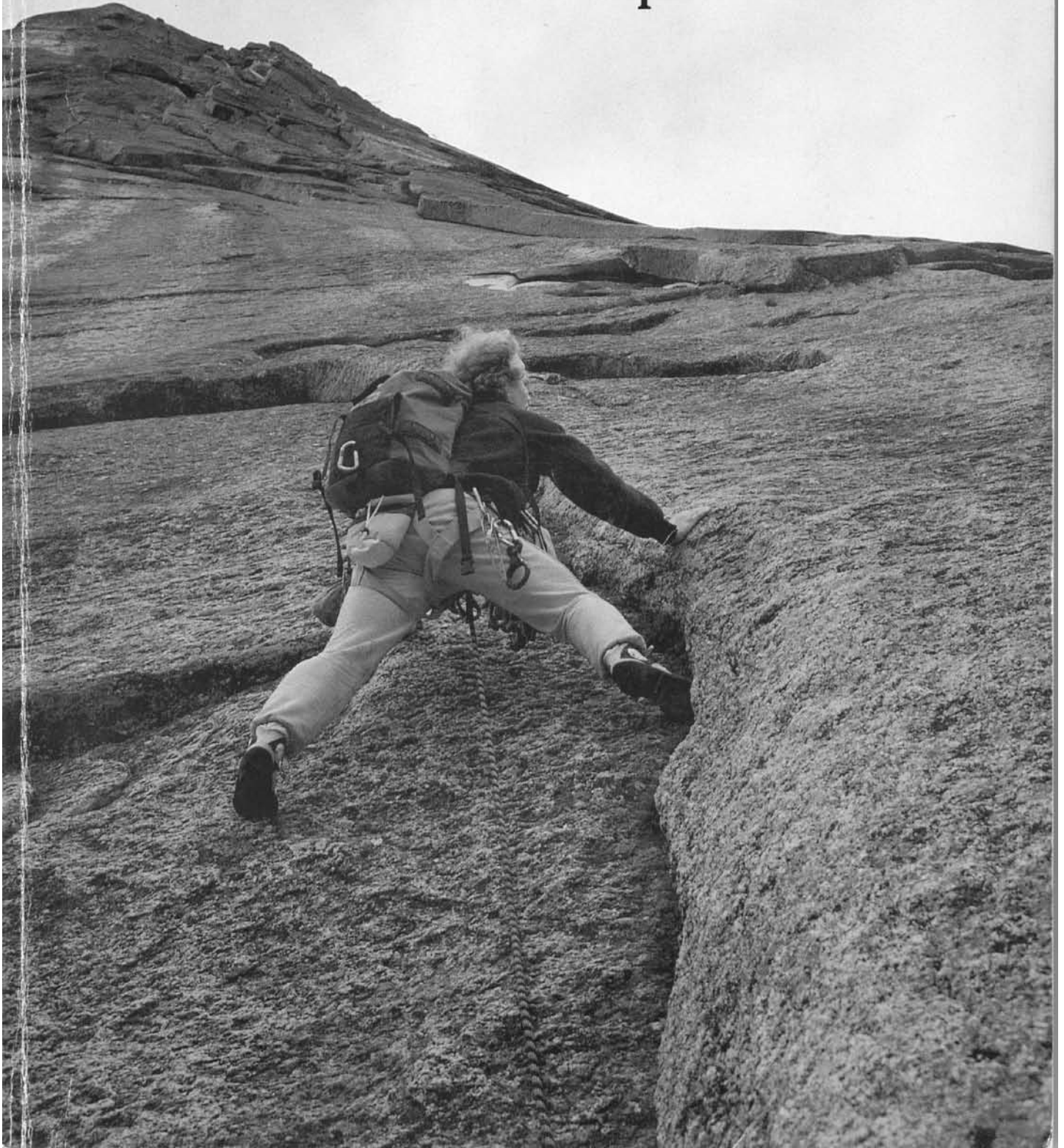


The Canadian Alpine Journal

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Le Journal Alpin Canadien



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Photos should take the form of color transparencies, good quality prints from negatives, or B & W negs and contact sheets. Please do not send prints made from slides.

Deadline for submissions to the 1988 Journal is 15 February, 1988

Note the new mailing address: P.O. Box 15429 Vancouver, B.C. Canada, V6B 5B2

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La date limite pour les soumissions au Journal de 1988 est le 15, février, 1988.

Noter la nouvelle adresse P.O. Box 15429 Vancouver, C.B. Canada, V6B 5B2

## *Advertising in the CAJ*

You will have noticed that there is advertising interspersed throughout the CAJ this year. Some will undoubtedly feel that this move jeopardizes the position of the Journal and leaves it occupying an uneasy middle ground between the glossy climbing magazines and the journals of record, such as the American Alpine Journal. Subscribers are entitled to know why advertising has proved necessary.

The Alpine Club of Canada is struggling to balance the books these days. Amongst other economic problems federal support has been virtually withdrawn and this has meant cuts in Journal funding. New sources of revenue for the Journal had to be found if the quality of the publication wasn't to plummet, and hence the "new look." It isn't all bad; in fact it may be good. Advertising may broaden the exposure of the Journal and elevate its profile. And the new revenues generated may mean opportunities to expand photo coverage (dare we think about color?).

In any case, the stronger the funding base for the Journal, the better the publication will become. You are encouraged to support the efforts of the Publications Committee through the patron program, which provides a tax-deductible receipt, and through recommending the publication as an advertising medium to appropriate businesses and organizations.

### *The Publications Committee*

Cover: The first ascent of "Madness" on Yak Peak, Coast Mountains; Geoff Creighton on pitch 2. (D. Serl)

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# ***A letter to The Canadian Alpine Journal***

## **A letter from Jim Haberl**

The first issue of *The Polar Circus* was published in 1986, and met with a well deserved favorable reception. Its publication can be viewed in many ways, and I would like to present two perspectives. Firstly, it is a presentation of the climbs and the climbers of the Canadian Rockies, arguably the main forum for world class alpine climbing in Canada. Secondly, it appears to be a challenge to this journal: why hasn't the Canadian Alpine Journal attracted such quality in photography and writing?

My reaction to *The Polar Circus* is delight. A glossy, high quality publication describing some of the best climbing Canada has to offer. It runs along the lines of *Ascent*, a similar journal in the United States. But unlike its southern sister, which seems to offer no threat to the American Alpine Journal, *The Polar Circus* appears to be barging right into the territory traditionally held by the Canadian Alpine Journal. The reasons are obvious for this intrusion: The CAJ has failed to keep the pace with other mountaineering publications.

While our national club journal has managed to maintain the status quo in terms of input and quality of publication, the remainder of the climbing world has progressed happily into the '80's. Gone are the days of the early 1970's when the CAJ was a dynamic forum for the country's best climbers in the 'all new' format. Sixteen years later, our club's major publication is actually declining in size, diversity and value when the country's climbing community is bounding onto the world mountaineering scene like never before. The fundamental problem underlying this sad situation is a simple lack of priorities. The CAJ is the major national function of the club and it should be preserved as such.

Back to *The Polar Circus*. It includes a full color front cover, diverse articles dealing with various levels of climbing and mountain travel in the Rockies, high quality black and white photographs given a complimentary presentation (eleven full page layouts), five pages of crisp, dynamic color photographs, tasteful end page color advertising, and a few more treats for the perspective buyer to fuel dreams of climbing in the Rockies. For a first publication, *The Polar Circus* has done an admirable job of creation. Quite simply, it leaves me pining for the Rockies. I'm not sure the CAJ does the same for Canadian climbing.

To be fair, *The Polar Circus* has its faults. Some of the articles are not great, and the cost may scare a few people, but the overall product is worth it.

There is so much potential I only hope the CAJ takes a close look at *The Polar Circus* and reads the subtle challenge. Otherwise, I hope that *The Polar Circus* becomes the "Journal of the Canadian Mountains", and not only of the Canadian Rockies.

*Jim Haberl*

## **TWO NOTES**

Science: Everyone to whom I have spoken about the CAJ has been unanimous on one subject: "Get rid of those bloody glaciology articles." Okay, so they're gone. But that does not mean that science is gone from the CAJ. Work has already started on an expanded science section for next year which will provide relevant information on subjects such as nutrition, avalanche hazard, training and injury, altitude problems, geology...

## **The editor responds**

Climbing and literature. Literature and climbing. Inseparable. Inextricably bound together by a century of tradition. We climb because we must; we write about it and read about it to reassure ourselves that what we do has meaning, that we are not alone, that there are others who are moved as we are by the beauty and the loneliness and the challenge of snow and rock and ice.

For the past 70 years this tradition has been represented in Canada, sometimes well, sometimes not, by the Canadian Alpine Journal. This 70th issue comes to you under the stewardship of a new editor, perhaps with a different approach, and with the underlying priority of trying to represent the best of Canadian climbing.

When I was offered this post, this honor, this burden, I was not sure how to respond. In many ways my feelings were very much like those expressed by Jim Haberl in his letter—I felt that the CAJ was somehow not serving my needs, and the needs of the climbers I knew, as well as it should—and on that basis I was prepared to jump in with both feet to try to effect the changes I saw as necessary. On the other hand, I was not sure of the universality of this dissatisfaction and I had no desire to try to change a publication that was doing exactly what the bulk of its readers wanted it to do. After discussing my feelings with the Club's Publications Committee and with as many readers (and non-readers) of the CAJ as I could, I decided to take the plunge.

So quo vadis, CAJ?

Certainly not in the direction of the glossy magazines. Have no fear of that. Oh, sure, the design of this venerable old rag may be updated; but just as the worth of a climb is not determined by whether the climbers who did it wore gray wool knickers or skin tight Lycra, so the ultimate evaluation of the CAJ does not depend on the look of its cover or the design of its pages.

What it does depend on is the content of those pages. In the end it all boils down to this: Climbing is about passion and fire and commitment. About freezing your ass on some lonely, sleet blasted bivi and wondering if you've finally pushed the boat out just a little bit too far. About being 50 feet out from your last pro because every move in the last thirty-five feet has been irreversible and the only alternative to going on is jumping off. About finding within yourself the strength to continue when every fiber of your being is screaming "Quit". About opening yourself to the ancient, soul cleansing majesty of the mountains...

My goal as editor is simply to do my best to ensure that the Canadian Alpine Journal is about all those things too.

*David Harris*



# Keynote: Neue Bahnen

Don Serl

In 1853 Robert Schumann, famed at the time as a concert pianist and respected as an open-minded, well-trained, and keenly-sensitive music critic, published a now-famous laudatory pronouncement in his "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" extolling the young Johannes Brahms as the future of German music, the one capable of carrying forward the development of music beyond where Beethoven had left it. Brahms, as those of you who (with Paul Petzold and me) love his music know, lived up to the expectations and concomitant pressures engendered by the article and went on to become the final towering figure in the Classical lineage. He followed, true to the title of Schumann's presentiment, "Neue Bahnen"—new paths—while remaining true to a Classical heritage and developing within the late-Romantic milieu of the time.

New paths (not to mention Brahms!) have been on my mind a lot lately, for reasons that are not yet very clear to me. I do know that there is a whirlwind of change sweeping through climbing: Lycra-clad kids half my age crank 5.12's routinely and never even begin to miss the ability to suss out a cornice; Messner lives to show the way to the top of The Fourteen while every second lawyer, dentist and doctor in the USA joins an Everest expedition; Kukuczka keeps piling them up, Troillet and Loretan flash the Rongbuk Face on Everest in 44 hours and Scott continues to teach us how to, how to... how do I put it... how to be the mountain before you climb the mountain; but in the meantime Rouse and Croz and Reudi and MacIntyre and Cassa-rotto and—the list is so-o-o-ooooo long—in the meantime so many die.

New paths. New times. The issue at point is: what is there left to say? What on earth is there, beside a pure and simple historical record, to say about the first ascent of the biggest rock wall yet climbed in the Coast Mountains. Were we Brahms? Were we Beethoven? Were we perhaps just Schumann showing the way? Or were we Onslow or Kalinnikov or Berwald or any of a dozen others: competent, creative, important in a restricted area at a certain time but in the end overshadowed by the greats and soon to be forgotten? Does any of this matter? Is all evanescence?

New paths. Here's the key, you see. The moves change, the game remains the same. The arena changes beyond recognition, the players never alter their needs. It's not the goal, it's the path; it's not the summit, it's the route; it's not the noise, it's the music!

New paths. We did a route, see, a route that had niggled at me for a dozen years, a great route on a beautiful mountain in a forlorn valley where pretty much nobody goes, a route which stands alone for length and difficulty and logical purpose. We did this route in a necky style, going for the top of two-and-a-half thousand feet of steep unknown rock in a day, and not making it, of course, and bivying like they did in the books, and completely enjoying the top the next afternoon! We did a route which gave me great pleasure and much satisfaction. A route which I thought would not be repeated for decades and which saw its second ascent within 3 days.

Why did we do this route? We sure didn't do it for you, so why did we do it for us? What is this "path" that keeps coming to mind? Is this route on that path? And why should I struggle to write anything at all about it?

The only feasible answer is: to live—and to share. We climb to live. It's in the blood and it needs to circulate. The fears need

to be confronted, the abilities need to be tested, horizons need to be gained, paths need to be followed. And these things need to be spoken of. We are all in this together and we need to pass the lore around, to share the tales. We climb for the magic of it, or at least I do (and Christ knows if it were otherwise I wouldn't be spending my time in the Coast Mountains, or publishing in the Canadian Alpine Journal, to name two obscure places!). And all I really want to get at here is that no matter that there may be way more significant stuff going on, no matter that there's way harder stuff happening; there was clarity and control and care and commitment in this route. There was even a certain historical imperative to it. This was on the path. This was Brahms.

