Yank printing press next year I won't have to buy it. I'll know what to expect: Squamish Chief in Canada, Cenotaph Corner in Britain, the Eiger in Europe, perhaps the steep side of Mt Arapiles in Australia, and 672 routes in the Land of the Free. Fifty Classic Climbs in North America hinted at it; with Harlin's books the message is clear — if you are a Canadian or Mexican climber you're Third World and had better migrate pronto. What I'm spitting about here is not just nationalist or internationalist fervour. The Diamond in Colorado rates but Snowpatch Spire, with about the same approach mileage, doesn't. In the Rockies there are a number of really worthwhile areas close to the road. I think it's time someone questioned their view of us as just frosty cheeseheads who bludgeon seal pups.

Not content with telling us where Harlin then goes on to tell us how with the ideal free ascent is a route climbed unpreviewed, unroped, barefoot and without chalk. This smacks of "Hey, look at me" sort of mysticism. Chalk is an aid? So is the elastic in my briefs.

An annoying point is to not find major cliffs in the index or table of contents. A possibly more irritating smig is the inclusion of a poison oak warning for Leavenworth and the exclusion of one for Yosemite. Never have I had cause to scratch in Leavenworth yet on occasion I have turned into a right leper in the Valley.

But the "rayzon detra" of this book is to point our sweaty palms in the right direction and in this I must admit Harlin succeeds pretty damn well. For the areas listed John grasps us firmly by the ear and leads us unerringly through the towns, up trails, past the best camping, to the climbs themselves. The topos tell all and they sneer at our weaknesses. A sparkling selection of routes indeed, but there are some glaring omissions — like Oz in Toulumne and Midnight Rock in Leavenworth.

One last comment on a cancerous theme that runs throughout the books — that of respecting the cliffs and other climbers by speaking softly, if at all. Well, my advice is to ignore this advice and never be afraid to howl in delight. And if someone comes along and lays down the law, go for the jugular.

Peter Croft

Squamish Rock Climbs

Jim Campbell. Jim Campbell, Vancouver, 1985. 8 1/2 x 11 inches, 34 illustrations, 12 maps. 150 pp. Paper. \$21.95

After years of procrastination Jim has finally committed his labour of love to print. This most exhaustive compilation of route information to date, a radical departure from its predecessor's format, is a mixed success. Most will find it a tad large for a pack

top flap and the paper cover means a duct tape rebuild.

In his introduction Jim tends to gloss over some of the harsher realities of the Squamish environment. The pulp mill's omnipresent effluvium and the constant din of local industry detract somewhat from the coastal grandeur to which he alludes. If you drag an 'invaluable' porta-ledge up one of the many excellent grade fives you can read by the light of the dock's mercury vapour lamps or be lulled to sleep by the sounds of shunting railcars and hot rods drag racing on the highway below. Last but not least, even the most die-hard Squamish loyalist would agree that it rains a lot and that the weather is not to be trusted.

Most of the topos show painstaking attention to detail and proportion, if not accuracy. A general lack of crack sizes, misplaced cruxes, grading errors, and a few blatant sandballs all combine to preserve some of the sense of adventure which is often compromised by topos. The absence of photo diagrams is amply compensated for by superb illustrations of the various formations and these, combined with the concise maps, make orienteering virtually idiot proof. The inclusion of Mt Habrich is a real bonus for those who seek a bit of rock climbing in an alpine setting. Jim treads on thin ice with the four star rating system, the focus of some debate. The system betrays a predilection for easier Smoke Bluffs, a lack of familiarity with the wall routes, and a definite aversion to wide cracks. A dry route list was a great idea but nothing stays dry once the rain sets in. Better a list of the fastest drying routes. But all things considered it is worth the wait. A superior replacement will be a long time in coming.

Perry Beckham

Climbing On The Niagara Escarpment

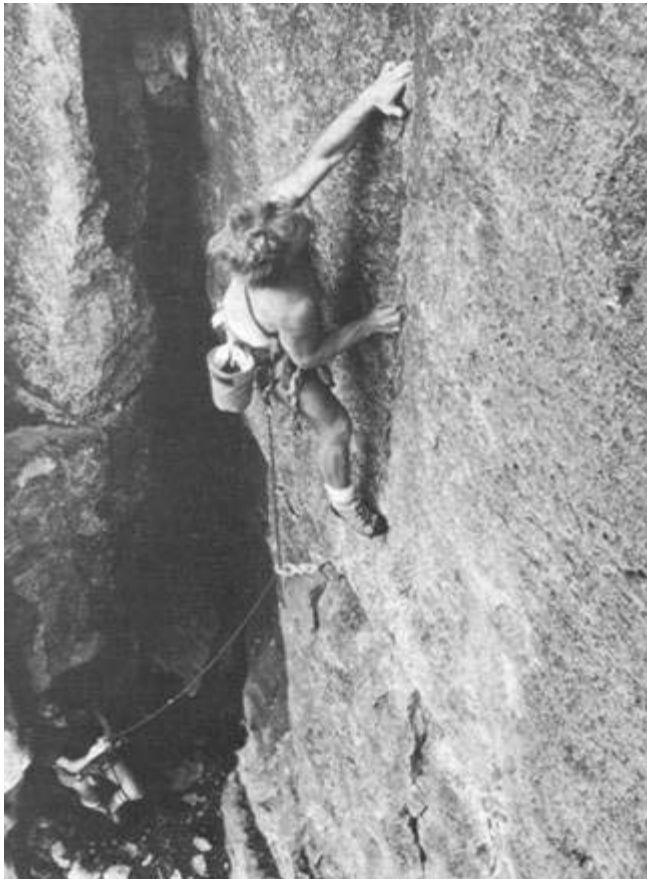
David Smart. 2nd edition, David Smart, 1985. 20 black & white photos, 8 line drawings, 8 maps. 14 x 22 cm. Over 145 pp.

While this guide is undoubtedly a highly functional compilation, fulfilling the primary requirement of the genre, its roughness and starkness belie much of the superb climbing and vigour of the community herein described. While I cannot quibble with some of the author's contributions I suspect that much of what I see as a lack of full maturity represents precisely that attribute in the Ontario rock climbing scene rather than a specific failing of the author. He in fact demonstrates a warm and somewhat humorous historical interest as evidenced by the inclusion of some 'old' photos among the modern desperates. This personality fails to surface and the writing remains descriptive, not revealing the present energy and excitement in the Ontario community.

As to details, the descriptions seem clear and well worded, with useful comment on protection, quality, and seriousness where appropriate. Lengths might have been worthwhile and dates would add historical sense — some of the lacking humanity which would help draw one to climb there. After all folk like Helmut Microys and Peter Turner were climbing quite hard routes on these cliffs thirty years ago.

Egotism, the spectre who stalks guidebook writers (typically amongst the hardest and most prolific climbers of their area), never

Climbing on the Niagara Escarpment:
Geoff Creighton cranking the crux on Deadline (5.10), a steep, superb,
Rattlesnake Bluffs crack. Don Serl



surfaces. Quality is mentioned as deserved and in a couple of instances the author is delightfully pungent about his own routes, eg Land, rather contrived boulder problem, and Cardiac Arête, loose and not recommended. The star system for overall quality is judiciously applied, with some natural weighting of the harder grades but with inclusion of several 5.3 to 5.7 climbs with two or even three stars. I noted some inconsistencies: Jeopardy, perhaps the best route at Rattlesnake, gets two stars; Corner Route and Jolly Roger transpose their ratings between text and route listing.

My only really negative comment is for the drawings and presentation of the photos. The former, to be kind, add nothing. Of the latter, some are not of very good quality and others seem poorly printed. Apart from these flaws the indexing is a catastrophe. Photo captions are listed near the back of the book by number. But no numbers appear on the photos. Worse, the photo (and map) pages are not numbered at all.

Finally allow me to apologize for presuming to pontificate when my total climbing experience in the areas described is a single day. Given the excellence of the climbing I experienced and the vast number of people out enjoying it I suspect that this volume will sell out smartly. A chance to remedy the minor problems will thus shortly present itself through the need for a third edition. It is to be looked forward to.

Don Serl

Rock Climbs Of Tahquitz And Suicide Rocks

Randy Vogel. Photos by Brian Rennie. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1985. Black & white photos, topo diagrams. 6x9 inches.

112 pp. Paper. \$12.95 US

“Unlike Yosemite, cracks and the rock are clean. . .solid. . .of the utmost quality.” That’s right, the guy said, “Unlike Yosemite...” These must be some crags if the Valley is loose and dirty in comparison.

With catastrophic typo errors this little guide could be a disaster. In places it is pretty tacky, but it has a lot of good information to redeem it. Generally, if the author concentrated more on accuracy and less on the sales pitch this would be a winner. I’d huck out the preface (except the acknowledgements) and most of the Climbing portion of the introduction, where the hype is over-abundant. The map in Access does show how to get there but unless you’re from LA the verbal description will leave you dazed and confused. The sections on facilities, history, equipment, and ratings are all very good, although anyone likely to go there to climb won’t need to have the Yosemite Decimal System or quick draws described in detail. A very good ethics section and polite mention of ice climbing (yup, right there in Southern Cal) round out the introduction.

The bulk of the book (it fits well in the flap of a daypack) is taken up with route/crag photo diagrams and topos. Unfortunately the book doesn’t reach the potential of its format. The photos are often grainy (some quite poor), there are many discrepancies between topos and photo diagrams, and frequently the topos are several pages away from the corresponding photo diagram. These are serious problems that, while far from rendering the guide useless, do compromise this most important section.

To end with a couple of positive points. Special equipment notes, when appropriate, are included with the route names on the topo pages. And those Southern Cal names are a riot. Who could argue about the aesthetics of a route called Zorro Zucchini’s From Alpha Centauri Four?

Dick Mitten

Shawangunk Rock Climbs

Dick DuMais. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1985. 85 colour and 23 black & white photos. 112 pp. Cloth. \$27.50 US

It’s a real mistake to review this wonderfully photographed book on a rainy Vancouver Sunday in January. It has the stuff that provokes repeated trips to the chin-up bar, perusal of road maps in anticipation of cross country driving blitzes, and phone calls to travel agents. The Shawangunks are the premier East Coast rock climbing centre, and this book conveys the easy spirit and ambience of the area through words and photos. Don’t buy it to read it. The prose, while providing an informative capsule history of climbing development in the area, is dry and lacks coherent or recurring themes. The photographs on the other hand, are excellent, and tell the story of a charming area capable of exciting climbers at every level. If you like pretty rock climbing picture books this one’s for you.

Dick Mitten

Kananaskis Country Trail Guide

Gillean Daffern. Rocky Mountain Books, Calgary, 2nd edition, 1985.

Maps, photos. 384 pp. \$12.50

The Complete Guide To Kananaskis Country

Norma Ramage and Jim Wilson. Lone Pine Publishing, Edmonton. 1985. Maps, photos, 233 pp. \$8.95

The new edition of Kananaskis Country Trail Guide has been enlarged to cover 337 trails and expanded to cover Elk Lakes Provincial Park (BC) and the Ghost River area north of the Trans Canada Highway. There are four concise pages of introductory material including comments regarding the on going development of the area, access information, and a list of important telephone numbers. The remainder of the book is devoted to accurate and detailed trail information. Twenty-one guide maps are grouped together at the back of the book and are preceded by an index map. All trails are numbered for easy reference to their individual descriptions. While the maps are in reduced topographical format they are not intended for route finding; rather they give the reader an idea of the relative locations and general terrain of the trails. This second edition has many additional photographs as well as information for equestrian and bicycle use of the area. However in order to keep the guide to a reasonable size Daffern has chosen to use a smaller and lighter type than in the first edition which makes prolonged reading en route in a car difficult.

The Complete Guide to Kananaskis Country, while covering a wide range of topics, covers none of them in any depth. The book contains general information on facilities, a cursory glance at hiking options, some cross country skiing information, and a road guide for those driving through. There are two useful full page colour maps but the black and white 'guide' map to the seven maps scattered in the text is too small and confusing to use. One must consult a list of maps on an adjacent page to locate any particular map. The maps located in the body of the book appear cluttered and cramped to the eye, making them difficult to use as a guide to each area. Often too much information, such as road closures, contributes to this cluttered look. This type of information would be better suited to the textual portion of the book. Many excellent trails are not even covered and options and side trips from other popular trails are also omitted. Trail information is scanty compared to Daffern's descriptions. Important information on specific hazards is generalized and this lack of detailed information may leave the hiker or skier inadequately prepared.

The Complete Guide to Kananaskis Country may be adequate for the casual tourist but it does not meet the needs of hikers, skiers, backpackers, or other frequent users of Kananaskis country. While the publication contains many interesting tidbits of information it suffers from trying to be all things to all people and falls short of its goal. For a few extra dollars Kananaskis Country Trail Guide gives not only more information for the money but provides well researched, accurate, and in depth information to Kananaskis country's trails.

Bev Bendell

A Guide To Trekking In Nepal

Stephen Bezruchka. The Mountaineers, Seattle, fifth edition, 1985. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. Black & white photographs, maps. 352 pages. Paper. \$15.95

The fifth edition of A Guide to Trekking in Nepal is an excellent

guide book, packed with a wealth of useful, practical information accumulated by the author during the past 16 years of either trekking or working as a doctor in a village. The sensitively written text giving good advice on what to do or not do while trekking can be followed with complete confidence. Information includes best times to trek (weatherwise), how to trek alone, with or without a guide, using a professional agency (addresses are given), with young children, in the monsoon, or even on a bicycle. The popular routes are well described with cumulative trekking times — actual walking times excluding stops — arranged at the end of each description. The inclusion of treks in the Kathmandu valley is a welcome addition. Magnificent views of the distant mountains can be enjoyed from the rim of the valley with only a day's walk from town. A section on Chitwan National Park is included but little mention is made of the Arun valley to Makalu. Maps accompanying route descriptions are clearly drawn and adequate for most trekkers. Good reliable maps of Nepal are scarce but the chapter on maps gives addresses, world-wide, from where maps can be obtained if available. A very comprehensive health care chapter has excellent advice on preventative measures to follow before, during, and after trekking, and numerous methods of dealing with emergencies. Eight pages of recommended reading cover at least a dozen subjects including natural history, religion, and trekking medicine. A suggestion that the section on Nepali for Trekkers be torn from the book and used with a tape, obtainable from the author, is a good idea if one has the courage to mutilate an indispensable book. Interesting information on the Nepali people, their culture and customs, should help the trekker to better understand some of the seemingly strange things and happenings seen on the trail. Sir Edmund Hillary in his foreword earnestly reminds us that it is our responsibility to help preserve the beauty and culture of this trekking paradise. To that end we can at least follow a few of the suggestions found in this book. It is the most comprehensive guide to trekking in Nepal and is highly recommended to anyone planning a trip to that country.

Gertrude Smith

Adventuring In The Andes

Charles Frazier with Donald Secreast. Sierra Club Books, San Francisco, 1985. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. 22 black & white photos, 10 maps. 262 pp. Paper. \$15.95

One of the redeeming virtues of trekking and mountaineering is the focus they provide for our wanderings. Mountains not only justify journeys crossing continents but give them both a real purpose, bringing a closer and richer contact with native peoples and cultures. Indeed, pilgrims to the great mountain ranges often go as much to experience exotic cultures as they do to walk and climb among the peaks, to travel in time as much as in space.

Adventuring in the Andes is a fine guide for those contemplating foot travel in the mountains of Tawantinsuyo — the Inca name for their vast empire. The introductory section on Andean human and natural history expresses, in only a few pages, enough sense of history to bring the great pre-Columbian ruins to life and give vibrant context to the world of the campesinos. Trail descriptions further this effect, spiced as they are with local flavour and written in an engaging style. Throughout the authors gently but firmly impart an ethic of low impact travel, both environmentally and culturally.

Foremost this is a hiking guide to over 100 of the most worthy Andean trails of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia, though there are brief notes on getting up the easy slopes of popular, non-technical volcanoes. There is enough information for those with a bit of mountain sense to get around. The maps though are weak, rough sketches handy only for a general location of major features. Nonetheless this is a complete guide to all facets of travel in the South American highlands. No need to carry other guides. All the vital tourist information is here. There's even some rudimentary Spanish and Quechua almost sufficient for the basics. An annotated bibliography provides a quick list of classics that will leave the reader well versed in the land, people, and history. If you're heading south it's all you'll need. Though not comprehensive, it's thorough enough as both a hiking and general travel guide to explore the gringo trail within a single cover, and portable enough to carry along anywhere but the summits.

Tourism has a real, sometimes devastating impact on local economies and social mores. It doesn't take many relatively wealthy trekkers passing out cheap toys and trinkets to create a hoard of shrill children demanding money from passers-by. Westerners flaunting their extremely visible wealth have become one more pressure contributing to the growing exodus of peasants out of the mountains and into already overcrowded cities in search of modern, and frustratingly elusive, objects. Controlling our impact on the cultures of indigenous mountain peoples is becoming a responsibility that all visitors must share. The authors encourage us to avoid cultural litter by suggesting means of adapting to Andean culture, so as to travel among the mountain people with as little disruption and with as much sensitivity and grace as possible. With a little guidance from *Adventuring in the Andes* we can do just that.

Michael Down

Parque Nacional Huascaran: Ancash-Peru

Jim Bartle. Jim Bartle, 1985. Available in Canada from Rocky Mountain Books. 68 colour and 3 black & white illustrations. 3 sketch maps. 40 pp. Paper. \$7.95 US

This very fine picture book portraying the Cordilleras Blanca and Huayhuash, part of the Parque Nacional Huascaran, can be said to be a complement to the well known guidebook also by Bartle, *Trails of the Cordilleras Blanca and Huayhuash*. It was published to support conservation projects in the mountains of Peru. Photography is very well balanced, with views of peaks (several with great unclimbed faces), glacier camps, highland peoples, lakes, flowers, and sunsets. Pictures of ice walls rising above tropical vegetation are remarkable. A few panoramics help to identify the peaks. This is a pleasant souvenir album of Peru's most imposing mountains and could be a good gift to give to climbing friends.

Evelio Echevarría

Medicine For Mountaineering

James A Wilkerson, MD, editor. 3rd edition. The Mountaineers, Seattle. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. 380 pp. Paper. \$15.95

This book occupies the zone between first aid and medicine, a difficult area with inherent dangers. As a lay reader I find some of the text to be long in medical dissertations with practical points

well hidden. As a doctor I see where there would be controversy over management methods.

Overall it is written like a medical text with emphasis on long discussion of diseases or disorders which can easily overwhelm and to a certain degree confuse the reader. For example, shock is carefully described in medically correct terms but leaves the lay reader not clearly understanding it is essentially severely reduced blood pressure for the vast majority of cases and that low blood pressure is the single most important finding, if a blood pressure cuff is available. If you wish the information readily available when in the field, especially when trying to deal with fear or worry, then the mountaineer/traveller is advised to read the book well before the expedition to familiarize himself with the details and where to find them. Most chapters simply do not have a check list format to allow a quick review of the subject and access to the important information.

The book is divided by medical categories that are not always comprehensive to the lay reader. An example is preventative medicine for infectious disorders, one of the most important issues for the traveller. There is a short chapter on preventative medicine covering some of the important communicable diseases, but one still finds preventable diseases such as malaria, a classic sometimes fatal preventable disease, in the infections chapter and traveller's diarrhoea in with gastro-intestinal diseases. The traveller would be better served by a chapter including all relevant communicable diseases for preparation of trips rather than to have to search for different disorders in many different chapters.

I felt the quality of the medical advice is quite variable. The sections on iodination, wound care, medical problems of high altitude, cold injuries, solar injuries, animal bites and stings, and burns are excellent. I was pleased the text is categorically against tourniquets and the pressure points without further discussion. The chapter on psychological responses to accidents is outstanding, emphasizing the importance of a well prepared experienced rescue team for managing both the victims and the trauma of the rescuer. I found the reviews of the organs systems to be average. The omission of a 'coma scale' to allow monitoring of level of consciousness, after stressing the importance of the written records, is surprising. I was very disappointed in the sections dealing with respiratory disorders and took exception to several statements especially that the keystone to asthma treatment is adequate fluid intake. The discussion of asthma and flail of chest (chest trauma) is regrettably out of date and inadequate. Some issues are not covered in enough detail. It is inadequate to recommend hepatitis B vaccination for all underdeveloped countries when it costs \$130 Canadian and there are clearly identified areas of the world where the risk is increased such as in South-East Asia. I personally felt the recommendations for antibiotic therapy are not clear enough and did not like having to refer to the list of drugs in a separate chapter.

Medicine for Mountaineering is not a doctor in a box, not an emergency medical supply that can be pulled out when needed. It has to be read carefully long before an expedition and ideally used in conjunction with other first aid, medical, or paramedical training. The interested mountaineer who wants to be better informed regarding relevant medical problems beyond that found in first aid manuals and in a compact format is recommended to

read this book. It is the only book available that fills this role but is not a substitute for practical experience and medical help both before and after injury or illness occurs.

*Grant McCormack,
Respiratory and Critical Care Consultant Royal Columbian
Hospital, New Westminster, BC*

Koma Kulshan: The Story Of Mt Baker

John C Miles. The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1983. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. Black & white photos. Maps. 232 pp. Paper. \$13.95

Mt Baker is a sort of lowest common denominator for coast mountaineers; few have not trudged up it at some time. The mountain is not particularly interesting from a climber's perspective but it is relatively high and prominent. As such it serves as a focus for Mr Miles' book, which chronicles human activity on and around Mt Baker. The mountaineering community should nevertheless find much in the book to be of interest.

Kama Kulshan is written from a historical perspective and so runs through the usual picturesque Indian legends to white discovery and naming of the mountain. The 1868 first ascent (and prior attempts) is narrated, after which the book follows two often intertwined threads. The first is the outdoor activity on and in the environs of the mountain, the second exploration and exploitation of the resources of the surrounding area. Numerous photos (particularly of the early days) are provided, as well as appropriate maps.

Highlights of Koma Kulshan include tales of the early ascents (to be followed all too soon by herds of Mazamas and Mountaineers), Joe Morovits, the shortlived Mt Baker Lodge, and accounts of the famous Mt Baker Marathon. We also learn of accidents on the mountain, some modern climbs, and the development of skiing there. The other theme, that of mining and forestry in the area surrounding Mt Baker, is also recounted from its beginnings. As early as the 1900s there was lobbying to have the mountain preserved as a park in response to these pressures but this goal was not achieved until 1985, when much of the area was set aside under the National Wilderness Act. Canadians, who account for a good part of outdoor recreation in the area, played a lamentably small role in this.

Anders Ourom

Mountains Of The Gods

Ian Cameron. Century Publishing, London, 1984. Distributed in Canada by Methuen. Over 100 black & white and colour photos. 8 maps. 248 pp. Cloth. \$23.50 approx.

I wish I liked this book better. It deals with a fine selection of topics related to the huge mountain complex of central Asia: geology, history, politics, mountaineering, ethnology, and more — a heady brew. Also the putative stimulus for the publication, the threat of change, should provide a rich thematic focus, although one of which I am deeply suspicious. Does anyone really imagine that Himalayan natives would prefer to struggle through short hard lives, their children dying in infancy, any more than Europeans of a couple centuries ago did? In any case this theme only resurfaces as a coda.

The problem, even allowing for the book's on the whole interesting presentation, is that the author too often stoops to speculation and might-have-beens, to overly dramatic castings of his characters, for it to ring true. Plus his facts are too often incorrect for any sense of trust to develop surrounding unfamiliar subjects. I need only mention two examples for the informed mountaineer to get the drift of my unease. Cameron claims that more lives have been lost on Nanga Parbat than on any other Himalayan peak, which is not even close — Everest is over twice as efficient a killer and the attempt to create a sinister aura is further damaged by the realization that Dhaulagiri and Manaslu are both roughly as fatal. He reasonably contends that its west face makes it probably the most spectacular mountain on earth but then degenerates into a long rhetorical outburst arising from his statement that the mountain plunges 4 1/2 miles of vertical height in little more than half a mile of horizontal distance. This is preposterous! The Diamir face is, in fact, a little under 3 miles high and falls that height in about the same distance, as reference to the map on page 178 will reveal. The Indus, 4 1/2 miles beneath the summit, lies about 16 miles away!

Still, this somewhat florid style often suits the more flamboyant and iconoclastic of his characters and enlivens what might otherwise be a very dry litany of places, names, and dates — compare his coverage of the Mongols and Tamerlane with that of Rene Grousset's old classic *The Empire of the Steppes* to appreciate just how difficult 'fact' can be to read. As well many of the older photograph reproductions are delightful — see if you don't get a chuckle out of the Tibetan nuns or GW Hayward in Indian attire — but why essentially the same scene from the Karakorum Highway four times?

Borrow this book from the library then and enjoy it for its brighter moments. Spend a small part of the money you save on Charles Allen's *A Mountain in Tibet* if you want fact and a good read on Himalayan exploration. Send the balance to a schools project in Nepal — one day it would be nice if Himalayan children could also read books, even such as this.

Don Serl

The Shishapangma Expedition

Doug Scott and Alex MacIntyre. Granada Publishing, London, 1984. Distributed in Canada by Collins. Black & white photos, maps. Cloth.

It is certainly not getting any easier to write good expedition books. Those who read all in the genre are now so fully conversant with the story of the typical Himalayan assault that a sense of novelty is almost impossible to achieve. From the assembly of the team (crack climbers all these lads!) to the paradisaical approach march through deforested and rapidly eroding Nepal (an ecological fact rarely commented upon although leeches are always fully canvassed) through to the inevitable difficulty with the crafty and grasping porters (inexplicably ungrateful at their wage of two dollars per day) the tale unfolds in the same vein as we have read before. The team falls behind schedule, there are difficulties with acclimatization, the monsoon stalks ever closer imperiling the entire success of the expedition. Hardships, bivouacs, a herculean summit push... and on it goes. An Himalayan expedition which escapes spectacular death on the mountain is a barely marketable affair.

In the summer of 1982 a small group of climbers set off to try the south face of Shishapangma. A couple of them were rather famous and the account of their expedition has attracted much interest. Not only is this Doug Scott's first try at a book length expedition chronicle, but co-author Alex MacIntyre, the forceful young British Himalayan star, was killed by rockfall shortly after on the south face of Annapurna. The Shishapangma Expedition may well be a bell-wether of what to expect in the future.

The dust jacket summary on my copy is revealing, with its initial description of the party as Doug Scott, Alex MacIntyre and four others. One wonders what it must feel like to be classified as an other on an expedition which only involved six climbers.

Some words about style next, the current touchstone of the successful mountaineering endeavour. We had to make the ascent with style says MacIntyre. As light, as fast, as uncluttered as we dared. . . . The wall was the ambition, the style became the obsession. Whose obsession was that? Was Elaine Brook, the Canadian student of Tibetan culture and Buddhism along because of an obsession with alpine style? Or Nick Prescott, the man who obtained the permission to attempt the peak in the first place, and who is described as having scant alpine climbing experience?

It is the final paragraph of this dust jacket commentary which strikes the keynote of the book. Alex and Doug, two of the world's most experienced and influential Himalayan climbers, were climbing together for the first time and a generation gap of 14 years made conflict almost inevitable. Inevitable? I don't buy that prognosis. Lots of climbers, including myself, climb almost exclusively with those who are older or younger. The American expedition to the Pamirs, described in *Storm and Sorrow*, features teams where there were age gaps of 20 years. They displayed wonderful cohesion and resilience in the face of terrible grimness. If conflict arises it is either because climbers on a team don't share the same values, or because having different values, they fail to respect those of other team members. That clash of values and attitudes is essentially what this book is about. The dust jacket points to the new direction of mountaineering writing. The story of physical conflict is increasingly of less interest. The important story is in the drama of strong personalities asserting themselves and coming into conflict. The recent fashion in mountaineering literature is complete frankness, a no holds barred approach. Illusions of team sacrifice, noble endeavour, generosity, are thrust aside and participants are revealed in all their frailty and pettiness. The new style is applauded for its honesty but only one person writes the book and trust is really a very slippery concept. Two men witnessing the same conversation will give two entirely different reports of it, without conscious pretence at dishonesty. History is someone's interpretation of what he thought he saw.

This conflict centred approach to the telling of an old tale had a genesis in Malcolm Slesser's important book *Red Peak*. Bonington lifted the veil a bit further in *Annapurna South Face*. But the real credit for the new style must go to Galen Rowell who perceived with great insight that the story of a failed expedition could be just as interesting as a successful one if the camera was turned away from the mountain and onto the climbers. The *Throne Room of the Mountain Gods* is, after all, about an expedition which never got

beyond camp 2. Rowell had the insight to realize that this failure was not critically important to the modern reader who, as *People* magazine bears witness, is intrigued by gossip about famous people. Powell's account was the most brutally frank published to that date in its excoriating of fellow climbers under stress.

One might be forgiven for thinking that the Shishapangma expedition was tailored to achieve maximum team conflict. The obvious dissimilarities in attitude and objectives among the party has already been hinted at. This makes good book fodder but not a completely happy expedition. I found the constant arguing somewhat tedious. Despite attempts by Scott to mediate between the reader and co-author, MacIntyre did not come off for me as an attractive character. He seems arrogant, ego driven, and obsessively aggressive. Bent on achieving fame and willing to walk over the aspirations of others to get it — a sort of Thrasymachos of the hills but without the stature of that unscrupulous orator of Plato's Republic who made the unfortunate mistake of arguing, in the presence of Socrates, that might makes right. What are we to make, for example, of MacIntyre's comment about Elaine Brook: the only fly in the ointment is the woman who could not take it in a man's world. Elaine Brook never staked the least claim to being an alpine super woman and seems only to have been invited because the party desperately needed a sixth and she had some ready cash. One might easily question the lack of responsibility this team seems to have felt for each other once they got to the mountains. It is not exaggerating things much to say that Elaine and good old Nick got dumped the moment the climbing started.

Once the team is reduced to three things proceed more smoothly. The acclimatization climb on Pungpa Ri comes almost as a pastoral interlude between threading the rigours of the Chinese Mountaineering bureaucracy, establishing base camp, and whittling out the weaker personnel. There are some fine moments in the narrative but nothing that soars. Himalayan veterans will find Scott's discussion of acclimatization schedules and organization of alpine style ascents interesting. And MacIntyre, despite my harsh words about his motives, writes with a light touch and surprising humour, much of which is in the nature of jabs at the eccentricities of Doug Scott.

Those familiar with Scott's photographs will be disappointed. The shots in this book have obviously been re-shot from slides onto black and white film without utilizing an internegative. The reproduction is terrible. The CAJ mostly uses this technique and still manages to produce handsome photographs. If Granada Publishing intends to establish themselves as credible publishers of expedition literature they should work a little harder at this aspect of presentation.

The actual climb of Shishapangma is anti-climactic in the telling; the three are all such strong mountaineers that cramponning up a previously unvisited face on one of the world's highest mountains seems almost routine. Doug Scott does a fair amount of soul baring with a fairly complete picture of day to day feelings and reactions.

Nonetheless, in balance and measured against the best in this line, the book comes up short. Part of the problem is that Doug Scott is writing; we expect a lot. Not only is he one of the world's

best climbers but he is also well known as a superb lecturer and he wrote that magnificent article *A Crawl Down the Ogre*, just about the finest thing that Mountain has ever published. Expectations are high. Wherein lies the failing?

For me it is the lack of hard questioning. Some may find this an odd comment; Scott expresses more self doubt in this book than any other contemporary mountaineer has ever allowed himself. But there is little questioning of the modern direction of the sport itself. Expeditionary mountaineering has become in the years since World War II almost like a new form of colonization in the Third World. Vast expeditions have descended on fragile countries like Nepal (and now Tibet) with little thought as to their impact on the native ecology. I am familiar with the usual arguments about what a boon foreign currency is to these poor peoples, and the argument that it is romantic nonsense to expect Asian peasants to remain forever in a state of blissful rusticity. But we have seen in other countries that the disintegration of an indigenous culture is a very high price to pay for transistor radios or, to update the experience, Sony Walkmans. Few of the mountaineers who have taken so much out of Nepal have put much back in. They are not the ones who organize those garbage collecting parties to collect the litter and waste which insensitive westerners abandon the moment the summit is attained.

Is there any way to lessen the competitive thrust of modern international mountaineering? Is it desirable that this be done? What is the role of Sherpas in the modern expedition game? Are too many people dying in the mountains? And if so, why are they dying? I would have liked to hear something more about these and other questions from so important a climber.

Scott's words on alpine style, for example, focus exclusively on the meaning of the experience of climbing in this fashion to the climbing world and the individual climber. Alpine style is defended in personal terms, not on minimal impact theories. He seems unaware that those who have the most at stake in many ways — the Nepalese, the Tibetans, and so on — ought to be taken into account in the equation. It seems obvious to me that smaller expeditions of six or seven climbers have far less potential to damage the environment than the massive operations which have proven enduringly popular.