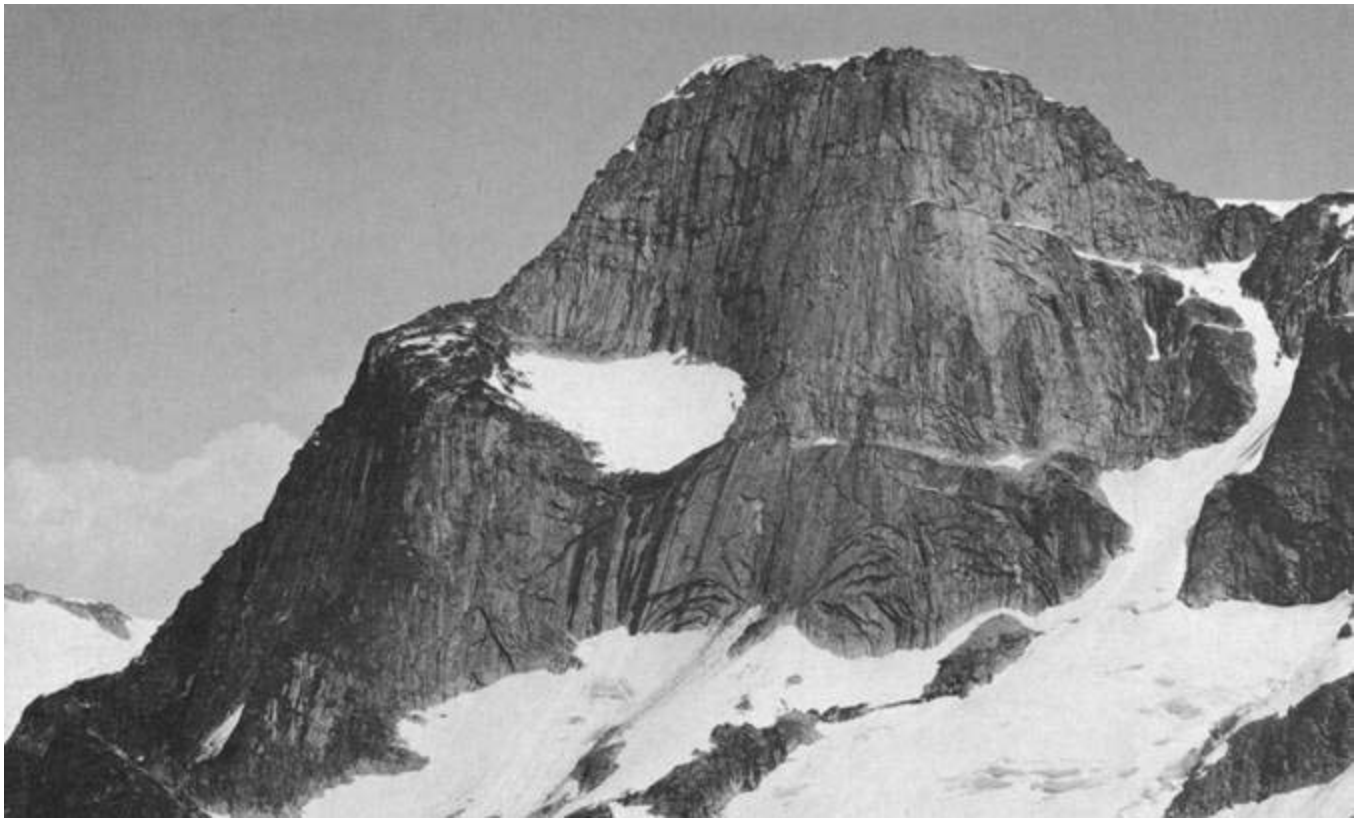
The mountains offer one path, music another. Find your path, like Johannes, if you can, and follow it in truth. There is no higher form of life.

Mt. Bute, West Face. 1st ascent by Greg Foweraker and Don Serl, July 22-23, 1986.

From lowest tongue of rock follow wide cracks and then corners up and right 6 rope lengths to the left end of the first main terrace. 2 blocky pitches pretty much directly up are followed by a hard 5.10 right leaning corner and then a finger crack. Arching corners die into the face, and a double tension traverse is needed to reach dihedrals on the right. Another half dozen pitches with a few AO moves lead to the 2nd terrace. A face pitch, a hand crack, and a finger crack dump one onto the 3rd terrace, where a fine bivy under a roof can be arranged. 3 short pitches of aid in the leaning dihedral above the bivy give way to a couple of free pitches and a final leftwards traverse to the final easy corner to the rim. The summit is a short walk to the north. Camp lies about 3 hours away down easy slopes on the south-east side and across long traverses below the crest back to the sandy flats on the ridge a couple of kilometers west of the mountain. Home can be regained by descending directly into the valley, crossing Galleon Ck high, and fighting the worst bush imaginable for way too long (like 3 km in 7 hours!) until old logging roads and grizzly tracks lead back around the corner to the Teaquahan road systems.

26 pitches, considerable 5.10, some A2. Keep hummin'.

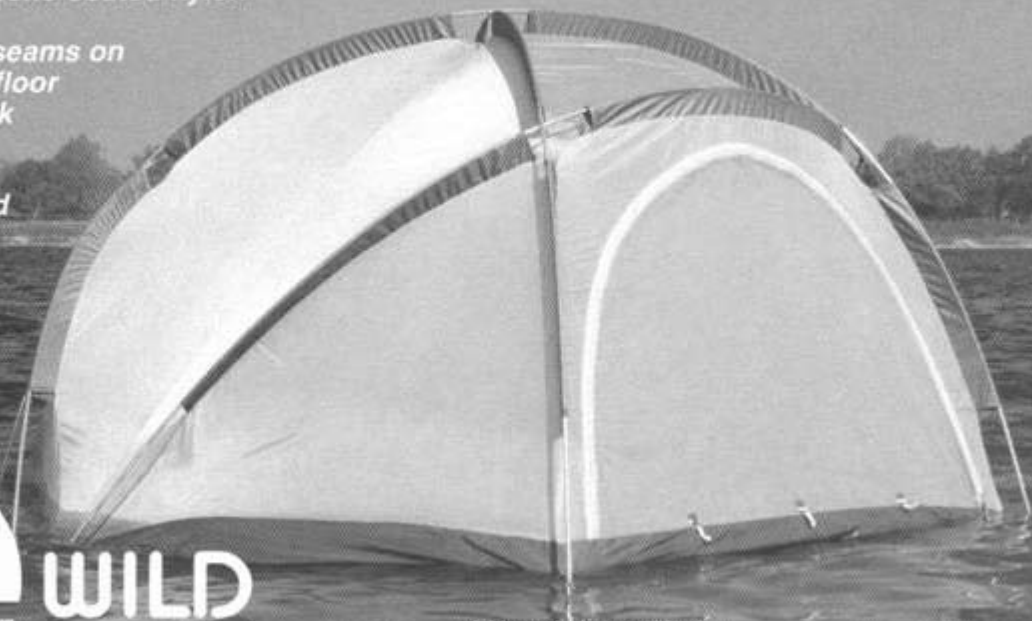




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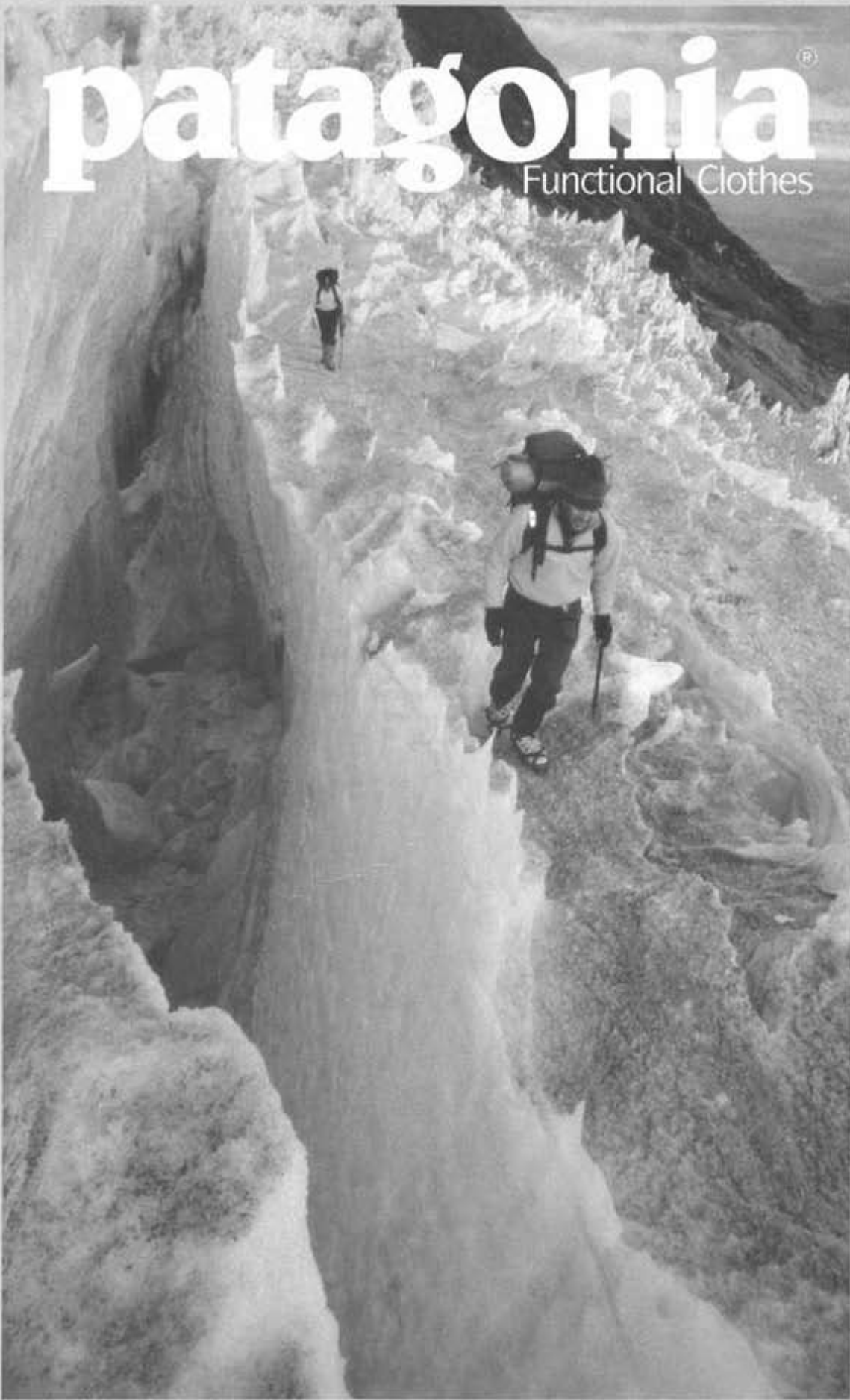
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# Moira Irvine, A Tribute

Bruce Fairley

I will never forget my initial encounter with Moira Irvine, who resigned as editor of the Canadian Alpine Journal with the conclusion of the 1986 issue. I had submitted an historical round-up of the climbing that had been done in the Queen Bess area of the Coast Mountains to the CAJ and was amazed when she phoned up to discuss a couple of apparent errors in the manuscript. I had spent hours researching and speaking to the participants, but Moira had gone back to the original sources and unearthed discrepancies. Now there was an editor who took her work seriously indeed!

Finding an excuse to go and visit her in the archeology lab at UBC where she worked, I poked my head around the door. There sat Moira, dressed in overalls and alternately spearing sardines from an open can and puffing on a meerschaum pipe! She greeted me in that hearty voice which would have done a country auctioneer proud. I'm sure Moira would forgive me if I confess that I was certain that I had stumbled on one of the famed English eccentrics who inhabit the world of Agatha Christie novels.

For the record, Moira's first issue as editor was 1974. Counted among those twelve productions for which she had the sole responsibility of producing are several which must be considered classics. For particular mention, I would single out 1978 and 1982, both of which had sharp, memorable covers, superb interior photographic coverage, a scope which ranged from Himalaya to the Maritimes, and numerous articles which were among the best ever published in the literature of Canadian mountaineering.

An indulgent editor to a point, Moira didn't hesitate to chop where the verbosity of her contributors got out of hand, and budget cuts in the last few years made chopping even more essential. Her vigilance led to criticism in recent years, though the criticism ought really to have been directed to the board of the club whose lack of financial commitment to the publication resulted in its being downsized. It cannot be said often enough that the CAJ exists today as the primary forum for serious Canadian mountaineering writing only because of Moira's dedication, and that her immense contribution went largely unapplauded through all those years. She was likely the last essentially volunteer editor the CAJ will ever have.

Despite the tremendous contribution she was making, few ever put pen to paper to express their appreciation. Her most controversial decision was the acceptance of the article in the 1978 volume called "Squamish Hardcore on Cassin Ridge," which provoked a number of resignation threats, but embodied Moira's philosophy that the Journal had a duty to represent the entire spectrum of Canadian mountaineering, including, in this case, its vulgar side.

It would be very wrong, of course, to portray the Irvine years as a time of constant embattlement. She held the affection of many climbers, maintaining over the years a witty and voluminous correspondence of barely readable missives, hounding her sources for copy, clarifying murky details and penning regretful rejections. To receive a letter from Moira was an experience. Herewith a sample of the lady at her most trenchant:

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to to say p roblems with comp copies . since  
then have he ard via the grape that Banff is

amazed to have so ma ny copies over, so w  
hy am I getting thrashed about 3 comps?  
Comp for Bill am putting into the post tomorrow morn  
in Cumberland (there still are some POs open on Sat  
morn) addres sed ca re of you. on the skipping  
typewriter—sorry .

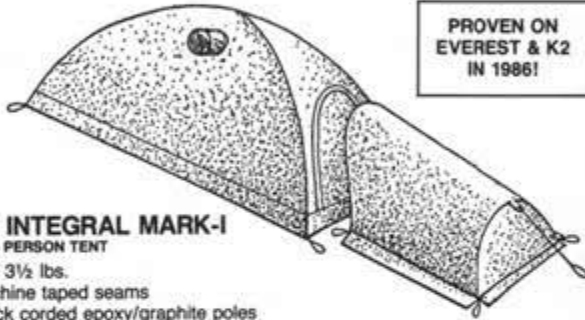
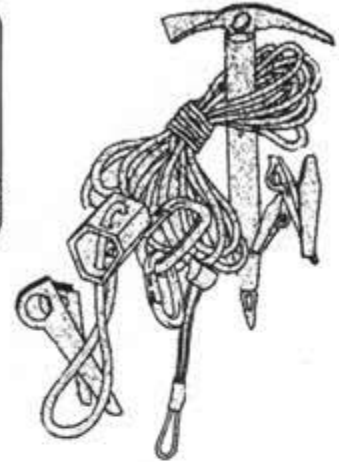
Despite the fact that it retained a certain old-fashioned chuminess which was alien to the developing mainstream of professional and technical mountaineering, the CAJ of the 1970's and 1980's won praises from many reviewers. Its freshness was particularly appreciated south of the border by some who viewed the American Alpine Journal as just too damn serious. The question remains as to whether Moira's decision to keep the Journal from moving fully into the mainstream of modern technical mountaineering was right. I am using the word technical here in its largest sense; I am speaking of attitudes. Moira's instinct to keep the journal representative was courageous and exceptional, even though it opened the Club and the country to charges that neither was up to much in the way of hard climbing. Many reviewers, praised the approachable quality of the Journal, and the sense that one could feel one's own climbing experiences and friends reflected there. Certainly Moira was almost the only editor in the world of comparable publications who printed accounts from essentially novice climbers discovering the joys of mountaineering.