I do not think that Doug Scott's career in the mountains is over however, and I hope that when he sits down to write again he will have the time he needs to delve and probe more deeply into the nature of the experience. Maybe then he will write the great book of which he is capable.

Time is running out for the mountaineering genre. The age of great explorations is past. Spectacular death will always arouse reader interest but surely there is something larger to be gained from the stories of men who seek out the mountains time and time again, knowing full well their awesome capacity to wreak havoc and destruction on human aspiration. Despite thousands of expeditions and hundreds of books we have still failed to produce anything as noble as the great classics of desert exploration. Read Thesiger's eloquent and deeply felt *Arabian Sands* and then read *The Shishapangma Expedition* and you will immediately feel the great difference in the grandeur of the works. This failing says

much about the motives of modern mountaineers and should give all those who love the mountains and their history pause for thought.

Bruce Fairley

Walking Up And Down In The World: Memories Of A Mountain Rambler

Smoke Blanchard. Sierra Club, San Francisco, 1985. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. Black & white photos. 299 pp. Cloth. \$23.95

... if you seek mountains and other high ground, in the spirit of picnic and pilgrimage your rucksack of memories will ensure that you envy no kings. This closing to Smoke Blanchard's rambling memoirs suitably sums up what he has happily pursued in a lifetime of trekking, guiding, and exploring throughout the world. That is, that mild mountaineering is a worthy enough endeavour without posting records. As his enviable experiences show, Blanchard clearly has no reason to envy kings or other mountain rambles. Whether he's writing about trips in the Sierra Nevada, Japan, Alaska, or the Himalayas, or explaining folklore and traditions of foreign cultures, his common sense, wisdom and accumulated knowledge are evident and to be respected. In his straightforward, no-nonsense style, he dispenses to the numerous colourful people he's met and befriended the type of treatment he thinks they deserve. To a student who made the inexcusable error of dislodging a loose rock, a ruthless reprimand. To a Nepalese man along the trail: Speaking of old and gnarled things, I always stop at an old, wrinkle-faced native with white whiskers. He smiles back, I wink, he laughs, and we both pull our beards in camaraderie, good fellowship, and the recognition that we are congratulating each other across the language barriers. We are members of an exclusive club and full of years and wisdom.

Blanchard's main reason for trekking may well be the natural sporadic highs found along the road and the delight of adventure, but in his effort to record so many memories he disappoints by leaving too many tales uncompleted, too many details left untold. We are often left to draw our own conclusions and are not privileged to share his emotions, which memoirs should. He has covered a lot of ground, geographically and in subject matter. The book is not only chock-full of adventures and character sketches, but all kinds of guiding secrets and advice on everything from how to fix airplanes, how to haul loads in the mountains, and how to follow the Buddha's path. Overall one can't help but appreciate the sheer volume of his experiences laced with the humour and good spirit of a living legend of the mountains.

Sandra Leitch

Breaking Point

Glenn Randall. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1984. 8 colour photos, appendices, 135 pp. Paper. \$9.95 US

Breaking Point is perhaps the most exciting contemporary mountain book available. Randall, a freelance writer by trade, has an easy, dialogue filled style that puts you on the buttress for all 13 days of this first ascent of the central buttress of Mt Hunter's south face. You can almost feel the bad weather, dicey snow, and oppressive size of the Alaska Range. The fact that things go so

wrong on this three man, quickly organized 'expedition' makes it even easier to relate to for we mortals. Throughout the climb, the reader is played off against the first ascent of the route, a 145 day solo compulsion by John Waterman in 1978. Waterman's tragic mountain psychosis, which eventually snuffs him, is something I almost came to envy.

People who have never climbed on a big northern peak may lose some of the drama woven into these too few pages, but Randall carries off the job perhaps as well as can be done. It's fairly pricey but the photos are good and it fills a gaping hole in Alaskan alpine literature. This should be a compulsory read for all climbers flying out of Talkeetna; it would save the Rescue team some time and effort.

Kevin Haberl

Smythe's Mountains: The Climbs Of FS Smythe

Harry Calvert. Victor Gollancz, Ltd, London, 1986. 20 black & white illustrations. 4 sketch maps. 223 pp. Cloth. \$29.95 US

Frank Smythe is known to many Canadian climbers for his ascents in the Rocky Mountains where, in the late 1940s, he made the first ascent of Mts Colin and Bridgland, attempted Alberta and Brussels, and led an expedition that included Rex Gibson to explore and climb the Lloyd George Mtns. The results of Smythe's Canadian experiences appeared in his Rocky Mountains (1948), a picture book, and in Climbs in the Canadian Rockies (1950). Smythe also climbed two new routes on the Brenva face of Mont Blanc, several peaks in the central Himalayas around Kamet and, alone, got closer than anybody before him to the summit of Everest. Besides his two Canadian books he published 23 others, covering his many expeditions in three continents. Six are picture works. He was probably one of the first mountaineers to live on his mountain writings.

This is the biography of this British mountaineer (1900 to 1949) who, together with Tilman and Shipton, was always at the forefront of the news in the decade before WWII. It has 12 chapters: five cover Smythe's apprenticeship, two deal with great Alpine climbs, four with Himalayan expeditions, one with Canada, and the last analyses Smythe's attitudes towards small expeditions, technical climbing and, in general, his attitudes towards mountains and their beauty. It is well written and offers all that we need to know about events pertaining to Smythe's life. Both the sketch maps and the basic bibliography are acceptable, but photographs are rather disappointing: not enough and several not well reproduced. There are also very few quotations from Smythe's copious writings. This book is in general a good introduction to the life of that famous mountaineer but the reading of a number of his works, particularly Himalayan ones, should complement this biography.

Evelio Echevarria

Menlove: The Life Of John Menlove Edwards

Jim Perrin. Victor Gollancz, London, 1985. Black & white photos, appendix of Edwards' writings. 347 pp. Cloth. £14.95

Menlove is the biography of one of Britain's greatest rock climbers from the pre WW II era. Born in a clerical family, Menlove endured the harsh life of an English public school, then studied to become a medical missionary before becoming

a medical psychiatrist. Perrin presents us with the life of a man forever outside the mainstream of those activities central to his life: rock climbing, psychiatry, and finally sexual preference.

During his most active period as a climber Menlove pushed the standards and limits of the sport. At a time when it was fashionable to view rock climbing as a springboard to the Alps and the greater ranges he was satisfied with rock climbing as the *raison d'être* in itself. His professional life was filled with contradictions. Although he obtained success and respect from his practice his theoretical writings took him outside the Freudian and Alderian framework so popular in the 1930s. Unfortunately the vast majority of his psychological writings were destroyed after his death, leaving us to wonder exactly what he thought and where his research was headed, though some clues are provided. A major theme of Perrin's book is Menlove's sexual preference. He was a homosexual who preached openness and tolerance at a time when the laws against deviation from the sexual norm were harshly punitive. The biographer handles this tender and delicate aspect of Menlove's life with utmost respect and compassion. There can be no doubt that the richness of this book will make it a definitive example of mountaineering biography for many years to come. It receives my highest praise and deserves a place in any and all mountaineering libraries.

Geordie Howe

The Six Mountain Travel Books

Eric Shipton. Diadem Books, London, and The Mountaineers, Seattle, 1985. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. Black & white photographs. 800 pp. Cloth. \$45

Reading these books you start to understand and appreciate the legend that has grown up around Shipton. His writing conveys a great vitality, reflected in different moods which a reader who has travelled in the mountains can identify with; groggy, early morning starts with almost indigestible food and frozen boots, a day lazed away doing minor chores and drinking innumerable pints of tea, rare moments of incredible, almost mystic beauty, the joy of being healthy, active and alive in the mountains, and the satisfaction of good companions for demanding trips.

Shipton's books are alive with the personalities of his friends and companions. Strong, trusted friends, British and Sherpa, were obviously important to him and are given credit regularly for their contributions to success of his trips. However those looking for the now conventional large, often vast, appendices about equipment (what type of specially modified for altitude toothpaste did the team use?) will be disappointed. In a characteristically short discussion of equipment, Shipton gives a brief list of personal gear necessary for a five to six month Himalayan exploration. Fortunately he also gives the kind of helpful hints which make a strong and interesting statement of personal style.

Should some of the spoons be lost, new ones can be fashioned out of bits of wood. Flat stones will serve for plates, and from the start a sharp twig makes an effective fork. If one's only pair of windproof trousers is wrecked on a jagged rock, and there is no more ration-bag cloth available as a patch, a piece of canvas out of the floor of the tent will serve to stop the draught. . . . Soap is a refinement that one soon forgets; like so many other essentials of the civilized world it is not missed in a primitive life.

The publishing of this volume is well-timed. There is renewed interest in small, low budget expeditions that more closely resemble the mountain trips we make with our friends. These books inspired an earlier generation and will no doubt continue to inspire others. Thanks to the vigour and clarity of the writing everyone who reads this book will share the adventure.

John Manuel

This Climbing Game

Walt Unsworth. Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1984. 17 black & white illustrations. 220 pp. Paper. \$12.95

The image my little mind conjured up when I was reading this book was that of a tweedy, older gentleman in tiny, tiny reading glasses and thinning sandy coloured hair sitting in a rather worn antique armchair. His tin of tobacco stood cheek by jowl with a piping hot cuppa T (with two) on a delicate Victorian table. His pipe, still lit, rested comfortably in his left hand, and he had this book open on his knee. As he read he yuk-yukked occasionally, shaking his head, slapping his knee as he remembered his own climbing days before The War. . . .

Oh, maybe I'm being unnecessarily mean. There are some classics in this anthology for instance *A Short Walk with Whillans* by Tom Patey, *Ascent of the Riffleberg* by Mark Twain and *Mac the Belly Talks to Cassius Bonafide* by Ian McNaught Davis. But this is it — and these are already classics. Read, already published, and sometimes not just once. That last one there that I mentioned was published first in *Mountain Magazine* way back in 71, next in *Games Climbers Play* in 78, and now. Classics are just that because they've been around and this book seems to me to be those *Same Old Fish in a Shiny New Tin*. The operative word here being 'old'. The illustrations bothered me too, but don't listen to me here because I'm a real snob about book illustrations.

I'd recommend this book if you possess all three of the following qualities: a - You are interested in reading stories about climbing, b - You don't already own any of the 'Classic Mountain Books', ie *One Man's Mountains* or *Games Climbers Play* or any copy of *Ascent*. c-You have thinning sandy hair and little tiny reading glasses. . . .

Tami Knight

The Ridiculous Mountains: Tales Of The Doctor And His Friends In The Scottish Highlands

GJF Dutton. Diadem Books, London, 1984. 158 pp. Cloth £7.95

Well, I loved this book! As the title indicates, it is a collection of stories about three Scottish climbers; the Doctor, the Apprentice, and the narrator. While most have been published previously in the *Scottish Mountaineering Journal* this is the first time they have appeared together. The Doctor is a wicked rogue with an eagle eye for Fun. He has a devil in him that his friends just can resist. . . even on trips that Look Like Trouble, the lads head out eagerly. Jeez! Who wouldn't? How can you miss with someone who rarely climbs whisky-less, who rescues nasty little dogs off cliffs by stuffing them head first into his rucksack, or who climbs the crux of some Scottish way-rad using. . . instead of chalk. . . limpits?! Go now and convince someone to buy this book for you. Failing that, go buy it yourself. Three drunken cheers to GJF Dutton for

introducing to us the Doctor!

Tami Knight

Carl Rungius: Painter Of The Western Wilderness

John Whyte and EJ Hart. Foreword by Robert Bateman. The Glenbow-Alberta Institute in association with Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto, 1985. Colour and black & white reproductions. 184 pp. Cloth. \$45

This is a good quality coffee-table book, with 73 colour reproductions and many black and whites, the latter including numerous beautifully drawn game heads. It gives the biography of Carl Rungius (pronounced rung as in the ladder), the German-born hunter/artist who fell in love with the North American open spaces in 1895 and spent the next 62 years hunting in them and painting the wild animals of which he became the acknowledged master depicter. It tells of his experiences of 15 years in Wyoming, trips to New Brunswick and the Yukon, and his 47 years in the Canadian Rockies. His first love was trophy hunting but painting gradually became his main endeavour; his 1890s typical week of six days of hunting and exploring and one day of drawing and painting gave way, by 1915, to a week of one day of hunting and six days of painting. He was considered to be the foremost big game painter of his day, although he had to paint some prize winning landscapes for his work to be accepted as more than calendar art by the contemporary world of painters.

His rigorous European art training shows in the meticulous drawing, particularly evident in his early animal paintings. His later paintings show changes in the landscape colour treatment reminiscent of the Group of Seven. The book groups paintings more by subject and territory than by chronology and over half of them are not dated. A careful examination of the changes in style, together with reference to the text, could probably yield approximate dates, if desired. His venture into landscape painting in order to achieve serious recognition as a painter resulted in paintings of some well known features of the Rockies, such as Lake O'Hara, and Mt Athabasca, which he was the first artist to paint.

The colour reproductions of his work appear to be excellent, although one cannot tell for sure without knowing the originals. However the frontispiece and the smaller reproduction of the same painting later in the book do differ markedly in colour, as does the plate of Lake McArthur in the book, from the corresponding plate in the March/April 1985 issue of *Horizon* magazine. The magazine article, by the same authors, could be a convenient trial reading for those thinking of buying the book. Although in the magazine the canvas sizes are given in inches, in the book they are given in centimetres, making the sizes difficult to visualize for the unyielding inch man.

Leonard Cox

Books Received

The ABC Of Avalanche Safety

ER LaChapelle. 2nd edition. *The Mountaineers*, Seattle, 1985. Distributed in Canada by Douglas & McIntyre. Line drawings, 112 pp. Paper. \$3.95

Medical Reports

Correlates of Mountaineering Activity

A study was conducted of 71 mountaineers and hikers to determine if differences exist on such factors as internal-external locus of control, registration practices, and self reported teenage health and sport involvement. Results indicate a lack of relationship between locus of control and the variables studied although significant differences were found between climbers and hikers in high school team sports involvement.

One theoretical framework of particular interest to risk taking is the internal-external locus of control construct (Rotter 1966). The I-E scale, used to measure this construct, has been described by Newman (1971:1035) as follows:

The I-E scale is intended to operationalize locus of control beliefs of individuals. These locus of control beliefs are conceptualized to vary along a continuum from internal locus of control to external locus of control. An individual classified as an internal believes generally that his behaviour determines the outcomes he will receive. Externals believe the world is unpredictable, events are predetermined, control of reinforcement lies in the hands of others, or the world is too complex to be predicted.

When studied under experimental laboratory conditions the relationship between locus of control and risk taking has been relatively unclear. Research has suggested that internals tend to prefer skill tasks over chance tasks (Lester 1980) and to be more cautious in laboratory risk taking situations (Liverant and Scodel 1960). However contradictory findings, as well as null findings, abound (DuCette and Wolk 1972, Phares 1976). When investigating risk taking such as mountaineering there are more obstacles to generalize ability than the mere equivocal nature of experimental findings. As Ross (1974:156) states:

Laboratory experiments (investigating risk) are usually concerned with gambling and decision making, where the probabilities and the financial rewards can be specified exactly. In real life [these cannot] be measured precisely. The rewards and penalties are also different in kind: the subject in a psychological experiment stands to gain nothing but a little money and to lose nothing but the possibility of more money; in real life he may stand to win or lose a fortune, and he may risk death for the sake of glory.

Therefore although the need to identify rewards and reinforcements in locus of control research has been stressed (Rotter 1966) such identification may be impossible with groups such as mountaineers who may be reinforced for their risk taking behaviour in a wide variety of ways (Bratton et al 1979).

Despite the limitations of experimental research little non-experimental research has been done. A further source of ambiguity is the lack of agreement on what constitutes risk taking behaviour (Tomkins 1971). Some authors assume a close kinship between risk taking behaviour and behaviour that involves chance or luck (Liverant and Scodel 1960, Joe 1971, O'Keefe 1979). However some forms of risk taking behaviour, as mountaineering, may in

fact require more skill than chance or luck (Klausner 1968). As Mitchell (1983:157-8) states (emphasis added):

Danger is avoided (by mountaineers) whenever possible; difficulty is prepared for by learning safety techniques, use of proper equipment and careful planning. . . . Mountaineering is not like roulette, craps, or coin flipping in which the outcomes and their proportions are foreknown but for the most part unalterable through the player's skill. Rather, it is more like painting or musical composition, in which skill and imagination determine the outcome within the broad known limits of the qualities of canvas and paints, the sound producible by various instruments, . . . The climber likes solving problems; he does not like threats or gambles whose outcomes are beyond his control.

Therefore contrary to public impressions (Ibid) most mountaineers see themselves not as foolish gamblers or senseless risk takers but as craftsmen who curb danger through skill and judgement, a view entirely consistent with an internal locus of control. Thus it seems likely that mountaineers will tend disproportionately toward an internal orientation. Other compelling motives notwithstanding, those believing they can exert little or no influence over climbing outcomes would be predicated to seek out alternative and less hazardous recreational pursuits.

This investigation sought to establish the relationship between level of involvement in mountaineering and locus of control. It was hypothesized that active mountaineers, as compared with hikers, would score lower (indicated internality) on the I-E scale. Additionally it was predicted that internally oriented climbers would report a higher frequency of registration prior to climbs (precautionary behaviour) than would externally oriented climbers. Further, the study sought to replicate the finds of Ryn (1979) who reported a higher incidence of major childhood medical problems among his sample of mountaineers than with his non-climbing comparison group, and Bratton et al (1979) who investigated level of sports participation.

The subjects (N = 71) Chinook Outdoor Club in Lethbridge (35), the ACC Calgary Section (29), and the Outdoor Pursuits Faculty, University of Calgary (7). Average age was 36.8 years (SD = 11.5), average education was two years at university level. 66% were male, 62% were married. Self reported measures of climbing activity were: technical climbers 50%, general mountaineers 20%, hikers 30%.

Subjects were administered the Rotter (1966) I-E scale, demographic questions, index of mountaineering activity and level, and other items regarding involvement in high school sports, childhood diseases, physical satisfaction, and registration practices. Surveys were introduced as an outdoor recreation and attitude survey. Subjects were categorized as hikers (trail or hill walking), general alpine climbers (alpine climbing), or technical climbers (hard rock or steep ice climbing).

No significant difference was found in I-E scores between technical climbers and hill walkers: $F(1, 55) = <1$. Nor was any relationship found between climbers' degree of internality and the

frequency with which they registered for climbing activities: $r(40) = 0.27$, ns. However married climbers reported registering prior to climbs significantly more often than non-married climbers: $F(1,43) = 12.95$, $p < .001$. Technical climbers reported a lower involvement in high school team sports than did hikers: $F(1, 55) < 1$. In addition subjects with three or more years university education reported a less favourable opinion of high school sports than did subjects with less education: $F(1, 43) = 12.95$, $p < .001$. No other significant results, including associations between I-E scores and childhood diseases, were found.

The absence of a significant difference between technical climbing and hiking subjects on the I-E scale suggests that within the study sample climbers were not more internally oriented than hikers. But these results may be confounded by the relatively crude self report measure by which subjects were classified. Studies able to obtain more serious expeditionary climbers might also yield differing results. Most important it must be appreciated that many more paramount factors other than an individual's belief in luck, fate, etc may influence participation in hiking and climbing.

The lack of a significant relationship between I-E scores and climbing registration practices among the climbers adds to other null findings regarding hazard adjustment and locus of control (Schiff 1977, Russell et al 1977). Future research could augment these findings by including other measures of concrete precautionary behaviour in climbers. The higher registration for married climbers is likely a reflection of the increased responsibility and/or age that often accompanies marriage.

The absence of reported serious childhood illness in technical and general alpine climbers is discrepant with the findings of Ryn (1979) who reported about one half of the climbers studied had chronic childhood diseases. Such differences could have arisen from, among other things, the dissimilarity between Ryn's sample of expert Polish expeditionary climbers and this sample of relatively recreational Canadian climbers.

Finally the finding that climbers were less active in high school team sport adds support to the results of Bratton et al (1979) who found that climbers were more active at the time of survey in individual sports (50%) than in team sports (9%). This suggests that at least for climbers low participation in team sports during high school continues into adulthood. Such a trend is interesting in the light of Ryn's findings (1979:58) which suggested that his sample of Polish mountaineers climbed partially to compensate for various early setbacks.

Results from this study should be interpreted with caution due to several methodological shortcomings. Firstly the study lacks random selection of subjects (climbers and hikers who attend club meetings may be quite different from the 'normal' climber or hiker) and to apply the results of these findings to all hikers and climbers is at best injudicious. Secondly causality cannot be inferred from this type of design; it is erroneous to say a certain characteristic causes one to be a climber or hiker or vice versa. Research of this nature using intact groups can merely quantify relationships, not establish the causes of levels of climbing activity. In summary, further contributory studies are needed, not only to complement the expanding view of the mountaineer as a unique personality but

also to detect the niche of such sport risk taking as mountaineering within the broad spectrum of risk taking theory.

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Earth Science Studies

Wedgemount Lake and Glacier, Northern Garibaldi Park 1985 Progress Report

The annual survey was completed at melt season end. It had been a sunny summer and the glacier year was a bust as far as adding new accumulation, despite the snowy start. While the glacier was much ablated surprisingly the lake front snout was a mirror copy of last year's. An ice cliff still rises above the lake on its south side and the north was littered with more melt out debris. The ice snout position appears to be little changed from the year previous. Streams on the glacier were deeply and widely incised and crevasse widths were enhanced by rounding of their lips. The gap between the ever thinning north-east and main arms was

much wider. However if there was a higher than normal elevation of the equilibrium line it could not be seen through the recent snowfall. The locations of monuments on the upper profile (see CAJ 1983:59) were hard to find — two never were uncovered. For the lower profile the markers have not yet fallen into the crevasses which gape across the snout but this line is doomed.

The positions of the surface stakes were computed and Table 1 shows relative ice velocities (D) on the two lines, bringing up to date the report in CAJ 1984:61. The small reduction in velocities over the three years is probably due to increasing down slope drag rather than to any mass balance changes. The table also shows a general reduction in ice wastage (Ab) for 1984.

Table 1 - summary of velocity components and apparent ablation

period		Sept 82-Sept 83			Sept 83-Sept 84			Sept 84-Sept 85		
component		D	Z	Ab	D	Z	Ab	D	Z	Ab
station		diff			diff			diff		
L line	61	11.0	3.2	2.1	10.5	2.9	1.8	10.2	2.9	1.9
	62	20.3	6.1	1.1	19.2	5.8	1.1	17.0	5.3	1.1
	63	25.4	8.0	1.8	24.5	7.6	1.5	n	n	n
	64	25.3	7.4	1.1	24.3	7.4	1.3	22.4	7.6	2.0
	65	22.8	6.7	1.1	22.1	7.4	1.9	20.9	8.0	2.8
	66	20.2	7.3	2.3	n	n	n	n	n	n
U line	31	8.9	4.9	1.1	7.5	3.7	0.6	8.4	5.4	1.9
	32	10.3	4.7	2.0	8.9	3.7	1.2	9.8	4.6	2.1
	33	10.0	4.5	1.4	9.3	3.5	0.6	9.6	4.9	1.9
	34	10.6	5.3	1.5	9.6	4.4	1.0	9.4	5.4	2.0
	35	9.9	4.7	1.3	9.5	4.7	1.3	9.0	5.5	2.3

All values in metres.

Time intervals exactly one year.

Station locations shown in CAJ 1983:59.

D horizontal displacement

Z diff vertical displacement

(a negative value in all cases)

Ab apparent ablation or thinning

n station not found

Table 2 - lichenometry of moraines. Tapper et al

moraine	sample size	thalli diameters (mm)		AD age range
		average	maximum	
Wedgemount Climax	46	13	21	1901-1906
Wedgemount Subclimax	23	6	10	1918-1921
Armchair Climax	20	15	26	1897-1902
Armchair Subclimax	21	11.5	21.5	1902-1910

In CAJ 1978:59 we reported some qualitative results on lichen measurements taken on moraines lying in the basin. This year the thalli sizes were compared to Leonard's (1974) growth curve which was established at the moister Price Lake locale in the Mt Baker area of the Northern Cascades. Assuming all measurements were taken from *Rhizocarpon geographicum*, the ages of the moraines, using his curves for average and maximum thalli diameters, are shown on Table 2. From tree ring studies (CAJ 1977:54, 1978:69, 1979:65-6) we suggested that the Wedgemount climax moraine was built AD 1890 to 1905 but that an early 1860s period could not be ruled out. For its subclimax moraine the data lead to an AD 1918 to 1921 advance or standstill, but 1897 to 1900 was another interpretation. The lichen data, despite its shortcomings, points to our favoured intervals and thus we now have some dates for nearby Armchair Glacier (see CAJ 1980:56) whose moraines lie above any helpful conifer growth. As suggested in CAJ 1978:69 the Armchair subclimax appears to have been older than that of Wedgemount. Both inner moraines are however fraught by a low density of thalli to measure. Nonetheless the dates are similar to those (1898 and 1914) of "Caltha Glacier", which lies 35 km to the east.

Two other basin locales were also measured for lichen sizes. Thalli lying above the trimline and on bedrock adjacent to the climax Wedgemount Glacier are 80 to 200 mm in diameter. While Leonard's curves do not extend to these sizes they do indicate that such areas were ice free from before AD 1620 to present. That is the last pulses of advance were likely the largest — not those of the 17th or 18th centuries. At another area above the lake and to the west of Armchair Glacier lichen on protalus ridges date to AD 1850-80. The ridges were formed by rock fall rolling over snowbanks that were more or less permanent features while nearby glaciers were advancing. With climatic amelioration banks which faced the sun melted out and the rock ramparts around their sides have stabilized to allow colonization. These dated events are not cast in stone; more lichenometry is required and a growth curve of the drier aspect of the Coast Mtns is a needed control.

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More Monkey Wrenching with the Plumbing of Ape Lake and Its Surrounding Glaciers

In CAJ 1985 the Ape Lake jokulhlaup of October 1984 was described and the residual pondage and newly tunnelled Fyles Glacier ice snout was shown on a map. A technical publication for the Geological Survey of Canada (Jones et al 1985) covers many facets of the event. Since its release we have carried out further studies which are reported herein. Other investigators were also on the scene in summer 1985 and we hope will report their work.

REFILLING OF APE LAKE

As predicted in the technical report (Ibid) Ape Lake began to refill in the winter of 1984/85 following the freeze up. The tunnel

opening under Fyles Glacier may have collapsed to speed up the process. As the report predicted, the tunnel was squeezed shut by compressive deformation of ice in 100 to 200 days. Figure 1 shows that the lake began to refill significantly after the spring warm up, that is a tunnel sealed by only the presence of seasonal ice has reopened in the spring melt. By the end of May 1985 water levels in the west basin had risen by ca 18 m to reunite it, through the breached moraine, with the higher dead storage level of the east basin. By the end of July the united basins had risen to the level of Ape Creek, the former outlet, whose outflow then retarded the rate of refill for the final half metre needed to attain full pool level (FPL).

During the filling cycle the net discharge into the lake increased from a winter low of about 0.1 m³/sec to as high as 14.3 m³/sec during a late July hot spell. Figure 1 shows irregularities in this trend. Some detailed semi-daily observations of levels revealed a direct correlation between warm sunny periods and a rapidly rising water level. BC Forest Service made weekly observations.

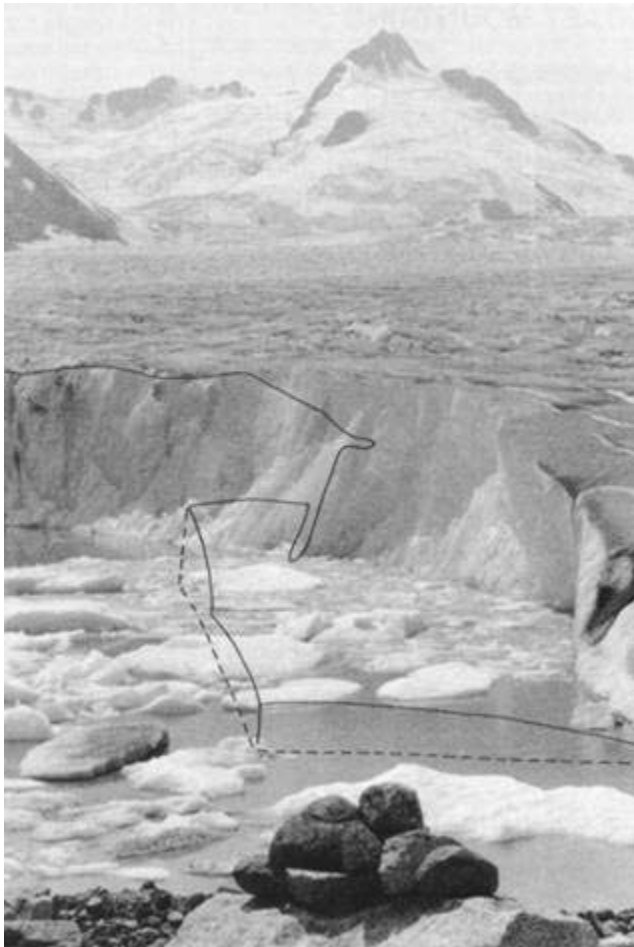
Records of unstable ice dammed lakes in the Coast Mtns show that the second emptying cycle can be delayed up to four years before the refill/flush cycle becomes an annual event, which in this case will likely persist for decades. The second flush will likely be greater than the first (ca 1000-1500 m³/sec) because: discharge magnitude increases with storage volume and the lake is growing at the expense of glacier recession (see photo); the internal morainal sill barrier within the lake (see map CAJ 1985:41) is now breached, allowing unimpeded outflow; the downstream channels have been cleared of frictional barriers thus streamlining the flow and removing some transient pondage areas; some of the drainage tunnel of 1984 may still be in place, thereby reducing the time to melt out a thoroughfare in the next jokulhlaup. It is suspected this will be in the late summer or autumn of 1986 to 1988.

Figure 1 indicates that refilling can conveniently be divided into two stages: winter/early spring and late spring/early summer, with 22 May as a common point for both stages." The initial rapid refill rate in the second stage can be related to the melting of the winter snow that blankets the entire watershed. By late June most of this snow was gone, yet in July the rate of refill was even more rapid, with most of it coming from glacier melt. Although no more than 53% of the lake's watershed is covered by glacier ice, the early summer of 1985 had exceptionally fine weather.

Other features noted during lake re-filling are: renewed slumping of recently exposed slopes on the lake floor, particularly at creek entrants, and the calving of much ice from the glacier snout which fronts the lake. There was much down cutting of stream beds at the lake shore to meet the new floor levels of the half to completely emptied basins, leaving excessively steep walled ravines supported by the winter freeze up and snowfall. With the rise of lake levels in the spring, water invaded the ravines and saturated their walls so that sloughing occurred until slope stability was re-established. As a result embayments developed at several lake shore deltaic areas. At the glacier front cairn 1 was set to mark its east edge after the October drainage (see photo).

Obviously there has been great recession of the ice front in response to filling. Also between the cairn and glacier a long lead or

Ape Lake and Fyles Glacier ice dam (31 July 1985) with monitor cairn and Mt Fyles reference summit. Lines mark position of ice at 31 October 1984. Tapered north-east margin of glacier lies to right of photo where a lead of water now fronts it. A Port

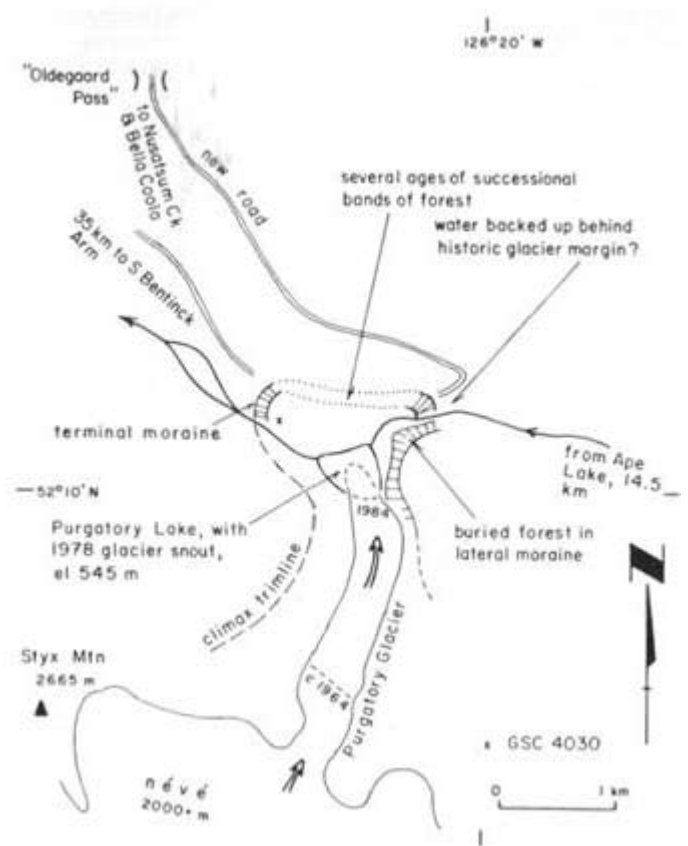


moat of lake water has invaded westerly along the tapered north-east ice margin. This peripheral channel is about 150 m in length by 10 to 15 m in width and will probably extend to a westerly directed spill point into the Noeick system within the next few years. At the time of August departure of the KMC camp the Noeick River was issuing out from under the western snout of the Fyles Glacier in a normal manner. Discharge was low and not too muddy; evidently there was only minor leakage of lake water into that system during the first half of the summer.

GLACIER REGIMES SINCE 19th CENTURY CLIMAX ADVANCE

Using snout positions rather than volume changes, the glacier fluctuations over the last century for the upper Noeick basin are shown in Figure 2. The westernmost glacier of any size, the Purgatory, lies 11 km west of Ape Lake and nearer to a maritime zone. Glaciers at the lake lie at a transitional to leeward climatic aspect. Moreover the Purgatory features a very steep (49%) and narrow outlet tongue (Figure 3) which extends from an expansive elevated (2000+ m) névé to the Noeick valley floor (545 m) quite near the Bella Coola connector road. Current topo maps fail to show the lower reach of this tongue however local residents observed that the ice terminus was above the valley floor before 1978. Thus the mapped position of the snout, based on 1964 photos, may not be too far out, though it could provide some error to the plot shown on Figure 2. This type of glacier is very sensitive to climatic

Figure 3 - Purgatory Glacier snout area. Karl Ricker/M Irvine



shifts because minor fluctuations of ice level in an expansive accumulation zone are amplified upon transmission into a narrow and steeply sloping ablation zone.

The curves in Figure 2 are smoothed because the observations are at irregular intervals. The data points are from: aerial photos of 1947, 1951, 1954, 1964, and 1978; direct resection on Fyles and Purgatory Glaciers in 1984; dendrochronology on the Fyles' 19th century climax moraines. Recessional moraines sited between the climax and the 1947 ice margin have yet to be dated but the graph could accommodate an expected ice standstill during the early 1920s, as found at many glacier systems throughout the world. Renewed glacier retreat is a worldwide phenomenon of the 1930s and '40s and the graphs are embellished to show this as an alternative curve for each glacier. The time of the 19th century advance is approximated for the Fyles Glacier. Of the other glaciers it is probable that the smaller ones reached maximum extent first, well before AD 1900, the larger ones later. In the 1950s for example, the graph shows the small Ape Glacier responding more rapidly to a deteriorating climate while most other glaciers were still receding until the 1960s. Several advanced in the 1970s but the Fyles Glacier, partly immersed in Ape Lake, continued to retreat, albeit at a slower rate. The other significant change is the retreat of Purgatory Glacier during 1978-84. In 1978 its snout was floating across a good portion of Purgatory Lake, a basin lying on the edge of the Noeick flood plain with a map noted elevation of 1790± ft (545 m). By 1984 ice had retreated to the valley wall edge of the lake where it was abraded by the flood.

As for the 1984-85 post flood measurements, the tapered snout of the north-east margin (not the lake edge ice cliff shown in the

photo) of Fyles Glacier retreated 7m from 31 October 1984 to 31 July 1985 and a week later another 4 m of ice was in the process of calving into the aforementioned moat. The rate of retreat along this front may well become greater than during the past few decades because this section of the ice snout is now also under the thermal influence of lake water. Cairns 2 and 3, which mark the western snout, were not re-surveyed in 1985.

ISOTOPE DATING OF NEOGLACIATION: THE AGE OF APE LAKE

The start of glacier regrowth of the last few centuries (Little Ice Age) can be approximated from radiocarbon dates on buried wood exposed by the 1984 jokulhlaup. Most useful is a sample taken downstream of the Purgatory Glacier. In 1984 we stumbled over a climax terminal moraine which extends across the full width of the Noeick valley about 1 km downstream from the present ice terminus at Purgatory Lake. That is in centuries gone by the glacier swept out of its narrow side valley to sprawl out over the broad Noeick valley floor, possibly damming up the upper reaches of its river (Figure 3). Scantily exposed wood (*Sato* sp) under a large boulder in outwash banked against the upstream side of the moraine dates to AD 1490±50 (GSC 4030). This suggests that the slightly older adjacent moraine was formed in the 14th or early 15th century and that the initiation of ice advance to develop the moraine was slightly earlier, and not too atypical for a recognized beginning of the Little Ice Age. The retreatal outwash developed in perhaps a jokulhlaup environment soon after, as ice receded up valley to release water dammed up behind it in a non-glaciated reach of the Noeick. However the sequence of events is more complicated. There is a conspicuous zonation of trees growing on the moraines lining the Noeick valley walls and new exposures on a conspicuous Purgatory lateral moraine, sliced by the river just upstream from Purgatory Lake, show buried soil profiles and a buried forest lying between successions of glacier deposited materials. Hence there were several major oscillations of Purgatory Glacier over the last few hundred years or longer.

At Ape Lake, a log (*Abies* sp) exposed in glacial lake bottom muds at the east end of the basin (see map CAJ 1985:41) has been dated to AD 1180±60 (GSC 4028). This is somewhat older than the usually accepted date for the initiation of Little Ice Age and is even more troublesome to interpret because the log was underlain by several metres of mud of similar origin. Initially we surmised that this uppermost portion of the Noeick valley was ice free and with, at best, a very small proto Ape Lake on its valley floor. Advance of Fyles Glacier during the Little Ice Age of the 14th or 15th century then generated Ape Lake as we know it today by blocking the valley floor so that water levels rose at least 20 m, and more likely 40 to 60 m. The buried log either refutes this hypothesis or it represents a long standing artifact on a hillside which was swept into the lake by an avalanche (or similar mechanism) at a much later date. Alternatively the lake may have filled and emptied several times over the last few millennia in response to longer term oscillations of the Fyles Glacier; or perhaps the glacier in fully extended form has been around for at least 900 to 1000 years. That is the extended glacier is an over run on the duration of a separate glacial event of the previous millennium, or is an earlier start on the Little Ice Age of this millennium. Seismic profiling on the lake by the GSC in 1985 has revealed about 15 m of glacial lake derived mud on the floor of the east basin. Annual deposits of this mud appear to be

usually less than one cm thick and thus this line of evidence lends support to the idea that the lake has been present for more than a thousand years. However, it is still not known whether or not there have been temporary draw downs of this most fascinating lake over this time span. Joe Desloges' work on sediment cores may solve the mystery.

Karl Ricker and William E Ricker

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This progress report draws upon the generous efforts of the BC Forest Service, Wilderness Airline pilots, J Desloges of UBC, the Radiocarbon Lab of the GSC, and the camp site routine of the Kootenay Mountaineering Club, particularly A Port.

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FOOTNOTE

For those mathematically inclined, or worried about a pending flood, the following expressions have been derived for use with some qualifications, as noted. There is no simple formula to describe such a two stage event but if we assume that the rate of fill was approximately exponential during stage 1, the 21 January and 22 May observations yield the expression: $\log_e V = 2.1425 + 0.011501t$, where V is the lake's refilled volume (above dead storage level) in thousands of cubic meters, and t is time in days, with 15 December as t = 0 (the presumed zero volume on or about 15 December cannot be used in deriving the expression, because log 0 is a negative infinite value, but the expression gives a computed volume of 139,000 m³ on 15 December which is reasonably close to zero). The more rapid second stage of refilling, from 22 May to 2 August, was at an average rate of 577,000 m³/day if the extreme observations are compared, or 590,000 m³/day from the least squares regression fitted to all the points: $V = (-) 74,347 + 590t$. (Note: on 22 May the value for t is 129 days, as shown on the graph.) The actual refill was, of course, less uniform.

The average rate of fill from 27 June to 2 August was 695,000 m³/day from the extreme points, or 768,000 m³/day from the least squares line: $V = (-) 108,150 + 768t$, where t on 27 June is 165 days. The expressions above apply, of course, only to the refill sequence of 1984/85. In a year having a warm spring followed by a cool cloudy summer, the third expression would not be applicable, nor would the stage 1 expression fit a winter characterized by periodic thaws. However, it would take an unusual year to prolong the refilling of Ape Lake to more than 220 days after tunnel closure.

CORRIGENDUM

In CAJ 1985:43 the text refers to stream flows of 635 and 1.5 m/sec. These should read cubic m/sec.

Coast Mountains

Coast Climbing Notes 1985

1985 was a classic year on the coast, starting with some fine, stable, cold weather in the early winter which allowed a spate of rare or first winter ascents. Cheam north face, No-doubt, Cayley, Skypilot, a couple of routes on the big north-west face on Atwell, and much Lillooet ice got done.

While the spring was only middling, summer arrived hot and dry in mid-May, and by the time the prime season arrived in mid-July the big peaks were in incredible shape. This contributed to the success of the highlight of the year, the traverse of the Waddington Range from Fury Gap to the Tellot Glacier which Peter Croft, Greg Foweraker, and I did in four and a half days in late July. Peter complemented this trip by staying in after Greg and I left to complete the long discussed Arabesque traverse from Grenelle to Spearman with Washingtonians Greg Collum and Dan Cauthorn. Meanwhile, elsewhere in the range, Mike Down and John Howe found a way through the Radiant icefall to climb the rather awe inspiring Serra IV/V couloir while a wolverine ravaged their camp in the cirque below. (Future parties take note — plastic or metal barrels for food may be necessary!) Lastly, down on the Tiedemann, Barb Clemes, Tami Knight, Ian Campbell, and Rudy Brugger climbed the long north-west ridge of the “Don” on Mt Munday. Altogether it was a rather unique onslaught and many plums fell!

Closer to Vancouver the early summer promised much activity but fire hazard closures curtailed opportunities. Still, with long standing problems like the west face on Overseer, the big north buttress on Wahoo Tower, and the north face on Grimface falling, plus a good new route on “Guardian” Peak in the Illusions, added to the Chehalis bag of three new routes on Grainger, two on Viennese, and the first free ascent of the big north ridge on Clarke, it was an exciting and very productive year. Would that we could always say the same!

Don Serl

Squamish 85: The Endless Summer

The summer of ‘85! So now we all know what it would be like to live in southern California without its 28 million ‘way’ weird people. For the better part of three glorious months the skies stayed clear and the rains held off providing more than enough incentive for the new route brigade. But, for the first time in over four years, the number of new routes put up in one year dropped below 50. Maybe it was the lethargy brought on by the hot weather, or possibly the responsibilities of fatherhood (which seems to be in vogue lately) that caused the decline. Nevertheless whatever the new routes lacked in volume was more than made up for in difficulty and quality.

The biggest news was the highly coveted second free ascent of University Wall by Perry Beckham and Mel Fish. For eight desperate pitches this route sweeps up to Bellygood Ledge in a magnificent corner system that even as an aid route had a reputation as a strenuous undertaking. Before the ascent Beckham spent several days working on the initial three pitches with a variety of seconds. He eventually led the second and third pitches of the free variation as one, and felt that by doing it this way both were equally as difficult but declined to give the nod to 5.12. I think that most people who have done or tried them would disagree.

Owing to their close proximity to Browning Lake and quick relief from the heat the cliffs of Murrin Park took quite a hammering this summer. At one point during the drought it was one of the few areas of the woods not closed due to the extreme fire hazard.

The eminent new route in the area was McLane’s El Indio (5.11d), a jaw dropping direct line on the Milkman’s Wall between Mr Crabbe and Horrors of Ivan. Bold face climbing off the ground lands you at the crux of Mr Crabbe with the niche beyond providing a dismal rest. Pulling directly onto the bulging fingery wall above, combined with the scant protection beyond should give even the coolest of climbers damp armpits. Super bad! On the extreme left side of the same cliff Blake Robinson recovered enough from his award winning

fall to find us the well protected Milkmaid (5.8) and just right of that is the short and sharp Lena (5.10d; Howe, Robinson). Slightly squeezed but nonetheless worthwhile is the problematic Psyched For Life (5.11a; Howe, Robinson), between the Brunser and Fist.

Across the highway Jones, Sellers, and Noble pulled themselves from the lake long enough to clean and climb Shock The Monkey (5.11b, AO), a flanking line of hard and interesting face climbing on Leviticus rock. At least one point of aid remains. Hart avoided the issue of the imposing hanging arête north of Nightmare Rock by climbing the groove and slab to its right. No doubt his Mango Bud (5.10b) will draw more attention to the feature than he cares for.

On Jalap Bluff Don Serl showed us that he could wield a saw and shovel as well as the rest of us by cleaning the corner right of Rush Hour. Archeopteryx (5.9) has its crux at the initial overhang and offers a hidden crack on the left wall as its finish. At the other end of the same cliff

Squamish 85: Jill Lawrence on Strawline 5.11c. Kevin McLane



Howe and Flavelle aped their way up the rising diagonal slash of Power Line (5.11a) which takes nothing away from the cliff's reputation for good quality, strenuous routes.

It took a fair bit of aggressive, yet tasteful gardening at the south end of the Malemute on a large sloping ledge to reveal several glaringly obvious lines. Originating from the ledge aptly known as Meares Island is the massive flake and corner of Loggers are People Too (5.11 a; Beckham, Howe, Austrom). Beckham led this great undercling and lieback pitch on sight but returned later to place a courtesy bolt to facilitate better rope handling past the undercling. Also starting from Meares is Beckham's elegant Strawline (5.11c), with a multitude of cruxes the hardest of which is on the steep initial wall. Providing direct access to the excellent but neglected second and third pitches of Overly Hanging Out is Fairlead (5.11a; Howe, Beckham, Austrom). A lot of climbing is packed into this route's 50 m length which begins as a steep lieback at the south end of Smaill's infamous 'mercury douche'. A few metres left of this is the short but quite intense Heelbroom Bay (5.11b; McLane, Howe). A difficult pull over the lip of the initial overhang is followed by a strenuous and committing lieback. A climb best avoided at high tide unless you have acid proof ropes.

On the lower reaches of the Grandwall Dave Lane and Howe worked on what can best be described as a direct hard version of Cruel Shoes. Revenge of the Couch Potato (5.11c) begins by diverging out right, half-way up the Flake by a thin undercling to reach a belay on the Phew. From there it follows an independent line of superb edging on excellent rock to a spacious ledge below the third belay on CS. More good but scary face climbing leads to their two bolt bail out point, 20 m above the ledge.

Robin Barley received a new lease on his climbing life when he cast his outdated ethics aside and finally bought a pair of Fires and a chalk bag. Teaming up with his old pal Pete Shackleton they climbed one of the best new routes and most certainly their hardest. Ghost Dancing (5.11b) follows an interesting series of features to finally reach the long corner/groove to the right of Knee Wrecker chimney. Attempted repeats have confirmed their rave. A little

further up the base of the wall Scott Young and Jacque Beaubien did Jingus the Cat (5.10b), a good corner crack climb. The ultra thin crack right of Seasoned in the Sun provided Jim Sandford with an impressive piece of technical work at his debut to new routing. His Diamonds or Dust never saw a bottom to top free ascent (red point) but he felt it was in the 5.12 ball park. Also on the Grandwall Bob Millward and Young climbed the tiny dyke diagonally up and left from the second pitch of Exasperator. Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables was eventually free climbed by Sandford at 5.11c.

On the clean sweeps of granite on the Sheriffs Badge McLane and Beckham powered out the ferocious undercling flake between Blazing Saddles and The Daily Planet. Hot Rod (5.11c) then continues up a thin crack for an additional short pitch but ends at an awe inspiring roof. Awesome to look at and inspiring to think about since it all appears to be there, albeit ever so slightly futuristic. They did return to do the spectacular hand traverse out left on the massive perched block naming it Tinkers Traverse (5.11a). Back on the controversial wall (The Daily Planet) Beckham forced the route up to the huge roofs 30 m above the Croft/Fraser high point through some extremely demanding rock. Even though he felt that the climbing he did was undoubtedly the hardest (5.12) on the route he decided to let a sleeping dog lie and declined to rename the route. The Planet now has five brilliant pitches and still ranks as one of the best free climbs at Squamish.

McLane proved that his diet and training regime pay off by free climbing Future Shock (5.12), the overhanging wall at the south end of the White Cliff on the back side of the Chief. This strenuous route complete with wild dynos was mistakenly credited to Beckham a few years ago, though he had not actually completed the pitch. A little further along the same cliff Beckham enlisted most of his friends at one point or another during the summer while he worked on free climbing Wee Stoppers. This gently overhanging tips crack which Perry elected to rename Altered States will undoubtedly be one of the hardest at Squamish but has yet to be red pointed.

Still in the same area Jim Campbell made a rare appearance this year to follow Bud Miller up the two remaining lines on

Punk Rock. Safety Valve (5.10b) is the corner right of Too Much Pressure, Stone Flower (5.10b) is the crack on the opposite wall.

The south end of Shannon Creek Wall, recently named Gobsmakin Rock has yielded two more good hard routes. Early in the year Shackleton and Milward had to use a lot of Kleenex to clean the long crack system below and left of Snot. The first pitch of their route, Sacrificial Lamb (5.11a; FFA McLane) has a tricky flaring crux section which is followed by good solid jamming. Its second pitch, a well protected 5.10c face, is actually the old bolt ladder on Sneeze. The steep arête left of the Hungry Wolf lured McLane into dealing with its complex difficulties and rewarded him with a superb 5.12 test piece. Dick Mitten led the pitch above Kevin's (5.10b) and finished at the Hungry Wolf belay. A cliff worth a visit!

The only new route recorded on the Squaw this year was done by Joe Turley and Ted Marks. Haley's Comet (5.10c) breaches the relatively unexplored black slab on the north end of the crag via a two pitch crack climb and is reportedly quite good.

Surely a first at Squamish was the first ascent by the father and son team of Robin and Nicholas Barley of a new route between Snake and Grim Reaper. Twelve year old Nicholas' only comments after holding Robin's 10 m screamer and then cruising that section himself was, "what seemed to be the problem dad?" The young Barley named his first new route The Climbers Must Be Crazy (5.10d).

Pickings are getting slim in the Bluffs lately with most of the new additions being well into the desperate category. The overhang of Public Menace at Crag X had its aid eliminated by McLane who in fact had been the one who used it on the first ascent. He finally agreed that the 5.11 lunge for a preplaced sling detracted from the route and removed it. In its free state it is now 5.12. Above Penny Lane Beckham wasn't kidding when he named his short thin crack Quit Wankin and Start Crankin (5.11a). An intense little crank off the ground leads to an obligatory lieback that is deceptively difficult to protect well. Sandford took advantage of a brief pause in the fall monsoons and climbed the long

standing enticement right of Exsanquinator. Power Windows (5.11 b) follows the disappearing crack until it is possible to traverse right on small holds to reach the rounded buttress. One has to wonder how long the complete buttress will remain unclimbed given the intense popularity of the area. Across from Hangover is Roving Band of Quails (5.10d; Dave Sarkang, Mike Spagnum), a short crack on a buttress. Near Octopus's Garden Rolf Rybak found Sudden Impact (5.11 a) and it's not hard to guess the nature of its climbing.

John Howe

Viennese: Crescendo

The route, to the left of the 1983 Flavelle/Howe route, starts from the end of a snow tongue on the shoulder above Nursery Pass and follows a rising diagonal line across the steep face below the east ridge. Seven pitches of free climbing, up to 5.9, lead to a hanging arête bordering the lefthand margin of the huge slabs that distinguish this peak. After several hundred feet of easy 5th climbing on the actual arête the summit is reached. 5 hours return from Nursery Pass.

John Howe

Crescendo, Viennese Peak north face. New route. Paul Bernsten and Bruce Kay. 21 July 1985.

Mt Clarke: The North Ridge, Free At Last

Unquestionably the Chehalis classic is the north ridge of Mt Clarke — a sinuous gem of granite sweeping directly to the 2100 m summit. After a 4 1/2 hour approach from Eagle Creek via Nursery Pass we climbed the steep initial buttress, following virtually the same line taken by Serl and Wittmayer six years previous. This section involved four great pitches that we were surprised to find went at a reasonable standard, up to 5.10a. The crux pitch, the second, is a delicate thin corner eventually widening to perfect hands through a white scarred small roof. From the end of these difficulties the ridge relents to 4th and easy 5th climbing for several hundred feet to a prominent notch. A perfectly flat ledge system here that we dubbed the "Lizard Ledges" marks the completion of a third of the route. Above the ledges we found one more pitch of great hand jamming

that eventually fades to easier but equally enjoyable climbing, staying more or less on the ridge crest.

John Howe

Mt Clarke north ridge. Second ascent, first free ascent. 8 hrs, 6 belayed pitches, much mutual 4th classing. Scott Flavelle, Bruce Kay, Blake Robinson, John Howe. 6 July 1985.

New Routes on Mt Grainger

On a rather remarkable July 1st weekend this past summer (when was the last time you didn't get rained out on July 1st?!) we had the great pleasure of climbing three new routes on the superb rock of this fine little Chehalis gem.

EAST RIDGE INTERGRAL

Gain the crest up snow and easy slabs

several 100m east of south-west couloir. Scramble complete ridge crest crossing several small towers and finish up snow from couloir top. Highly aesthetic and recommended.

Don Serl, Rob Tomich, Kinga Kerestes, Guy Seeklus, Stiff class 4. 3 or 4 hours. 30 June 1985

NORTH-WEST RIDGE

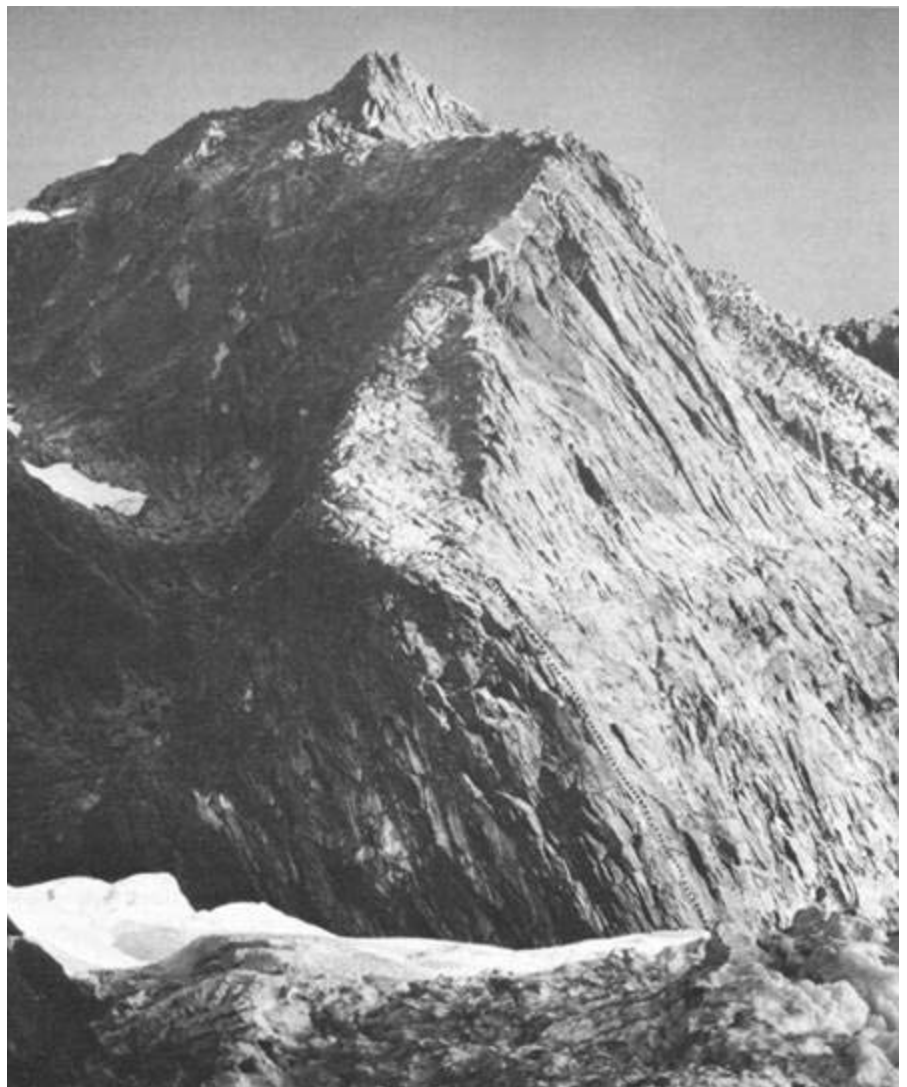
Prominent in photo (CAJ 1980:13 bottom) rising from centre/left divide directly to left shoulder. Scramble to a major ledge at base of a difficult wall, traverse around corner to left, follow blocks, corners, and slabs to crest.

Serl and Tomich. 5.6 or so. One hour solo. 30 June 1985.

"ROUTE 3"

Climb right slanting dihedral system

Mt Clarke: route, marked in lower third, then follows ridge crest. Don Serl





just to left of the south-east couloir two pitches to an easy bench (5.10 and 5.8 with one point of aid in each pitch). Walk and scramble as far up and left as possible on the bench, then climb cracks in a narrow face to a belay in the dihedral at the left side of this face (5.7). Climb first step in the dihedral and surmount an overhanging wall to the right into a groove (5.9). Left and up to easy ground.

Serl and Tomich. 6 or 7 hours. 1 July 1985

Don Serl

Mt Grainger South Face

We left Seattle near sunset and, after some confidence eroding wandering on unmarked logging roads, sacked out at 2 am. Next day every branch of slide alder or tangle of berry bush was sworn to impede my progress but Fred glided through effortlessly. From an open basin festooned with waterfalls Grainger's white granite shone amid clouds. We camped above the basin on a prow between two falls. Next morning while Fred puzzled over the correct start to his route, ended some years back by a storm, Jim started up a clean corner that led to a left leaning undercling before finishing on a large ledge. I followed then Fred scampered up in half my time.

The end of the third pitch brought us to a steep buttress riddled with cracks that led straight to the summit. Fred thought that others might have gone that way so, grumbling, Nelson traversed right on huge ledges and ascended a wall to the right of a shallow corner. The following pitch veered left briefly (5.10a) to avoid aid and save time. Two more easy pitches brought us to the summit ridge and the top where Beckey identified peaks, routes, approaches, made plans.

Jim Martin

Grainger Peak south face. III 5.10a. Fred Beckey, Jim Nelson, Jim Martin. 14 July 1985.

South Illusion Peak North-East Buttress

In July 1985 Fred Beckey, Kit Lewis, and I climbed a ten pitch route, calling it The Bastion. IV 5.10 A2. Access via Disillusion Notch. The climb required a campfire bivouac in the woods before re-ascending to Disillusion Notch the following morning. Possible danger from a hanging snow patch on the north side of Disillusion Ridge.

Jim Nelson

New Routes on Yak Peak, Coquihalla

YAK CRACK

1 - climb left facing corner, belay at top in saucer (easy). 2 - walk left to huge flake (right facing corner), belay. 3 - climb corner to small ledges, belay. 4 - climb corner into chimney, belay. 5 - up outside of chimney (unprotected 75 ft), up corner to top near trees, belay. 6 - walk left to very top of ledge, belay. 7 - up face 5.7 then left to right trending weakness in face, belay under small roof. 8 - step left then past roof following ridge weakness to good belay ledge (dirty). 9 - climb easy flake left side trending right to belay beneath crescent shaped roof on right side. 10 - climb to top of crescent and over roof into groove (5.8), follow groove to good belay in depression in rock. 11 - step right, climb up to left facing crack up to bottleneck of rock, bridging, belay at top of chimney. 12 - climb to top of small block, traverse right into right facing corner; up to obvious roof, loose rock, up corner to left leaning roof, belay at mouth of small cave. 13 - apparently bold move to right, climb rounded pillar and continue up right trending ramp to huge clean corner obvious from highway, on corner of east and south face; climb to belay on small ledges, 5.7, sustained. 14 - continue up corner layback under roof to easier ground

to top; scramble to summit walk off.

Jack Bennetto and Rick Cox. 23 August 1985.

PORCELAIN CHICKEN

Scramble around right side of face and up beside trees until almost level with bottom of corner. Longest continuous corner on east face. 1 - traverse left (walk) to niche below corner. 2 - easy ground up and left into corner, follow corner, hanging belay. 3 - up, belay below large block stuck in corner on one or two small ledges. 4 - up, short pitch belay near top of small rounded pinnacle (sustained, up to 5.6). 5 - full run out up corner, good climbing on solid rock (belay at one or two good ledges, 5.7 crux pitch, mixed face and crack). 6 - climb up corner, move to top right corner, fixed pin, belay at top (pitons). 7 - delicate friction right and up on small ledge to next corner; traverse right (long reach, awkward) to next corner; up corner, protect tension traverse right; up next corner, pull into rotten yellow ledge visible from highway; follow right to belay on loose blocks; first ascent party descended here due to very loose rock bands above, two long diagonal raps right to trees; some 5.8 on this pitch.

Jack Bennetto and Rick Cox. 25 August 1985. Recommended gear both climbs: 50 m rope(s), large Friends, 4 or 5 pitons, knifeblade to 5/8" angle.

Rick Cox

Lillooet Ice

In February 1976 Gary Brace, John Knight, and Don Serl trudged across a frozen Pavilion Lake in Marble Canyon to make the first ascent of Icy BC. Although well ahead of its time in terms of difficulty it was quite literally just the tip of the Lillooet iceberg.

It wasn't until 1984 when Vancouver climber Carl Austrom began working the winters in Lillooet that the full extent of the area's ice climbing potential began to be explored. Returning by rail from a trip to the interior in 1983 Carl's eyes must have just about popped out of his head when, as the train meandered its way down the east side of Seaton Lake, the spectacular routes across the lake came into view. Waterfalls cascading down the sparsely treed limestone cliffs for hundreds of metres poured right into the unfrozen lake. And as far as he

knew no other climber was aware of their existence.

Although admittedly the conditions aren't quite as reliable as the Rockies, Lillooet does offer some superb waterfall climbing in a variety of situations and locations. The season usually lasts from early December till late March, with some of the deeper gullies surviving into April. Generally the area is blessed with milder temperatures than the Rockies and as a result the ice tends to be a little less brittle. Without getting into a lengthy discussion on the grading of winter ice climbs, most of those active in the development of area feel that the existing 'Rockies' grades are inadequate. Accordingly the routes described below have two grades: the first indicates the relative technical difficulty of the hardest pitch, the second (in brackets) takes into account the length, approach, etc. Cascade Falls near Banff would be 3 (III) while Shannon Falls near Squamish, a longer yet technically easier route, would rate 2 (II).

Cayoosh Canyon

On the Duffy Lake Road. Unless otherwise stated all distances are from the Evans sawmill.

SMALL CREEP

A short narrow gully across the Seaton River, 3.4 km along the Duffy Lake road from the mill (town) side. Park at the Evans sawmill office and walk along the railroad tracks for about 2 km then up the scree to the route. Permission must be obtained

before crossing the Evans' property.

2 (II) 80 m. J Howe. 7 January 1985.

SYNCHRONICITY

A multi-tiered beauty linked by lower angled sections. Easily viewed from the Duffy Lake road before making the final descent into Lillooet. 12.7 km; park at first bridge crossing the Cayoosh River and walk up the stream bank from 1 to 2 km and then up a prominent slide directly below the falls. Rappel and down climb route.

4 (IV) 300 m. C Austrom, M Down. 3 March 1984.

LOOSE LADY

A steep pillar tucked in the back of a deep gully above the Duffy Lake road. 17.4 km; park directly below route. Begin by scrambling up the creek gully to reach a 50 m section of -3 then onto the final pillar. 2 pitches. Rappel to base of final tier then exit out left until it is possible to descend the talus.

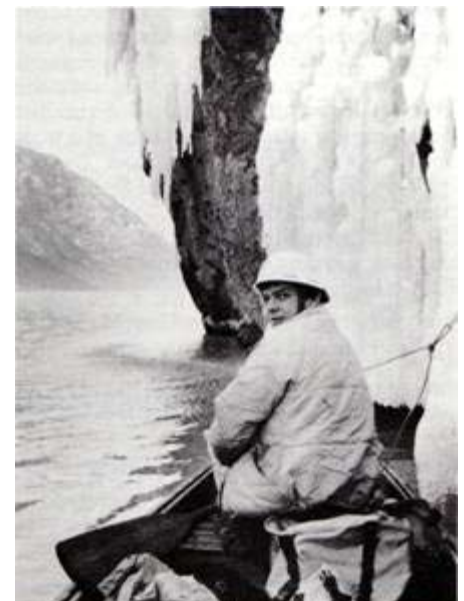
-5 (IV) 150 m. C Austrom, J Howe. 5 January 1985.