Other editors have always paid lip service to the importance of individual experience and spiritual discovery as the great subject matter of the sport, but by and large they show in their editing that they consider only the opinions of the best climbers to be important. By selectively editing out all but accounts from hard climbers, the modern climbing magazines have shown their deeply rooted conventionality; they continue to view physical achievement and record-breaking as most important. But if insight into human values is what ultimately distinguishes fine writing, then such insight obviously operates independent of technical difficulty or attitudes. Because they have not appreciated this fact, the modern climbing magazines and journals have failed to produce a great mountaineering literature.

But the CAJ was largely free from those pages of trivia which clog magazines such as *Climbing*, about how so-and-so followed tenuous side pulls across the previously unsealed twenty feet of the central wall of Cliff X, thereby connecting the Grope and the Grunt routes and establishing the hundred and sixtieth classic route in the area. Anyone who wishes to know where such attitudes lead is invited to turn to issue 111 of *Mountain* and to read there the bald and technical account of the disastrous summer on K2 where thirteen people died—their deaths charted with the precision and detachment of a railway timetable. The ethics of technique allow little scope for the play of nobility.

Canadian mountaineering will no doubt enter the mainstream as well, and statistics and numbers will become all important. Those few who think about such things may then look back and see in the CAJ's of 1974 to 1986 something about which they feel wistful without quite knowing why. I am certain that among these few the Irvine years will stand up well. Well done Moira, well done! For you came very close indeed to the truth of what mountaineering in this country is all about.

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*Dave Cheesmond*

# The Wall of the Way Honed

Perry Beckham

The crux looms above me like an impending thunderstorm and I realize I'm not going to shake this pump. I reset my feet in the wide stem and chalk up again, calves burning from the strain. Forty feet of full on, great guns liebacking has brought me to this miserable excuse for a rest and I'm flaming out already. More of a pause in transition than a real rest. "Watch me good Philip, here goes" I croak, and launch left out of the corner, underclinging and scuttling like a demented crab. I reach blindly up under the flake and grope for the chockstone, "Got it", hang in there and clip the fixed pin, more chalk and now the crucial move, pull the feet up high and reach out left for a funky fist jam, "Stick baby, stick" I moan, and crank up, cross over with the right hand and grab the flake edge just as I'm about to barndoor into space. I match hands on the flake, lieback into a standing position, pivot wildly 180 degrees into the flared chimney and press myself back into its secure depths. I close my eyes and let my breath come in deep, lung rasping gasps. When my breathing finally slows, I open my eyes to see the morning sun on the peaks above Squamish through a snowy veil of chalk dust. Looking down I see the haul line hanging crazily out in space and arcing back into the corner where Philip is huddled at his hanging belay. Truly a spectacular predicament.

My mind drifts and I think back to all that it's taken to get here once again.

The 600 meter Grand Wall of the Squamish Chief hangs over Highway 99 like an immense tapestry of discontinuous flake systems and weird dykes in somber hues of gray and white. Most of its vast expanse is characterized by a lack of obvious weakness and would appear to be the sole domain of the aid climber. But near its left edge a phenomenal dihedral rises out of the rain forest and soars to within 50 meters of Dance Platform, a large tree ledge some 400 meters above the ground. Above Dance another left facing system wanders for 125 meters to broad tree ledges beneath the south summit—the Roman Chimneys of the original Baldwin-Cooper route. These two corner systems combine to form the most simple and direct line on the Grand.

In 1966, five years after Baldwin and Cooper's epic first ascent of the Grand Wall; Tim Auger, Hamish Mutch, Dan Tate and Glenn Woodsworth nailed that amazing corner to produce one of Squamish's most classic aid routes. Not only did they climb the most obvious line on the Grand, but they placed a mere eleven bolts, a far cry from Baldwin and Cooper's 136 bolt drill fest. Being students at the University of British Columbia they elected to call their route 'University Wall'. For most aspiring Squamish aid climbers U-wall was the next step after the Baldwin-Cooper in the progression to harder wall routes. Steep but technically easy

aid and an obligatory hammock bivy combined to give that "big wall" experience essential for the Chief's harder nail-ups and for the big El Cap routes.

In the summer of 1982 Peter Croft, Hamish Fraser and Greg Foweraker set to work attempting to free U-Wall. Their enthusiasm was greeted with skepticism for the most part. The first pitch was guarded by a perennially gruesome slime streak and the second pitch featured Leeper stacks in a doubly overhanging dihedral. Undaunted by our pessimism the team hiked up and across Bellygood ledge and cleaned and freed the final two pitches

onto Dance. The last pitch was a particularly gnarly fingertip traverse on a thin flake. Satisfied with their progress they then laid siege to the initial pitches.

The first pitch sported arts and crafts through the slime streak, a burly barn door lieback and a flying arm bar into a shallow bomb-bay chimney. The blank dihedral on the second pitch was cleverly bypassed via an undercling to an overhanging flared chimney to the left. Hamish and Greg tried that thing to no avail, so Peter who had by now transformed himself into an apelike creature from years of training, subdued the beastly undercling and gained a stance in the flared chimney. A short desperate pitch up the remainder of the chimney found the first real ledge and access back to the original aid line. Confident that

the way to Dance was now possible they fixed ropes and called it a day.

The following morning they jumared their lines and continued to Dance taking some fine whippers on the way. Deteriorating weather and flaming forearms made the Bellygood escape more palatable than continuing up the previously freed Roman Chimneys so the team headed down, exuberant at their success. It was an outstanding achievement that left everyone amazed, but Peter knew there was a final step to be taken—a continuous free ascent of the entire U-Wall-Roman Chimneys combination. He returned with Hamish and they swung leads to the summit for the first entirely free ascent of the Grand Wall. It was a landmark in Squamish climbing history and U-Wall now ranked as one of the most difficult long free climbs in North America.

For three years it remained unrepeatable and there was much speculation as to who would, or could, repeat it. We all swore we were going to train ourselves into killer shape and crank the thing off, but alas, no amount of drinking or reefing could produce the necessary courage or strength. Still, there it was, tantalizing and so seemingly unattainable. Finally, for lack of anything better to do, I went up there and flung myself at the first pitch, and it flung me

Dave Lane following the first pitch on an early attempt



Anger and self-reproach welled up inside me and I leapt back into the lieback in a rage...

back. But I persisted and with the help of a variety of partners was eventually able to lead the first three pitches without leaping off. So, confident of the possibility of success I enlisted the illustrious Melvin Fish for the Big Assault. We agreed that I would lead the first three pitches and he would jummar to save strength for the rest of the route. The plan worked. I led the second and third as one, trashing myself in the process, gladly leaving Fish to lead the roof pitch. We persevered through the day and late afternoon found us supine at the base of the gnarly finger traverse. And gnarly it was, as, several tries later, I dragged my scrawny frame across on melting fingers and collapsed on Dance, utterly spent. Any thought of finishing up the Roman Chimneys vanished with my strength on that traverse, so Fish and I fled across Bellygood and down to Squamish for beers and pizza. I was incredibly happy with our success. After all, it was the first human repeat of The Wall of the Way Honed', but it became more and more apparent that it was a partial success that only indicated a greater possibility. Like Peter and Hamish I knew I would have to return and climb the entire route to the summit.

That summer passed and the drudgery of logging became my daily reality once again. As the new year approached a resolve grew within me to return to that school of higher learning and attempt to graduate with my degree in crankeneering. So I drove myself to train through the late winter and spring.

I had been climbing hard, or at least finding the climbing hard, since February so by the time the heat of the Squamish summer arrived I felt ready to attempt U-Wall once more. Then came an unforeseen hurdle, finding a partner. The few capable people were either off in the mountains or too put off by last years shenanigans to go up there again. Dave Lane was keen, but that funky fist jam at the crux just wouldn't stick for him. We went up a couple of times, Dave's left hand sporting exotic tape jobs, but all for nought. We had previously agreed that failure on either of the first two pitches would preclude continuing so, despondent, we slithered back through space and hiked down to Psyche ledge where we glowered at the route and drank warm beer with a vengeance. Dave went home and I hung out at the ledge with Big Jim and Philip van Wassenaen. As we smoked and slandered the afternoon away a grandiose plan emerged from the murky depths of my cerebrum. I turned to Philip with a stony grin and queried "Done much jumaring?" My drift wasn't lost on him and to my astonishment he immediately agreed to come along for the ride. He explained that he was off with a sore shoulder so hard free climbing was out of the question anyway. I was ecstatic and told him we would rendezvous at 4:30 the next morning. The early start would allow for generous rests between pitches and ample daylight for the Roman Chimneys finish.

Well, 4:30 had come and gone three hours ago and there we were, perched on a ledge atop the second pitch, howling at the exposure. The chimney after the crux had left me soaked in sweat and nauseous from the exertion, but I was keen. Once again I had fired those two big burly pitches and now it was merely a question of finding the right pace to survive the rest of the route. Above us the wall kicked back to vertical and appeared inviting in comparison to the overhanging terrain below. Quaffing one last drink of water I started up the corner, smearing chalk in perfect fingerlocks, clipping fixed gear and enjoying great position. All too soon the cruising was over and I was hunched under the roof trying to remember the sequence. I finally committed myself and thrashed out and around the lip and clambered over mossy flakes to the lone cedar belay. As I arranged the anchors with twitching

arms the doubts began to assail me. The supposedly easier roof pitch had seemed desperate and the cumulative effect of all that hard climbing was beginning to make itself apparent. My arms felt stretched and leaden and I was woozy and light-headed from all the effort. It now seemed presumptuous to think I could lead the whole climb and I felt my confidence withering. Soon Philip was at the belay in a tangle of aiders and jumars, and as we lap coiled our ropes and organized the rack I spoke of my uncertainty. "Don't sweat it man, it's in the bag" he explained. "We'll just rest here a while and you'll be all right, besides, the next pitch is only 5.10c, it'll be casual." So we rested and ate and rested some more, and I tried to regain my psyche. Knowing we couldn't hang out forever, I tightened my shoes and started up out of the tree: chimney into offwidth, offwidth into lieback. I just couldn't repress that funk and I found myself grabbing the wrong size gear off the rack and thrutching badly. Suddenly I was off the rock and on the rope. Anger and self-reproach welled up inside me and I leapt back into the lieback in a rage and muscled up into the lower angled corner. "Get it together Dude, you can do this thing" I told myself. "Just quit wanking and start cranking!" As I jammed and bridged up the laid back corner my confidence returned and I felt as though I had crossed a psychological watershed, ironically on one of the easiest pitches of the route. Somehow I knew I'd be all right and nothing would stop us now.

"Off belay, rope's fixed Phil" I yelled down and commenced dragging our pack up. Until now it had behaved rather well and floated along behind us, but now it became reluctant and slithered into the chimney and refused to move. I sympathized with it, and rather than tearing its haul loop off I waited until Phil could clear it. At last we were happily united at the belay where we ate and drank and gazed at the trees on Dance only 100 meters above. The first vestiges of excitement could be felt now, and I racked up for my favorite kind of climbing, pure bridging off of R.P.'s. I smeared as many palm prints on the rock as I could and festooned the corner with tiny wires, grinning down at Philip all the while. A manly finger traverse led left to a mantle off a wobbly guillotine of a flake; and a footsy traverse back right insured maximum rope drag for the final moves onto the belay ledge. As I lounged on the ledge the sun broke over the rim and the Royal Hudson clattered out from behind the Malemute shrieking and trailing a plume of steam and smoke. Simply Grand!

A fun hand traverse angled up and right past a wealth of fixed gear to an even bigger ledge at the base of the gnarly finger traverse. I wasn't even going to give myself a chance to get psyched out, so no sooner did Phil arrive at the belay than I was off in a flurry of chalk dust and quick draws. The training must have paid off because I flew across that thing like a man possessed and scrambled up onto the broad expanse of the Dance Platform. Whooping and hollering like an inebriated Indian I lashed the rope to a sturdy hemlock, dragged up our pack and commenced preparing lunch.

Philip wasted little time cleaning the pitch and we took off our shoes and enjoyed the mutilated remains of our meager lunch in the heat of the afternoon sun. "Only four more pitches and this hound is in the bag Philip" I exclaimed. And we grinned and belched and waxed expansive.

Eventually we pried ourselves from the comfort of dance and ambled up some mellow fourth. Then a full 50 meter pitch of all that is great about Squamish climbing established us on the chockstone in the Roman Chimney and the excitement began to build. As the summit grew nearer I slowed to savor the last of the climbing—wide bridging, a run-out mantle and a belly crawl to the base of the final corner. As I climbed those last forty feet I felt a mixture of emotions. Mostly there was the deep satisfaction of finally achieving a long sought after dream, but there was also a sense of sadness at the passing of a great adventure. As Philip and I hiked down the summit slabs admiring the view down Howe sound I realized that for me this had been in many ways the ultimate climb.

*An account of the second free ascent of the University Wall-Roman Chimneys combination on the Grand Wall of the Squamish Chief. V 5.12a. Perry Beckham and Philip van Wassenaeen. (Beckham led every pitch)*

The Grand Wall of the Squamish Chief with the University-Wall/Roman Chimneys route marked



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# Everest... ..the Light Way

Sharon Wood

It was only a few days after Dwayne Congdon and I had stumbled off the summit of Mount Everest when Barry Blanchard roused me from my semi-conscious void within the sanctuary of my sleeping bag. "Hey, Woody! I have this climb I'd like to do with you on the Rupal Face of Nanga Parbat. The biggest vertical face in the world, no sponsors, small team, alpine style, unclimbed line, 8000 meters..." I responded with a groan and a few words of protest. "But it's a small 8000er." I didn't know there were any small 8000-meter peaks. I was operating on a much different frequency at the time. I had been dreaming of learning how to rock climb again. I mean really rock climb with a sleeveless t-shirt and a pair of gaudy lycra tights. To enter a rock-climbing season sun-tanned and minus the atrophied appearance I am so accustomed to after high-altitude adventures that are exclusively mind-and-lung expanding. "Bubba, ask me later."