CARL'S BERG

A very steep column across the Cayoosh River. 22.9 km; park at the recreation site then somehow get across the river (it does freeze for part of the year). Thrash up through bush to base. 3 pitches. Descend by walking rightward approx 50 m then down a steep gully.

The unique first belay on Icecapades, Seaton Lake. Dan Canton

Winter Water Sports, Seaton Lake. Dan Canton



5 (IV) 150 m. C Austrom, B Kay, J Howe. 19 January 1985.

ISODORTH GULLY

36.6 km; park at the third bridge crossing the Cayoosh River and walk 1.5 km along river, back toward Lillooet. Descend by walking down left side of route.

3 (II) 150 m. C Austrom. 18 February 1984.

BELMORE GULLY

Approach as for Isodorth. The longer of the two routes. Descend on right of route.

+2 (III) 500 m. C Austrom. 24 February 1984.

Seaton Lake

Unusually high concentrations of glacial sediments prevent freezing through even the coldest periods. The lake provides a memorable approach and a unique climbing experience. Park at the Seaton Lake recreation site and boat down lake. About one hour by canoe. Routes are on left side of lake as seen from parking area and are described in the order in which they are reached.

COMEDY OF ERRORS

A long narrow gully, mostly easy, with a final steep pencil to finish. 3 pitches. Descend by rappelling and down climbing ridge crest to the right of route thence down easy slopes to base.

4 (IV) 300 m. J Howe, I Smith. 9 February 1985.

FISHIN MUSICIAN

An impressive route rising off the beach in a narrow vertical pillar. 4 pitches. Descend by rappelling route (bring conduit).

5(V) 350m. D Canton, D Serl. 9 February 1985. First 3 pitches by Austrom, Kay, and Canton the previous week.

WINTER WATER SPORTS

A spectacular route, probably the biggest undertaking in Lillooet so far. In most years it doesn't quite reach the lake. Scramble approx 50 m up the talus on the left and climb diagonally rightward (5.8) to reach the ice. The route taken went up the left side of falls. 7 pitches. Bivy required on top. Descend by continuing up forested slopes to a Hydro right-of-way, thence

leftward and downward along cliff edge until possible, approx half-way down, to descend on ramps leading back towards boat.

+4 (V) 550m. C Austrom, B Kay. 16/17 February 1985.

ICECAPADES

The farthest route down the lake. It is possible to begin the climb right off the boat! 5 pitches. Descend by rappelling down left side of falls.

-4 (IV) 300 m. D Canton, J Howe. 16 February 1985.

Gold Bridge Canyon

DICKY CREEK

A good introduction to Lillooet ice. 5 km along Gold Bridge road turn left onto Hunt Road, then right onto a gravel access road leading to a water intake station. 3 pitches. Walk off left and down an old fire access road.

3 (III) 130 m. Gary Brace et al. January 1982.

UNNAMED

33.5 km along GBC road park at base of a private access road. Obtain permission to cross private property (owners are 1 km up this road). Walk up creek gully towards falls. Rappel descent.

3 (III) 150 m. C Austrom. 23 February 1985.

SILK DEGREES

39.7 km along GBC road. Route on opposite side of creek. The first pitch, a delicate pencil, rarely forms. 3 pitches. Descend by walking off rightward on diagonal ramps.

-4 (III) 150 m. C Austrom, D Canton, B Kay. 3 February 1985.

SHRIEK OF THE SHEEP

1.5 to 2km before Bridge River Dam. 3 pitches. Descend by rappelling route (bring conduit).

+4 (IV) 300 m. C Austrom, B Kay, D Canton. 3 March 1985.

CRY OF THE WOLF

Park in gravel pit 0.5 km from dam. 3 pitches. Descend by walking right, into next gully. Rappel and walk down here until original gully is gained. Down climb

this until possible to exit onto terraces (don't go too far right).

-5 (IV) 300 m. C Austrom, M Down. 5 February 1984.

Marble Canyon

ICYBC

A three tiered classic with three alternative starts. The first ascent team climbed the right most option. 3 pitches. Park at Pavilion Lake picnic area and walk across the frozen lake. Lefthand start, +4 30 m, G Waite and D Serl. Middle start (The Deeping Wall), -530m, G Brace, J Knight. Descend by walking off to the right.

-5 (IV) 130 m. D Serl, G Brace, J Knight. 14 February 1976.

Fraser Canyon

THE CRUCIBLE

An impressive falls tucked in back of a huge amphitheatre on right of Trans Canada Highway heading north. Park at first switch-back on Nicoamen River logging road (ca 15 km north of Lytton on the right). Walk up creek avoiding pools on right. 2 pitches. Rappel route.

3 (III) 130 m. J Howe, B Kay, I Smith. 9 February 1985.

JACKASS

On east side of Trans Canada Highway, approx one third of way down the Jackass Mtn hill. Rappel route.

+3 (III) 130 m. D Serl, J Wittmayer. January 1978.

*John Howe and Carl
Austrom*

Mt Fee, First Winter Ascent

Fee sits on the Squamish/Cheakamus divide to the west of the Whistler area. It sees fewer ascents than anything else around because the rotten rock, aptly described in the guidebook, puts people off. Harold Redekop and I were able to climb easy snow to the base of the final few leads. We went up the centre of the west face to gain the south arête which seemed incredibly hard because none of the holds were trustworthy. The arête itself is a true knife-edge but the rock was much improved

in quality. Great conditions made this an enjoyable outing; I was actually able to climb quite comfortably with my gloves off and there wasn't much verglas on the rock. The north tower, which is only about a hundred feet lower, was left untouched but it won't stay that way for long I reckon.

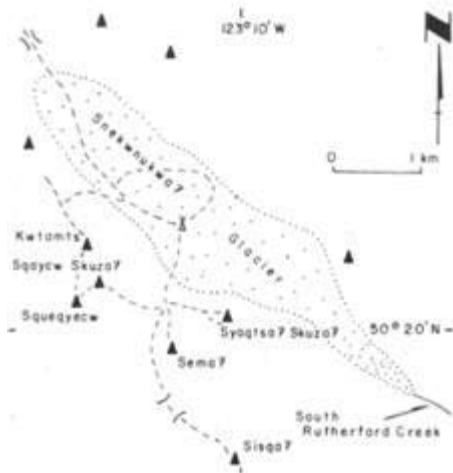
Bruce Fairley

The Joke's Over

The sun had barely disappeared behind the peaks above our base camp on the "Snekwnukwal Glacier" up the southern branch of Rutherford Creek near Whistler but already the cold was penetrating deep into our bones as we rushed to get the tents up and dinner ready. Pausing from the wall building he is doing around the tent, Jordan looks at me and says, "Come on Paul, the Joke's over. Let's go home." Unfortunately we can't, so it's dinner and bed.

It's nine before it's warm enough to consider getting up. We organise camp in the warmth of the morning sun. After lunch we plow our way through 40 cm of powder to the pass at the head of "Snekwnukwa?" (Family) Glacier. Friday afternoon we climb "Sem7am" (Wife) Peak behind camp. The midday sun has us sweating before we reach the base of the peak. While Nolan and I ascend the final pyramid, the rest sun-tan. Saturday we ski the slopes of "Sem7am". On Sunday while the others repeat Saturday's activities, I do a bit of peak bagging on the ridge south of camp. I manage to climb "Squeqyecw" (Little Boy), "Sqaycw Skuza7" (Son), and "Kwtants" (Husband). The guys spend Monday skiing the slopes behind camp. After lunch Velma and I head off to the rocky peak just north-east of "Sem7am". We claim a first ascent,

The Joke's Over. Paul Adam/M Irvine



calling the peak "Syaqtsa7 Skuza7" (daughter, literally female child). Tuesday Jordan and I spy a nice peak behind "Sem7am". On the summit we decide to call the peak "Sisqa7" or uncle, as we are both uncles. At 2375 m it is the highest peak we have climbed on the trip. On the way down we meet Nolan making an ascent of "Sem7am" so he can have one last run.

Wednesday we pack up camp. As we wait for the helicopter we reflect on the fact that we've had seven perfect days and will go home looking like raccoons. It may have been a bad joke at night but during the day it was a very nice joke and now it is over.

Paul J Adam

Participants: Monica J Andrew (19), C Nolan Edmonds (25), Jordan W Gabriel (22), Sherry M Stager (19), Velma J Wells (16), and Paul J Adam (leader).

A week long Wilderness Leadership Workshop for five Indian youth from Mount Currie. The objective of the National Native Alcohol and Drug Abuse Programme sponsored workshop is to teach winter survival skills and a method of getting a 'natural high'. All the names given the peaks climbed are Lil'wat words for various members of the family unit with "Snekwnukwa7" meaning family expressing the theme.

A Winter Outing in the Tantalus Range

I arrived back in Canada on the 27th, overweight and beer-bloated from two weeks in Holland and Germany. Next morning we were loading up the helicopter at Squamish. First a gear drop near the Red Tit Hut then we got out with some extra food at the basin above Lake Lovely water.

We set up camp near the now defunct hut and had enough time to climb Serratus via the prominent snow arête on the west face, probably a new route. That night the weather crapped out with high winds but fortunately not much snow. We spent a few anxious hours debating the best way down since the way we'd come up would be a death trap under heavy new snow. Next afternoon the weather did clear and we rambled up the highest point on the south-east ridge of Dione but were kept from

summiting by lack of hardware and a very menacing summit block. On the descent we saw three figures near the base of Dione but found no trace of them, other than their tracks, when we went for a visit.

On the 30th we got up at 5 to try for the plum of the range, Tantalus itself. By sunrise we were at the base of Dione, where we found a tent but no sleeping bags or inhabitants. Now quite confused

North face of Serratus: route goes up snow face and arête just right of centre. Bill Durtler



we followed tracks which ended on top of Culbert's south-east divide. That route turned out to be a dead end so we climbed a third class gully which got us on to the ridge. Easy climbing took us to the base of the east face of Dione from where we finally saw one of the other party. Going over to talk we discovered that one of them had been in here three times before and had climbed Tantalus in '82. He was now trying some horrendous looking gully between the Witches Tooth and Tantalus but with poor conditions and hard climbing was not making good time.

We decided to can Tantalus for now and climbed the east face of Dione as a booby prize. The first part, on the ridge, was enjoyable third class climbing up rhyme loaded rock but the face above was 60 m of absolutely terrible knee deep unconsolidated sugar snow. The only reason I continued climbing was that it was scarier to retreat. After a quick bite to eat on the summit two deliciously safe rappels brought us down to the base of the face.

The weather was starting to deteriorate so that afternoon we broke camp and hiked back down to our cache — that beer tasted great. Plans to climb the Red Tusk or other peaks above the basin were shattered when it started to snow the next morning. Descent to the lake was rapid, as was crossing it, but it took us a while to figure out how to get into the cabin. New Year's Eve was spent in the cabin enjoying our beer and food and being glad we weren't in that raging

storm outside. On the afternoon of the 1st the cloud level rose just enough for the chopper that was supposed to take out the other party make it to the cabin and give us a lift out. Yes, you can call us lazy.

On return to Vancouver we talked to Paddy O'Reilly of the other party. He apparently was not successful on either Tantalus or Dione this year but had climbed Tantalus by the north ridge in 1982 and Dione in ?, both 1st winter ascents. He also presented us with a bill for \$100 for the flight out.

Bill Durtler

Serratus Mtn. First winter ascent by west snow arête, new route, snow to 50', III. Bill Durtler and Rob Driscoll. 28 December 1985.

A Garibaldi Coup

At sunset on a clear winter day the western face of Garibaldi is an enticing sight from Squamish. Its snow covered flanks glowing flame red rise to over 2700 m and beg to be climbed. The two most obvious features, the south ridge of Atwell and the west ridge of Dalton Dome, have both been climbed. The picturesque south ridge has attained classic status in recent years as a winter climb while the ridge on Dalton Dome has likely only seen one ascent, in 1966. Tucked in between these two routes, and not easily seen from the valley, is the 1000 m north-west face of Atwell, apparently a route on Serl's ten most wanted list. These peaks, unless it has just rained to 3000 m and then frozen good and hard to sea level, have the consistency of dried mud. This combination stirred our interest and in late January we slogged up the logging roads on Brohm Ridge for a closer look. From a camp behind the Shark's Fin we traversed the massive slopes below Dalton Dome in the pre dawn, bound for its west ridge and a closer look at Atwell. By head lamp we meandered up styrofoam gullies and around gendarmes, each choosing a slightly different line. Rock bands solidly frozen in place provided enjoyable 4th class scrambling and the view from the summit on a clear winter day is best experienced rather than read about.

It became apparent from that trip that the face on Atwell would be a worthwhile objective albeit appearing considerably easier than its reputation. A few days



later, conditions remaining as perfect as one could hope for, we swilled beer and made plans for Atwell. The idea was to leave my car at the Diamond Head parking lot, approach the face from Brohm Ridge through the night, climb the route, traverse the peak, and return via Paul Ridge. An ambitious enough plan but then neither of us wanted to carry the big bags up that road again. Under a two-thirds moon we romped up frozen roads past the skeletal remains of the old mid station and stopped for a brew at the abandoned village. An open building provided a cozy interlude from the -15°C outside temperature and an old couch enticed us into staying longer than we should have.

Past the Shark's Fin a fierce north wind, nicknamed the Siberian Express by the weathermen, gusted to 100 kph and flattened us to the snow. Dropping over onto the lee provided some relief but as we traversed past the west ridge we were both in need of some shelter and a brew. A cave we stumbled onto provided some respite from the infernal Express and allowed us to pour down some warm fluids. A mile below our little haven Squamish, still asleep, twinkled in the cold night air. As dawn broke across Howe Sound we crossed the huge gut separating Atwell and Dalton Dome. The slopes in the lower third of our route averaged 40 degrees and the perfect boiler plate snow of our approach deteriorated into breakable crust. A steady stream of

spindrift and gravel cascaded down the gully all morning, driven by the unrelenting wind. It was quite disconcerting but we rationalized that there wasn't anything really big coming down and obviously the higher we climbed the less of the mountain there was to come down on top of us. In the final 300 m the gully narrowed and reared up to an amazing 50 degrees, quite a spectacular place with cream puff covered gendarmes set against a deep blue sky. The air was finally still when I joined Perry on the knife-edged summit ridge and for the first time in 16 hours we were both comfortably warm.

All day Perry out in front, a super charged machine plodding away, never letting me get too far behind but never asking me to break trail. With the Elf in shelter in sight I was determined to stay with him but I felt as if I was in my car trying to chase a Porsche 944 up the Fury Creek hill. I could get close if he wanted me to but if he booted it I'd be history. A short stop at the hut to warm up and rehydrate and we were slogging away down the ski trail. 22 hours after starting we were bouncing down the road, heater blasting. "Good thing we had two cars, eh Per?" A loud snore was his only reply.

John Howe

Dalton Dome, west ridge. First winter ascent. Perry Beckham and John Howe. 23 January 1985. Atwell Peak, north-west face (The Siberian Express). First ascent. Perry Beckham and John Howe. 31 January 1985. Note that although these routes are technically relatively easy, they both present extreme avalanche danger from beginning to end and should only be considered in the most stable conditions. A few days after our ascent Carlo Zozikyan climbed the couloir to the right of ours but loose rock midway forced him off right and onto the south ridge.

Little Niagara Falls

"Little Niagara" waterfall is located at the north-west corner of Goldstream Provincial Park. Ascent: righthand 10 m, traverse across centre, finish on left. Rappel from alder tree across cable at top. In 27 years this is the best ice formation I have seen at the falls.

Armin Sielopp

Grade 3, 40m. First ascent? A Sielopp, Charlie Vander Haegen. Steve Madsen. 1 December 1985.

Mt Grimface North

Buttress

Even for as resolutely old-fashioned an alpinist such as myself there is a lot to be said for starting the climbing season in Yosemite. Selecting a classic such as the East Buttress of Middle Cathedral as your first climb of the spring somehow establishes a good tone for the rest of the year. Not that I had a lot of breathing room, summer '85. What with bar exams, articling, and other associated terrors, things were looking a little grim on the climbing front. But even with just a weekend here and a weekend there, it's amazing what you can salvage from the wreckage.

There still aren't a huge number of good alpine rock climbs to choose from in the Culbert guidebook area but their number increaseth steadily. One that had repulsed me on an earlier visit was the north buttress of Grimface. Rob Driscoll had the July long weekend free so I enticed him east with tales of beautiful, clean, 5.9 cracks. Much to our delight, the tales proved to be true. We easily made the base of Grimface in a day where Rob selected the top of a large boulder for a bivouac site (I generally prefer heather but then I am getting on some). Incidentally bivouacing at the base of the peak is strictly forbidden but I doubt the rangers ever work their way down that far to take a look see.

The beginning of the route is pretty obvious; a moderate crack leads to a sloping ledge. From there 11 pitches of great cracks cleaving upward, interrupted by one surprising gap, lead to the great broad summit. I'd recommend this climb to anyone; most of the pitches are in the 5.7 to 5.9 range, although there is one 5.10 arm burner which the next party probably won't be able to find anyway. If you want an exact description of the route you'll have to buy the new guidebook.

The climb is in a fabulous setting and hikers on Cathedral Ridge will think you are heroes and cheer you to the top. Rob and I took about seven to eight hours to do it. I look back on this climb as one of the finer weekends of 1985; somehow the combination of pleasant surroundings, a fine new route, great weather and a good friend made the outing easily comparable to the more celebrated like Liberty Crack, which offered a fine climb, but somehow lacked

the ambience of unexplored territory.

Bruce Fairley

Raleigh and Gilbert

In August 1985 the incomparable Ron Banner of Squamish flew us into the Raleigh/Gilbert area. After five days of lousy weather we set about climbing a few alpine routes during a week of blue skies.

MT GILBERT

The north peak east ridge is a fine ambling alpine ridge with difficulties concentrated on the first four pitches. Superb rock. 5.8 to 5.9, 300 m, nuts only, wires to 3". Kay and Bernsten.

"Sir Newt of Gilbert" is the east facing spire half-way along the jagged ridge between Gilbert's north and main summits. Four pitches on excellent chickenheads and cracks (left of the obvious weakness) comprise the route. To descend rap and down climb the aforementioned weakness. 5.9, 200m, wires to 3", Friends. Flavelle and Fulton.

MT RALEIGH

The south face granite buttress which splits the surrounding "Diorite Diorreah". 13 pitches and some scrambling on mostly good rock lead to the summit (and one of Paul's Fires!). 6 rappels down an ice gully on the east face put us on the easy east face glacier. 5.9, 600 m, wires to 3", nuts. Kay and Bernsten.

THE CLEAVER

"Leave It to Cleaver", south-east buttress. Blank rock forced Scott and Dave into some wild climbing on the east face, including a long 5.10 hand crack. The fifth pitch was the hardest (5.10c). To descend rappel the route. 5.10c, 200 m, 8 pitches. Flavelle and Fulton.

MT FALCON

Scott and Dave motored up this nice little ice face/gully on the north-west face and proclaimed it a worthwhile venture. To approach drop down from Falcon's north ridge. 50 degrees, 350 m. Flavelle and Fulton.

We all managed to wander up Mt Gilbert one windy day and indulged in some great trundling down its infamous south face (look out Fred, here comes another one!). From the summit I could look across a

nasty row of gendarmes to the slightly lower north peak, the highpoint of my father Ian's attempt back in 1952. What was once a major and uncertain expedition is now a casual, but still remote, alpine playground.

Bruce Kay

Raleigh/Gilbert region. Paul Bernsten, Scott Flavelle, Dave Fulton, Bruce Kay. August 1985.

Across the Compton N ve

Ron Banner postholed up to his calves a little way down the glacier. "Looks like a lot of room to take off." He then strolled back to the ski plane and turned it around to point down slope. Gunning the engine, he hoped to gain enough speed to take off further down the Compton Glacier. It seemed an eternity as we powered down the snow without getting airborne. The glacier rolled along and as the plane crested the top of a roll we saw the jumbled icefall that lay dead ahead. Beads of sweat could be seen on Ron's brow, generally not a good sign. Just as the bottom dropped out of the glacier, the plane miraculously lurched into the air just over the icefall. Alf laughed nervously as he gazed down upon the expanse of ice below us.

We were in the heart of the coast range and on our way to the Tahumming Glacier which straddles the divide between Toba and Bute Inlets. It was to be the start of our 100 km ski traverse to the Lillooet River. The route went west to east and as we travelled it we became increasingly aware that this area of steep granite walls and massive icefalls would provide only a few passages for the skier. A tenuous line led us past Mt Gilbert, over the Compton n ve, past Toba Peak to the Bishop and Bridge Glaciers, and finally down Salal Creek to the Lillooet River. We hoped to be bathing in Meager Creek Hotsprings within two weeks. Even with a food cache placed roughly half-way across the traverse the entire trip was weather dependent. We needed good visibility to travel in this rugged area.

Negotiating the terrain from the Tahumming divide down onto the Filer Glacier became one of our more intense navigational exercises. Nothing was obvious and only with meticulous scouting did we find a steep, icy headwall to descend. It was here on the Filer that we intercepted a fine

set of grizzly tracks and the route taken by a ski party in 1965(CAJ 1966:63-70). This party skied and climbed from Icewall Lake to Silt Lake and then thrashed for three days to the furthest reaching logging roads near South Creek.

Three days were spent at the base of Falcon Mtn. We built a fine igloo outhouse and impatiently watched a storm go by. On day seven the weather cleared. The food situation dictated that we hightail it to our food cache on the Compton Glacier. Crossing the Compton névé was magical with its spectacular peaks and perfect snow. From a high camp here we visited peaks 9535, 9120, 9030, 9160, and 9475.

The descent of Toba Peak on day ten became a memorable adventure in extreme telemark skiing. After kicking steps up the south face to the summit, Steve decided that he wanted to test his own fate. He knew the contents of our first aid kit! Seconds later Steve came whizzing down the sun crusted snow. After many jump turns and a few bum drops he made it to the bottom safely.

Slogging up the sun baked Ring Glacier on day 11 was hell but the descent of Mt Alecto the same evening was heavenly. Perfect corn snow afforded a good run for all. Mt Mageara and the south-west peak of Mt Stanley were climbed on the way to the Bridge Glacier. Warm temperatures were destroying our snow pack but we managed to slog our way up Bridge Peak on day 13. Day 14 saw us on Whitecross Mtn at 10 am and loading our car at 10 pm. Our descent down the west branch of Salal Creek proved to be faster than expected. We found ourselves unable to stop as the first trees we had seen in weeks lured us into their depths. The upper Salal valley was easy travelling until it funnelled into the main Lillooet valley. Here steep slopes and minimal snow forced us to walk the last 1500 ft down on the east side of Salal Creek to the washed out roads of the Lillooet. Reversing our descent route would make a fairly easy approach to the Bridge Glacier. At the car Alf sighed with relief. He had finished the traverse and a vehicle that kept its wheels on the ground was taking him home.

Helen Sovdat

Participants: Alf Skrastins, Steve Ludwig, Helen Sovdat.

Lil'wat Mt Gilbert Expedition

Camp set up we explore bumps on the south ridge of Falcon until the plane returns with the others. The weather is perfect so we climb Gilbert and from the summit have glorious views, especially into the Waddington area. Next morning, another glorious day, we make a late start for the east face of Falcon. We do two rope lengths up the southernmost gully side of the face to the south-east ridge then rappel down the west side to reach the class 3 rock of the south face and the summit. The descent is highlighted by an ever worsening wind bringing a storm. Just after settling in for the night the girls' tent poles break so they crawl in with us. Weather bound the next day we pass the time playing cards and organizing to move on the morrow.

Across the Compton Neve and Lil'wat Mt Gilbert Expedition. Helen Sovdat, Paul Adam/M Irvine



Our journey down the north-west branch of the Compton névé to the head of the Falcon Glacier is easily accomplished, though not without occasional excitement. Going up the south-east branch we dippy doodle all over the place avoiding unwanted mountain surprises. The lower headwall is turned quickly by a smooth section of ice cliff but the head-wall provides three hours of entertainment. At sunset we find ourselves on the pass overlooking the Toba Glacier. Next morning Wayne and I climb the peak behind camp, class 3 via its north-west ridge. We call it "Xwitaoz" (mountain goat) because of the two small peaks that make up the summit area.

Next day we head for Compton, Toba,

and our air drop. The morning is an easy jaunt and we cover more than half our desired distance. In the afternoon difficult terrain slows us. Traversing high under the impressive west face of Compton we hit three spurs, each easy to approach but difficult to descend. Three of us make it to the air drop but the others are caught by darkness on the ridge. We are reunited next morning and after a mammoth pig out Wayne and Barren climb the peak behind camp, calling it "Metlaka Keta" (Pen Stone) because of the graphite. Everyone else re-organizes and relaxes.

Next day all operate on eight cylinders and we motor up the Bishop to a camp site below the peak. Then a maybe 4 km cloudy day followed by a day enlivened only by my descent into a crevasse. A pool of water at the glacier terminus below Obelia encourages some to wash; others figure why

bother after two weeks and the hot springs tomorrow. The last day is another long hoof and then it's down the logging road to Meager Creek where a midnight hot springs swim is the order of the day.

Paul J Adam

Participants: Leah Dan (15), Pamela Dan (21), Wayne Frank (22), Barren Gabriel (19), Trevor Gabriel (18), Sherry Stager (20), Roger Wallace (18), Sherry Wallace (19), and Paul Adam Leader).

The expedition, a two week Wilderness Leadership workshop for eight Indian youth from Mount Currie, was sponsored by the National Native Alcohol and Drug Abuse Programme. The objective is to see

if mountaineering can be used as a method of teaching youths to obtain a 'natural high' rather than an 'artificial high' in order to reduce alcohol and drug abuse.

Mt Whitesaddle by the North Face

The view of Mt Whitesaddle from Bluff Lake and upper Mosley Creek is a spectacular one. The steep hanging glacier and couloirs of the north face present an impressive facade and have been noticed by many climbers en route to the Mt Waddington area. In 1984 Dave Beckstead and I hiked the dense forest to the attractive alpine lakes beneath the north face. Unfortunately, after climbing the cirque glacier beneath the face, we realized that a recent fall of fresh snow made climbing very treacherous; crampons balled badly on each step.

Reed Tindall and I returned in July 1985, hastening the approach with a helicopter. Very early in the morning we were up the cirque, examining opportunities for a route. A low winter snow pack and the early dry summer made the approach to the ice cliff appear questionable; there was more rock climbing and traversing than we had expected. We opted for our other choice, the very prominent snow and ice couloir that begins from the head of the cirque glacier, at the ridge connecting Whitesaddle from the north. Using crampons we made rapid progress up the steepening, frozen névé slope. Later this turned to ice and when the couloir narrowed and slanted left we belayed carefully, using a few ice screws and the occasional rock piton. The rock was unexpectedly trashy; a loose rib proved to be the most awkward portion of the ascent. We came out just west of the true summit then followed the ridge and a short, steep pitch on the north to the highest point. Because of warming temperatures we chose to descend the south flank of the mountain and so avoid any technical ice slopes. The trudge took over 24 hours and included a bivouac on a long ridge west of the mountain before we struggled back to the base of the north face. Camp near the lakes was a welcome comfort that night. The hike out was eventful because of very high water at Razor-back Creek. There were some anxious efforts while crossing.

Fred Beckey

Good Hope Creek Area, Chilko Lake

We began our trip on 25 August 1985 with an uneventful boat ride from our camp near the mouth of Farrow Creek to an abandoned cabin just west of the mouth of Good Hope Creek. From there we took 5 hours to ascend the west side of the valley through mainly open forest to a meadow camp site at 5950 ft. Next day we climbed Peak 8700 ft due west of camp. We went up the spur east of the summit to a flat shoulder below the east face then traversed leftwards up a series of loose east face gullies (class 3) to interrupt the northeast ridge which was followed for the last 200 ft to the summit. After lunch we set off south along the ridge and traversed the next two summits. From the col south of the third peak we dropped onto the glacier and walked back to camp on ice and old moraine.

On the 26th we ascended the icefall of the Good Hope Glacier to reach the south

ridge of Peak 9100ft, 1.5km north-north-west of Mt Durham, an easy scramble. The following day we again ascended the icefall to scramble up the west ridge of Durham and the east side of Peak 9100 ft, south of Mt Good Hope. Next morning we returned to the lake and our camp near Farrow Creek.

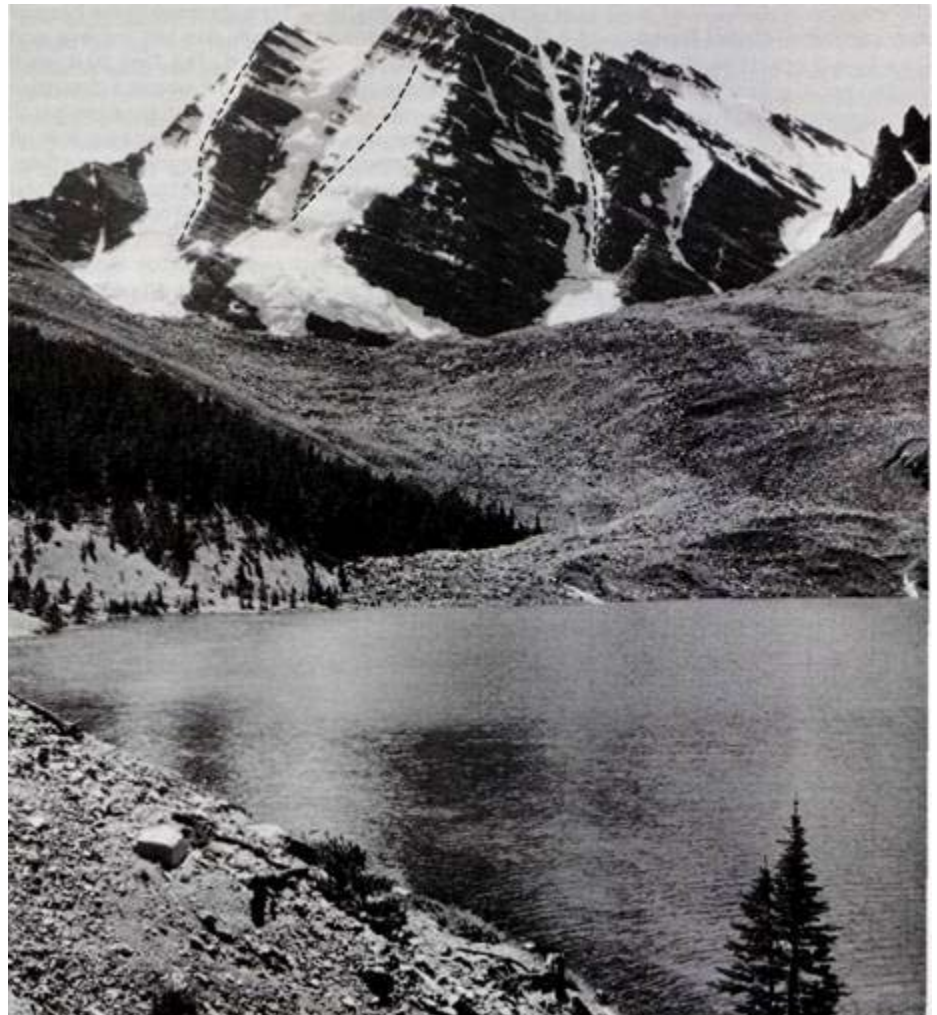
Markus Kellerhals

The three summits climbed on the first day had no cairns. The other summits had cairns and were presumably climbed from Boulanger Creek. Norman Pursell, and Rolf, Heather, Erika, and Markus Kellerhals.

Razorback Mountain

Prior to undertaking the Waddington Range traverse, partly from a desire to acclimatize but mostly prompted by Peter's enthusiastic attraction to this remarkable and easily accessible face, we climbed two new routes and walked out back to Bluff

The north face of Razorback from lower Belemnite Lake with, from left, north face of east peak, original north face route, Y couloir. Don Serl



Lake in just two days. After chopping into a camp in the meadows beside Upper Belemnite Lake on the evening of 23 July and snatching a couple of hours sleep we climbed the 1000 m of ice leading to the east summit in 3 1/2 hours, arriving on top for sunrise. This is likely the first ascent of the east peak as, contrary to what the maps say, the west summit is definitely higher and there were no signs whatsoever of previous ascents. After descending to the west and lazing around all afternoon we once again roused ourselves very early, but uncertainty and lethargy kept Greg and me in camp while Pete climbed the right branch of the Y couloir at the right side of the north face. He displayed unimpeachable style by going to the summit from the couloir top and was still back in camp just after mid-morning.

A few words about our 7 hour walk out may be appropriate as the mountain is a very short (read cheap!) helicopter ride from Bluff Lake and as the north face is the finest alpine ice face of the sea-of-ice variety in the range and thus deserves popularity. Travel in the Belemnite Creek valley (the official name, not in local use) is scenic and easy. 2 1/2 hours down its east side should see you at the trail that runs out the south-east side of Razor Creek to Bluff Lake. It is critically important to find and stay on this trail as most terrain between the alpine and the valley has burned and is an impenetrable jungle of juvenile lodgepole pine. The trail follows the right side of Razor Creek usually several 100 ft above the water, for ca 3km (about 1 1/2 hour) then breaks right through gravelly flats (very hard to follow here!) to the hillside to the north-east. From here it generally contours very slowly downhill all the way to the valley, always with the hill to the right. When you lose it (and you will! some of the old burn areas are mazes), sweep the area in front, staying within earshot. Sawn ends on old logs are the best guide posts! Only once, about two-thirds of the way out, does the trail do something unexpected when it jogs downhill at 90 degrees to the previous line of travel just before entering a vast thicket of young pine. Here, as elsewhere, don't fight the trees; retrace your steps and cast about for the correct way. Most of this slope is dry with only one decent creek in 4 or 5 hours. If you have energy to spare, walking with ice axe in hand to lop branches and blaze trees will improve the going for future parties. Just be sure that you are on the trail before you go hacking about, as it

would be an embarrassing, confusing waste of energy and time to go slashing off in the wrong direction! Good luck, and enjoy!

Don Serl

Razorback Mtn east peak, first ascent via north face. Peter Croft, Greg Foweraker, Don Serl. 24 July 1985. Razorback Mtn Y couloir, first ascent. Peter Croft. 25 July 1985.

Autumn in the Coast Range

Martello Tower in the Waddington Range had always fascinated me. It stands on the ridge south-east of Mt Agur, south

of the upper Waddington Glacier. Although dwarfed by its big neighbours it is very imposing from the Klattasine country from where I first saw it in 1973. On 6 September 1985 Tom, the woods' foreman at the Scar Creek logging camp drove me up the road on the north side of madly foaming Scar Creek to the ridge east of the creek flowing down from Bert Glacier. The timber above was easy going and across the valley the autumn yellow trees at the Cascade Glacier snout contrasted with deep blue séracs higher up. In the alpine it started snowing lightly so I put up the tent in a little basin just north of Pt 1694 m and scouted around for water. I resorted to going around with a plastic bag picking bits of snow and ice from the branches of the little trees. When

A rainy day descending into Orford River at the end of the traverse from Quatam River. John Clarke



Emma Lake (4410 ft) east of the Eldred River in the Powell Lake country. John Clarke





melted it was so full of needles that it had to be filtered through my hat to get reasonably clear water for supper. Martello popped out of the clouds and looked bloody hard — fresh snow on the rocks too.

My plan had been to have a camp beside the peak, right under the route, but the following morning was so perfect I started up, hoping to be able to do it all from here in a day. I didn't know how long the rock climbing part would take but there was already so much snow on the rocks that I had to get there before the next storm. I took the stove up to the ridge crest and melted snow for the day's water. There were flying clouds and a fierce wind on the hike north-west toward the tower. I was very excited as to how this was going to turn out as it looked difficult and I dearly wanted to climb it. My only hope was the south face and when I got to its base the two gully systems I'd seen from Pointer Peak in 1975 were both snowed up. The left one was too shallow, smooth, and steep lower down. Higher up where it became a gully again there was a strange looking constriction, above that another terrible looking step. The only advantage was that it terminated right on the summit. The righthand gully looked steep and blocky and ended on the north ridge below two vertical steps under the summit. Not much choice — I cramponed to the base of the righthand system and left ice axe and crampons in the moat. The first 20 ft were almost vertical, the 600 ft above a dream — very steep and snowy but with excellent holds all the way. It never really leaned back at all and I was expecting to get stopped any time. But it kept on going.

When I topped out at the notch the wind was terrific. The first step was by-passed on the right, up a short face with good holds that ended back on the ridge at the base of the next step. An airy scramble to the left on good holds by-passed the second step and emerged on the ridge crest again, a five minute scramble from the summit. I was ecstatic. I built a small cairn and caught a quick glimpse of Waddington, Bute Inlet and the big needle just south-east of Martello. I scrambled down and put a sling around a big rock perched in the notch at the top of the gully. Four 115 ft rappels got me to the snow. Throwing the rope down from the sling placements was difficult as the wind threw it back in a big untidy pile all over me. Back on the glacier I shrieked and hollered across the fresh snow toward camp. Cloud shadows crept across the hummocky upper reaches of Cascade and Jambeau Glaciers. On the ridge I filled a bag with snow to melt for supper and started down to the tent.

Next day I flushed seven ptarmigans in one group on the thrash down to Scar Creek. The valley was hot and I enjoyed the walk down the logging road. Everyone in camp was really happy about the climb. Tom had been watching through binoculars for hours for some sign of movement in the direction of Martello from the grapple at the end of the 41 road south of Scar Creek. The plane came in and the pilot stayed for supper — they know where the good food is. I said goodbye, loaded up the plane, and flew down to Quatam Bay to start a traverse from there over to Orford Bay on Bute Inlet. Quatam is an old

camp with board and batten cookhouse and bunkhouses from the old days. What attracted me to this area was its appearance on the map — 20 alpine lakes in only 50 square miles. In the morning (9 September) I went to the back end with the crew and started up into the timber. The weight of the pack was ridiculous but I didn't want to chance it with less than ten days food. When the woods thinned out I had a view over the whole valley. Heather and rock bordered tarns were everywhere and a line of cairns led up toward Quatam Peak, the very prominent 2080 m summit west of the upper Quatam River. The huge cairn on the summit seemed to indicate that this peak is fairly popular with the local islanders and folks from Campbell River, from where the peak is visible. The view was incredible — especially all the islands — rarely do you see that many from a mainland peak. Camp 2 was on a gravelly bench north-east of the main divide and since insects were no problem the door was left open for star gazing.

Good ol' porridge. Hot slop. Really makes you want to jump up and break camp. I flushed a clump of six ptarmigans on the long bouldery walk across the east slopes of Quatam Peak. Despite a menacing sky the col had a grand view of Bute Inlet. There was a goat trail most of the way up to Peak 1840 m and I picked wisps of wool from the stunted trees. Clouds gathered on the way up and rain started when I reached the cairn. I camped on a heather bench just under the peak and set up a plastic sheet to catch the rain as I hadn't got a drop of drinking water. I crawled inside and started the September guessing game — will the rain turn to snow?

On 12 September I just lay around heaven all day. Big wet snowflakes had replaced the rain and I could hear the saws of the fallers down in Quatam filtering up through the grey sunless air. The next morning I poked my nose outside into a cold pale dawn but there was no wind or rain. Just a trick to get me out of bed! The light was slatey blue grey as I was camped between two layers of heavy cloud with a cold sun trying to get through. I could see Mt Teaquahan and maybe part of Mt Reliance. Also I got my first proper look at the north side of Quatam Peak with its handsome summit glacial cap. When I got back inside huge snowflakes made big flakey sounds on the fly. "Looks like another day of complete

bed rest,” I thought. “Another crummy day in Paradise!” Next morning (14th) the fly sheet was frozen stiff and covered with snow. I packed up and hiked ridges and spongy meadows to the little lake at 4800 ft, south of the extreme source of Hillis Creek. As soon as I got inside the tent there was lashing rain for an hour. Then I went for a little walk up to the ridge to see the lakes in Hillis Creek. The big one is incredible — appearing to be sunk in a granite crater. The rain had stopped but the sky looked terrible. This did nothing to diminish the beauty of the place though, as thin veils of fog moved lazily between the tarns and clumps of battered, stunted trees. Back at camp a surprise narrow beam of sunlight cut through the watery sky, lit up the lake, and turned the glacier above a rose colour.

On 15 September I climbed Peak 6470 but got into the fog about 500 ft below the top. I returned, broke camp, crossed the divide at the head of Hillis Creek, and packed north toward a high open ridge. Clouds raced around in a hurry but not sure where they were going. From the ridge crest I shrieked when I saw the view of a 20 mile stretch of Bute Inlet. The ranges beyond it were visible only to 5500 ft where they vanished into a solid dark canopy. All day the local ridges had been shrouded in mist but now only tattered remnants dragged themselves silently across the slopes. The goats seem fond of this ridge as it probably is windy much of the time in summer. The climb up to the 5800 ft peaklet was on steep heather threading through monster blocks of granite; the inlet on one side and the sunken lakes of Hillis Creek on the other. For camp that night I shared a tiny flat ledge with a tarn that was just out the tent door. Just after I got inside hailstones began hopping on the grass and splashing in the tarn a few feet from the door.

When it rained again next morning I cancelled any further climbing and started a soaking bushwhack down through the wet green to the Orford River. I arrived at the logging operation half an hour before the crews’ quitting time. We rode into camp just as a plane was warming up to leave. I wound up in the lobby of the Powell River airport still soaked and covered with mud and salmon berry leaves.

Later in the month Len Van der Weyde and I flew into the big alpine lake east of the Eldred River beyond Powell Lake. It is

marked on the map at 4410 ft, is an easy float plane landing, and is visited regularly by some folks from Powell River. With meadows, firewood, and easy alpine hiking all around this lake would be perfect for someone with young children who wanted to fly into somewhere relatively remote for a change. We camped by the shore for a few nights with raging bonfires and rambled over all the peaklets and bumples we could find. Then we packed south, swimming in countless tarns and camping on and among the peaks. We camped on the top of Peak 6395 and saw the lights of Comox, Parksville, and Nanaimo. When packing south on this divide it is necessary to go right over Peak 6395, descend its south-east ridge, and go down to 5600 ft in the big gentle basin south of the peak. From here you can contour around to the easy slopes east of the sunken lake with the remarkable peninsula. Peaks 6449, 6353, and the 6400ft peak between them are prominent from Powell Lake and known to the locals as Triple Peaks. When approaching them from the north there is an awkward looking step at 5400 ft. Just before the step however there is an escape gully down to the east that will get you over to the broad glacial basin north-west of Peak 6353.

From the Triple Peaks our route followed the divide, going east of Peak 5747 and onto the talus west of the divide beyond that. I climbed the south-west side of the locally known Squim Mtn on the morning that we packed out. It is the steep sided 5300 ft tower just west of Squim Lake. A road goes to 3500 ft in the valley south of Triple Peaks, and we used this to get back to Goat Lake.

In October the winter snow still had not come so I went to Percy’s logging camp at the head of Powell Lake. My objective was Peak 6245 ft, a big granite massif in the upper Powell River valley (see photo CAJ 1985:28). Its main interest was that it is surrounded by valleys on all sides, unlike all other mountains in the area which are tied to connecting ridge systems. Beyond Powell Lake roads now extend up the long sinuous river as far as the 2500 ft contour. It’s an exciting drive to the back end from Percy’s camp as the valley is narrowly enclosed with granite walls that rise out of the well watered forests on the valley floor. It is different than most mainland river valleys as it doesn’t have a big glacier at its head pushing down seething milky

water. The upper Powell is a gentle clearer stream set in a fabulous winding canyon/valley with a new sweep of granite scenery around every turn. From road’s end I climbed through gentle and then steeper timber into the boggy alpine basin east of the peak. The fall colours in the meadows were very intense since the snow was delayed so long this year. The ridge south of the basin is better travelling and there is excellent camping where it opens out and broadens at 5400 ft. Next day I climbed the grooved smooth granite east ridge of Peak 6245, a mountain for slab climbers. On top I built a cairn and took a 360 degree photo panorama. The summit pyramid of Mt Alfred, rising above its circle of satellite peaks, dominated the horizon in the south. In the north-east the Clendenning and Hunaechin country formed the horizon and below them a long stretch of the skyline hike from Toba Inlet to Eldred River was visible. 5000 ft below toy logging trucks wound down the valley toward Powell Lake. I descended the easy west ridge to 5600 ft and angled down south-east through scruffy little trees to a bench system that runs east/west along the base of the south face of the peak. It was October and the new snow long overdue. There were fat healthy deer jumping around in the spongy meadows on the way down and the wilted flowers were waiting to be buried for the winter. It was time to leave the coast range again to the ravens, goats, and wolverines.

John Clarke

Remote Glacier Area

Trylon Peak, located between Skean Peak and Dorothy Peak on the ridge bounding the south edge of Remote Glacier, was climbed in early August 1985. Two class three rock summits east of Trylon were also climbed. These all appeared to be first ascents. Trylon was climbed from a small glacier to the south via a snow and scree gully to near the west ridge which was class 3 to 4 on firm rock. This area appears rarely visited as ascents of Dorothy Peak and Broad Peak

The Remote Glacier and the peaks west of Mt Dorothy
Skean Peak at far right, Trylon Peak to its left.
David Knudson



appeared to be second ascents.

Joe Firey

Participants: Frank De Saussure, Joe Firey, Dave Knudson, Mike Martin, Peter Renz, Mickey Schurr.

Mt Wilderness, Easter

1985

Mt Wilderness (9050 ft) is not the sort of peak that climbers dream about. Located southeast of the southern boundary of Tweedsmuir Park, it is a low outlier of the Coast Mtns proper, east of the Klinaklini River, close to Mt Monarch. It is the only named peak in a group of interesting summits that have received relatively little attention in comparison to Monarch and parts of Tweedsmuir Park.

According to our original plans, it would have remained obscure. Our attention to detail had us flying to the Monarch area to ski and climb for ten days over Easter. Nimpo Lake, after the traditional ten hour marathon from Vancouver, was the base, Floyd Vaughan the pilot, bad weather the culprit. Don Serl and I had one of the roughest rides in a small plane we can remember before setting down on a small lake 40 miles from our destination, thankfully. A day in the tent and continuing bad weather convinced us that another destination was in order. Between ourselves and Monarch lay Wilderness, which looked like a great place for a summer backpacking trip. Numerous small fans and low angle slopes, all alpine, looked like perfect summer country.

Under the circumstances, it was the best choice for Plan B. Arriving below Wilderness, camp established, others arriving, we quickly realized how beautiful the area was. Monarch was almost always in view but the local peaks held their own. We managed to climb Wilderness in a whiteout in extremely high winds. Following days saw ski ascents of several other summits in various combinations, and we barely scratched the surface.

Stephan Fuller

Mt Wilderness west ridge. S Fuller, T Knight, D Serl.

Possible first ascents:

Peak 7550, south-west of Wilderness. B Blackwell, S Fuller, T Knight, J Rutter, D

Serl, E Woodd.

Peak 7350, south-west of Wilderness. T Knight, D Serl.

Peak 7550, west of Wilderness. S Fuller.

Peak 7650, west of Wilderness. S Fuller, T Knight, D Serl, E Woodd, J Rutter.

Mt Wilderness, north face. D Serl.

Recent Decisions, Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names: Coast Mts

Friends of the late Blair Griffiths will be pleased to know that the name Mt Griffiths has been approved for the 8700 ft summit south of the lower reaches of the Jacobsen Glacier at 52°01'N, 126°05'W. The peak is prominent from Ape Lake and appears dead centre in the photo on page 53, CAJ1985. The caption for that photo should now be: Mt Griffiths (left), Beelzebub (centre back), Beelzebub West (right) from Ape Lake.

Don Serl

New Climbs in the Bella Coola Area: Ogre Mtn and War Drum Peak

In August 1985 Mark Bebie and I spent two weeks in the glaciers and peaks south-west of Ape Lake, then hiked out along the uplands of the Noieck River valley to a new logging road in the valley of Nutsatsum Creek. The weather was marvelous the entire period. We reached the glacier between Taleomey Tower and Ember Mtn by a helicopter flight from the Bella Coola valley then climbed and packed out in a succession of camps and stages. Our first climb was Ogre Mtn by the north-west face (a new route). We climbed a spectacular glacier then negotiated crevasse problems to a protruding rock ridge west of the summit. Here we climbed some rock pitches on sound granite to reach the final summit ridge and the original route. The descent was by the same route. We studied Taleomey Tower but did not attempt this rock fortress because of the apparent poor rock and seemingly tenuous traversing problems. A climb to the summit ridge of Ember Mtn showed the poor nature of some of the volcanic rock in this area; a continuation to the summit would

have been hideous. We encountered good rock on a final climb, the south-west ridge of War Drum Peak. This spectacular peak, located east of Snowside Mtn and along the northern fringe of Warm Drum Glacier, has seen few ascents. Our new route involved a great deal of scrambling, some serious, then a section of steep snow to a final section of technical rock. A steep buttress and a head-wall provided enjoyable climbing on good rock (up to class 5.7). We spent parts of the next three days hiking out to the road, traversing some of the most magnificent alpine slopes and meadows in the Coast Mtns.

Fred Beckey

Stikine Icecap Traverse

Five ski tourers traversed a portion of the Stikine Icecap from 13 April to 5 May 1985. In April 1984 a party of two took 17 days to cover almost twice the distance. Weather is the determining factor. The 1985 party had five out of 23 days clear and good for travel, while 15 of 17 days were good for the 1984 party. The 1985 group travelled by compass bearings on at least five days and their planned mountaineering objectives were not attainable due to weather and a 2 m accumulation of heavy snow. The icecap has nonetheless excellent potential for lengthy traverses and ski mountaineering. Main glaciers lie between 1000 and 1500 m, fringed by dramatic peaks, some suitable for ski ascents. The 1984 group came by helicopter from Juneau to the South Sawyer Glacier and exited via the Great Glacier, across very broken terrain, to the Stikine River and kayak to Wrangell. The 1985 group used ski plane from Telegraph Creek.

J Peepre

1984 party: J Knight, J Hernero. 1985 party: A Jones, L Knight, C Lewis, S Locke, J Peepre.

First Ascent of Mt Pattullo

It is remarkable that Mt Pattullo, the highest peak in the considerable span between the Seven Sisters Range and the Stikine River, had never been climbed. Although near Stewart and only about eight miles from the road at Bear River Pass its defences are considerable: glacier valleys, precipitous cliffs, and dense brush. The logical winter and spring approach

from Bowser Lake has access problems in the form of streams, brush, and canyons. After being frustrated by poor weather in 1984, I returned to the mountain in May 1985. Mark Hutson, Mike Boussena, and I took a chopper trip to the glacier on the south-east flank of the mountain. After climbing to about 8000 ft a whiteout and bad weather set in rapidly. We skied out in one very long day.

In early July, Alex Bertulis, Stimson

Bullitt, and I returned. We made a short helicopter trip to the glacier on the west flank of the summit (the Bowser Lake drainage) then donned crampons for a truly rewarding glacier climb to the 8955 ft summit. We chose a route that involved a steep gully then a spectacular summit ridge. A trace of new snow made the surface very white and glistening. We descended by the south ridge. Our route back to the mining road south-east of the mountain involved a long glacier traverse after crossing an ice

pass, then a descent of a valley glacier. We were impressed with the spectacular nature of this little visited region. Mt Pattullo alone has some 26 glaciers and on nearby peaks are a number of impressive bodies of ice, including the Frank Mackie, Berendon, and Salmon Glaciers, and the Cambria Icefield.

Fred Beckey

St Elias Mountains And The Yukon

Kluane Report 1985

There were a total of 87 people in the St Elias Mtns who spent a total of 1639 nights. This was a quiet summer in the St Elias.

Lloyd Freese, Kluane National Park

John Tuckey, Christ Leibundgut, Tom Walter, and John Michaud made it to about 13,500 ft on Logan's east ridge in March. They experienced 3 1/2 days of good weather out of 22 climbing days and suffered some extreme cold and wind.

Dan Batwinas, Tim Loughlin, Jeff Jackson, and Mick Deiro attempted a route linking up with Hummingbird at about 16,500 on Logan. They felt they had climbed the route but failed to climb the mountain.

Conrad Baumgartner, Doug Gilday, Mile Baily, Karen McKenna, Mile Emers, and Richard McKenna were on Mt Logan's King Trench route.

Martyn Williams, Maureen Garrity, Dick Rice, Doug Lee, Heather Myers, and Kristie Simpson did a ski trip on the Lowell and Kaskawulsh Glaciers.

M Williams, M Garrity, Liz Densmore, Roger Mitchell, Sharon Roe, Karen Shell, Bruce Beaton, Jean Kapala, Rob Burris, and Jean Scanlin did some skiing on the south arm of the Kaskawulsh Glacier.

M Williams, L Densmore, R Mitchell, Bob Zimmerman, Dave Neave, and Brian Tinney climbed Mt Logan via the King Trench route.

Ron Chambers, Patrick Flanagan, Paul Hodgson, and Dan Stevenson made it to

about 16,500ft on Logan's King Trench route when they brought one of their members out with altitude problems.

Steve Young, Stephen Brejc, Jeffrey Patheal, Patrick Petersen, John Pistono, and Greg White successfully climbed a new route on Mt Lucania from the south-east.

Paul Jensen, Jim Cancroft, Kevin Moore, and Anne Hayes were unsuccessful on Logan east ridge.

Allan Massin, Steve Bertollo, Russ Campbell, and Alain Chassie skied around Mt Logan in some heavy snows.

Rick Staley, Terry Hoggins, Brian Goring, Sean McGuinness, Lloyd Freese, Brent Liddle, and Charlie Zinkan did a ski trip on the Fisher Glacier.

Paddy Sherman, Fips Broda, and Bernard Segger had to abandon Logan King Trench when Bernie developed medical problems.

Sic Scull, Ted Rosen, David Heath, Ted Whalley, Rob Tripp, and Henry Chojnack were on the King Trench route of Mt Logan.

Chuck Thuot, Glen Thistlewaite, Mark Bullock, Hershel Cox, Larry Johnstone, Sterling Monroe, Tom Monroe, and Walter Winston were successful on the King Trench route of Mt Logan.

Jacques Rouillard and a party of 12 others spent three weeks in the Mt Maxwell/Kaskawulsh Glacier area.

Mt Logan: Early Bird Buttress

During April 1985, the four man 1985 North Tahoe Expedition established a new route on the south face of Mt Logan. The route, deemed The Early Bird Buttress, lies to the right of the south-south-west buttress and diagonals up and right for 8000 ft to meet Hummingbird Ridge at approximately 16,000 ft. The route was pushed beyond all difficulties to within a few hundred yards of the Hummingbird and then abandoned due to serious frostbite to Deiro and Loughlin. Their toes were frozen while belaying the brilliant leads of Jackson up a 400 ft wall of brittle 55 degree ice. Jackson had a massive pack, minimal protection and only a thin sliver of moon to light the way. The climbing was quite varied, with sections of fifth class rock, brittle ice, bottomless hoar snow, and dramatic corniced ridges. The descent required 1500 ft of rappelling. While large avalanches of ice and snow were always present the features of the route protect it quite well. Some of the camps were chopped out of the top of thin ridges but 20 days of near calm made them spectacular but pleasant places to be.

Dan Batwinas

Dan Batwinas, Mick Deiro, Jeff Jackson, Tim Loughlin.

Skiing Around Canada's Highest Peak, Mt Logan

Our trip began with a 40 minute flight from Kluane Lake onto the Kaskawulsh Glacier north arm at 8000 ft. As I sat on our pulks waiting for our two companions to join us I was amazed at the expanse of glaciers and the massive size of Mt King George and surrounding mountains. Andy



Williams' plane disappeared and we were now totally self-dependent for our 300 km journey.

On the first day we went north-west on the Kaskawulsh to its highest point overlooking the Logan Glacier and Mt Logan. For the following three days the ideal snow conditions (hard wind pack) on the Logan Glacier enabled us to travel 10 to 12 miles per day at an easy pace. Route finding was straightforward until we reached the lower reaches of the Logan. We encountered wet snow and weak crevasses as we progressed towards the junction of the Logan and Ogilvie Glaciers. These deep dark crevasses, with minimal snow cover, tended to break as the last pulk crossed. That evening the tent ends peered down the crevasses.

The following morning we continued in the maze of crevasses until, late in the evening, we broke through and onto the Ogilvie, a much narrower glacier than the Logan or Kaskawulsh so the mountains are much closer. With the perfect clear skies this area was the high point of the trip.

Once on the Mussel Glacier which leads south-west the peaks are spectacular. We all sat around in the evenings admiring possible climbing routes. On 1 May we slowly pulled our pulks onto the Mussel Glacier pass at 10,200ft. The expected view of Mt St Elias and the Wrangell Mtns quickly disappeared as clouds poured in, obscuring the view in all directions except down the Quintino Sella Glacier. We pushed off down the pass, linking continuous turns in

the fresh snow.

The following day we travelled 12 miles down the Quintino Sella and felt for the first time the cold wind as a storm moved in from the coast. On 13 May we woke to a quiet calm day with cloud cover so dense we could not see beyond our ski tips. We decided to travel by compass on the Columbus Glacier but the wind and snow increased until it was obvious progress was much too slow and not perfectly safe.

After three storm bound days in the tents, on 17 May the clouds lifted around St Elias and the expanse of the Seward Glacier lay in front of us with a fresh sparkly layer of new snow. We spent 4 1/2 days crossing the Seward with Mt Logan to the east.

On an overcast day we caught a glimpse of what must have been Water Pass which connects the Seward and Hubbard Glaciers. We side stepped to its high point then kicked steps down onto the Hubbard. The scenery here was fantastic as we spotted Mts Hubbard, Kennedy, Alverstone, and Vancouver. At the lower elevation we once again encountered wet snow and warm weather.

After swinging up another arm of the Hubbard we returned to the head of the Kaskawulsh, just a short distance from where we had landed 21 days previous. We had circumskied Mt Logan and everything was downhill from here to Kluane Lake. With us all now in top shape we travelled the last section of the Kaskawulsh in good time. Our last day, 28 May, was a 12 mile

walk with skis and pulks attached to our packs, down the Slims River. A strange sight for a group of hikers we encountered out for a hike from the Alaska Highway whose first question was, "Where have you been?" "We just skied around Mt Logan."

Allan Massin

Participants: Allan Massin, Alain Chassie, Steve Bertollo, Russ Campbell.

We transported all our gear on pulks supplied by Vortex Shuttle, Banff. We used Kazama mountain high skis with 3 pin cable bindings. Our boots were double insulated telemark boots covered with super gaiters.

Winter Attempt on Mt Logan

We wanted to climb Logan in winter. It seemed like a good opportunity for adventure. Although we failed to reach the summit, we returned home with a healthy dose of the adventure we had sought. We flew by helicopter from Haines Junction on 1 March 1985 and landed a couple of miles from the base of the east ridge. We spent the next three weeks on the mountain reaching a high point of about 13,500ft before diminishing food supplies and unrelenting poor weather forced us to turn around. We fixed 600 ft of rope at various places and made double carries establishing four camps along the ridge. On the days that we climbed, we had fun. It's

Yukon: A Winter Journey. Guy Sheridan/M Irvine



a beautiful, exhilarating ridge. However, we spent most of our time in snow caves buffeted by the worst winds any of us had ever encountered. Out of 20 days on the mountain we had four in which the weather was good. The temperature was not as cold as we had expected and rarely went below -15°F. In fact, the coldest temperatures we experienced were on the week long ski out over the Kaskawulsh Glacier where night-time temperatures usually dropped to -30°F. We hope to return to the St Elias Range someday — in the springtime.

John Tuckey

John Michaud, Tom Walter, Chris Liebundgut, John Tuckey.

Yukon: A Winter Journey

In March 1984 we spread open the atlas one evening in Asker, near Oslo. Next day, after a 'short' ski tour (8hrs, 90 km) followed by a sauna, I remembered Erik's "How about a long winter journey in the Yukon?" Thus the seed was sown and the planning began.

Our intention was a 1000 km route from Tungsten to Dawson City. We would, as on previous journeys, travel light, carrying no more than 20 kg, relying on food and fuel dumps. Our route was: leg 1 — Tungsten to Tsichu River/MacMillan Pass (250 km, 10 days); leg 2 — to Ortell Mtn via Selwyn valley and N Stewart River (260 km, 10 days); leg 3 — to Braine Creek via N Rackla and Beaver Rivers (170 km, 7 days); leg 4 — Rae and Hart River basins to N Fork Pass where rendezvous with Peter (240 km, 8 to 9 days); leg 5 — to Dawson City via Tombstone Mtns (130 km, 5 days).

We left Whitehorse on 12 March in a Canadian Forces truck which kindly gave us a 700 km lift to our drop off point near Tungsten. The scenery up the Flat River was dramatic with views of the Ragged Range to the south and east. We followed the line of an abandoned trail up to Howards Pass (1700 m) where there had been a mining camp. The first 100 km were very heavy going, compounded by four days of non-stop snow which made trail breaking exhausting.

Beyond Howards Pass and into the S Nahanni valley the weather was clear and cold. We passed east of Mt Wilson and up towards Christie Pass. It was here that

James Christie was attacked by a huge grizzly in 1907. Despite a fractured jaw and skull, a broken arm, and badly bitten thigh, Christie made it seven miles to a camp where his partner tended his wounds with the only medicine they possessed — Scotch whiskey. With the bears now hibernating we could safely admire the courage of these tough early explorers. Moreover, we had no whiskey!

We arrived at our first depot on the Tsichu River on 24 March. We'd skied about 250 km in 10 days and were feeling good. Tobben had noticed the day previous that his boots were not quite right. We now found that the toe of one boot had split behind the 3 pin holes and that the split was extending across the welt into the leather. His other boot was starting to split and my pair revealed a similar problem. In the warmth of the small hut we pondered the situation and in the end decided we had to go out to Ross River. We were not sure how far it was down the line of the Canol trail from MacMillan Pass but with eight days food from depot I plus the two extra days we'd carried from Tungsten for leg 2 we could probably ski 350 km. We arrived at Ross River, after some uncertainties, on 1 April, having skied 260 km. That afternoon we chartered a light plane which took us back to Whitehorse, arriving just in time to reach a shop and purchase three new pairs of boots.

On 5 April we chartered a ski plane to Ortell and, after some difficulties with the plane getting off, we were on our own again, back on course and content. The Ortell hut was a chocolate box picture log cabin in the wilderness, a wisp of smoke curling out from the chimney. The next day was glorious — a ca 26 km ski to the north and a pass overlooking the Nadaleen Range, the going not too heavy. The following morning the weather and snow deteriorated. These conditions continued up into the Rackla River system and all the way down past Kathleen Lakes to the Proctor trail, where with great relief we picked up a snow scooter track. What should have taken three days took twice the time as we laboured through exhaustingly deep snow but once on the scooter track we made up some time. We were now up against a combined time, distance, food, and snow condition problem so decided to shorten the fourth leg and ski out to Elsa which we reached on the 15th.

After meeting Peter on the 19th we skied the 40 km from North Fork Pass into the heart of the Tombstones and returned the same way. It was cold for late April and the weather was a little unsettled as we approached the pass. When the skies cleared that evening a most dramatic scene was unveiled. The range is dominated by Tombstone Mtn (2173 m) at the western end and Monolith at the other. Between the two peaks a line of cliffs dominated the southern skyline for about 15 km. We had a marvellous day's skiing throughout the line, without the burden of rucksacks, in warm sunshine and superb snow. It was a fitting way to end our winter journey in the Yukon.

Guy Sheridan

Participants: Erik Boehlke, Torbjorn Eggen, Guy Sheridan, Peter Steel. March/April 1985.

The Cirque of the Unclimbables: Access

Tungsten is a remote climbing community 185 miles from Watson Lake by road. There are absolutely no facilities set up for visitors. Canada Tungsten Mining Corporation Ltd owns everything and must be contacted upon arrival. There is a store but it has limited hours. The bank is open only one day a week, the gas station for limited hours during the week but does not accept credit cards. There is a small medical clinic staffed by a doctor and nurse. Some years there is a helicopter here for most of the summer but not always — best to check with the company. Camping is discouraged on the mine site. The recreation centre has a user's fee for visitors. There is no restaurant where visitors may eat. Bus service from Watson Lake is about twice a week.

On the positive side, some climbers have hiked into The Circ in three days from here. Tungsten is right in the high mountains and has beautiful scenery. The company has been accommodating as much as possible to visitors. The end of June the middle of August are the best times. In the first part of June there is deep snow and snow returns to the mountain tops about the middle of August. The weather is usually very wet in the summer so rain gear is a must.