Barry's source of energy and enthusiasm had always been an admirable enigma to most of us mortals. He and Albi Sole had been the victims of my biggest regret of the Everest Light experience, which still looms very large in my mind. They had been slotted for the second summit team, due to begin their bid once Dwayne and I were safely down. In spite of being healthy, strong, and chafing at the bit, they were called down off the mountain. Circumstances had denied them the opportunity they deserved. Dwayne and I hadn't helped their chances by cutting it close to the line. Of course all eleven of us came on this trip aiming for the top. We came with the awareness that our odds were slim on an expedition-style ascent on a very big brand-name mountain.

Back on the 19th of March we were the first expedition to

arrive. We selected the choice location for our Base Camp at the foot of the Rongbuk Glacier at 16,800 feet. The Americans who closely paralleled our schedule, route, and style, arrived a day later with a permit to climb the Great Couloir. The Spanish arrived approximately a week later with permission to attempt the North Ridge. Base Camp offered colorful and diverse entertainment.

The price of luxury is quickly paid when you drive to 17,000 feet. Donning nearly every layer of clothing we owned, and under the influence of a condition close to the worst hangover I've ever experienced, we attempted to create order out of our six tons of supplies. Within hours, amidst total chaos, Jane Fearing, our cook, had succeeded in turning out a fine meal, a demonstration of only one small quality that remained consistent throughout our sojourn. It is an illusion to believe that climbing is the feature attraction on a project of this nature. One day James Blench defined the role of an expedition member rather succinctly: "You go with a group of people you believe in, you give it all you have, you throw it all into one pot and with the direction of a good leader you see what you come up with." I'm sure at times we may have all looked like good little Socialists. However, in reality, every one of us was a strong-willed, single-minded individual, who was not accustomed to aligning his or her purpose with more than one or two people at best. The one thing we did share in common was a recognition of the need to channel the diversity in this situation in order to accomplish our objective. Jim Elzinga was unanimously accepted as the leader. The cooperation and compliance that ensued was a source of constant wonderment.

Camp II at 19,500 feet was established at the base of the spur by

Mt. Everest, North Face



the end of March. Camp III was established halfway up the spur, and reclaimed several times before it was successfully occupied by mid April. Due to the blessing of some good weather and relatively straightforward climbing and fixing, Camp IV at 24,000 feet was ready for occupation by the third week in April. Old abandoned caches and carcasses of box tents were grim reminders of the wrath of this mountain. I recalled reading an account of a team loaded with big guns who were defeated by the next section because of the winds and the sustained work load above 24,000 feet. We too were beginning to wear. All but Albi Sole and I had been stricken by a virus which attacked the respiratory tract that crippled our force and pace. Interestingly enough all but Annie Whitehouse on the American team had been afflicted by the same virus.

We spent days building our camps, spurred on by the sight of the tattered remains of efforts before us and of past horror stories of expeditions losing up to fifteen tents to the winds. I will never forget that dramatic photograph from Tom Hornbein's book of climbers leaning 45° into the wind attempting to salvage the remains of their Camp IV. We also spent many extra days laying down and maintaining fixed ropes on easy ground to ensure we remained intact when the winds picked up. As the season advanced, our fears materialized. I remember one day watching Jim Elzinga, who weighs 200 pounds or better, get lifted off his feet and hurtled back down to the next anchor.

By April 20, Camp V was installed through the tenacious efforts of Barry Blanchard and Dwayne Congdon. By this time it felt as if we were beginning to spin our wheels. There is a paradox that exists in an expedition-style ascent. The multitude of incremental steps that promote a slow but strong and consistent progress tend to block the attainment of the ultimate objective. In securing the platforms from which to extend, long exposure to altitude burns you out by the time you're in position to make a summit bid. Our work force above 24,000 feet was down to half. We had to change our original objective of climbing the West Ridge Direct to traversing out onto the North Face and climbing the Hornbein Couloir. To some this appeared the only viable alternative. To others it was a hard blow, a compromise. They would have rather failed on the hard way than succeed by a less technical route. After reading Tom Hornbein's account and given the mountain we were on. I was not confident we had anything in the bag.

A week later on the 6th of May, another crucial decision was made. The summit teams were selected. This painful process was made easier by the mountain having already pared us down to four. Dwayne Congdon and I were to be the first assault team and Barry Blanchard and Albi Sole the second. The strategy from here would go as follows: Two teams of two would fix from Camp V across the north face to the bottom of the couloir in four days. Meanwhile, whoever was capable would ferry the remainder of supplies necessary for Camp VI to Camp V. Within the week, following a rest, Dwayne and I would commence our summit bid. Being the first summit team we would install Camp VI at 27,000 feet and go for the summit the next day. If we failed to reach the summit, we would at least fix as much of the technical sections as possible with 6mm Kevlar rope for the second team to move through on.

With a concrete plan now in place, the hulking expedition

machine began making steps forward. Everyone put out to his maximum capacity even when his cards were played out. Jim had contracted a bad viral infection which permanently bound him to Camp II and below. From there he continued to maintain a relentless grip on the orchestration of the strategy. Over the next week we succeeded in carrying out the initial stages of our plan.

On May 15, on parting from Camp I to begin our summit bid, Todd Bibler, a member of our American neighbors, shouted out some parting words of wisdom, "Glory or Death!" Coleen, Dwayne's long-time mate, failed to grasp the nature of Todd's humor. Later that day, Jim Elzinga took us aside for a little pep talk. He said that no matter what, make sure you treat this climb just like any other mountain: don't die for it.

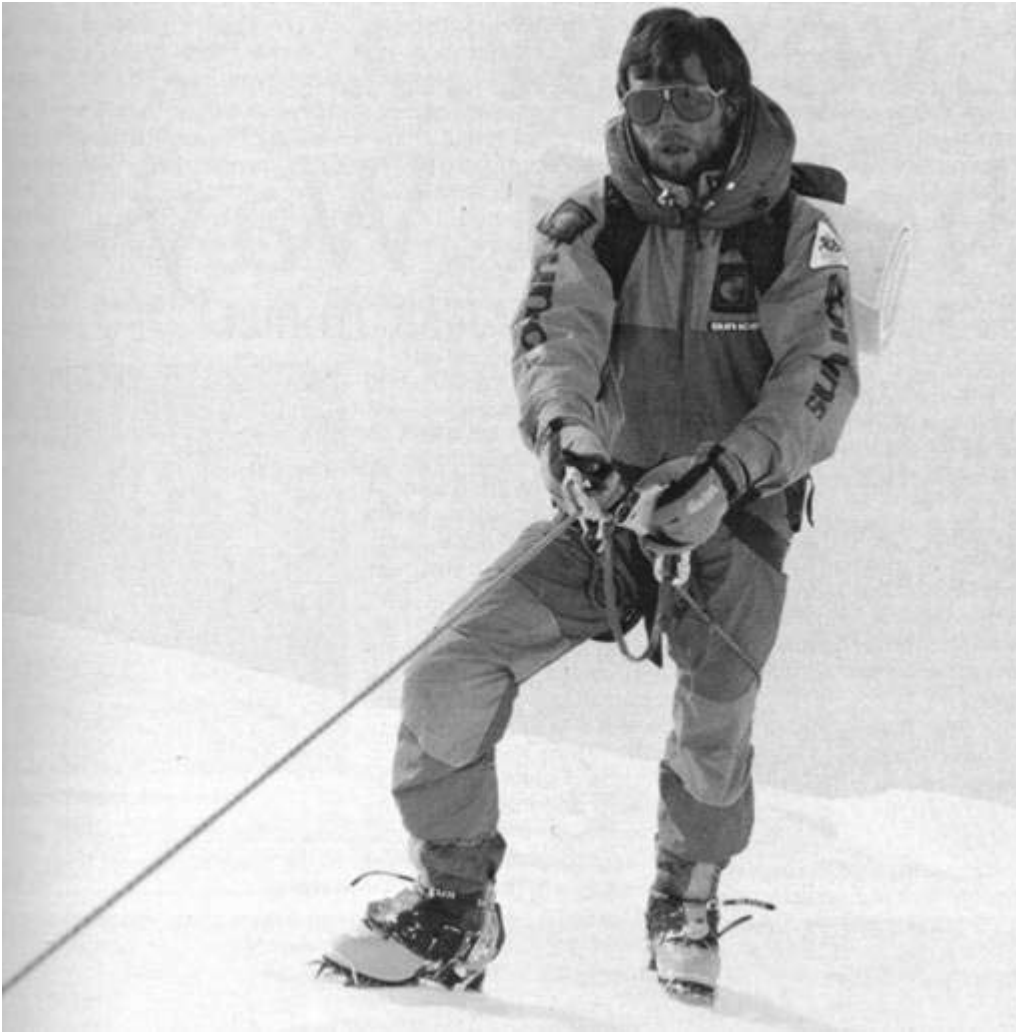
Barry and Kevin Doyle joined Dwayne and me. They would carry in support through to Camp VI. At Camp II, we waited out two days of storms before we started up in spite of unsettled weather. On this day, halfway up our 5000-foot carry, when the conditions were especially compromising, I tried this little tidbit of Jim Elzinga philosophy out on Kevin. It didn't wash. If the truth be

If the truth be known, one's bearing on reality and the margin one leaves for longevity is altered significantly in a place like this.

known, one's bearing on reality and the margin one leaves for longevity is altered significantly in a place like this. On May 19, at Camp V, we strapped on the oxygen for the first time. Our circulation improved almost immediately. However, with two oxygen bottles on top of all the supplies for Camp VI and above, our packs were pushing

70 pounds. The pace was discouragingly slow and painful. I didn't dare take my pack off for fear of dropping it or losing energy needed to put it back on. As the four of us crept across the face, every now and then someone was toppled over by the wind. An ominous lenticular cloud capped the summit. Late in the afternoon we left the ropes and entered the couloir. It was constantly being flushed by surface avalanches from thousands of feet above. Periodically, rocks dislodged by the raging winds ricocheted down off the walls of the couloir. Near misses were stripping away our resolve. At eight P.M., I saw Barry step out of the couloir into an alcove. This would be our Camp VI, at approximately 26,800 feet. Barry and Kevin remained with us and did everything they could to help us get settled. It was painful to watch them turn their backs to return to Camp V. This day had been a far more demanding test of their commitment than of ours, as we had the sweet incentive of the summit luring us on the next day. We remained outside preparing our equipment and securing our tent until after midnight, reducing ourselves to a devastating level of exhaustion.

On May 20, at five A.M., we arose covered in spindrift that had been driven through the walls of the tent during our few hours of respite. We made the first and one of the only radio calls of the day. The boys indicated that the lenticular cloud was holding its ground and obscuring the summit from 28,000 feet and above. Their words were barely audible over the screaming wind. We stepped out of the tent at nine A.M., eight hours behind schedule, and loaded up our packs with one oxygen bottle, 600 feet of 6mm Kevlar rope, and a few pitons. I tucked a portable radio on full volume deep inside my jackets. Our oxygen would last ten hours on a low flow rate of two liters per minute. All was not in our favour as we plodded up the icy couloir where trailings of old ropes hauntingly dangled on the



walls. In the initial stages of the day, Dwayne's sense of conviction was considerably stronger than mine. As the day wore on, when his energy waned, mine would surge. We played off one another's fluctuating strengths throughout the day. To save time, we elected to climb unroped. When we reached the rock pitches at the Yellow Band, we began to string the rope out. A few hundred feet later we came together, having both assumed a much different mode of operation. The climbing had consumed our disappointment and pessimism. A very intense level of concentration and commitment prevailed. Every now and then I'd get a boost from the voices that crackled over the radio inside my jacket from our anxious onlookers 10,000 feet below. By five o'clock in the afternoon we had covered half the elevation to the summit. With no verbal communication necessary, we continued on. We seemed to be operating in perfect synchronism, matched in thought, determination, and decision. The voices that wafted up from the depths of my jacket had a marked change in tone. Now I was hearing the odd broken phrase with the words, bivouac, or benighted and speculations of where we would spend the night. We were unquestionably on our way to the top, and we certainly didn't have any intentions of spending the night out. The wind had died to a low roar confining us to the protection of the face on the summit pyramid. One final step of fifth-class climbing and we gained the endless ridge.

We stepped onto the summit at sunset, nine P.M. We wrestled with flags and cameras for twenty minutes, then turned our attention

to the descent. Unfortunately the conditions would not allow us to sit on our backsides and surrender to a quick slide back home and live to see our friends' smiles the next day. Darkness intercepted us at about 28,500 feet on the traverse back into the couloir. We were separated about halfway down where we reached our fixed ropes. We both continued alone under the assumption that everything was under control but not particularly fun. We were slipping deeper and deeper into a very efficient state of function, that of survival. Meanwhile downstairs, the team helplessly watched as our head lamps grew further and further apart. I was too preoccupied to realize the radio had ceased working before the summit.

I arrived at Camp VI ninety minutes before Dwayne. During the wait, my mind had its first chance to register anything beyond putting one foot below the other. I thought of the implications of having separated from Dwayne; my thoughts raced randomly, entertaining everything from the best to the worst of scenarios. One of the most pleasant memories I recall was the sound of Dwayne's footsteps outside the tent at 3:30 A.M. During the interim before dawn we managed to create a few more exciting moments for ourselves when a mishandled stove blew up, leaving us quite cold and

thirsty, and me with little facial hair.

At dawn, we reassembled the radio, and pushed the button to re-establish contact with the rest of the team. There was no question as to whether it was a team success. Dwayne and I were lucky enough to climb off their shoulders to reach the pinnacle of everyone's efforts.

*Mount Everest, 8848 meters, via West Ridge and Hornbein Couloir; first ascent by a North American woman. James Blench, Barry Blanchard, Dwayne Congdon, Kevin Doyle, Jim Elzinga (leader), Jane Fearing (cook), Bob Lee, Dave McNab, Chris Shank, Laurie Skreslet, and Sharon Wood. The summit was reached by Congdon and Wood on May 20, 1986*

# Everest... ..the Fast Way

Jean Troillet

Jean Troillet is a Swiss-born Canadian who, in 1983, took part in a Swiss expedition to Mount Everest. Weather conditions that year didn't allow anyone to reach the summit, so he asked for authorization from the Chinese for another try, this time on the North Face. Permission was granted for 1986 and he invited his friend Erhard Loretan to join him.