J Hajash, RCMP Tungsten

Interior Ranges

Kamloops Report

After an uneventful start to the year, the local climbing fraternity finally swung into action in late February with a winter camp at the new MacKay Hut in the Freshfield Glacier area. There were nine participants and weather and snow conditions were generally good which allowed plenty of telemark practice on untracked slopes. Mts Walker and Gilgit were climbed by Pat Triggs and Bert Kent who were joined on the latter ascent by two Edmontonians. A thoroughly successful week's camp in a first class area.

The spring is usually dedicated to local rock climbing until the snow conditions on the higher mountains stabilize, so the local favourites got a working over and the surplus lichen removed. A work party was staged at the Wheeler Hut on the 21 June weekend.

In July Mt Begbie was climbed in good weather and later the same month Mt Ptarmigan in the Blue River area was also ascended. August 16 to 29 was the date of the annual summer camp near the snout of the Vowell Glacier in the Bugaboos, the same site as the ACC General Mountaineering Camp three years ago. The party consisted of eleven, the weather fluctuated between abysmal and glorious. Several of the lesser peaks were climbed and six made it to the summit of Bugaboo Spire. In September and October trips were made to the Upper Coldwater River and to the Wheeler Hut but the weather was against peak bagging. Our coldest ever November tempted a party of nine to the Monashee Chalet near Blue River. Lots of cold and snow, the latter ranging from powder to windslab. Two members of the party made the first ski ascent of Two-bit Mtn.

Exploratory work on the Marble Canyon routes continues to be done, although I have no new details as to what has been accomplished. I believe the main face direct is still there for the taking.

Hugh Neave

Bikinis, Baby Oil, and Apples

Bikinis, baby oil, and apples — that's

the Okanagan. Well, we do have more to do here than wind surf and ski. At Mt Ellison Park you can climb for a few hours, saunter down through the boulders, strip on a sun warmed rock, and dive into the clear water of a lake. All that and we even have ice climbing. Not like the monsters in the Rockies mind you, but fun just the same. Here's the scoop.

ROCK CLIMBING

Ellison Provincial Park is located 16 km south of Vernon on Okanagan Landing Road. Park at the end of the pavement in the left-hand lot and follow the trail to the south bay. The main cliffs, on the east side of the bay, are generally quite sound granite. Most routes are about 100 to 120 ft. Little Sister (5.4 to 5.7 depending on variation) is a major line on the left end of the cliff. Chalk Up Another One (5.9) begins in a corner system changing to flake, traverses to a small tree obvious on slab, then goes straight up (Kirby Dunstan and friend, 1985). Frogger (5.10b) follows blocks to a shallow slanting groove then up (Dunstan and friend, 1985). Who Done It? (5.7) is on the major feature of this face; nice layback to roof (fixed stopper), undercling left, follow corner to top. The Butler (5.8) variation takes off from the top of a layback at a fixed stopper; traverse right to corner undercling left and up (Squamish Boys). At the top of The Butler is a gravel bench above which is The Slab (5.10), marked by two bolts and a knifeblade (Squamish Boys, 1984). Go around the corner of the cliff to the right, passing numerous lines, to the obvious dihedral Mud In Your Eye (5.6). Below and to the right, starting on a large block, is Time Bomb (5.9). Follow cracks on face (don't wreck the holds!) to ledge; move right into sloping chimney (Jack Bennetto and Rick Cox, 1984).

The Kelowna Crags are characterized by hard granitic rock. Most lines are corner/roof systems running from right to left then, above roofs, straight up. Two pitches may be done but the climbing on the top half is generally low quality on reliable rock. Some climbs have obvious rappel stations, otherwise there is easy walk off to right from cliff top. The cliffs are reached by following east on Lakeshore Road in Kelowna to a Y thence the left fork (Chute Lake Road) 2.9 km up hill and past end of

pavement to a faint dirt road on right (park in clearing). Walk down old road, across creek, and take trail right to cross fence. The cliffs face south, away from Okanagan Lake and are about 15 minutes from the car. Most climbs have been up for some time and first ascent credits have been lost. Spiderman (5.9+, strenuous) starts in a corner under a roof. To the left Moonlight Sonata (5.6), the obvious line visible from a flat block at the base of the cliff known as The Patio, goes up cracks and a ramp, left to a tree, up to a roof which pass on right, and up. Chain Lightning (5.8) starts on belay block to right of Moonlight Sonata, climbs to a small roof (fixed pins), follows roof to left, exits up corner. Rats Tooth (5.11, bolts) goes from under left corner of roof on Chain Lightning straight up face. Noisy Oyster (5.8) follows an obvious corner/roof to the right of Chain Lightning then rap off tree or continue up Zigzag Crack (5.9, Chris Dunstan variation, 1984). Alligator's Breath (5.7) follows yellowish rock in right traverse from top of bushy ledge up broken corners to jutting prow on skyline. Trick or Treat (5.8) is the knarly crack which joins Alligator's Breath; corner becomes a chimney. Dolly Parton Overhand (5.8 or 5.9), the obvious prow roof above Bull 'n Bush, is acrobatic (Cox and Don Skuratoff, 1983). Kirby Dunstan with a lot of help from Gordy Oliphant has done several new routes on the righthand end of the cliff and has developed several great boulders (bolts on top) below them. Please remember that this climbing crag is on private land. The owner has enough trouble with hunters and dirt bikers. Pack out your litter, don't damage the fences; be discrete.

ICE CLIMBING

Wolverine Falls (3+, 4 pitches; Cox and Paul Windmill, 1985) is named for the abundance of tracks and the sighting of one of these elusive animals on an early reconnaissance trip. Follow Highway 6 east of Vernon to Cherryville, go left on Sugar Lake Road to 21 km sign. Ski left (skins a must) up Star Creek drainage (3 hours). At top of first pitch belay on left. Climb thin pillar to ledge, up to easy ice. Last pitch has more steep ice.

Approach Spectrum Falls as above and just after 21 km sign turn right onto Monashee Provincial Park road. Ski up

road to parking lot and walk down trail to falls. Numerous grade 2 to 3 lines exist but only in the coldest part of winter.

False Creek Falls (4, 4 pitches; Cox and Benetto, January 1984) are visible, high up on the hillside to the left, from the little bridge over False Creek on the Mabel Lake road (east of Vernon). Hike up hill on east side of creek, staying out of creek chasm. Although tough to follow, a trail does exist. Four hours approach; two if trail broken. The first pitch is steep ice which can be avoided. Cross a low angled broad ledge (avalanche danger). The next pitch is the most sustained, the third has one steep step. The last, although laid back, is very poor thin ice over rock, usually overlain with snow. Long run out. Has been done in 3 pitches but 4 recommended. Continue up creek a bit to exit under rim rock. Stay high till past cliff bands.

Sicamous has a real nest of ice. On Highway 1, 10.5 km east of junction with 97B, the falls are visible on the left across the valley. At 11.5 km take the road to the left for 2.2 km to an old skid road heading uphill. The first pitch on C-People Play (4, 2 pitches; R Cox, Sari Cox, D Skuratoff, December 1985) includes 20 to 25m of very steep (80+degrees) ice. The second pitch starts out rolling, becoming quite steep near the top. Rappel the route. Named for the folks on the farm below who were having a good old Canadian Christmas party with sleigh rides, ice skating, etc. C-N-Double, named for the railway, is a classic grade 3 on good ice (R Cox and D Skuratoff, December 1985). The first pitch has two steep steps, 75+ degrees for 30 m. Walk up to next pitch which starts off steep but lays back after 8 to 10m and becomes rolling. On third pitch traverse into middle of face. This, the most sustained pitch, has about 15 m of 75+ degree ice. Rappel route.

Rest Stop (R Cox, S Cox, January 1985) is opposite the sawmill on the righthand

side of Highway 1, 0.5km past the above 11.5km turnoff. The first pitch has several lines. On the right the ice is rolling and laid back, on the left it steepens to 75 degrees for about 15 to 20 m then becomes more rolling. The second pitch is an ice pillar about 15 to 20m long at 80+ degrees, often very chandeliered. Rappel route.

At Three Valley Gap, 59 km east of Sicamous, Turkey Chute (4, 6 pitches; R Cox and Gary Wolkoff, December 1985) is a very narrow ribbon of ice on a rock wall opposite the first wide pull out, 200 m west of the hotel. The first four pitches, visible from the road, contain ice up to 80 degrees. A 20 m walk in the upper chute is necessary to reach the last two pitches of rolling ice. Avalanche danger.

Also at Three Valley Gap is The Gap Falls (5, 4 pitches), on the left behind the hotel. The first pitch is rolling ice steepening near the top, the second is sustained at about 80 degrees. Continue over easy ice to belay under steep ice. The fourth pitch on the left is 25 m vertical at first, on the right more laid back. Rolling ice to the trees. Rap route.

Here in Vernon we are even blessed with a climbing shop which is the hub for outdoor enthusiasts. Head to Far West where Vernon climbers maintain a log of local climbs and information.

So there you have it. Rock and ice that keeps most of us busy between those long trips to Squamish or the Rockies. If that is not enough there are always the bikinis, baby oil, and apples.

Rick Cox

Monashee Chalet ACC Ski Camp, 23 February to 2 March 1985

Ann and I, with the groceries, met Adolph, the chalet owner, at the trailhead at 9 am and Adolph commenced hauling our supplies in by snowmobile. Ann started up the trail to arrive early and get the kitchen in order. The rest of the group assembled and left the trailhead at about 11 am. Most everyone used cross country equipment, with skins for the steeper sections of the trail. The snow was dry and we made good time over the 14 km distance. Two days prior to our arrival the area had 60 cm of dry snow so we spent the first three days breaking trails to the various peaks and meadow areas so the group would have a choice of terrain for the balance of the week without my having to lead. The heavy snowfall meant extreme avalanche conditions and we were confined to the treed slopes until mid week when all the steep open slopes had avalanched. Thursday and Friday were clear and the warm sun softened the snow on the south exposure. Everyone enjoyed the clear blue skies and the warm sun and we still had the north and east exposure to ski in reasonably good snow.

The camp was considered by all to be a happy one and scheduling it during the latter part of February proved to be a good choice. The area, being generally below 2000 m, is affected greatly by March warm sun and mild temperatures so camps should take place as early as possible to take advantage of the cooler weather.

Stuart W Bates

Participants: Stuart Bates (manager), Ann Bates (cook), Ian and Perry Taylor, Ron and Karen Andrews, John and Margaret Daiton, Ray Hunter, Lorne Johnston, Rod McAlister, Gloria McKee, Phil Youwe, Wayne Saunders, Val Stewart.

Rocky Mountains

Mts Farquhar and Scrimger, High Rock Range

Mt Farquhar (3095 m) from camp at head of Cataract Creek (the small lake shown on the topo map was apparently a beaver pond, now drained) via the south-east ridge. No difficulties despite very rotten rock.

Mt Scrimger (2755 m) is a double peak, the east (Scrimger on topo map) being a few metres higher and about 1 km from the west peak. Both were climbed from the Etherington/Scrimger col which lies north of the peaks and is readily attainable by hiking up the old exploration road along the north fork of Cataract Creek and thence up the ledges and talus slopes of the headwall. The west peak was climbed over the ledges that form the north face and north-east ridge. The east peak was climbed in about three hours from the col, the only difficulty being in passing through a cliff band which surrounds the summit. Done via narrow ledges in an obvious crack on west side of the north ridge.

MH Benn

Mt Farquhar first ascent. TS Sorensen, MH Benn. 1973. Mt Scrimger west peak first ascent. Annette Walker, Ross Galbraith, MH Benn. August 1978.

Mt Scrimger east peak first ascent. Annette Walker and MH Benn. August 1981.

“Mt Crouch”

On the 1985 July 1st weekend the Grizzly Group and families hiked into the Sylvan Pass area west of Mt Joffre. On the third day we climbed Peak 9550 ft (1 mile south-south-east of Shatch Mtn) via its north ridge on good rock. On the summit we set about building a ‘first’ cairn. We dubbed the peak Mt Crouch, this name being carved into a tree at our camp site and dated 1916.

Glen W Boles

A First, First Ascent

“I don’t think we’re going to get across that mess,” I said to Harry Spier. We stood beside my battered VW van looking at a

tangle of boulders and storm cut gullies. I had been on Warre, Vavasour, and Leval earlier in the summer and thought we might be able to approach our peak from the lake. Besides Harry had a compass. So we opted for comfort and motorized travel and doubled back to the south and then the east and then the north. Finally just at sunset we ground up the switchbacks towards the pass and Lehman Lake. A 45 minute haul and we were camped on the shores of this placid jewel of a mountain lake. After supper, sipping cognac by the fire (Harry and I are passionately devoted to unpuritanizing mountaineering) we reviewed what for us were audacious plans. Although we’ve easily 30 years of climbing experience between us and are about equidistant on either side of age 40, neither has had the good fortune or gumption to make a first ascent — not of a peak, not even a route, unless one includes those unpleasant bushwhacks up low lying summits that few of our colleagues would care to repeat. On a July 1985 trip I had spied a snow and ice couloir running more or less directly up the east face of White Man Mtn (9768 ft) and ending at a col just to the south and about 400 ft shy of the summit. Discrete inquiries suggested no one had attempted it and that we’d found a route that would enshrine our names in the annals of mountaineering history — or at least its footnotes.

Shortly after 5 next morning we plodded sleepily back down the trail into BC, bushwhacked up a long avalanche slope, and contoured around through the dry gullies running down from the west ridge of Mt Leval. We pushed on through the tallus lying beneath the east face of our peak, over patches of snow and across silt laden creeks until another hour put us at the base of our climb. Above lay about 1200 ft of snow, loose rock, and ice. And we had no route description — it was all instinct, bravado, and good luck from now on. We trudged up a moderately steep snowfield that ended in the usual cone abutted against the cliffs. Here we again realized why it is a special breed of lunatic who enjoys mountaineering in these hills. The rock was as loose and friable as delicately piled egg shells. And wet too. But slowly we threaded our way up the rock bands and eventually intersected the couloir running down from the col. The deep groove in the middle down which the occasional bowling

ball plashed forced us to stick to the far righthand side where we were squeezed into a narrow channel of increasingly steep black ice. I led, putting in a couple of screws when the notion struck, and topped out on a rocky platform after several rope lengths. We looked around — by God we were doing it.

On crampon tippy-toes we traversed over the central rockfall groove and set up the next belay. It was all ice from here and looked like three pitches to the col. It was more like seven but they went fast — what else can you do when your calves are on fire? We came up to the knife-edge col that drops away steeply and angrily to the west, had a lunch stop, and then it was the last 400 ft. Even here the demands on our middle aged talents remained strenuous: tricky route finding, all at the high end of unprotected class 4. Finally at about 3 we stood near the ruined cairn, unstrapping our helmets and drinking in the unrestricted views.

And what of the denouement? After rapping back to the col we retreated down the south ridge. About 8 pm we thrashed down through the last 1000 ft of BC scraggle, hiked back up the road and trail to camp, packed up and drove out just as light was fading in the west. We had done it! Our first, first ascent. Now the really difficult part: finding an open gas station in Radium at midnight.

Richard Collier

Kananaskis Valley Rock Climbs 1985

At Wasootch on A Slab, John Martin and Steve Stahl climbed Fossil Wall (5.9) and added two short 5.9s. Martin did two 5.10c/d routes in the same area. On B Slab, Sean Dougherty 3rd classed Stumped (5.10b) and Martin climbed Mama Said (5.10d). Just right of the Funnel two 5.10a face climbs were established (Trevor Jones; John Martin Jr and Ray Friesen). Also on B Slab several unsuccessful attempts were made to free 99. On C Slab a short 5.9 face climb was added to The Pancake and on F Slab, Martin added a direct start (5.10) to Moon Unit.

On the southernmost of some relatively

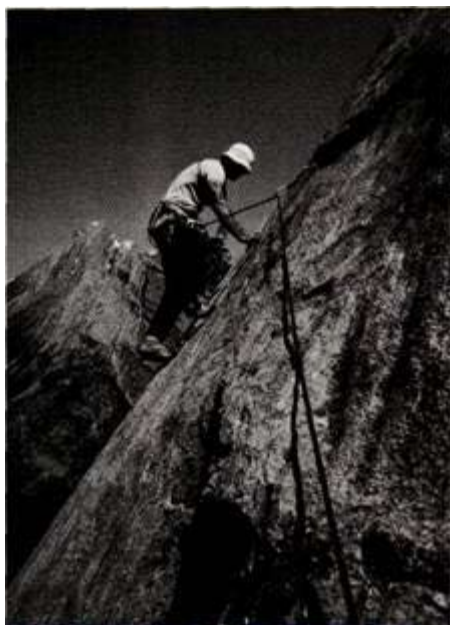
unexplored short cliffs and slabs in the lower Wasootch Creek valley is the very steep Z Slab where Martin and Stahl gardened out an entertaining 5.10a mantle problem, Slot Machine. Martin later added Reverse English (5.10d) and Body Language (5.10b). On Four Pines, the next rock north, Stahl led Rubby's Route, a 5.7 groove.

Another new discovery was Kilowatt Crag about 1.4 km west of Wasootch Creek where Brian Belazs, Todd Guyn, and Mike Carlson established four face climbs of which Spandex Ballet and Dykes on Hikes (both 5.10d) are the best.

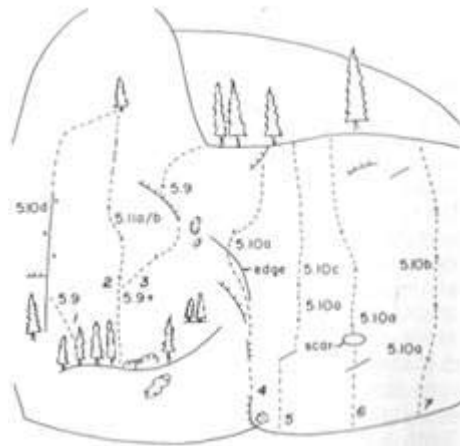
At McDougall main slab Martin and Stahl climbed Lap Happy (5.9) while Martin and Lynda Howard added Avalon (5.8), Steppin' Out (5.9), and Talk Talk (5.10a). Little McDougall Slab, immediately to the north and with shorter but harder climbs was developed by Martin and Howard: Groover (5.10d) and Fluvial Foot (5.10b), classic thin water grooves; Greaser (5.10c), an unusually steep friction test piece; Sole Survivor (5.11a/b), a reach friction/face problem. On a steep slab about 600 m south of the main area are: Aldebaran, an enjoyable 5.8/9 face climb on good edges (Martin, Howard, Slew Slymon), and Gemini II which climbs an overlap and groove to the left at 5.7 (Stahl and Slymon).

John Martin

Kananaskis Rock Climbs: John Martin on Avalon, 5.8. L Howard



Kananaskis Rock Climbs: Little McDougall Slab. 1 - Groover (5.10d), 2 - Sole Survivor (5.11 a/b), 3 - Replay (5.9+), 4 - Reflex (5.10a/b), 5 - Greaser (5.10c) Scarface (5.10a) 7 - Fluvial Foot (5.10b). John Martin/M Irvine



Kananaskis Country Explorations 1985

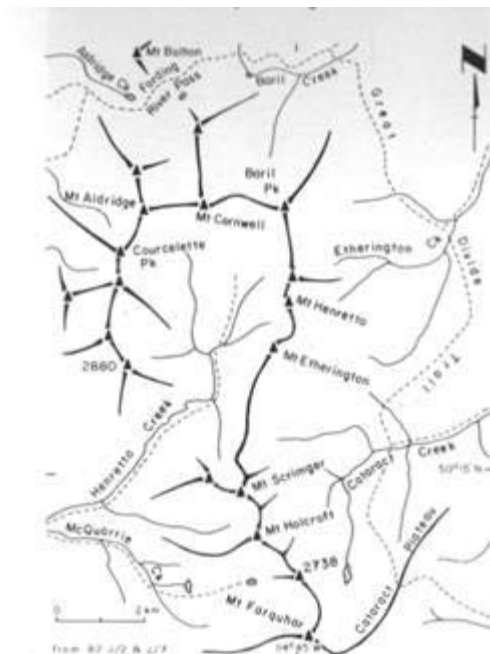
During 1985 a reduction of my time commitments at work and the acquisition of a mountain bicycle gave me lots of opportunities for solo explorations which led to the following first ascents and new routes.

High Rock Ranges

MT FARQUHAR EAST RIDGE

Gain the east ridge via the Great Divide Trail and Cataract Plateau. Follow the ridge crest to the summit over several short, steep steps up to 5.6 in difficulty. The harder steps can be avoided in descent.

High Rock Range from Mt Farquhar to Fording River Pass. John Martin/M Irvine



MT ETHERINGTON SOUTH-EAST FACE/ EAST RIDGE

Climb a rock rib near the right margin of the south-east face. When the rib merges with the east ridge follow the ridge crest over several steps to the summit. Class 4.

“MT HENRETTA”

This 2830 m peak lies at the head of Henretta Creek, 1 km north of Mt Etherington. From Etherington descend to the Etherington/Henretta col and climb the easy south ridge to twin summits of equal height. First ascent.

“MT ALDRIDGE” TRAVERSE

The 3030 m peak between Courcelette Peak and Mt Cornwell. From Fording River Pass gain the Aldridge/Cornwell col (crampons useful). Traverse around the south-east side of Mt Aldridge on a scree ledge and then climb up to the Aldridge/Courcelette col (class 3). Climb the easy south ridge to the top. Cairn without record found. Descend the north ridge to a col and then follow a snow gully down to the east.

French Military Group

MT MARLBOROUGH NORTH FACE

This is a pleasant 35 to 40 degree snow and ice climb that leads to the north-west ridge, a few minutes from the summit.

Misty Range

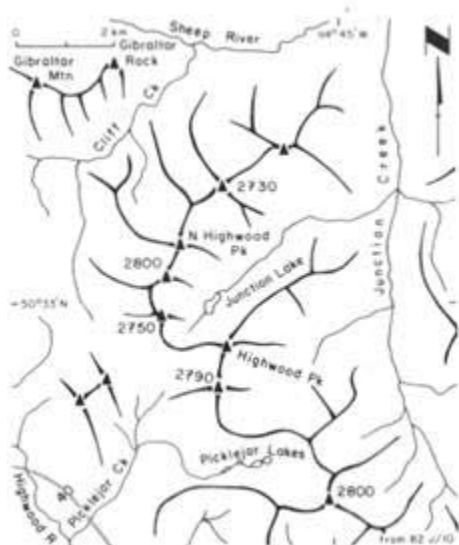
MT RAE WEST TOP

This peak is about 1 km south-west of Mt Rae and is cut off from the main top by steep, loose cliff bands. From Ptarmigan Cirque climb sound rock of the south-south-east ridge (5.0) for about 200 m. Above continue easily up the ridge to the summit cliffs. Turn the cliffs on the left to gain the top. The south-south-west ridge provides a convenient and interesting class 4 descent route. First ascent.

Opal Range

MT PACKENHAM NORTH FACE

The climb follows a broad rock buttress, steep at the bottom, that leads to the central (main) summit. Start at a narrow rock rib near the right edge of the buttress. Follow the rib until it ends (5.4). Move up and left, then up and right, heading for the crest of the buttress. Gain the crest by a short vertical wall (5.5) and then follow easier rock to the top.



High wood Range
 “HIGHWOOD PEAK”

The highest point of the Highwood Range proper at 2870 m, it lies 8 km east of Mist Mtn. Approach from the Sheep River via Junction Creek and Junction Lake. Climb up past the end of the lake beside a cascade and then trend left up an easy rock rib until it merges with the west ridge. Follow the narrow ridge crest to the top. Class 4. First ascent.

“NORTH HIGHWOOD PEAK”

This 2850 m peak is 2 km north-north-west of Highwood Peak. It is an easy climb from Junction Lake via the south-east face. First ascent.

Kananaskis Range
 “GALATEA SOUTH-WEST”

This 2990m peak lies 1.3 km south-west of Mt Galatea and is prominent in the view from Chester Lake parking lot. Ski past Chester Lake to the south base of the mountain. Gain the south ridge on foot and follow this to the summit. First ascent (?), winter ascent.

British Military Group
 MT MURRAY EAST FACE

Approach by way of the small creek draining the face. Climb through the basal cliff band (5.0) near the centre of the face and continue past easier rock bands to a slabby area. Follow a gully up and right until it ends behind a little pillar. Continue up and right over open slabs and then climb two short cliff bands to gain the summit.

MT JELICOE SOUTH-WEST RIB
 This route lies in the first area of reasonably sound rock left of the scree slopes on the south-west slopes. Start in a wide, indistinct gully and then move left onto a narrow rib, continuing up this until it ends below a steep wall. Climb up slabby rock and then make a steep, exposed traverse left (5.4) onto easier ground. Continue up an easy ridge to the summit.

MT MAUDE NORTH-WEST RIDGE
 Gain the north end of the ridge from Haig Glacier. The ridge crest is followed throughout and provides an enjoyable class 4 climb.

Allenby Creek Area
 The Allenby Creek area, although it lies in Banff Park, is best reached from Kananaskis Country by way of the west side of Spray Lake and Bryant Creek.

Allenby Creek area. John Martin/M Irvine



PEAK 2960 m EAST FACE/ SOUTH RIDGE
 This peak forms the west buttress of Allenby Pass. From Allenby Pass traverse south on a terrace to near the centre of the east face and then climb up to the south ridge. Follow this to the top, passing cliff bands on the right side. Class 4.

PEAK 2960 m
 This peak forms the east buttress of Allenby Pass. It is a walk-up on the south side. First ascent.

“SUNDANCE PEAK”
 This is the first peak north of Mt Allenby and is, at 3039 m, the highest point of the Sundance Range. Gain the north-west ridge by scree slopes on the south side. Follow the ridge crest nearly to the top and then

traverse right to a gully, which provides access to the summit. Easy class 5. First ascent.

MT ALLENBY
 Follow Mercer Creek to its head and then continue to the south ridge, gaining it above the Allenby/Mercer col. Follow the ridge over the south summit and on to the top. Class 3. First ascent.

MT MERCER
 From Bryant Creek climb the south-west face, taking the second gully from the left. Stay right at a fork in yellow rock and later; keep left at a second fork near the top. When the gully ends trend right up a corner to the summit scree slopes, about five minutes from the top. Class 4. First ascent of main summit.

John Martin

Grotto Canyon Update

Pre 1985 most rock climbing took place at Grotto Slabs, a large clean sweep of rock beyond the end of the canyon. Activity in the canyon had died out due to a lack of enthusiasm for short, technical routes on limestone. There was little protection in the compact rock and the steep and sustained nature of the climbing did not allow good drilling stances. This inconvenience was overcome by the birth of a new ethic — rappel inspection and cleaning, and pre-placed pins and bolts.

In the fall of ‘84 Dave Morgan came back with Chas Yonge and Andy Skuce for another look and they produced The Abluter (5.10b) and Across The River & Into the Trees (5.11c) on Water Wall, a very clean smooth rock previously dismissed as unclimbable.

As usual tales of clean rock, fast routes, only ten minutes from the car, had the jackals out looking. People secretly inspecting possible lines tracked the winter snows. As soon as the canyon was warm enough it was alive with the sound of routes being cleaned. Andy Genereux and Bill Rennie started the ball rolling in April ‘85 with a handful of excellent 5.9 to 5.10 routes. They opened up the small Illusion Rock with two classics: Impending Impact (5.10a) and Grand Illusion (5.10a). Not to be let out, Morgan and Sean Dougherty took Farewel I to Arms (5.10d) up the centre of Hemingway Wall and added

Power Play (5.10c) up Water Wall. Yonge, having noticed some possibilities here the previous year, added Spring Clean (5.10a) and For Whom the Bell Tolls (5.11b). Back across the creek Bill Rennie discovered Falling from Heaven (5.9) and with Genereux climbed the steep juggy wall to its left for Grand Larceny (5.10c). The token finger crack in the canyon was cleaned out and climbed by Morgan and Jack Firth — Lively-up Yourself (5.11a) is a brilliant 5.10b crack reached by a desperately polished 5.11a start. Nearby they also added Footloose (5.10d), a classic piece of finery limestone that requires large doses of clean technique.

By now the pace was so furious people were making the 60 mile drive from Calgary on Wednesday nights as well as the weekend. With nice clean solid rock becoming short, gap filling routes began to appear of which a few were instant gems. George of the Jungle (5.10c), excavated by Brian Belazs, provides interesting moves over a roof to a relatively straightforward crack. Yonge discovered The Grandeur Illusion (5.10b), an incredibly steep series of 5.8 moves leading over a roof to a well protected crack that provides a bush grasping finish for people with meaty digits. Interest waned in July though a few stalwarts remained. Genereux finished off a major cleaning operation with Sea of Dreams (5.11) while Dougherty was engrossed in the very strenuous Tower of Pisa (5.12a). Both remain unrepeated.

The remainder of the year was left to consolidate the spring's work and into September it was not uncommon to see ten climbers on a warm weekend. By year end there were over 50 new routes and several more were added in January '86. Grotto Canyon had certainly demonstrated that technical rock climbing on Rockies limestone is alive and kicking and something worth investigating. It will be interesting to see what happens in 1986.

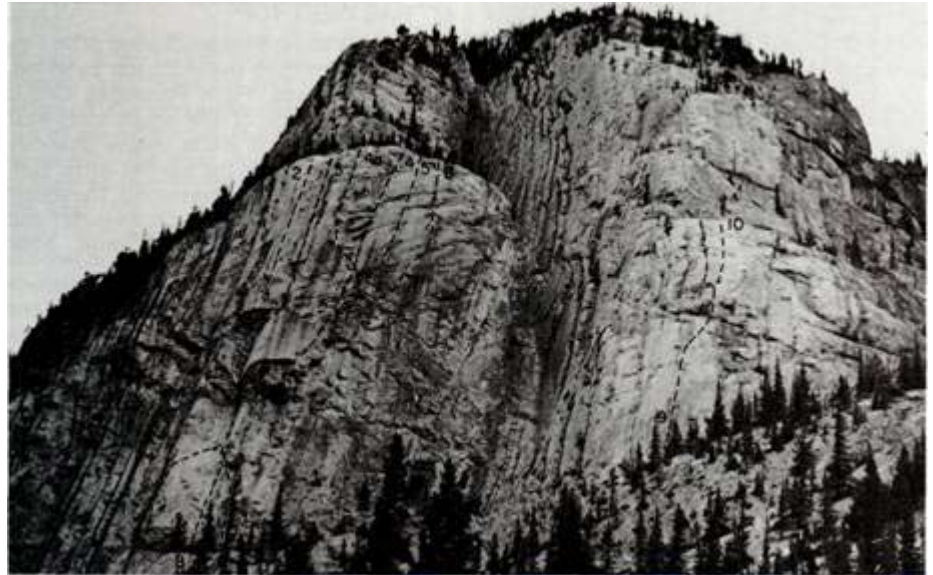
Sean Dougherty

Guides Rock — A Brief History

The idea of rock climbing on Rockies limestone conjures up images of long, multi-pitch routes on low quality rock. Today however, there are several locations where this is beginning to change and many high

Guides Rock

1 - Three Rooves (5.10b), 2 - The Hook (5.10b), 3 - Rain Check (5.10b), 4 - Paper Chase (5.10d), 4a - Alternative Finish (5.10d), 5 - Street Life (5.11a), 6 - Solid Air (5.11b), 7 - Close to the Edge (5.10c), 8- Direct Start (5.10c), 9 -Take It For Granite (5.9), 10 - My Wish Has Been Granite (5.9+). Murray Toft



Guides Rock: Brian Baxter on initial difficult section of Solid Air. Sean Dougherty



Sean Dougherty surfing on Paper Chase. Jim Sevigny



standard routes are being established on superbly sound rock. Nowhere is this recent trend better seen than in the development of one of Alberta's premier crags. Located on the shoulder of Cory Mtn high above the Bow River, Guides Rock is a piece of limestone to rival the rocks of Verdon in quality and setting, if not in size. Originally used by local guides for rescue training, it is only recently that the potential of the area for high quality, technical rock climbing has been realized. The only previous ascent was a Brian Greenwood/Tim Auger route called Three Rooves which climbs through some large roofs on the north side of the crag. Originally climbed with a few points of aid, it now gives an interesting challenge at 5.10b. Unfortunately the route avoided the obvious challenge of the steep and intimidating headwall and finished up a rather loose and dirty groove.

In 1978 Mike Sawyer spotted a line through the headwall that was to revolutionize climbing on Guides Rock and in Alberta. Paper Chase was a totally new concept and boldly ventured into territory which at the time was a radical leap forward for local climbing. With many and varied difficulties throughout and a superb final crux pitch which surfs through some very distinctive waves of rock, Paper Chase has deservedly become a classic. Its first ascent by Sawyer and Carl Austrom caused quite a stir in local climbing circles.

The next breach of the headwall came in 1980 with Rain Check (5.10b) which

joined the then free climbed second roof on the Three Rooves with a far superior, direct finish onto the head-wall. Dave Morgan and Chris Dale established the poorly protected crux in a severe Rockies rainstorm. Though not in Paper Chase league, Rain Check still offers varied and interesting difficulties.

Following this ascent Guides Rock was allowed to lie fallow for some time, although a prominent rib of immaculate lower angled rock barely 100 yards east was climbed by Bob Sawyer and Dan Guthrie to give the fine slab route Take It For Granite (5.9). Blob Wyvill and Saul Greenberg quickly provided a more sporting finish, the run out My Wish Has Been Granite (5.9+).

Activity on the main crag began again in 1984, with Sean Dougherty and Mike Glatiotis creating the first variation to the common bottom pitch of the existing routes, calling it Direct Start (5.10c), a minor line but one which offers some considerable difficulty and very little protection. Guthrie and Mark Dube then climbed an excellent new finish to Rain Check with The Hook (5.10a), a technically reasonable pitch which has nevertheless been known to turn back strong climbers.

A new season brought a burst of new high standard routes and the fever soon spread to Guides Rock. Guthrie, Joe Buzowski, and Pat Paul set the ball in motion by climbing a superb pitch, Close To The Edge (5.10c), that gave Paper Chase a new start more in keeping with the rest of its quality. From the last belay of Paper Chase they also added a less strenuous pitch which avoids the steep waves with some delicate run out traversing (5.10d) to an easier crack leading to the crest.

Whilst descending the new rappel route down the centre of the headwall a line of shallow scoops rising to the right of the final pitch of Paper Chase was often eyed hungrily. The ascent of Street Life (5.11a) by Dougherty and Brian Baxter became something of an epic. The first day the route was inspected and equipped with a few bolts but an overdose of Mexican food from the previous day forestalled any further attempts. Next day the pair finished off the project. That same weekend Baxter spotted another line of holds to the right of Street Life and was soon back with Dougherty and Jim Seigny to complete the very sustained and difficult Solid Air

(5.11b). Meanwhile a new area west of the main rock was investigated by Morgan for the improbable Up For Grabs (5.10d).

No doubt development will continue and routes of considerably greater difficulty will be added to this superb venue. And Guides Rock is only one of several outcrops which offer excellent technical climbing on superb steep limestone.

Sean Dougherty

Stanley Mitchell ACC Family Camp, August 1984

Can one pack in enough food and gear for two adults and two children for one week? Yes, if one adult/child pair do an extra trip! The return is much simpler without all that food but there are interesting rocks and other mementoes. Early on the group was such that all adults could climb or not as they felt inclined and there was always an adult at camp to keep an eye on children who preferred to stay behind. We were nine adults and ten children in a two floor hut. Daily those feeling strong and ambitious to climb went out. No one seemed to mind which batch of children joined which batch of adults. The latter frequently found it more fun to have someone else's children. Somehow we accommodated everyone's ability levels and desires. Stanley Mitchell is perfect: remote from the road but only a one day climb to several magnificent peaks, each with varying rock colour and geological structure. The area should have

Stanley Mitchell Family Camp: one or six happy families. Nina Thomas



great appeal to anyone with a sculptural sense. Feats accomplished: little Tolly (9) and three adults bagged three peaks in 14 hours: Wilder (11) climbed President with one group then felt so strong and high spirited that the next day he climbed Vice-President with a fresh group; one adult, convinced that middle age had hit and mountaineering days were over, was surprised and delighted to discover renewed strength and vigour in muscles unused for almost two decades. For we who live far from breath-taking peaks, recalling the sounds of the wilderness, the smell of pine trees and fresh rainfall, the glistening glaciers, the wind careening over peak tops, or the camaraderie in the kitchen and pooling of dinners, family camp '84 will always be a heart-warming memory. A special mention should be made of the comfortable leadership qualities of Phil Kemp who, so laid back in style and unimposing of the male supremism one sometimes encounters in outdoor groups, was much appreciated by all.

Nina Thomas

Mt Hunter

GRADUATE GULLY

The first drainage from Mt Hunter west of the Yoho Park gates on the Trans Canada. Walk up 1/2 km to where stream flows across a rock band. Climb 200 m in four pitches, the second being the crux. Descent, rappel route.

Grade III. Bill March, Tom Whittaker. February 1985.

GREEN GULLY

A classic route. The next major drainage from Mt Hunter ca 1 km west of gates. Walk up 1 km to where stream flows across rock band. Climb 1000 ft in 7 pitches. Pitch 1 - 150 ft of steep ice to snow ledge. 2 - a series of steep steps rise to rock peg belay on left side of second snow ledge. 3 - climb easy angled ice to bolt anchor on right. 4 - a short ice step, climbing. 5 - snow gully. 6 - a beautiful narrow gully of ice reminiscent of Scottish climbing. 7 - open snow slopes lead to a final ice step. Avalanche hazard in upper section. Descent, rappel route.

Grade IV. B March, T Whittaker, Doug Dean.

Bill March

The Wapta: New Routes 1985

Much of the activity on the Wapta and Waputik Icefields is devoted to straightforward ascents, most often on skis, of the many attractive peaks surrounding the area's four huts. There are however a few seldom visited corners with scope for new routes.

Mt Des Poilus was ascended from the Amiskwi valley to the west. From a bivouac above Amiskwi Lake, Kit Creek was followed to the moraine at its head. Crossing the moraine to work south a small remnant glacier was skirted and, after ascending some benches, a traverse over snow led to the base of a steep and loose ledge system. This was ascended whence another southwards traverse along a terrace to a gully which gave out onto

The Wapta: a foreshortened view of the west face of Mt Des Poilus.

1 - pass on north ridge, 2 - Des Poilus, 3 - slabs, 4 - ramp, 5 - ledges, 6 - gully, 7 - Arête Peak.
Graeme Pole



the south-west slopes, comprised mostly of overlapping slabs which join the south ridge just below the summit. Our ascent, in dry conditions, was a scramble without rope. In a wetter year ice axe and crampons might be needed along the terrace, in the gully, and on the final slop slopes. Although long on the approach (bicycles!) this route adds Des Poilus to the handful of summits on the Wapta which can be easily ascended without glacier travel. Variations involving some class 5 are: via a ramp above the ledges which lead north to the summit cliffs; the south-west slopes from the hanging valley to the south above Amiskwi Falls. By our route of ascent it would be possible to travel directly between the Amiskwi and the upper Glacier Des Poilus (reach Des Poilus/ Arête col from south-west slopes of Mt Des Poilus). A similar scrambling route from the west appears to exist over the north ridge of Des Poilus. Neither are likely viable on skis.

The four faces and ridges of Mt Baker present many attractive lines. Ascents are usually made by the north-east or south ridges, or by the east face, those being the most obvious routes and of shortest approach from Peyto Glacier. But those who have been on the summits of Collie, Ayesha, or Mistaya will have seen the attractive west and north aspects of this fine peak. A little extra leg work took us west beyond the Baker/Trapper col onto the névé below the north face to see if it would go. A peculiar overhanging bergschrund, the shape of an inverted V, sits centre face on the direct line. Due to its technical difficulty and the danger of ice fall from its upper lip, we ascended just to its west,

roughly paralleling the north-west ridge. This resulted in our angling leftwards lower down, so as to avoid the ridge, until the height of the apex of the 'schrund was reached. Then the line was straightened out to the summit. The climbing was some seven rope lengths on good ice and snow ice of varying steepness (usually 30 to 40 degrees), with the steepest at the top. Crevasses on the face were well bridged. In descent we traversed the summit by the west face, crossing over the south ridge to the Baker/Rhondda basin. The route is a pleasant alternative to the north-east ridge. In winter descent could be made along the north-west ridge to regain skis left at the bottom. The face seems to hold snow well and with good conditions expert skiers might even consider a ski descent.

Graeme Pole

Mt Des Poilus, 10,370 ft, 3161 m. New route west face to south-west slopes to south ridge. III, F3, YDS class 3. 9 1/2 hours return from Amiskwi Lake. Rick Langshaw and Graeme Pole. 29 to 30 July 1985.

Mt Baker, 10,407ft, 3172m. New route north face, west aspect. III, A12, 320m, 30 to 40 degrees with two rope lengths much less steep. 2 1/2 hours up from Baker/Trapper col. Doug McConnery and Graeme Pole. 7 August 1985.

Mt Oliver, Palliser Range

Ascent in 3 1/2 hours over a ridge system which swings in a horseshoe from above camp site at ca 2200 m on west fork of North Burnt Timber Creek to gain north-east ridge. Wind and rain began at this stage and general conditions were correspondingly unpleasant. Otherwise

The Wapta: the north face of Mt Baker from the south slopes of Mistaya Mtn.

1 - Trapper Peak north, 2 - north-east ridge, 3 - west ridge, 4 - north-west ridge, 5 - Baker Glacier. Ascent route marked. Graeme Pole



there were no difficulties. Descent took about 2 1/2 hours.

MH Benn

Mt Oliver (2983 m) first ascent. TW Swaddle, TS Sorensen, YY Huang, MH Benn. June 1982.

Freshfield ACC Ski Camp, 30 March to 6 April 1985

Having been part of the Lloyd MacKay Hut construction work party, I was keen to try out what has to be one of the best ski touring areas in the Canadian Rockies. Thus it was that I found myself in Golden, BC along with the other camp participants. Flying conditions were not too promising, so the flight plan was changed from Helmer/Gilgit col to Howse Pass. Fortunately it was just possible for Joan Bernard, our cook, and the camp food to be dropped at the hut on the first flight. From Howse Pass the valley weather made for acceptable skiing and most found the five to six hour trip in fairly enjoyable; it helped to not get lost in the woods though. Considering the vagaries of the weather in this area it may be advisable to set Howse Pass as the official ski in starting point rather than Helmer/Gilgit col. Then weather permitting this could be changed to the high col — better to be pleasantly surprised.

The weather remained poor for most of the week with high winds and blowing snow the order of the day. The first clear morning, Wednesday, saw a flurry of activity. One group headed towards the Pangman Glacier where a number of unnamed peaks could be climbed while another aspired to Mt Walker. With the hope of a good view of Mt Forbes the remainder headed for the high point of the Niverville Glacier. But alas about noon most groups were forced to retreat to lower altitudes or return to the hut as the clouds came down. Temperatures during the week ranged from just below zero to -12°C and each day most participants managed to get out for at least short runs, if only up to the excellent powder slopes above the Niverville Meadows. The continuous snowfall gave the advantage of fresh powder for each day's skiing. Probably the best, and longest runs, were on the Niverville Glacier providing the light was not too flat or the winds too high.

So the week passed with good camaraderie developing among the participants under the auspices of camp manager Murray Foubister. All in all a week of good fun with a great group of people. There was some skiing every day but touring was restricted and there was no peak bagging. As fate would have it our last night was crystal clear and we all watched the lovely moon rise over the Freshfield Icefield.

The sun was rising on Mt Freshfield as we skied down the glacier in the early morning light under blue, blue skies. Despite the poor weather it remains a memorable week and I may even go back again and take another chance on that weather.

Bev Bendell

The Wilson Sancton

Having been up and down the B-J many a time I had spotted a potential rock route up the west face of Mt Wilson. During some extreme Christmas partying I discovered that Clair had the same idea and needed a partner. So we went and did it. We started at the first slide path which crosses the road north of the Crossing. The crux of the whole deal came early with three short pitches of loose, wet limestone (crux was a 5.8 mantle onto a 45 degree mud slope). Piton technology made for reduced anxiety in this section. After this came some forest walking and then about 2000 ft of third class action. Some ESP was required to avoid climbing up (and down) the numerous gendarmes on the ribs which run up this face. We followed a goat and generally trended left. At the top of the clagstone we followed the ridge and went up the first couloir through the sandstone cliffs. Unfortunately they are only about 500 ft high. There was water ice in the couloir and a rad chock-stone (4'x8'x32') which we went under. From there it's slogging time to the summit and then the start of a long descent. We went left across the glacier and used a concavity in the ice because of the relative lack of crevasses. There are a series of rock steps and going way right whenever the crevasses will let you will save some grief. We went over the col which faces Murchison (talus on ice) and down to meet Jay at the Crossing for an intensive debriefing.

Blair Wardman

Mt Wilson west face, 5.8, grade 4. B

Wardman and Clair Israelson. August 1985.

The Alberta Hut

The idea got of f the ground with a \$5000 donation for a hut in the Mt Alberta area. Eric Lomas came up with the design concept and together we developed the final plans. The only problem was to purchase material, prefabricate sections, fly the components 11 km to the site, and erect the hut, all for \$5500.

From the Cooper Hut we salvaged the outhouse and about \$50 worth of plywood and obtained some left over materials from the Freshfield hut. For the rest we found some good bargains that helped keep costs down. After several evenings and a couple of weekends we had the hut prefabricated.

We learnt that pilot Gary Foreman would be in Jasper around 21 August. This suited us perfectly! On the 20th we overloaded three trucks and set out. Daybreak saw us loading slings and readying ourselves for the big airlift. Four of us were able to fly up early and had the site leveled and the foundation built before all the loads arrived. The floor went together rapidly and the walls were up in no time. The roof, steel covering, doors, and windows took a little longer. Last the hut was sealed, finishing done, and the outhouse placed and anchored. We finally sat down for a rest at 8 pm. A 14 1/2 hour day is hard — in high gear at 9000 ft it is exhausting! We flew down at 8.30 pm and drove back to Banff.

Bernie Schiesser

Prefab and material assembly: Eric Lomas, Bernie Schiesser. Construction: Eric, Bernie, Peter Fuhrmann, Wayne Bingham. Pilot: Gary Foreman, Yellowhead Helicopters. Thanks to Willy Pfisterer and assistants for loading slings.

Hut at 8900ft on north ridge of Little Alberta. Access up Woolley Creek, west over shoulder of Mt Woolley. Hut becomes visible to west. Grid ref 702926.

Wates-Gibson ACC General Mountaineering Camp, 27 July to 10 August 1985

The 1985 GMC was an unqualified success. Blessed with perfect weather, the 18 guests in the first week and 23 in the second were able to summit every day of the camp. As well, the extensive alpine meadows of the Tonquin and Eremite valleys provided lovely hikes on days off, highlighted with the occasional sighting of caribou on the shore of Amethyst Lakes.

The camp had a new format this year, running out of the Wates-Gibson Hut with a few tents for staff and cooking. The first week operated without a guide or amateur leaders, allowing more self direction in the climbing groups. The groups made a number of interesting ascents, including a difficult ascent of Oubliette and a hoped for first ascent of the north-east ridge of Erebus that turned out to be a very satisfying fifth ascent. The second week saw Don Vockereth return as guide with Cyril Shokoples, Orvil Miskiwi, and Mike Gund as amateur leaders to ably assist the camp members on a number of climbs. This new format proved to be very successful and was much less expensive than previous camps, allowing a small profit to be realized.

Climbers managed ascents of Outpost, Memorial, Eremite, Erebus, Thunderbolt, Angle, Alcove, Paragon, Oubliette, Bennington, Simon, McDonnell, Clitheroe, and Maccarrib via numerous different routes. The climbs offered high quality rock mixed in with the Rockies shale and limestone you love so well, and most routes had pleasant walks along the beautiful meadows and gentle glaciers.

We shall not soon forget the excellent food and service provided by Alison Dakin and Brad Harrison followed by Al Tatyrek's marvelous magic shows after dinner each evening. My favourite climb was an old Jim Tarrant route on Eremite, a pleasant early morning hike up the meadows and across the glacier, 9 pitches of steep solid quartzite, then a fine ridge to the summit. Another fond memory will be the last trip of the camp with Warren Bell up Thunderbolt. A three hour hike up, we lazed on the summit swapping stories, solving problems, watching the cumulus build and becoming

fast friends. We reluctantly departed six hours later for a spectacular hike down through the meadows, sad to be leaving this place, happy in the friendship found, sorry for those who had decided to stay in bed for a little more sleep that morning. There were many other memories far too numerous to mention. To all those who participated in the 1985 GMC, I thank you for your help and camaraderie during the camp and I sincerely hope that we shall meet again at the 1986 Fairy Meadow GMC.

Wayne Bingham

Mt Clapperhorn North Face

South of Kinney Lake turn off on Yellowhead Highway the north face of Clapperhorn has two prominent ice smears. Harder Than It Looks follows the lefthand one. Approach — follow road up to railway line then up drainage to foot of climb. Climb 200 m in four pitches. Pitch 4 is the crux. Fine climbing in exposed position. Descent, rappel route on the left.

Bill March

Grade IV. Bill March and Doug Dean. March 1985.

Bess Pass and Resthaven Icefield, 1985

During summer 1985 I was District Park Warden for the Smoky River area of Jasper National Park's north boundary. What follows is a report of climbing activity by myself, a friend, and other members of the Warden Service.

On 3 August Rob Kelly and I established a camp on the BC side of Bess Pass. Fog and rain kept us around camp the next day. The 5th began with more promise so we headed off along the trail towards Jackpine Pass to climb Mt Bess. In 1911 the mountain was named after Miss Bessie Gunn, later the wife of MC McKeen. MLA for Lac St Anne. The trail climbs steeply and soon is above the trees on the feature known as Bess Shoulder. At the trail high point (6500 ft) we broke off and scrambled up the scree and boulder slopes to point 8477 ft and a 6 ft high cairn built by the first ascent party in 1911. On its top rested half a mummified vole and a garter band from Michigan State University. From here we could survey all but the top 500 to 750 ft (in cloud) of the south-west face of Bess. We chose a route up the righthand side, the west side of the south ridge, to avoid all objective danger from the hanging glacier at the top centre of the face. Near the level of the glacier toe (9000 to 9500 ft) we encountered a 75 ft high cliff (easy class 5). At about 10,000 ft we found a cairn overlooking the south-east or east face, with a record from 1924 in a dubbin tin. Soon above this ice and crevasse gear plus wands, map, compass, and altimeter were needed to navigate our way to the summit. On the descent our route was retraced, stopping to add our names in the dubbin tin and to make one rappel down the cliff band where we had roped up. Luckily we had built several small cairns to make our route up the face. This saved problems zigzagging our way down the numerous rock steps. The day's outing was 8 hours up and 4 down.

The next day we headed south through Bess Pass to climb Whiteshield Mtn

South face of Mt Bess from Whiteshield Mtn. Greg Horne



(8807 ft) and Mt Jessie (8702 ft). We bushwhacked up and down across small ridges through the thick vegetation of an old burn. Our route on Whiteshield was a snow and ice ramp descending from the summit in a north-east direction. From the glacier toe at 7100 ft good snow conditions allowed us to reach the top in 4 hours from camp. There was one section of 45 degree snow and ice near the top but otherwise the route was very gentle angles. A large cairn with no record was on the summit. Views of Robson and its neighbours were spectacular along with the sights of Jackpine Pass and River. Logging trucks 5000 ft below, working beside the Holmes River (known locally as the Beaver), could be heard faintly. Logging operations as of 1985 extend up the Holmes to within 2 miles west of Whiteshield.

We headed down the south-east ridge until an easy descent route could be found through crevasses of the main north-east Whiteshield Glacier. Quickly we climbed up the glacial slopes and arrived at the 8400 ft col west of Mt Jessie, named in 1925 after Miss Jessie Campbell, sister of AJ Campbell, DLS. At the col we unroped and walked to the summit. Another huge cairn stood on top, visible from camp in Bess Pass. The weather began to look threatening but Jessie's west summit looked enticingly close, had no visible cairn, and maybe appeared higher. So off we went.

The north-east ridge of the west peak is horrible fossil bearing shale but with a bit of route finding and short roping a way was found. No cairn was present but that quickly changed. The altimeter read 8720 ft and had been reset on the other summit at 8702 ft.

Later in August 1985 I was lucky to be chosen to participate on a climbing school, led by the Parks Canada alpine specialist Willie Pfisterer, to the Resthaven Icefield in Jasper National Park. The group consisted of nine Park Wardens from Jasper, Banff, and Yoho National Parks. The Resthaven was the last icefield, within or near the National Parks of the Canadian Rockies, to be explored by the Warden Service.

Base camp was established on 19 August below point 8639 ft (LK 372232) on the northeast edge of the Resthaven Icefield. That night and most of the following day it snowed. On 21 August it

dawned cold and clear. Two groups headed for Resthaven Mtn and the other group to an unnamed 10,200 ft summit 2 1/2 miles south-west of camp. First the south-west peak of Resthaven (10,165 ft) was climbed via scree and snow slopes. Then Norcross, Bunyan, and I headed down the northeast ridge, short roping over a narrow 4th class ridge, while McDonald, Calvert, and Robert returned via the ascent route. From the col between the two peaks we walked up to the higher north-east summit (10,253ft). There were impressive views down the north face into the headwaters of Ptarmigan Creek. We returned to the col and descended the south-east glacier down to the icefield and walked back to camp.

The same day the third group (Pfisterer, Schroder, Hansen, Wallace) approached unnamed 10,200 via the basin east of the mountain and climbed the south-east ridge to the east summit where a small cairn was found. This was possibly the first ascent route taken by guide Inderbinen with Collie and Mumm in 1911. That party continued along the ridge from the east peak to reach the higher west summit. This mountain is described in the 1953 edition of the Rockies guide but has been dropped in more recent editions. In CAJ 1985 (pp 15,16) there are excellent photos of unnamed 10,200, or 10,250 as Boles calls it.

The weather of 22 August was very unsettled. Only Mt Chown was not in clouds. The day before we chose Chown as our final objective—maybe a good luck omen. Chown is named after Reverend SD Chown, formerly General Superintendent of the Methodist Church. From camp we travelled due south to the basin below Barricade Mtn. I tried to lead a route through the icefall between 8500 and 9000 ft, east of the south-east summit of Barricade. This proved to be difficult and dangerous for a large party of nine climbers. This is the same icefall which blocked Boles' attempt (CAJ 1985:14-18). We retreated slightly and went up the ramp between the two prominent cliff bands on the north side of Chown to reach the north ridge (see CAJ 1985:17, lower right photo). We then crossed the upper north glacier to intersect the west ridge/slopes and finally up to the summit of Mt Chown. Low clouds blotted out the view but everyone was delighted to reach the highest mountain in the north half of Jasper National Park.

Greg Horne

Resthaven Icefield participants: Al McDonald, Ed Robert. Bob Hansen, Dave Norcross, Kathy Calvert, Ken Schroder, Reg Bunyan, Brian Wallace, and Greg Horne.

1 Map 83 E/6 (1:50,000, edition 2) shows Barricade Mtn as a 9600 ft peak at LK 351198. Correct location and UTM's are: north-west summit, 10,210ft. LK 363198; south-east summit, 10,400ft, LK 367194.

A proposal is being submitted to name Peak 10.200 in the Resthaven area Mt Burstrom, after Frank Burstrom Sr who died in 1984. He was a member of the boundary commission which completed the first survey of the area in the 1920s, and a park warden in Jasper Park for a considerable time.

Peaks in the Vicinity of Upper Blue Lake, Hart Ranges

On 6 August 1984 we set out to climb peaks in the vicinity of three alpine lakes just below the Continental divide and 8 km south-west of Upper Blue Lake. Roger Harris of Ken Borek Air at Dawson Creek flew us in by float-equipped Cessna but, as a rocky shore line at the so-called Triple Lakes deterred landing there, we put down on Upper Blue Lake. A deserted packers' camp site on the east side of the lake at the mouth of a stream draining the northwest face of Mt Bulley served as our base for the next week.

On the day we arrived we climbed Mt Bulley (2469 m) by following the stream back from the lake and then striking off to the south to gain the west ridge. The climb itself presented no problems, two small steps on the ridge being easily climbed on the south, but the bush above the lake was miserable: a dense tangle of deadfall interlaced with shrubs and devil's club, all soaking wet. We added to the unpleasantness by following the west ridge down and threaded a wet way through a strange maze of limestone cliff bands and platforms cut by deep crevices. The round trip took about 7 hours.

There seemed to be a total lack of game trails, aside from a faint blazed track at the outfall. We followed this down to Lower



Blue Lake and a substantial cabin and small wharf apparently built by a hunting guide. The lakes have a reputation for trophy-sized fish but we caught nothing.

On the third day under a hot sun we set out for the Triple Lakes. With relatively light packs it still took us about 3 hours to cover 3 km around the side of the lake and up the valley to the south. The conditions recalled the comments of Morton (CAJ 1968:176) about the bush between Dimsdale Lake and Jervis Creek, some 50 km to the south-west along the divide. However we at last broke out of the forest on the west side of the valley into meadows filled with chest high veratrum lilies which bore plentiful evidence of recent bear diggings. We made rapid progress to the valley headwall where a torrent descended. We climbed away from this on a easterly diagonal which took us through some cliff bands to reach a park-like limestone tableland at the top. From here it was easy going, helped by now abundant game trails, and we reached the first (westernmost) of the Triple Lakes in about 6 hours from our base camp.

A stream from the western end of the lake ran to a pond which drained underground, apparently to Spakwaniko Creek to the south. We set up our tents in a meadow a short distance along the south side of the lake at about 1400m and, leaving Ted in camp, Arvi and I followed the shoreline along to the entry stream from the second lake, which we reached a few minutes later before turning back to camp.

The principal objective of our

expedition was an unnamed glaciated peak just to the northeast of the third Triple Lake, the summit of which we estimated from the Wapiti Pass 1:50,000 topo map as a little more than 2682 m. We set out for this next morning, circling back around the drainage pond to enter a valley containing a stream draining from the lower glacier. After bushwhacking up a forested hillside we emerged into rich flower filled meadows and passed through these to reach the terminal moraine. We thus gained the glacier below the cliffs that formed the south-west face of the peak. Lacking one pair of crampons, inadvertently left at base camp, we made a dog-leg up the glacier first to the north-east then turning back to the north-west to skirt the cliff walls until we reached a break in them consisting of a steep and unstable scree slope. With a good deal of slithering backwards we went up this to reach a shallow col at the top of the north-west ridge, about 2 km away from the summit.

We followed this ridge, usually being able to walk over a rocky pavement blown free of snow just by the edge of the cliff, until we began the final stages of the climb. A sidle on steep snow took us around a short cliff band and the corner of a large bergschrund and back onto the line of the ridge, and then we kicked steps up a snow cone leading to the summit rocks. Our time from camp had been about 7 hours in patchy weather — bright spells interspersed with enveloping cloud and light snow squalls. However the conditions now began to improve and we descended over our ascent route in good time until, having left the

glacier, we decided to take a short cut down the valley to the lake. This culminated in struggling through a jungle of wet willows so that by the time we emerged on the north bank of the lake we were thoroughly wet. Our mood was not improved by finding a Man Friday footprint in the mud, obviously left very recently by a bear. We wound up by fording the drainage stream and squelching into camp 12 hours after our departure. Fortunately we were able to make a fire, get more or less dried out, and have dinner before the rain returned and drove us to an early bed.

The rain having stopped overnight and the day dawning brightly Arvi and I were encouraged to climb Peak 2195 m which overlooked the first two lakes from the south, while Ted went off to explore the second lake. A scramble up the slopes above our camp took us to the north-east ridge and we followed this up to the summit in about 2 1/2 hours. The views were excellent and revealed that Ice Mtn to our west, which we had considered attempting next day, although not likely to present much of a challenge as a climb, would necessitate a formidable approach march down Spakwaniko Creek. Duly intimidated we scratched this project from our list and returned to camp, getting down in about 90 minutes and discovering an old camp site, likely made by hunters, tucked in the edge of the bush a little to the east of ours. Ted having already returned to camp we had lunch and then packed up for the return to base. Being largely downhill going this took only 5 hours, though there was an hour long struggle to get through the bush along Upper Blue Lake.

With a day in hand before our scheduled pickup the next morning we climbed the unnamed peak (ca 2590 m) just to the north of Mt Bulley.

In the best weather of the week, we reached the top by a route which involved a relatively easy piece of bushwhacking to pick up a dry stream bed which took us out onto the talus slopes of the south face and thence onto the south-west ridge which we followed to the summit. Here, we found for the first time evidence of a previous ascent: a cairn. We could find no record but suspect that the climb had been made by the guide and/or members of his party from the lake side camp site, ie over much the same route as ours. The views from the summit were

superb, both of the snow and ice enveloped high peak above the Triple Lakes and of the impressive face of Mt Sir Alexander looming up on the southwest horizon. We descended over the northeast ridge before swinging down through magnificent flower filled meadows, the most spectacular such displays of the entire week, to a final but by now routine battle with the bush above the lake. The round trip took a rather leisurely 6 hours. Back at camp we bathed in the lake and began to make preparations for next morning's departure.

Roger Harris duly arrived at about 10 am and, our load being too much for a single take off, ferried Ted and Arvi across to Monkman Lake before returning for me and the rest of our gear. A brief flight and touch down at Monkman Lake to reload Ted and Arvi was followed by the return to Dawson Creek. By midnight we had driven back to Calgary, as on previous occasions regretting the sudden return to civilization and thinking of an early return to the mountains. Distance lends enchantment to the view, even of the Blue Lakes' bush.

MH Benn

Participants: Ted Sorensen, Arvi Rauk, MH Benn.

Yedhe Mountain

In August 1985 we went by bus from Fort Nelson to mile 442 (Peterson Creek) on the Alaska Highway. From here we went along the access road to an abandoned copper mine for two days. Where the road branched into another valley we followed Yedhe Creek for three days to reach Yedhe Lakes, one day being lost due to bad weather. On 13 August we started our ascent up the south-west ridge. Half-way up the ridge the climbing began with grades of difficulty ranging from 5.3 to 5.7 (cracks,

West face of Yedhe; right skyline is south-west ridge. Barbara Pasenow-Zimmermann



corners, chimneys). When we reached the summit in the afternoon it was pouring rain. We built a stone-man and left a register. To descend we followed the summit ridge in

a northerly direction to 8200 ft where the west (later north-west) ridge branched off. On the west ridge we twice had to abseil on steep steps until we found a bivouac niche. In the night the rain turned to snow. At 8 am we continued our descent, sometimes unable to see more than 40 m. After several abseils over overhanging steep steps on the ridge we came to a large tower. From here we went westerly, following a system of grooves interrupted by steep steps. At 3 pm it stopped snowing and at 4 we arrived safely at the foot of the west face.

The difficulty with our descent was that we were not able to find rocks solid enough for our abseil pitons and the slings.

The following two days were spent under beautiful blue skies drying out our equipment. Our plans to try unclimbed Peak 9381 ft fell through because of bad weather. In two days we marched back to the Alaska Highway and caught the 10.30 bus back to Fort Nelson.

Ralf Zimmermann

Yedhe Mtn (ca 8920 ft), Muskwa Ranges. First ascent and traverse. Barbara Pasenow-Zimmermann and Ralf Zimmermann. August 1985.

Ontario And Quebec

Central and Southeastern Ontario Climbing Report 1985

NORTH BAY AND VICINITY

The most significant climb in Killarney Park was The Old Man's Eyeball (5.10b) led by Rob Chisnall and followed by Jean-Marc Filion and Jean-Guy Charron on aid. At Paroi de Boucs, Chisnall and Filion established three new routes: Here We Go Again (5.5), Deception (5.8), and For Friends Only (5.5). At George Lake they discovered a small, untouched wall near the beach and three new climbs were established on top rope: Twilight Zone (5.8), Outer Limits (5.9), and Night Gallery (5.8). They also put up Pitter-Patter (5.10) on Sunshine Slab.

Idole Vert, south-east of Powassan, has been particularly popular. Chisnall and Peter Scheidler put up Ice-O-Metrics (5.7).

Filion and Charron did the first free ascent of Eternité (5.8) during the summer. At Grand Rossignol, also near Powassan, Chisnall put up Guido Iguana (II, 5.3) with Vince Faghan. After Scheidler took a 30 ft flight while attempting the first ascent of Orange Peel (5.5) Chisnall completed the lead. At Restoule Park Chisnall and Dan Vachon did the first ascent of The Snake Direct (III+).

KINGSTON AREA

Little Blue Mtn just north of Gananoque experienced more development. In the spring Chisnall, Brian Baxter, and Scheidler put up one of the most sustained and aesthetic face routes around the Kingston area. Although the protection is generally solid, Of Gotterdammerung and Other Dreams (5.11) has several run outs and very few resting spots. Chisnall top roped Barsoom (5.12) which ascends the face just to the left of A-Okay (5.11). This strenuous

and technical line wanders through a no man's land of tiny flakes and depressions. Jacques Moran, Chisnall, and Jean-François Riverin climbed the face and dihedral to the left of Forget It, naming in Queue Bleue (5.6-). Chisnall also climbed the lefthand side of the big roof beside Greensleeves for the unique Venus in Aspic, a moderate 5.8 despite its appearance.