They planned two parallel expeditions: The first would consist of Troillet supported in an attempt to solo the North Face by Dominique Marchal and Sandro Godio. The second group would be Loretan, his girlfriend Nicole Niquille, and Pierre and Annie Beghin. They planned to climb the Norton Couloir in two ropes with Annie and Nicole hoping to be the first female team to reach the summit without oxygen.

The expedition forgathered in the little Tibetan city of Xigar at 13200 ft on the 15th of July; and after two days of acclimatization the climbers, along with a support party, a film crew, two jeeps, an interpreter, a liaison officer and a truck carrying a ton and a half of stores and equipment set off for the mountain.

112 bumpy miles, one river crossing and 4000 vertical feet later they set up their base camp at the foot of Everest's North Face. What follows is Jean Troillet's account (written, for whatever reason, in the third person) of what is surely one of the most staggering accomplishments in mountaineering history.

Dealing with the Chinese administration was not easy. The expedition had already met some problems with them at the Nepalese border, and kept encountering new delays caused by their slowness. The yaks necessary for the transportation of the gear up to the advanced base camp had been ordered in advance and were supposed to arrive the next day. Jean was told that he would have to wait five more days. He found this delay frustrating but Alain Vagne, the expedition doctor, was happy because he felt that the altitude change up till then had been too fast.

One more problem arose. Olivier, Annie Beghin's sixteen year old son came down with a serious case of mountain sickness. The doctor deemed that it was necessary to take him down again, and decided to accompany him in the jeep with an oxygen bottle in case his condition worsened. At this point Annie, who had personal problems, decided to abandon the expedition and return to France with her son.

Alain Vagne returned on the 21st of July, after an exhausting trip to Xigaze, a Tibetan city nine hours drive from the base camp. He was suffering from dysentery. The yaks and their handlers arrived the same day. On the 22nd the first group left for the advanced base camp situated at 18100 feet. Now it was Sandro's turn to suffer from mountain sickness; and only Jean, Nicole, Erhard and Pierre went on.

The film crew—Jean Afanassief and Marie Hiroz—along with Dominique, followed the yaks to the place in the East Rongbuk

valley where they were to ford the river.

Jean Troillet

The climbers crossed the river lower down, where the two valleys of Rongbuk and East Rongbuk meet. The unpredictable amount of water in the torrent does not always make the crossing easy.

That day Jean had set up a rope bridge which made the crossing easy and fun. The yaks left for the ford and Jean had the good sense to follow them along the other bank. It required all his powers of persuasion to convince the yakmen not to stop and camp next to the ford. He managed to force them to continue even after they had unloaded the animals, and he doesn't speak one word of Tibetan!

On the 25th, the remainder of the team arrived at the advanced base camp, which was situated on the righthand side of the glacier in a little green and sheltered valley. The expedition was to stay there for as long as necessary to acclimatise to the altitude and wait for suitable weather conditions.

During this acclimatisation period the climbers set up camp I at 19500 feet at the foot of the Changtse East ridge. They also made a couple of lesser ascents. Pierre and Jean climbed the unnamed 22800 foot peak which dominated the advanced base camp. Erhard climbed alone two superb snowfaces on the other side of the glacier, and one of these was also climbed by Jean and Sandro a few days later. Everybody felt ready to go around the 10th of August but the weather conditions remained hopeless.

On the 21st of August the weather seemed to improve. Nicole, Jean, Erhard, Pierre and Sandro left immediately for camp I, but by evening it was snowing again. Even so they tried to go forward; Jean towards the great couloir on the right, the others to their route. Everybody met again two hours later on the glacier, having to accept the fact that this was not the right occasion.

They stayed the night at camp I and descended the next morning to the advanced base camp. As they arrived two heavily loaded silhouettes appeared from the other side of the valley, obviously coming from the base camp. It was Chen, the interpreter, and Annie Beghin, who was rejoining the expedition after an absence of one month.

The waiting continued. Annie still didn't want to hear anything about the North Face and did her best to talk Pierre out of going. Nicole needed to be back in Switzerland in order to take part in the mountain guide course.



She had decided that the 26th of August was the last day on which she could start the climb. So when Annie succeeded in convincing Pierre to leave with her for the North Col, and Pierre announced that he wouldn't be back before the 28th, it became clear to Nicole that she would be unable to make the attempt on Everest this year. On the 24th of August the Beghins left for the destination chosen by Annie. The weather continued bad.

The atmosphere continued to worsen and an argument broke out between Jean Afanassief and Erhard Loretan. Afanassief had hoped to film the climbers during the ascent, but the climbers did not wish to be followed. At this point, the film crew decided to pack up and return to Europe.

On the 26th of August, Nicole, sticking to her brave decision, left with them. On the 27th, Annie and Pierre returned.

On Thursday the 28th, a clear and sunny morning, Jean, Erhard, Pierre and Sandro left once more for camp I. Upon arrival they each took a light sleeping pill and slept until 20.00 hours. Then they ate, got ready, and set out across the glacier towards the foot of Everest.

The amount of snow clinging to the North face had forced Jean to give up his plan to go solo, and since Erhard was also very attracted by the Hornbein couloir they made up their minds to join forces. Pierre joined them at the last moment, even though nobody had believed that Annie would let him go on this climb. Sandro decided to follow them for as far as his seriously damaged knee ligaments would allow.

At the first rockband Sandro's knee gave up and he decided to turn back in order to avoid causing problems for the others. The remaining three climbed through the night, with Pierre, who was not used to climbing such a long way without stopping, gradually fell

back. Jean and Erhard waited for him under the second rockband and at 25800 feet and ten o'clock in the morning they stopped, cut a ledge in the snow, and settled down to rest for the day.

They started to climb again at 21.00 hours. Pierre did not appear in good shape. By the start of the Hornbein couloir, he had already begun to drop back. Around 27000 feet, he was overcome by an irresistible need to sleep, and had to turn around. Jean and Erhard continued through the night, maintaining a fast pace, and by daybreak they were past the end of the Hornbein. A little later on, they allowed themselves two hours rest. It was colder than they expected and as a result the snow was still soft and deep. Sometimes, they were in it up to chest height and they took it in turns to force a path. Jean could only be grateful that he was not alone.

On Saturday the 30th of August, at 14.10 hours, Jean and Erhard stood on the summit of Everest. They had made the North face climb in 39 hours. Without oxygen but perfectly comfortable they stayed there for one hour and twenty minutes. The weather conditions started to look threatening as they began the descent.

Shortly afterwards the valley became full of storms which, fortunately, did not encroach on Everest although some sleet fell during their descent of the Hornbein. At the snow ledge, they were surprised to see Pierre who was feeling better and had decided to try again for the summit that evening. They continued their extremely fast descent. They slid down on their behinds, using their ice axes to slow down. In all the descent took only 3 hours and 30 minutes.

They slept the night in camp I. As for Pierre, after restarting the Hornbein he was once again overcome by sleepiness at the same altitude as before and could go no further. He returned to the ice

Mt. Everest, the Rongbuk Face



ledge where he slept and finished the descent the next morning, arriving at camp I at ten o'clock.

Everyone returned to the advanced base camp on the 31st of August. Jean and Erhard were in great shape (although Jean was suffering from mild frostbite on the ends of his toes), carrying enormous loads. They had dismantled camp I in order to avoid returning there at a later date.

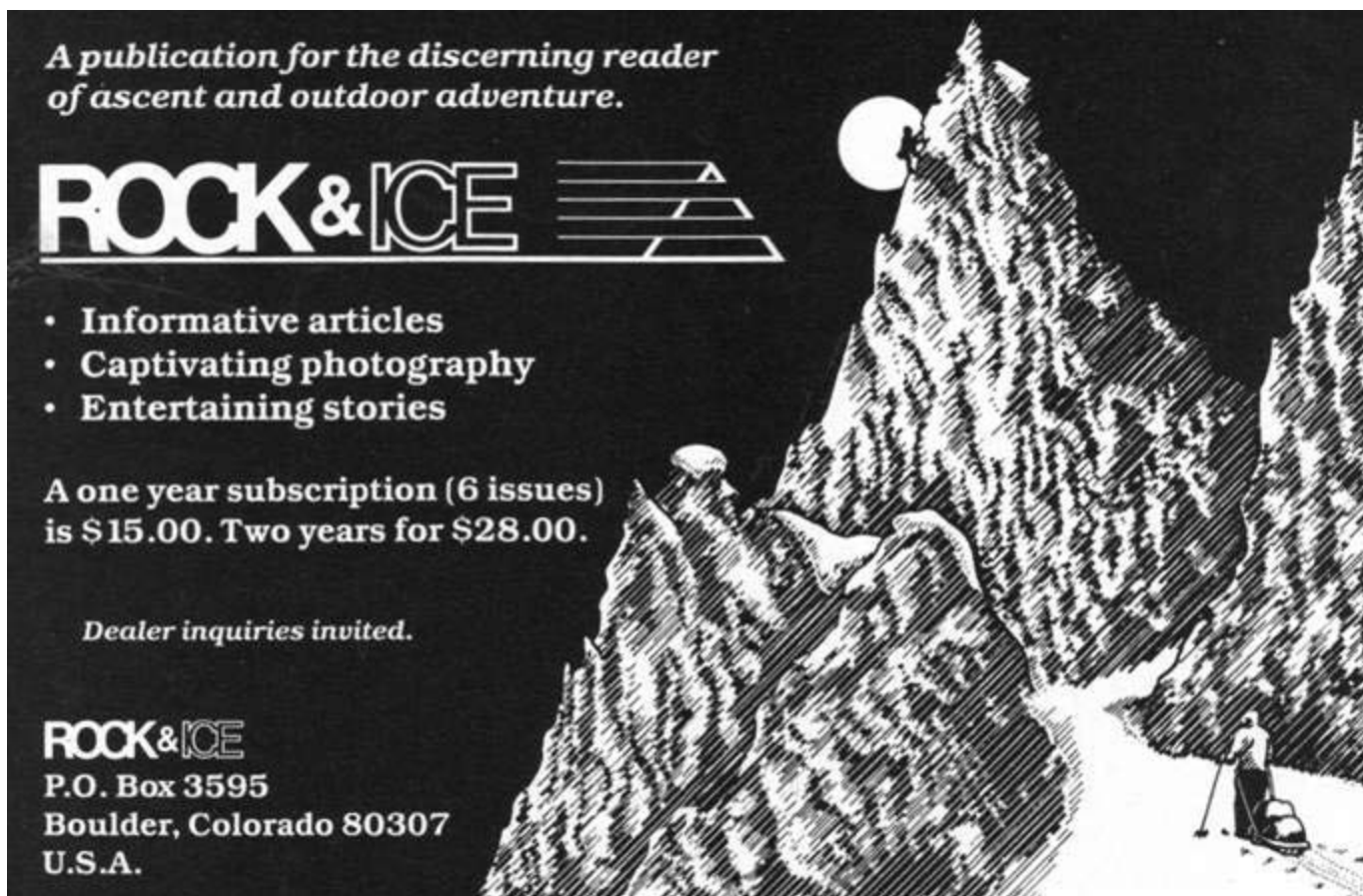
Dominique went down to the lower base camp. From there she journeyed by jeep to Xigaze in order to telegraph the news of the victory to the newspapers. On the way, at Xe Dzong, she organised the yaks which were required to bring down the equipment from the advanced base camp; and at Xigarshe arranged for truck which would take it all to the Nepalese frontier.

For the last time everybody was reunited at the base camp on the 5th of September. They were not alone. There was also a British expedition which wanted to conquer the North East ridge


(never done before), an American expedition that hoped to find Irvine and Mallory, and a Canadian expedition whose leader also wanted to make a solo attempt. Everywhere Jean and Erhard were congratulated and closely questioned. Also envied since, mission accomplished, they were free to return to their homes.

The truck arrived on time and on the 6th of September everyone took leave of the base camp and the Rongbuk valley. Jean and Sandro, in the jeep with the interpreter, the liaison officer and the driver, left to go to Lhasa and Peking, where they would have new and difficult talks with the Chinese Mountain Association. Dominique, Erhard, Annie and Pierre left for Kathmandu in the truck.

It was six o'clock in the morning when the truck started up. The weather was freezing and damp. A layer of gray and menacing clouds hid Everest. The bad weather would allow no one else to reach the highest peak in the world, this year.



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# Fear of Flying

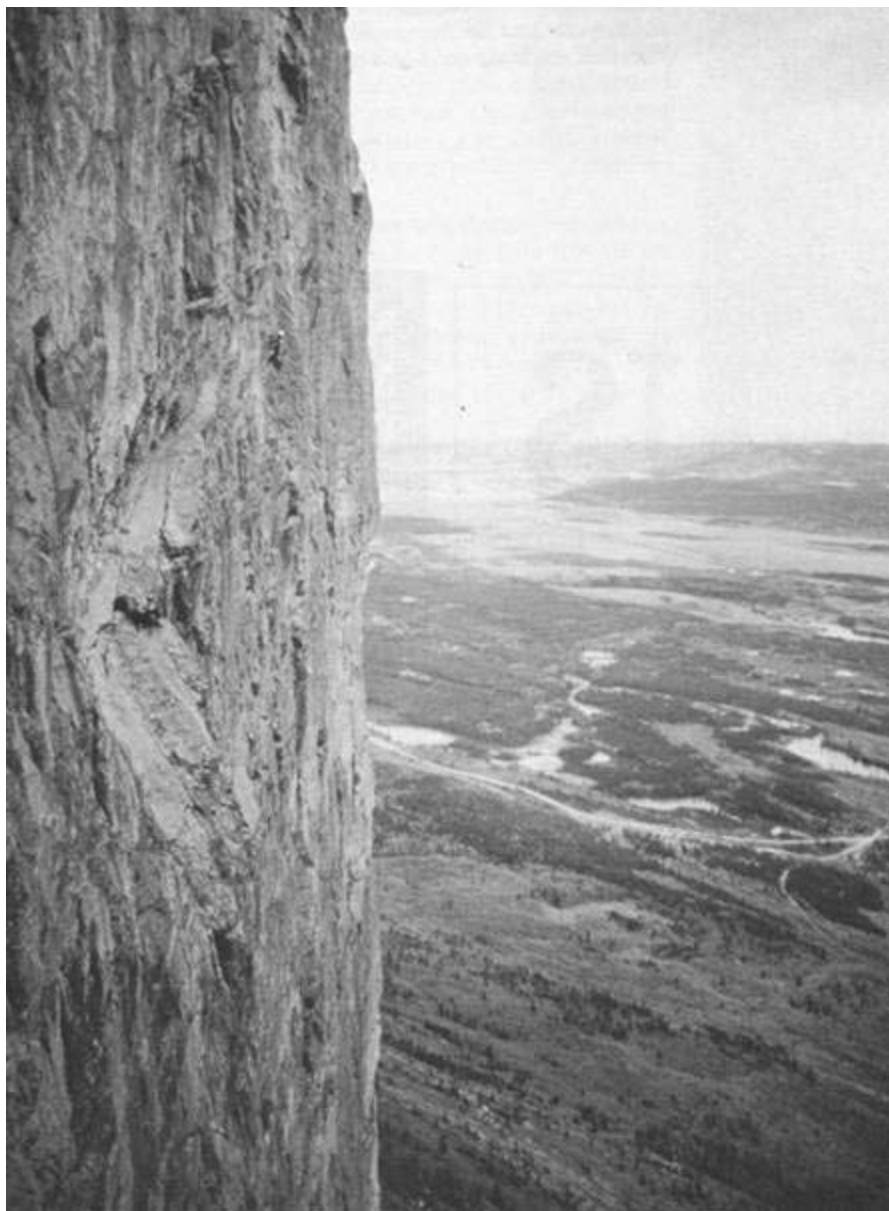
Jeff Marshall

Brian Gross told me of a wild new line that he had spotted on Yam, and a week later there we were, a deranged South African and an enthusiastic Canadian youth, at the base of Yamnuska's affectionately named Suicide Wall. Above us were two parallel crack lines that ended after 50 ft and then 1000 feet of disturbingly blank looking wall.