MINDEN AREA

At Thunderbird Cliffs near Kanadalore Camp for boys Chisnall put up John's Overhang (5.11+) and The Move (5.9). A new cliff was discovered on Deep Bay Road, 5 miles west of Moore's Falls. Chisnall, Jeff Reading, and Dave Kappel put up Kilcoo Corner (5.3). Chisnall also climbed Rob's Route (5.8), Jeff's Route (5.9) and Big Overhang (5.10).

BANCROFT AREA

Chisnall and Steve Murray climbed

Crack of Noon (5.8), an aesthetic and obvious off width at Eagle's Nest.

Chisnall, with the assistance of Graeme Smith and Jay Danis, is compiling a guidebook for this crag. Any additional info will be welcomed. There are about a dozen recorded rock routes and six major ice climbs so far. Danis has also discovered several new crags that hold some potential.

Robert Chisnall

Two new guidebooks are available for the Kingston area. A Climber's Guide to Kingston Mills, 3rd edition 1985, 38 pp, and A Climber's Guide to the Gananoque Area, 1985, 30 pp. Both are available from author Robert Chisnall at 12 Stephen Street, Kingston, Ontario K7K 2C3. \$2.75 each, mailing included.

Southern Ontario Rock Climbs 1985

THE ESCARPMENT

At Mt Nemo climbers ventured onto some of the more desperate remaining lines and came up with some good finds. Steve DeMaio took a 50 ft plunge before completing Parental Guidance (to the right of High Society) which traverses a 5.10+ roof and then ascends a steep unprotected 5.10 face. Adam Gibbs seconded. Train In Vain (5.11+), the thin line up the wall to the right of Iguanodon, was climbed by Dave Smart after Dave Georger figured out the crux. Protection is fixed but starts after 50 ft of unprotected 5.9. At Cow Crag, Gibbs and Roger Cosgrove put up the rather dirty One Eyed Trousers Snake (5.10-). To its left is a 5.10 roof and hand crack apparently climbed by Steve Labelle. Left of Weiner Arms is Easter, a 5.11 route winding its way through some roofs, first aided by Smart and Mike Jensen and then free climbed by Smart. At Devil's Glen Smart put up II Miglior Fabbro, probably the hardest face climb on the Escarpment but one aid move still remains.

There was an explosion of activity on new northern crags. At Bowless Bluff Harry Hoediono and Smart put up Diedre a Dada, a 5.11 roof crack followed by a clean finger crack in an arête. To the left of this are the serious overhanging dihedrals of Home Office Drug Squad (5.11-; D Smart). At nearby Cliff Barnes, Reg Smart and Dave Lanman climbed Dryhedral (5.10-), a classic layback up a large corner. Eugenia

Falls saw some development though many of the new routes there are rather trivial. Plastic Finger Crack (D Smart), a 5.11-bulge followed by a thin crack is worthwhile. To the right of the falls is the classic Endless Warrior (5.11+; Lanman and R Smart) with a 40 ft strenuous layback sequence up a right leaning seam. Further right Wilf Harrison and friends put in a variety of short routes, the best of which is probably Uncle Malcey's Meander (5.10-). Also not to be missed is the classic 5.2 descent, The Best Climb in the World (D Smart).

At Metcalf Rock, Pete Reilley finally completed Kodachrome with Ziggy Isaac, a 5.11 thin crack. One of the best routes was undoubtedly When I Put My Helmet On I Become Like Superman (5.11+, fixed pro; R Smart and Geoff Creighton). It has some of the finest face climbing on the Escarpment.

Even farther north DeMaio continued to work on Breach of Faith, a 40 ft roof crack which he hasn't been able to do yet. Aspirants are forewarned of Steve's jealous temperament and military training. At a crag near Collingwood though he was successful in climbing a short but clean 5.11- hand crack in a 6 ft roof.

Indian Ladder in the Cape Croker area yielded some impressive crack routes. Fort Apache (Hoediono) is a notoriously awkward 5.11 through a small flared roof crack and up a thin crack. No Rest For the Wicked (Hoediono and Rick Clark) takes a nice hand crack in a dihedral to a 2 m roof crack thence more nice moves to the top. Quest For Fire (D Smart and Michelle Lang), named after a lost boot, has a beautiful 30 ft 5.10 under cling sequence with superb protection. Smart also climbed Wonderin', a 5.11 which jams and chimneys out a 3m horizontal slot and continues up a 5.10 thin crack. Clark raised a few eyebrows with his ascent of Pegasus, an awesome off width crack which slices a 3 m roof and the 15 m wall above, with protection from sawed off pieces of pipe. Although the route has not yet had a second ascent it is probably 5.11.

THE CANADIAN SHIELD

The most spectacular route at Bon Echo was definitely Beta Endorphins (Lanman and Gibbs) a four pitch 5.11+ which follows much of the line of the old aid route Spider man. The crux third pitch is well protected

face climbing up a very overhanging wall and groove. The last pitch climbs a beautiful and exposed hand crack in an overhanging corner. Kevin Lawlor and Dave Franklin put in a 5.11 route on the steep wall to the right of Fool's End but had to make a couple of aid moves. One of the better new routes was Dead Flowers (5.10+; Lanman and Lawlor).

David Smart

Quebec Report 1985

Unfortunately the only news that came to our attention regarding winter climbing was an accident that occurred to Christine Grotefeld of the ACC Montreal Section. On a warm February day she was seconding a climb on an icefall at Shawbridge when a large block of ice broke off and fell on her. She suffered multiple fractures. Details of the accident were sent for publication to Accidents in North American Mountaineering and we hope this account will benefit other climbers.

Martin Taylor and companions (ACC Montreal Section) have been attempting a one day ski traverse of la Montagne noire and la Montagnegrise of the Mt Tremblant area. They fell just one hour short last winter and are convinced it can be done, recommending the traverse as a first rate ski mountaineering experience.

Turning now to rock climbing, a pocket guide book to the Luskville area was published by Steve Adcock. A Guide to Rock Climbs at Luskville contains information on the area's different crags and how to reach them (a map is included). It briefly describes 70 or so routes and can be purchased from Black's in Ottawa. Martin Taylor and Howard Bussey completely freed (5.8) the route named Z on Mt St-Hillaire in July. Jean Sylvain's guidebook grades the climb 4 A1.

Within the framework of the international year of youth, Norman Lapierre, a teacher of physical education at Champlain College, organized an expedition to Denali. The team was composed of experienced climbers, a medical doctor, and students from both the College and Bishop's University. The planning and training were carried out very meticulously and well in advance. The expedition was a success with several students reaching the summit of the highest mountain on the North American

continent.

The very popular St-Urbain area was the site of the Fédération Québécoise de la Montagne's (FQM) annual jamboree. The attendance was very high and the climbing, good weather, and social activities (conferences, community meal, etc) were

appreciated by one and all. During the weekend the FQM awarded their Prix Québécois de la montagne to the Quebec members of the Polish-Quebec expedition to Cho Oyu, Jacques Olek, Andre Frappier, and Yves Tessier. Although none of the Quebec participants reached the summit, they contributed to the successful summit

bid which was attained by the south pillar on 12 February. Their experience, as related in several articles and conferences, will surely inspire other climbers from la belle province to follow in their footsteps.

François Garneau

Eastern Arctic And Labrador

The Middle Torngats 1983

In July and August 1983 four of us spent three happy weeks in the Torngat Mtns of northern Labrador. Continuing the pattern of exploration of previous years, we visited the country between Kangalaksiorvik Lake and Komaktorvik Lakes.

Base camp was at the east end of Upper Kangalaksiorvik Lake, beneath the soaring north buttress of Tower Mtn. The valley is rich in wildlife. During our stay we saw one herd of several thousand caribou, another of over 500, and many smaller bunches, including a great many lamb-like calves. In the lake, river, and nearby sea were seals, on the cliffs two kinds of falcons, and so on.

It is no climb but we went up Tower Mtn just because it is so spectacular, standing as it does like a sundial on a broad plain. Its summit bore no evidence of previous visitors other than caribou.

From an out-camp near "Sanctuary Lake" (at 260633 on map 24 P/1) Sonia and I made a non-technical ascent of "Peregrine Peak" (285683 on 24 P/8, 3500+ ft), explored the daunting crags around "Bumblebee Cirque" (252657, 24 P/1), and scouted out "Cylinder" or "Snowplume Peak" (266619, 24 P/1), our main objective of the trip. "Sanctuary Lake" was a very beautiful, park-like place, well suited for recuperation. Sonia had taken a powerful knock on the head at the beginning of the trip and later injured both her feet and her back. Consequently we climbed little on our first foray into this area at the end of July. In early August we returned to "Sanctuary Lake" with Chris and Brendan. This time the weather was stormy, snowing now and then, and blowing hard. Whenever the clouds broke up and the sun shone a long plume of snow blew out from the top of "Cylinder".

On 4 August all four of us ascended the 4100+ ft "Cylinder" from the south. Perhaps we were excessively cautious in choosing this, the one clearly non-technical route up. After all, we had packed our climbing gear dozens of kilometres cross country to take on the mountain on its own terms. But when a violent snowstorm caught us on the summit we had no regrets. For half an hour Sonia and I were lost in a whiteout, faltering on the edges of unsuspected drop-offs, swiftly chilling towards hypothermia. When a chance break in the clouds showed us the way out we had the feeling we were barely escaping with our lives.

Chris and Brendan for their part made two fine second ascents during our trip. Around 27 July they reached the summit of Precipice Mtn (3800+ ft) via the east arête, a moderately technical route. Not since Noel Odell in the 1930s had anyone even attempted this lovely and by any

Cylinder or Snowplume Peak. R Chipeniuk

approach difficult mountain. Finally, on 31 July they made the 4400+ ft east summit of Mt Tetragona on which they found a cairn presumably raised by AP Coleman in 1915. Again their route was only mildly technical, though strong winds threatened to blow them off their sharp arête somewhere out to the pack ice of the Labrador Sea.

Below Tetragona, Sonia and I went up to the snout of Bryant's Glacier which, because visible from Kangalaksiorvik Fiord, has attracted occasional attention since the 1890s. Seven metres east and two metres away from where a stream issued from a cavern in the ice we built a cairn. Possibly it will last long enough to give some non-scientific indication of whether the recession of Bryant's Glacier noted early in the century has continued. Both map and altimeter put the ice front at just over 1400ft above sea level (473758, 14 M/5).



The famous char of Komaktorvik River still leap at the falls, as they did in the 1930s.

Raymond Chipeniuk

Participants: Chris and Brendan Buckley (New Hampshire), Sonia Sawchuk and Ray Chipeniuk (Ottawa).

Baffin Climbs

Our five man expedition was in the Pagnirtung Pass during August 1985 under very good weather in spite of past year's statistics. On the 15th, Sylvain Grand Maison, Patrice Lanciault, Marc L'Heureux and Raymond Senecal ascended the east ridge of Adluk via a snow slope of 45 to 50 degrees without attempting to make the summit. At the ridge crest, a helmet was given to the mountain gods (quite unintentionally). After an accidental drop, it slid down the face and disappeared on

Mt Sigurd from our Summit Lake base camp. Our first attempt reached the col at centre photo. Ascent route was along apparent righthand skyline ridge (angle of photo does not show clearly the route). Gilbert Grenier



Summit Lake from Nanna Peak; Asgard at far left. Gilbert Grenier



the Caribou Glacier. On the 16th I climbed solo Nanna Peak (south of Breidablik) by the west face. After reaching the Weeping Glacier, the slope provided snow and ice climbing. About two thirds was on 40 to 45 degree snow while the final section was 60 to 65 degree ice. Mt Sigurd was climbed on the 18th by Raymond and I via a ridge oriented south-west which led directly to the summit. The climb was on good rock and required only a few class 5 pitches, the most difficult being 5.6. The view of the north face is impressive. Round trip from Summit Lake was 10 hours.

Gilbert Grenier

Baffin Island 1985

1985 was a year of exceptionally fine summer weather and early ice break up in eastern Baffin Island. After a busy spring planning and preparing for a seven week excursion to extreme northernmost Auyuittuq National Park. I arrived in Broughton on 26 June. But my trip did not go as planned. The ice broke up much earlier than I had expected making it impossible to travel from Broughton by kamitik.

On 5 July I began a four week backpack from the far side of Broughton harbour that took me through all the small fiord valleys between Broughton harbour and Quajon Fiord. I then retraced my 1976 route in reverse to Narpaing Fiord and back to Maktak Fiord for a rendezvous with my guide on 2 August.

During July I completed five mountain climbs. The most significant were the 3300 ft coastal summit 12 miles north-west of Broughton, the 4700 ft peak midway up the east side of Quajon valley and the 4800 ft overlook of Maktak Glacier and Fiord rising to the north above the glacier's snout.

After a midnight

passage around Oeevaralook Peninsula on 2 to 3 August, I camped the night on Padloping Island with my guide and his family. On 5 August I was left with my inflatable kayak and all remaining supplies at the head of Kangeturusuk Fiord, the first fiord east of Padle. I spent a stormy week in the upper reaches of Kangeturusuk valley, during which I completed two more climbs in adverse conditions. On 15 August I left the head of the fiord by kayak, with all remaining supplies, for Padle Fiord. Three days later in Padle Fiord in a great wind storm and high seas my paddle broke, and my kayak and I were tossed onto the rocky shore by the surf. Four more days of strenuous backpacking in gorgeous warm weather through Padle's lush vegetation, all dressed in brilliant autumn colours, brought me to my final pickup point at the head of Kangert Fiord. My guide and I reached Broughton on 24 August, after an overnight camp on the Canso Channel. In spite of the difficulties I experienced at the start of the summer, my trips proved enjoyable and rewarding. Already I am thinking about my return to Baffin Island in 1986 to visit the area I was unable to reach in 1985.

David P MacAdam

Broad Peak West Face

As Rob so succinctly put it, "This is the most boring trip I've ever been on." A strange comment for a committed climber to make while sitting on the Goodwin/Austen Glacier at the foot of Broad Peak, with K2 just up the way. But that's how we all felt, after a month of waiting and trying and waiting some more for a reasonable spell of good weather and safe avalanche conditions in which to try Broad Peak alpine style.

We left home in May and spent a week in Pindi with formalities and preparations then rode to Skardu on an unbelievable road in kaleidoscopic bus. We cruised up the Baltoro, past the fabled Trangos and the awesome west face of Gasherbrum IV, to arrive at base camp totally stoked on 21 May. Everything was working perfectly! Acclimatization went well, we climbed a couple of small peaks across the glacier and, aside from James' bout with a rare tropical bug and Rob's and Dan's brush with an avalanche, things were looking good.

And then we started on Broad Peak — or it started on us. We went up for a look, it snowed, we came down. We went up for a tentative try, it snowed, we came down. We went for it, it snowed and snowed, we came down. We stayed down, we visited the boys in K2 base camp, we read books, we hoped for our mail which never arrived, we got bored! We tried again, but the weather was atrocious, we ran out of time — we went home.

It's a great place, the mountains are colossal. But when you want to climb, fast and light on a 5000er you need a little luck with the weather to make it a reasonable gamble, and we didn't get it, this time.

Dan Griffith

Canadian Broad Peak Expedition May/June 1985. Members: Rob Rohn, James Blench, Jim Elzinga, Dan Griffith. An \$800 grant was received from the ACC expedition fund.

Some Things Just Aren't in The Guidebooks

I think that at one time or another all of us have read some books of the Himalayan Expedition genre. How well I remember Maurice Herzog's Annapurna. The year was 1955 and I was growing up in Czechoslovakia, the country of real socialism with all borders hermetically sealed, seemingly forever. Himalaya, Annapurna, Tilicho — the names alone, with their exotic ring, conveyed a feeling of limitless adventure much more than one could get from climbing in our mountains (this was years before small was beautiful). Time went by but the Himalayas retained their magic place, somewhere between Middle Earth and Xanadu, even though the main barriers (after moving to Canada) were financial rather than political. Friends kept returning from treks and climbs with news of friendly people, beautiful mountains, and low prices, so finally I caved in — after all, if I consider it acceptable to take a bank loan to buy a car that will break down after a few years, I should allow myself to borrow some dollars for a trip that I will remember forever.

Trip preparations went reasonably well at first until a sudden shock made us stop, think, and think again. Our friend, and expedition leader, Kevin O'Connell was killed on Huascarán the summer of 1984. As a result some people dropped out. We also lost what appeared to be a well secured equipment sponsor. By then however, things were in motion, seemingly assuming a life of their own and the Canadian Himalayan Winter Expedition 1984 was definitely on. Steve Adamson assumed the thankless task of expedition leader, while yeoman service was provided by Bill Durtler here on the west coast. So there I was on an Air India Boeing 747, eating my third dinner in 24 hours somewhere above Iran, squished between two voluminous Hindu ladies chatting animatedly about their shopping in London (the volume of their carry on luggage testifying to success of their trip). After a brief stop in busy, smoggy, and dusty New Delhi (still under martial law) we were more than happy to arrive in Kathmandu. Arrive we did, right into the clutches of the Nepalese Civil Service, a peculiar amalgam of British Civil Service mentality and oriental God only knows

what.

A few examples. The peak royalty that was doubled in early 1984 was raised again while we were there — retroactively, so we had to pay up. Running the gauntlet of (actually quite familiar) bureaucratic procedures took a fair amount of time. With entertainment like that and having to hire all sorts of Nepalese staff, we soon were out of money so we telexed Vancouver and I started my daily treks to the Nepalese State Bank. I soon got to know rather well its dark corridors lined with dusty, yellowing ledgers piled up to the ceiling, rats and spittoons lurking in corners. As for the dollars, they arrived when we returned from the climb.

After a few days in Kathmandu we finally met our mandatory staff, all Sherpas, courtesy of Mike Cheney's Sherpa Co-op. According to regulations we brought their equipment from Canada (more money for excess baggage), greenhorns that we were. Our liaison officer was rather put off as he would have much preferred dollars in lieu of equipment (which he already had from previous expeditions). One of us went with our cook, Mingma, to start buying some food. A few hours later Theresa returned in a mild state of shock; Mingma went on a bit of a shopping spree (to the tune of \$500) in the street of pots and pans. Only then did we find out that the cook gets to keep all the utensils, etc as part of his gratuity. While this was well worth it, as Mingma proved to be an excellent cook, it was another expensive little detail that is never mentioned in the impressionistic glow of usual expedition write ups. And so it went, on and on. I quickly managed to pick up a mild case of giardiasis when, true vegetarian that I am, I succumbed to the lure of fresh green stuff and had a nice salad at a roadside stand, my judgement possibly clouded by excellent Nepalese beer that we were drinking as a health precaution (it is pasteurized).

Seven days after our arrival in Kathmandu and more or less on schedule, we loaded our supplies and porters and sherpas and their uncles and their aunts into a rented bus and travelled to our starting point at Dumre, only to discover we had not brought enough porters. Another delay, to give our sirdar a chance to try to scare up the additional porters locally. By then I

North ridge of Tilicho from base camp. Attempted route continues up snow arête and summit ridge. Prayer flags in foreground supposed to wish us luck. Bill Durtler



had enough of it all so I put on my pack and took off. I was following cook's helper's helper who was carrying all the pots and pans, figuring that so long as I stick to this boy I certainly won't go hungry and most likely won't get lost either. Simple and effective strategy that always worked. After all the delays it felt great to be finally on the move. After two days of walking through dry, dusty, bone hard rice paddies, I looked up while balancing myself in the privy of our inn (dangerous thing to do) and almost fell back in — above the evening shadows floated a vast pink and white cloud. Immense buttresses of pinkish rock were rising out of unknown dark valleys, softly white snow-fields and glaciers above — Manaslu, my first eight thousander.

Our sirdar, who had been a member of the all Sherpa expedition to Tilicho some two years ago, and his defacto employer,

Mike Cheney, both advised us to take a slightly longer approach to the mountain via Manang rather than the usual one via Jomosom. This was supposed to be only some two days longer and had the added advantage of more gradual acclimatization. They were particularly concerned about a new Nepalese army base on the main trail to Meso Kanto (the pass leading to Tilicho Lake). Their arguments seemed to make sense so we agreed. Some ten days behind schedule and at the end of a good weather period, when we finally reached base camp 17 days later, we thought otherwise.

Six days in we stood on top of a small pass overlooking the Manang valley — dry grass, widely scattered pines, some hoodoos (felt just like in the Rockies) — and there at the end of the valley, almost within our reach, was our ridge of Tilicho Peak. We were still more or less on schedule, the

weather perfect, all of us in good health and spirits, getting along quite well with our hired staff who turned out to be really nice people, friendly and helpful. It felt good to be there.

In Manang, about half our porters left so we tried to get some locals. "Manangis don't porter, they are traders," we were told but after some bargaining, "they will carry but for 80 rupees" (double the usual daily rate). After a day's delay (actually a prolonged lunch break our porters took at Khangsar) we set off for our final push to base camp. Our sirdar quickly demonstrated his talent for getting lost but we were reunited just before a nasty gully where he was cutting steps into half frozen gravel (with some ice underneath for good measure) to help the porters. The crossing rather psyched out some porters and our trekking members so, when a few hours later the sirdar lost the route again, we were quite content to strike camp in a pleasant yak pasture near a partly frozen creek at about 14,000 ft. Now the Nepalese regulations specify that porters and sherpas go only to base camp, upon reaching which the liaison officer, whose job it is to ensure observance of regulations, sends a letter to the Ministry of Tourism in Kathmandu certifying the above. The letter is sent by mail runner which is why the man was paid for and why we hired extra porters to carry his stuff and food. As we were obviously no way near base camp (we couldn't even see the mountain) we talked to Ari, our LO with whom we were fast friends by then, and he agreed to call this reconnaissance camp. On Christmas day, a final carry to base camp, up and up, through day yak pastures and interminable loose scree slopes — hell, I might as well have been in the Rockies (sans wheezing and yak turds). Once there our ridge was at the other end of the still unfrozen lake so Ari called this rest camp. We decided to move around the lake to the final and real base camp at the foot of the ridge, right in Meso Kanto (two days up or one day down to Jomosom airport), just to give our sirdar another opportunity to show off his route finding ability. We skidded on thin ice below vertical bluffs bordering the lake, up another vertical scree gully, then over a windy high plateau and down the valley between vast hill sides of finely weathered loose brown shale. Night was falling when I reached the lake shore again but there was no sign of camp, tents, or food. So a long bivi, occasional snow fall,

and the rediscovery that my Goretex bivi bag was not letting enough air through but was certainly doing a great job keeping the condensation in. I had to choose between nightmares of suffocation or sticking my head out into the snowfall. Next morning up to the crest of the enormous lateral moraine where I could see small silhouettes of porters returning to rest camp for another carry. And so, after 17 days on the trail, we finally broke the all time most base camps on single expedition record.

The mountain was in perfect condition — hard snow, good cramponning, but at the start of the steeper section of the ridge a beginning of a long fixed line plus all sorts of hardware left by the South Koreans in October. Oh well. We were in good shape, the long approach had acclimatized us well, the mountain felt good and — weather pending — we were full of hope to be on the summit in a few days. So, a carry to camp I, last supper at base camp Mark III, and off we were. Our first morning in camp I we woke to whiteout, three to four feet of new snow, and strong winds. We were on a small level spot on the lee side of the ridge and our goal of the summit in three or four days did not appear too feasible anymore. So after discussing the situation and in view of my assessment of the avalanche hazards, our various timetables (ie vacation entitlements), and other more experiential factors, Steven Adamson and I decided to high tail it to base camp. Bill and Greg, with their greater reserves of time and natural optimism, decided to stay put, take their time, and go for the summit if and when possible. So we left them there with all our food and set off, down avalanche prone slopes, up to our chests in snow. Crossing the glacier in whiteout, wading and postholing in deep new snow, wheezing and swearing, was quite interesting but somehow we did find a cairn marking the start of the convoluted path through the maze of moraines leading to base camp. Some six hours later we managed to run out of both energy and cairns and, as we felt reasonably safe from avalanches, we decided to stay put. Up went the tent, very slowly, and then the discovery that optimistically — or stupidly — we had left all the food behind. All of it, except my iron ration of nuts and one package of grape Tang. But we had our MSR stove and a reasonable supply of kerosene and my tea cup and some candles. Next day it was snowing even harder,

whiteout was complete, sleeping bags and tent were getting more and more wet with condensation. So we played hangman, melted snow, kept fixing the MSR, and wondering what the hell we were doing here in the first place. By morning there was a brilliant cobalt blue sky and right across the valley was the big bluff above the base camp — we were right on line. Across the glacier we could see the tiny figures of Bill and Greg moving slowly on the ridge. The mountain was plastered in snow and huge streamers of spindrift were floating behind the summit ridge. Four hours later we had reached base and were sitting in the old Woods Canvas cook tent, soaking our feet in pails of warm water (only minor frost bite on some toes), drinking hot Tibetan tea, and anxiously waiting for Bill and Greg. They limped into camp towards evening, rather exhausted. Snow accumulation on the ridge was quite something and after it started to slough off all around their tent during the night they decided not to wait for an in depth experiential study of local avalanche conditions and retreated. So there we were, all safe and sound, happy and frustrated.

Only two more things remained to be done. Disperse Kevin O'Connell's ashes (which we were planning to carry with us to the summit and leave there) and then return home. We sprinkled Kevin's ashes over the glacier on a cloudy, windy morning, and there they are on the mountain that he spent so much of his time trying to get to.

As for the return home, our sirdar managed to get lost again only this time he admitted to it and so we ended up marching right through the dreaded army base (no problem). Trying to reach shelter of Jomosom, we kept on going in the moonless night until we managed to get separated in the darkness. Only sirdar and I reached Jomosom at about 10 at night after a (for me) mildly surreal night march through immense dry flood plains and dried up fields, trying to reach the first electric lights we had seen in some three weeks. The food in the inn was delicious but long in coming as the Thakali innkeeper's daughters were out at the neighbours watching Michael Jackson on video. Global village indeed.

Summary, or what have I learned. Nepalese rules and regulations for climbing expeditions are, in my opinion, so arcane and self-serving as to frustrate all but the most determined, ignorant or well-heeled

climbers. Failure to change the regulations will mean that more and more climbers will go to countries where climbing is less regulated (India or Pakistan). This however does not seem to bother the Nepalese much as the bulk of their income is derived from trekkers and Kathmandu is the living proof of that. This increasing flood of Western visitors appears to be a mixed blessing. The Nepalese are still wonderfully friendly and helpful but this seems to be changing. I certainly found it somewhat distressing to encounter the flotsam and jetsam of western package civilization in even the most remote places, not to mention having to listen to Nepali disco most of the time (bulky Chinese transistor radios are very popular with porters and sherpas). From the climbing point of view it is my opinion that for an ordinary (Canadian) Joe, ie person with family obligations, single source of income, and limited vacation entitlements, Nepal does not have that much to offer. I personally prefer the Yukon or Alaska anytime. I feel that Canada can offer as much, if not more, to climbers as Nepal, both in terms of the quality of climbing, remoteness of setting, the challenge and also plain suffering for those so inclined. (If I remember right, the partial pressure of oxygen at the summit of McKinley in the middle of winter is comparable to that at the summit of Everest.) I feel that those who wish to go and climb in Nepal should join either an expedition or trip organized by people with previous experience, or go to Nepal on a trekking permit and climb one of the trekking peaks, many of which are quite worthwhile objectives. Certainly our experience with both Nepalese bureaucracy and Mike Cheney's Sherpa Co-op Trekking was a frustrating one.

Steven Horvath

This was an official ACC sponsored expedition. Many thanks to the ACC staff for processing the necessary papers and to the Canadian Himalayan Foundation for the use of some of their equipment (from their well hidden Kathmandu cache). Also, we very much appreciated the generous equipment loan from CMS — their packs performed really well.

Climbers: Steve Adamson, Bill Durtler, Greg Horne, Steven Horvath. Trekkers/Support: Darlene Gillis, Nick Schwabe, Ivor Simonsen, Theresa Bartlett.

Sunshine and Sorrow in the Sierra Madre

The summit was close, perhaps no more than 100 m. Yana and Rod had reached it and were waving and shouting encouragement. Having been repelled by this mountain twice before, I was anxious to claim my prize and so I told myself, "Just one more rest and we go for it." My unacclimatized lungs however did not agree and it was actually four rests later before I summited on Popocatepetl. Slaps on the back, embraces, handshakes, smiles, and lots of laughter followed and were repeated as Yana's husband Paul arrived followed by Paul and Trudy Stoliker. Never had the fruits of accomplishment tasted so sweet and it was some time before we could bring ourselves to leave the beautiful summit we had worked so hard to attain.

Two days later it was the summit of Iztaccihuatl that lay only 100 m away. Unlike the rush and gasp struggle I had experienced on Popo though, now I was fully acclimatized and sauntered up the gentle slope of the summit while chatting with a Mexican climber. It was good to have achieved another success but the lack of any view due to a whiteout precluded the intense feelings of joy we had felt on Popo's summit. After only a brief stay during which we enjoyed some wine generously shared by several Mexican climbers we set off back down the long ridge.

Technically easy and relatively accessible, the volcanoes of Mexico provide the North American climber with an easy opportunity to visit somewhat higher altitudes. The fact that they are relatively simple ascents should not lull the climber into a false sense of security. They can kill. That this is true was tragically brought home to us upon our arrival at the Piedre Grande hut at Orizaba.

We were looking forward to our attempt on the mountain the next day and the good weather plus our high degree of acclimatization virtually guaranteed success. Feeling rather proud at having managed to coax our poor van up the horrible road we jauntily strolled up to the hut. A group of people stood outside and it was clear from their gaunt expressions that something was very wrong. This was confirmed by an American who informed us that there had been an accident on the

mountain. One man was dead. Another was injured. Other details were sketchy. Our services were offered and accepted and within a few minutes Paul Stoliker and I had dressed, stuffed our packs full of supplies, and were headed up the rough trail that leads to the foot of the Glacier de Jamapa, the normal route to Orizaba's summit. With a rough map and directions given to us by descending climbers we were able to find our way to the accident site without much trouble.

Never having seen death firsthand before I did not know what to expect and was rather surprised at how tranquil the scene looked. Perhaps it was the moonlight that softened the emotional impact of the harsh reality. It was so beautiful up there. Paul Cakl and Rod Blais arrived shortly after and began attempts to administer tea and pain killers. Their efforts unfortunately were futile. The man had suffered severe skull injuries which made him delirious and unco-operative. Feeling rather helpless we did what we could to make him comfortable and console his friend who faithfully stood by his dying comrade. More climbers arrived to report that a rescue team was on the way so the others went down leaving Paul Stoliker and me with the injured man and his friend.

The hours went slowly by and it began to dawn on us that no rescue team was going to come tonight. Around 10.30 pm Paul set off to find out if that indeed was the case. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned and confirmed our fears. He had seen no sign of anyone. Since the other man had been on the mountain for most of the day we decided that Paul and he would go down to the hut. I had the only sleeping bag and so I volunteered to stay and do what I could.

As I watched them head off across the glacier into the night I suddenly felt very alone and wondered if I was doing the right thing. I had never spent a night in the open at 4900 m. Pushing all doubts out of my mind, I crawled into my bag beside the injured man and prepared for a long night. Once again I couldn't help but be moved at how beautiful the mountain looked. It was a strange way to react to the situation but perhaps it was a defense against the emotional trauma one might feel in such a situation.

About an hour after I settled in I heard

voices over the sound of the wind. I investigated and was happy to find that it was the rescue team along with Paul Stoliker and the other man. A portable stretcher was produced and six of us began the arduous task of dragging the 100 kg man across the glacier and then lowering him down to its foot. It was during this task that the doctor on the rescue team told me that this was the first night rescue ever attempted on Orizaba. If it wasn't for the fact that our man was dead by the time we reached the rocks, I would have felt honoured at taking part in this first.

A large group of Americans were waiting for us at the rocks and immediately began the thankless job of carrying the man to the road. I had begun to feel a great sense of loss and the futility of any further effort and I stumbled along behind making only occasional halfhearted efforts to help out. Tirelessly, the Americans and Paul worked all night, tripping over loose boulders and stopping to rest and discuss the sense of what was now most certainly a body carry.

The sun was coming up and a truck was waiting for us by the time we reached the hut. The dead man's friend came up to me and through a translator (he was Austrian), began to thank me for helping. Suddenly something inside broke and I felt a flood of tears burst forth whereupon I turned quickly away to hide my grief. I had never known the two dead men and yet I couldn't have felt worse if they had been my brothers. In fact though, they were. They were mountaineers.

To shed some light on the possible cause of the accident, I should point out that the victims were using ski poles instead of ice axes, were unroped, slipped and fell down a 30 to 40 degree slope of hard snow and ice for a distance of about 900 m. I believe these facts speak for themselves.

Clive Cuttler