I was starting to wonder about Brian's line. He took us to near the top of the right hand crack, put in a bolt, and then informed me that he was too burned from drilling to continue. I lowered him off and went up to have a look. Upon reaching the bolt it became painfully obvious that there were but two ways to proceed. I could start drilling a Warren Harding type bolt ladder—but then I would have to justify my existence to the board of ethics for the next fifty years—or I could chalk up and throw a dyno to the top. Having recently reached tolerance status with the board and not being sure that the rock up there was sound enough to sustain the big lunge, it appeared that retreat was the obvious answer.

The spring of '86 arrived and we found our thoughts focused

Pitch three, Brian Wallace drilling on the dead hang. (Karl Nagy)



on the big wall that had beaten us so easily the previous season. Once again we stood at the base, humbled by the raw power and featureless beauty of this canvas we intended to paint on. Brian Wallace, alias BJ, was along to accompany us on this attempt. Brian Gross led off, up the left hand crack this time, and established a bolt at the top. Once again, complaining of tired forearms he came down. Being a gentleman I offered the next try to BJ, and he accepted with childlike enthusiasm. Wiping the sweat off my brow and thanking the lord, I watched as BJ navigated through the first 100 ft of vertical, apparently blank limestone.

The next pitch was mine. Thinking back on the huge runouts of the first pitch with bolts being drilled hanging off skyhooks, I was actively concerned. After 50 ft of substantially less than calm and controlled climbing and two bolts later, the old mind lost it and I informed the lads that it would be a good idea to pack it in for the day.

On the next attempt, with the help of Geoff Powter, we cracked the second pitch. Unfortunately, BJ got stung for a 30 footer while working out the 5.11 moves they encountered. Fortunately, I was unable to accompany them.

The third try was with Brian Gross, and after losing it on the second pitch a few times my level of enthusiasm for future exploration that day waned dramatically. Three days later saw BJ and the Kid up for round 4. We cruised the first two pitches with no falls. BJ worked out pitch 3 while I sat for a few hours and enjoyed our position, tied into three pieces of happiness. There was a party on Direttissima at the same time. It was interesting to have others to talk to and to exchange perceptions of each other's situation. I could remember climbing Direttissima years ago and being amazed at how steep it was, but looking at it now from the belay, it reminded me more of a slab than a face climb. I was getting cold when a relieved BJ finally called down for me to climb. The third pitch was horrifying. From the last bolt to the belay was 30 ft of sustained, intricate 5.10 face climbing.

Typically gripped, I headed out on pitch 4. Up to this point just about all of the pro had been bolts drilled off hooks. This had taken a lot of time and energy, not to mention stupidity; but now, for the first time on the entire climb, I was able to use a real nut in a real crack. No preservatives. Spurred on by hope and disillusionment I ran out 30 ft, established 2 bolts 10 ft apart, took note of the insanity that lay ahead, and promptly suggested a hasty retreat. I'm glad BJ is such an understanding type. Down we went, baffled by the improbability of the lower half of the route.

Attempt number 5 was with Dave Cheesmond. While we were climbing I told Dave that I didn't want to finish the route without Brian or BJ because of the tremendous effort they had both put into it. Dave figured that we could do it and just not tell anybody. I reached our high point to be greeted by a wonderful hail storm. We waited and watched until the first bolt of lightning struck the top and



channeled some of its energy through my drenched body. Dave lowered me down to the belay and we began rappelling. At the end of the first rappel I was left hanging at the end of the ropes about 5 feet shy of our previous rap station, but like a cowboy with his boots I never go anywhere without my bolt kit, and so commenced one of the most difficult bolting sessions I have ever undergone. Every time I hit the driver I would slowly swing away from the rock and then thrash wildly in an effort to get back in. After what seemed like hours the deed was finally done and we finished the descent without further incident.

A few weeks passed before we tried again. On May 25th Brian Gross, Steve Demaio and I walked up to Yam determined to finish the thing. BJ had been away tree planting and hadn't returned. Once again all of the rehearsed pitches were climbed, and yes, once again there I was at the high point, unwittingly preparing to add total madness to a long list of colorful events. 10 ft out from my last bolt I quite literally ran out of things to hold on to. On a previous attempt with BJ I had wanked out in this exact spot—this time I had to at least try. Groping around in the blankness I found a side pull, and the heat was on. The climbing was desperate and unrelenting. Occasionally tiny hookable edges passed by but there was no chance of hanging on long enough to put a hook down. The world had become a horrifying nightmare in which I was hopelessly trapped. The comforting security of the last bolt was distant, almost imaginary. After 50 ft of 5.11 insanity I managed to put a hook down and drill the life sustaining bolt. Another 30 ft runout brought me to a ledge where I drilled 2 more bolts and gratefully clipped in and waited until two baffled men joined a thoroughly shaken young mess at the top of the fourth.

The fifth, sixth and seventh pitches passed in a haze and on top we laughed and howled like fools.

*An account of the first ascent of Astro-Yam, 5.11c, which Jeff Marshall modestly calls "...a masterpiece and future Yamnuska classic".*

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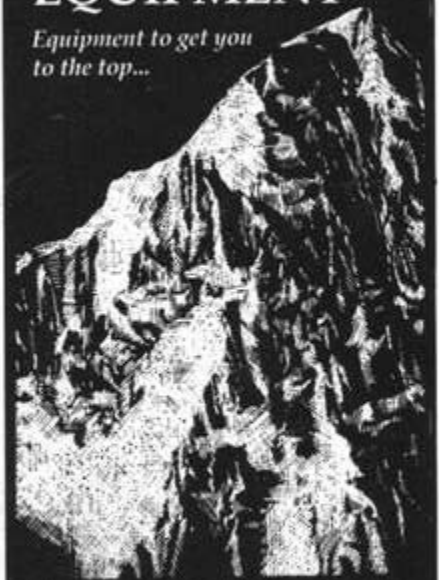
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# La Déesse de la Tourquoise

Jacques Olek & Andrzej Zawada

## L'HISTOIRE

Cette montagne, moins connue que ses prestigieuses voisines est située à 28 km au nord-ouest de l'Everest sur la frontière népalo-tibétaine. Elle a deux cotes d'altitudes officielles: pour les alpinistes, elle mesure 8153 m; pour le gouvernement népalais, 8201 m. Aussi, selon que Ton soit alpiniste ou touriste c'est le 8ème ou le 6ème plus haut sommet du monde.

En 1921, l'expédition Mallory rapportait les premiers documents photographiques du Cho Oyu en Europe (cette expédition tentait l'ascension de l'Everest côté tibétain). Vu du Tibet, côté ouest, le Cho Oyu paraissait facile à grimper. Six expéditions ont réussi son ascension par la face ouest. Mais il faut bien dire que sa réputation de sommet "facile" ne tient que par l'accès tibétain. Tenter cette ascension par la face sud-est est autrement périlleux et remet en question sa réputation de sommet facile.

D'ailleurs, après le succès de notre expédition, les journaux européens n'ont pas manqué de faire remarquer que ce fut l'hivernale la plus difficile jamais réalisée sur un 8000 mètres.

Le pilier sud-est avait auparavant résisté à toutes tentatives. En 1978, finalement, une équipe autrichienne réussissait en ouvrant une voie presque au milieu de la face sud-est.

Pour ce qui est des hivernales, aucune tentative sérieuse n'avait été faite avant nous. L'expédition italo-allemande menée par Messner en 1982, accompagnée d'une grande publicité, ne peut être considérée comme une tentative sérieuse d'hivernale, puisque celle-ci interrompait ses activités le 19 décembre avant le début d'une vraie saison hivernale.

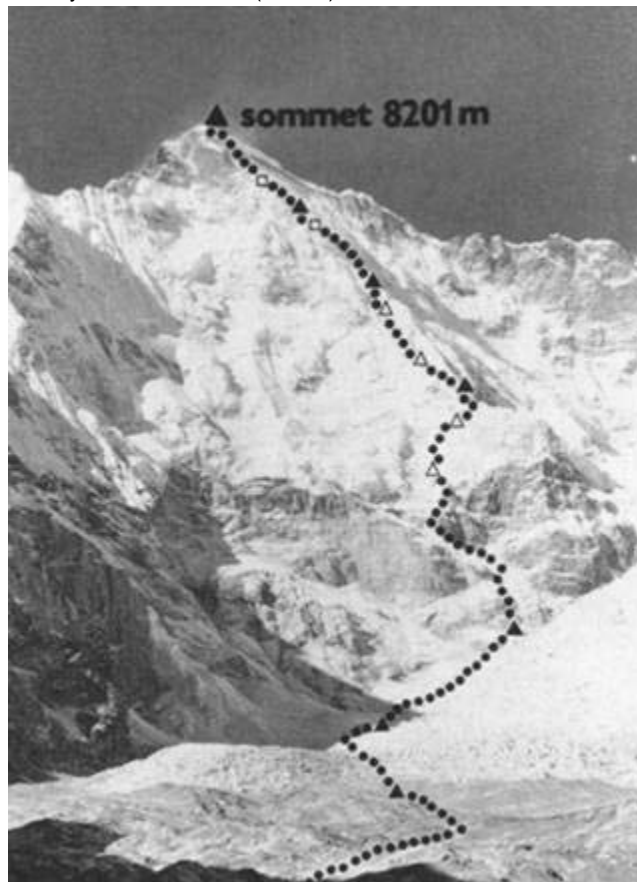
## PREPARATIFS DE L'EXPEDITION

L'organisation de cette expédition a été très efficace. Nous disposions de très peu de temps et il nous fallait éviter à tout prix les erreurs. En effet, entre le 6 septembre 1984, date d'obtention du permis, et le 17 décembre 1984, jour où nous étions tous réunis à Katmandou, une véritable course contre la montre nous fut imposée pour organiser minutieusement cette expédition.

Des ententes passées entre les Québécois et les Polonais stipulaient que les Québécois devaient fournir les cordes, les tentes de haute altitude, les walkies-talkies, les batteries solaires, 30% de la nourriture et 50% des médicaments. Us devaient aussi assurer les frais de déplacement de toute l'équipe à partir de Katmandou jusqu'au camp de base (hélicoptères, la paye des sherpas, des porteurs et de notre personnel népalais). Les Polonais fournissaient 70% de la nourriture, 50% des médicaments, tout l'équipement de base, l'équipement pour le personnel népalais, et des ensembles en duvet pour tous les membres de l'expédition. De plus, ils étaient responsables du transport de tous les bagages pour Katmandou. Equipement et nourriture ont été ainsi acheminés entre Montréal et la Pologne sur le bateau polonais "Stefan Batory"; tout le matériel donne par les fournisseurs européens a été dirigé vers la Pologne depuis l'Italie, la France, et l'Allemagne.

Enfin, un camion chargé de cinq tonnes et demi de matériel quittait la Pologne pour Katmandou via New Delhi. Nous l'attendions pour le 8 décembre. Il est arrivé avec quelques jours de retard mais qu'il soit arrivé tient du miracle. Le chauffeur polonais était un aventurier peu commun. Docteur en philosophie, il parle sept langues, et il peut changer son moteur en deux jours... Il est passé avec son chargement par l'Iran et l'Irak entre autres. La cabine est toute défoncée, un arbre lui est tombé dessus! Il est heureux,

Cho Oyu, la face sud-est. (J. Olek)



ruse comme un renard... Cela nous prendra deux jours de travail acharné pour décharger le camion et repartir le stock en lots de 25 à 30 kg transportables à dos d'homme ou de yak pendant la marche d'approche.

Le 17 décembre enfin, nous sommes tous réunis à Katmandou:

Les Polonais: Maciek Berbecka, Genek Chrobak, Krzysztof Flaczynski (médecin), Mirek Gardzielewski, Zyga Heinrich, Jurek Kukuczka, Maciek Pawlikowski et Andrzej Zawada (leader)

Les Québécois: Martin Berkman, André Frappier, Jacques Olek (vice-leader) et Yves Tessier (médecin).

Les Népalais: Chhetrapati Shrestha (officier de liaison), Thukten Sherpa (le responsable sirdar), Ang Dawa, Maila et Mohit Syngbo Lama qui seront nos excellents cuisiniers au camp de base.

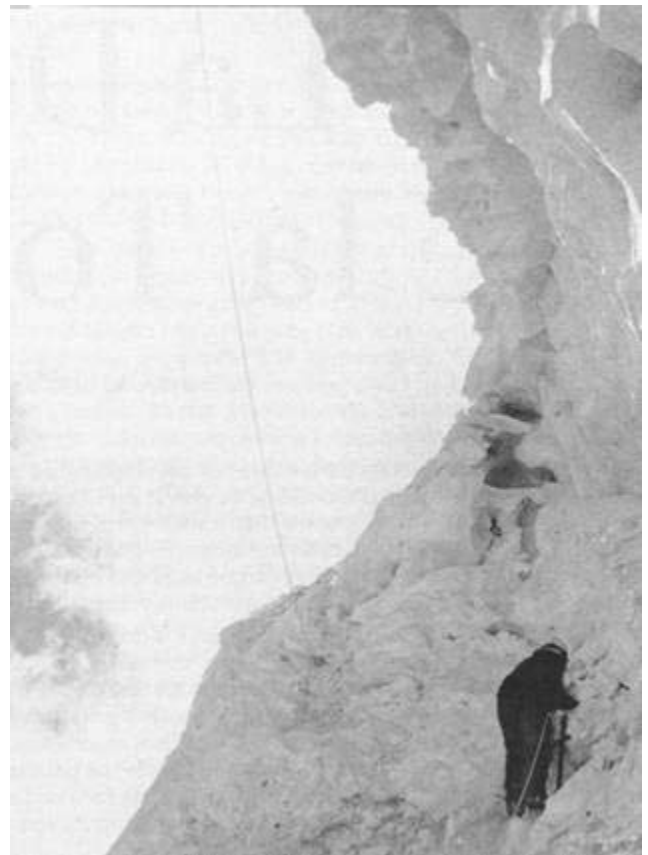
Nous étions donc en pleins préparatifs quand notre leader Andrzej Zawada fut confronté à une demande peu commune. Lui-même nous en fit part lors de la réunion qu'il avait convoquée suite à cette demande:

"Jurek Kukuczka me fait une demande plutôt embarrassante mais aussi intéressante. Il voudrait que je lui facilite la possibilité de participer à deux expéditions: pouvoir rejoindre immédiatement l'équipe polonaise qui tente l'hivernale du Dhaulagiri et revenir ensuite se joindre à notre équipe Internationale pour tenter l'hivernale du Cho Oyu. S'il réussit, il établit un record jamais réalisé dans l'histoire de l'Himalayisme: deux 8000 mètres dans le même hiver! Mais le départ de Jurek affaiblit notre équipe d'un alpiniste puisqu'il faudrait qu'il parte demain matin. De plus, cela pose un problème moral. Toute la préparation, les cordes fixes, les portages se feront sans lui. Et Jurek, notre champion, arrivera à point nommé pour l'assaut final. Cela me paraît relever

Traversée a 7300 m. entre le camp IV et le camp V. (J Kukuczka)



Ci-dessus: De la glace surplombante à 7100 m (E. Chrobak)



Ci-dessous: Vue du camp III, 6700 m. (A. Heinrich)



d'un opportunisme un peu trop grand."

La discussion qui suivit cette déclaration fut chaude. Le vote très serré accordait à Jurek Kukuczka la possibilité de faire ces deux sommets. Le lendemain, lorsqu'il partait, on apprenait que l'expédition polonaise avait installé le camp 2, au Dhaulagiri.

Pour nous, il nous fallait aussi décoller de Katmandou. Obtenir des charters pour Lukla (village situé sur la marche d'approche vers le Cho Oyu) n'est pas chose facile et nous y avons échoué. Il nous a fallu louer des hélicoptères de l'armée à un tarif deux fois plus élevé, chaque vol coûtant \$2000... Heureusement, l'esprit d'initiative de Yves Tessier a un peu amoindri le choc. Il avait organisé à Lukla un petit bureau de tourisme et ainsi remplissait les hélicoptères de touristes que désiraient rentrer à Katmandou, tandis qu'à son appel, nous lui renvoyions des hélicoptères chargés de stock.

## REVEILLON DE NOËL À LUKLA

Zyga, Genek et André sont les premiers à partir vers Namche Bazar, puis vers le camp de base avec la première caravane de yaks. La marche d'approche se fera par vagues successives. Les uns arrivent au camp de base, d'autres sont en chemin, d'autres sont encore à Namche Bazar. La marche est relativement courte et très agréable. Le début du parcours est très populaire puisqu'il mène aussi à l'Everest et au Lhotse. D'ailleurs, le fameux village de Namche Bazar d'où partent toutes les expéditions vers l'Everest est en effervescence. Les petits hôtels et petits restaurants sont pleins. Une note un peu triste et décourageante, cependant: la vue des alpinistes français qui évacuaient l'Everest souffrant d'engelures assez graves. Nous avons été étonnés de voir plusieurs expéditions rebrousser chemin vers la mi-décembre alors qu'en réalité la saison d'hiver venait à peine de commencer. Ce fut le cas des Canadiens sur Ama Dablam.

Comme je faisais partie d'une des dernières équipes à monter, après le petit village de Macherma, avant-dernière étape vers le camp de base, j'eus la surprise de voir les immenses vallées vertes disparaître sous la première tombée de neige... la marche s'en trouva ralenti et devenait même laborieuse, mais le décor était tout simplement sublime. Cet hiver, nous disaient nos amis népalais, était très différent à cause de l'abondance de la neige. Durant l'expédition, il y eut cinq autres chutes de neige majeures et nous avons été obligés de pelleter plusieurs fois, le camp de base étant complètement enseveli.

L'emplacement du camp de base avait été soigneusement choisi par Zyga. Situé dans une petite dépression près de la moraine du glacier Gyazumpa, à 5200 m. il était bien protégé du vent et près de la source. Nous apercevions les hauteurs majestueuses de l'Everest, du Lhotse et bien sûr, tout devant nous, le Cho Oyu dans la face sud-est nous était cachée.

Le 30 décembre 1984, les premières tentes étaient installées. Le 2 Janvier 1985, nous y étions tous au grand complet.

## L'ASCENSION: TROIS KILOMÈTRES DE FACE VERGLACÉE

Le 4 janvier 1985. L'activité alpine commençait.

Une cordée constituée des deux Maciek, Berbeka, et Pawlikowski, installait, ce jour-là, le camp 1 sur le glacier Lugsampa. De là, nous pouvions voir la face sud-est du Cho Oyu. Impressionnante, cette immense sculpture de glace se dressait et semblait d'une raideur effroyable. Notre enthousiasme et notre désir d'entamer cette course vers le sommet était, malgré nous,

freinés par l'incessante rumeur des avalanches et des séracs qui balayaient les flancs de la montagne. À ces grondements s'ajoutait l'inquiétante vision des barrières de séracs suspendus et dont l'immobilité semblait fragile...

De ce camp, la voie que nous voulions emprunter était visible comme sur la main, de la base au sommet. Cette visibilité à la jumelle nous laissait voir que c'était bel et bien 2800 mètres d'accumulation de glace et de roches qui attendaient. Aucun névé, aucun champ de neige n'indiquaient le moindre replat.

Oui, cette voie était un véritable casse-gueule. Etourdis par son aridité, nous réalisions pourquoi cette face sud-est était considérée comme impossible à grimper. Et nous pensions avec respect à la courageuse tentative automnale des Yougoslaves qui furent les premiers à s'attaquer à ce pilier.

Je pensais que notre seule chance de réussite était d'attaquer les premières parties de la face par le pilier séparant la face sud et est de la montagne, très visible en fin de journée au soleil couchant. Cela pour éviter le danger incessant des chutes de séracs.

L'ascension de la première partie: les 1200 mètres de roches et de glace fut un défi difficile à relever. Nous avons pris la voie empruntée par les Yougoslaves, un système de couloirs en forme de Y. Le parcours entre le camp 1 et le pied de la face exigeait une grande expertise. La voie passait par le glacier qui surgissait du plateau ou des séracs suspendus s'écroulaient sans cesse sur nos cordes fixes, les arrachant et les détériorant. La peur de passer sous les masses imposantes de quelques séracs dont l'immobilité ne nous paraissait pas éternelle, nous imposait une tension nerveuse peu commune. Nous la défoulions en les nommant affectueusement "Petit canard" ou "Gros bateau", contents, ravis qu'ils n'aient pas bougé.

Ces difficultés très grandes dès le début de l'ascension ont obligé à diviser l'équipe en deux. Une partie acheminerait l'équipement très laborieusement jusqu'aux camps 1 et 2. L'autre, composée de grimpeurs d'élite, ouvrirait la voie en installant les cordes fixes: 3 cordées seulement pour un travail de titan! L'enjeu est énorme.

Une première déception nous attend: les cordes fixes laissées par les Yougoslaves sont absolument inutilisables. Les chutes de pierres les ont complètement détériorées.

Le 10 Janvier. La cordée des deux Maciek attaque la face. Après avoir traversé une crevasse au pied de la face qui nécessita une dangereuse descente en rappel et une ascension extrêmement délicate entre séracs et blocs de glace, ils atteignent la paroi verticale de la face sud-est. Les premières cordes fixes y sont installées sur un terrain très exposé. Ils retournent au camp de base pour se reposer et "faire le plein" d'énergie. Une autre cordée prend la relève, Mirek et moi-même. Nous installons le camp 2 à 5700 mètres, probablement là où s'étaient installés les Yougoslaves. C'est un endroit spectaculaire. Sur une plate-forme protégée par un surplomb, ce camp sera un véritable oasis de calme; aucune avalanche ne peut l'atteindre.

La 3ème cordée d'élite, Genek et Zyga, prennent la relève et ouvrent la voie le long de la face. Les cordes fixes sont difficiles à installer, et ils doivent chaque soir rentrer au camp 2. Manquant de cordes, ils durent même redescendre au camp 1; ces va-et-vient imprévus, dus à notre trop petit nombre, fatiguent démesurément les deux alpinistes.

Quand, du camp 1, nous observions leur lente progression si minime par rapport à ce qu'il restait à faire, nous étions pleins de doute.

*Jacques Olek*

### LA LUTTE POUR LE CAMP 3

Genek et Zyga, après d'énormes difficultés, réussissent à arriver sur un sursaut rocheux surplombe par un énorme sérac qui descend jusqu'à l'arête du pilier. Nous comprendrons par la suite que cet endroit est le passage le plus difficile de la voie. Zyga y sera blessé par une chute de pierres et la cordée devra rentrer. Il devra rester au camp de base deux semaines durant. Durant deux jours la cordée Genek-Maciek installent des cordes fixes avec retour au camp 2 pour la nuit. Des chutes de neige ralentissent le rythme et les dangers d'avalanches s'accroissent. Maciek Berbeka et Mirek remplacent la cordée précédente. Le moral est bas, nous progressons trop lentement. De plus, le départ prévu d'Yves et imprévu d'André, et la blessure de Zyga affaiblissent l'équipe. Nous restons 7, c'est dérisoire. Les cordées se relaient à un rythme trop fréquent. Les portages sont épuisants. Genek, Mirek et Jacques acheminent l'équipement en direction du camp 3. Jacques atteindra là son point ultime d'ascension. Une nouvelle chute de neige empêche toute progression. Genek et Mirek passent la journée à installer des cordes fixes. D'en bas, nous sommes souvent inquiets de les voir travailler jusqu'à la tombée de la nuit. Auront-ils le temps de rentrer au camp? Les bivouacs sont trop éprouvants et il faut les éviter à tout prix.

Heureusement, par la radio, ils m'assurent qu'ils ont excellent moral. Le camp 3 sera monté demain. Mais un couloir de glace très raide les bloque. Le chemin est barré vers la sortie. Un bivouac très précaire est improvisé. Mirek a des engelures. Nous ne sommes plus assez nombreux pour assurer le rythme normal de ravitaillement; ils doivent redescendre au camp de base manquant de cordes et de vis à glace. La relève est prise par les deux Maciek. Ils grimpent avec beaucoup de finesse, et de précautions, et ils font preuve d'une grande témérité. Les piolets Grivel font des miracles sur cette glace impénétrable, sur les bouts des crampons, adroits et légers malgré leur équipement, ils traversent le couloir de glace. Cependant, le camp 3 ne pourra pas être installé avant le lendemain.

Le 29 Janvier. A 6700 m, nous avons notre camp 3. Tout le mois de Janvier est passé. Un tiers à peine du parcours fait, l'équipe est à bout de souffle, vidée, découragée. Nous ne sommes que 8 alpinistes actifs, et le doute s'est installé en nous. Je décide de faire une sortie au camp 3 pour finir de l'équiper et monter du matériel pour les camps supérieurs. Du camp 3 on a une vue impressionnante sur ce que nous appellerons "les grandes orgues de glace". Là-haut, dans les formes plus douces d'une arête surplombante, l'emplacement de notre futur camp 4.

Deux cordées très actives se relaient sans cesse pour installer le camp 4. Genek et Mirek installent un bivouac dans une crevasse au pied des grandes orgues. La journée suivante, ils commencent l'ascension sur cette face de glace vive d'une dénivellation de 75°. Les crampons n'accrochent pas! Chaque soir, ils bivouaquent dans la crevasse, chaque matin ils repartent lourdement chargés vers l'emplacement du camp 4, dans l'extrémité supérieure des grandes orgues de glace. Un soir, pris par le temps, ils doivent bivouaquer en terrain très exposé.

Je suis très anxieux, rive à mes lunettes d'approche, en contact radio avec eux. J'avoue que je préférerais grimper plutôt que vivre cette observation extrêmement tendue.

Enfin, ils atteignent les séracs et le camp 4 est installé à 7250 m. Nous sommes au début de février! Jurek Kukuczka arrive au camp de base après avoir réussi l'ascension du Dhaulaghiri.

La cordée qui a installé le camp 4 décide, le cœur lourd,

de redescendre. Pour eux, cela signifie qu'ils n'iront pas au sommet, mais la sagesse l'emporte.... Maciek Berbeka et Maciek Pawlikowski attendant au camp 3 pour continuer. Ils auront pour charge d'installer le camp 5 et pourront tenter le sommet.

Jurek Kukuczka et Zyga Heinrich, remis de sa blessure, quittent le camp de base pour, eux aussi, tenter le sommet.

### VERS LE SOMMET: LENTE PROGRESSION DE 2 CORDÉES

Le 10 février. Les deux Maciek (1ère cordée) installent les cordes fixes au-dessus du camp 4.

Zyga et Jurek (2ème cordée) arrivent au camp 2.

Le 11 février. La 1ère cordée liquide le camp 4, ce qui atténue considérablement les chances de la 2ème cordée d'atteindre le sommet, mais sans ce la l'équipement manquerait pour installer le camp 5.

Ils progressent lentement mais régulièrement. Le camp 5 est installé à 7500 m. Ils sont en forme et décident que le sommet sera tenté demain. Nous en informons par radio le ministère du tourisme népalais.

Pendant ce temps, la 2ème cordée est au camp 3 après 9 heures d'ascension.

Le 12 février. Il fait beau. Très froid. Il vente violemment. On entend les bourrasques de vent hurler dans les arêtes sommitales du Cho Oyu

En bas, nous assistons à la progression de nos compagnons, dans une ambiance survoltée et très concentrée. On les voit minuscules sur un champ de glace, soudain l'un disparaît puis le deuxième. C'est 2 h 20 de l'après-midi. Des crépitements dans notre radio... Berbeka parle "On est là." Je demande "Au sommet?" La voix est presque inaudible tant le vent est intempestif "Je ne sais pas... rien d'autre au-dessus que le ciel... oui...ca y est... nous y sommes!"

Deux records viennent d'être battus: Première hivernale sur le Cho Oyu et Première sur cette face sud-est terriblement difficile.

Pour Maciek Berbeka c'est son deuxième 8000 mètres; pour Maciek Pawlikowski son premier. Ils doivent ramper pour ne pas être renversés par le vent. Les 3 drapeaux (québécois, polonais, népalais) flottent sur un piolet. Quelques photos rapides et la descente est vite entamée. Auront-ils le temps de rejoindre le camp 5? Nous les savons très fatigués.

Les émotions ne sont pas finies. La 2ème cordée nous en réserve d'autres. Zyga, 47 ans, et Jurek, qui tente cet exploit de gravir 2 sommets de 8000 mètres dans le même hiver, quittent le camp 3 pour atteindre l'emplacement du camp 4. Ils installent d'autres cordes additionnelles pour aider la cordée qui re-descend.

Vers midi, ils se croisent. Zyga souffre, il s'acclimate mal à l'altitude. Ils sont moins vite. Effectuant une traversée de séracs, il chute et reste suspendu dans les airs, son rétablissement le fatiguera beaucoup. Surpris par la nuit, ils bivouaquent à 60 mètres du camp 5. Température -47°, sans nourriture, sans eau.

Le 15 février. Après avoir dormi toute une journée au camp et toute une nuit, ils tentent le sommet. Zyga est très faible. Ils sont au sommet à 17 h 30. Trop tard pour rejoindre le camp 5. Deuxième bivouac dans des conditions extrêmement éprouvantes à 7800 m. En bas, nous craignons le pire. Il nous est impossible de les secourir. Remonter vers eux, 3 kilomètres de cordes fixes, nous prendrait un minimum de 5 jours. Finalement, ils arrivent exténués au camp 5. Atteints par le "mal des hauteurs" ils ne veulent plus redescendre. Par radio, nous réussissons à les encourager. Leur descente durera 6 jours au lieu de 3... à partir du camp 2, le reste de

l'équipe les portera littéralement.

Finalement, grâce à leur aide mutuelle, à leur immense expérience de la montagne et à la solidarité de l'équipe, ils rentrent sains et saufs.

Un fois de plus, j'ai réalisé combien l'entente entre les individus constitue une force immense pour une équipe. Je dois dire qu'au sein de notre équipe les relations étaient très chaleureuses et souvent nous avons eu besoin de nous entraider moralement quand le doute était trop angoissant.

**Andrzej Zawada**

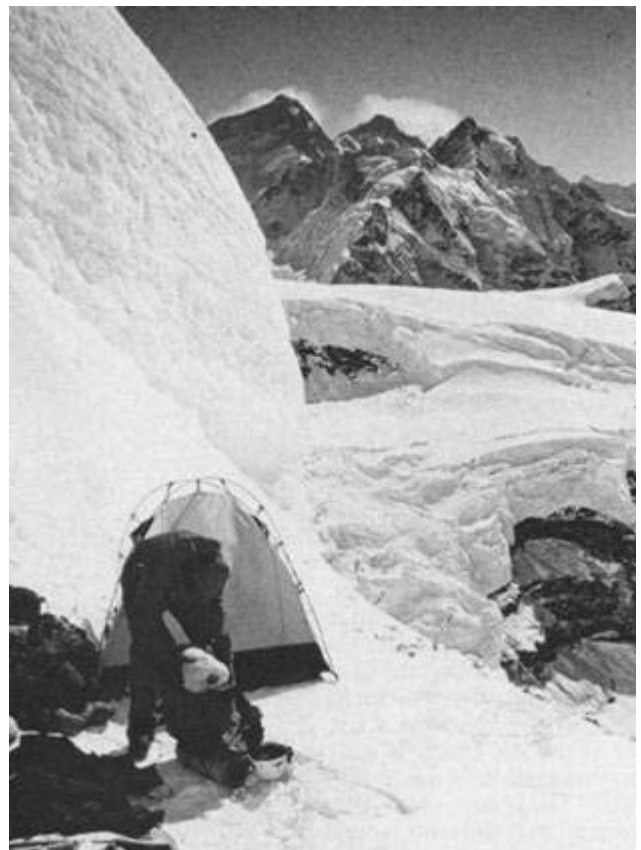
*An account of the first winter ascent of Cho Oyu (8153 m), the world's sixth highest peak. The ascent was made via a new route (the South West Face) by a Polish/Canadian team from 4 Jan. to 21 February, 1985; and was the most technically difficult winter ascent of an 8000 m peak to that date.*

*Of further interest is the fact that this was Jurek Kukuczka's second 8000 m. summit of the season, making him the first to climb two 8000ers in one winter.*

*The team consisted of: Andrzej Zawada (leader), Maciek Berbeka, Genek Chrobak, Krzysztof Flaczynski (doctor), Mirek Gardzielewski, Zyga Heinrich, Jurek Kukuczka and Maciek Pawlikowski from Poland; and Jacques Olek (deputy leader), Martin Berkman, André Frappier and Yves Tessier (doctor) from Canada.*

*The summit was reached by Berbeka and Pawlikowski on 12 Feb., and by Heinrich and Kukuczka on 15 Feb., 1985*

La vue du côté de Everest du camp III. (A Heinrich)



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# The North Walls

When I heard that Don McPherson had been up there sniffing around, the rush was on. "Up there" of course meant the North Walls, some of the best unclimbed rock on the Squamish Chief. Dean Hart and Jim Brennan were first to actually start climbing—all of 15 feet—up what would become The Calling, and Dean and I returned, armed with lots of gear and keen to start up anything. Gone Surfin' seemed the obvious first choice: a fairly clean, overhanging granite wall split by a deep finger to wide hands crack. Dean scrubbed the first section up a bit, then went for it, setting up a belay station at the base of the fist crack. When I reached the station I was knackered. The lower crux had shagged me, and the upper wide hands section had finished me off. All I could do, as I grinned from ear to ear, was try to massage some life back into my pumped limbs. We had quickly reached what was to become our normal condition on this wall: totally pumped bodies, off the deck, a little air beneath our butts... you know the feeling.

The first pitch of The Calling was next to see the brush. Technically hard with a bit of a pump factor, it wouldn't see a red-point until the spring; and all that autumn I wondered about what it would take to do a pitch like that. The second pitch is a perfect corner. I aided it, cleaned it, pre-inspected it, previewed it, but didn't get a chance to actually climb it until the spring, and even then all I could do was frig it—hangdog and get humble—not a good show on this perfect corner.

Spring saw Bruce MacDonald, Dean and I hiking the staircase up the gulley to the ledge. We spent a day on the left end of the wall in the chimney system that would become Public Image, hurling ourselves at mixed free and AI for 50 ft., then returned the next day to finish the pitch to an alcove with a tree. My ability as a logger was put to the test, and without the tree we were looking up at an entirely different route. Three more pitches: the first was for me; the second would be Dean's; the third, Bruce's.

When we returned in the spring I managed to lead the first pitch of Public Image with no wingers. The climb was far from dry, but if you're really psyched a bit of water doesn't matter. The second pitch was soaked. Dean cruised up and out to the overhang, over and into the wet squeeze and off-width above to the belay. Following, I popped at least half a dozen times at the roof, trying feebly to make my

Dean Hart on Gone Surfin', pitch 2



*Randy Atkinson*  
wet fists stick before moving up with a little bit of help from my friend. The second roof leading into the offwidth section was also a bit of a joke and I arrived pretty shattered at the top of the pitch. Bruce wasn't there to lead his pitch so Dean led the third with its squeeze and offwidth sections and I managed to regain my composure enough to lead the final pitch and belay Dean up the difficulties.

We returned to Gone Surfin' to add a second pitch to an already great route. First I aided it, placing three bolts beside the fist crack up to a station under a roof. Later we returned to climb the route free in its entirety, getting a blast of pure fun from the continuous crack climbing.

The Calling was the real prize though. We had started it but still had a long way to go through some pretty steep country. Dean redpointed the first pitch, leaving me to face pitch two and the ultimate stemming problem. I grunted and groaned and flailed badly. It was the worst hang session ever—the kind where you manage five feet up and then slither three feet back down, grabbing for the pro you've thrown in every three feet. The third pitch was the best on-sight lead we managed up there—a hand/fist crack up to and around a large roof; not long, but steep and scary with a memorable 155 ft free hanging rap down to the first belay station.

Our scrubbing efforts on the next three pitches of The Calling were epic, consuming much more time and effort than anticipated, but it was well worth it for we knew the route would be brilliant through all its six pitches. Hard, varied and sustained, one of the finest rock routes in Canada.

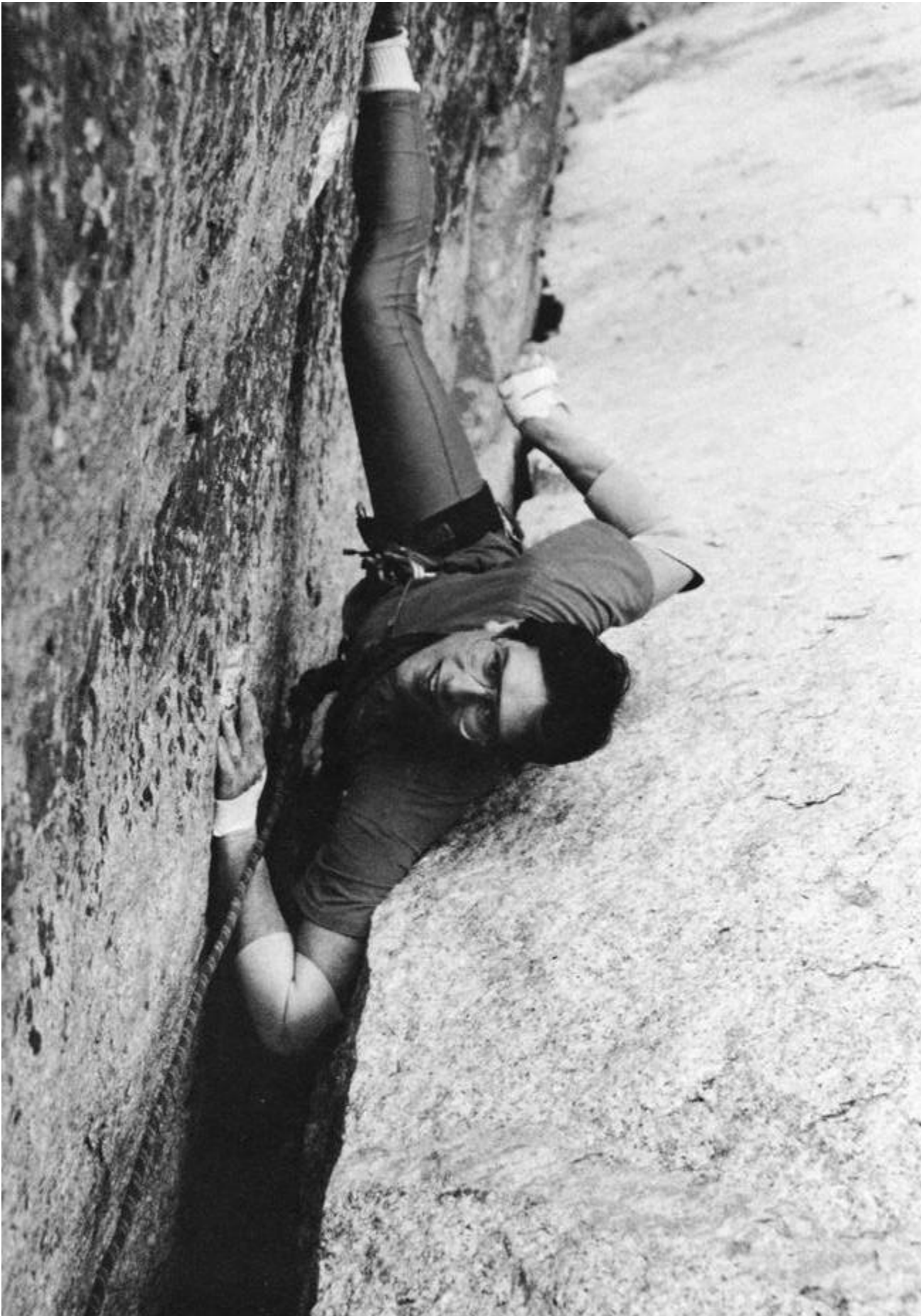
During the time we were prepping the first three pitches of The Calling we took time off to put up a one-pitch route just to its left. The Ron Zalko Workout is a leaning lieback problem which took only two attempts and was redpointed on the second go.

When our custom-made rad tights were finally sewn we were ready to climb The Calling for real. Dean cruised the first pitch and I redpointed my second-pitch nemesis. The roof pitch was a cruise, both leading and following, and put us on the "Rock Buddhist Belay". The fourth pitch was different. Groove and face climbing took me to the crux wall, and after trying everything I could think of, I finally made it. The Canadian Alpine Journal - 1987



Randy Atkinson on The Calling, pitch 1

Dean Hart on Public Image pitch 2 (Atkinson)





of, I yarded on the bolt to reach good holds and finish the pitch. Dean, with cruise control full on, freed the section I had cheated, and led through. From here, with the bulk of the difficulties behind us, we finished the final two pitches quickly—albeit in the dark.

This ascent of The Calling culminated an amazing year of exploring and climbing new routes on one of the Squamish Chief's last major unclimbed faces. This North Wall offers some of the best crack climbing, in steep and exposed situations, that anyone could hope for; and the routes are fantastic—some of the best climbing we have ever done.

A summary of the new route activity on the 'North Face' of the Squamish Chief—an area the authors claim to be the best rock climbing in B.C., Canada, North America or the World depending on how much beer they've had.

## Route Summaries By Dean Hart

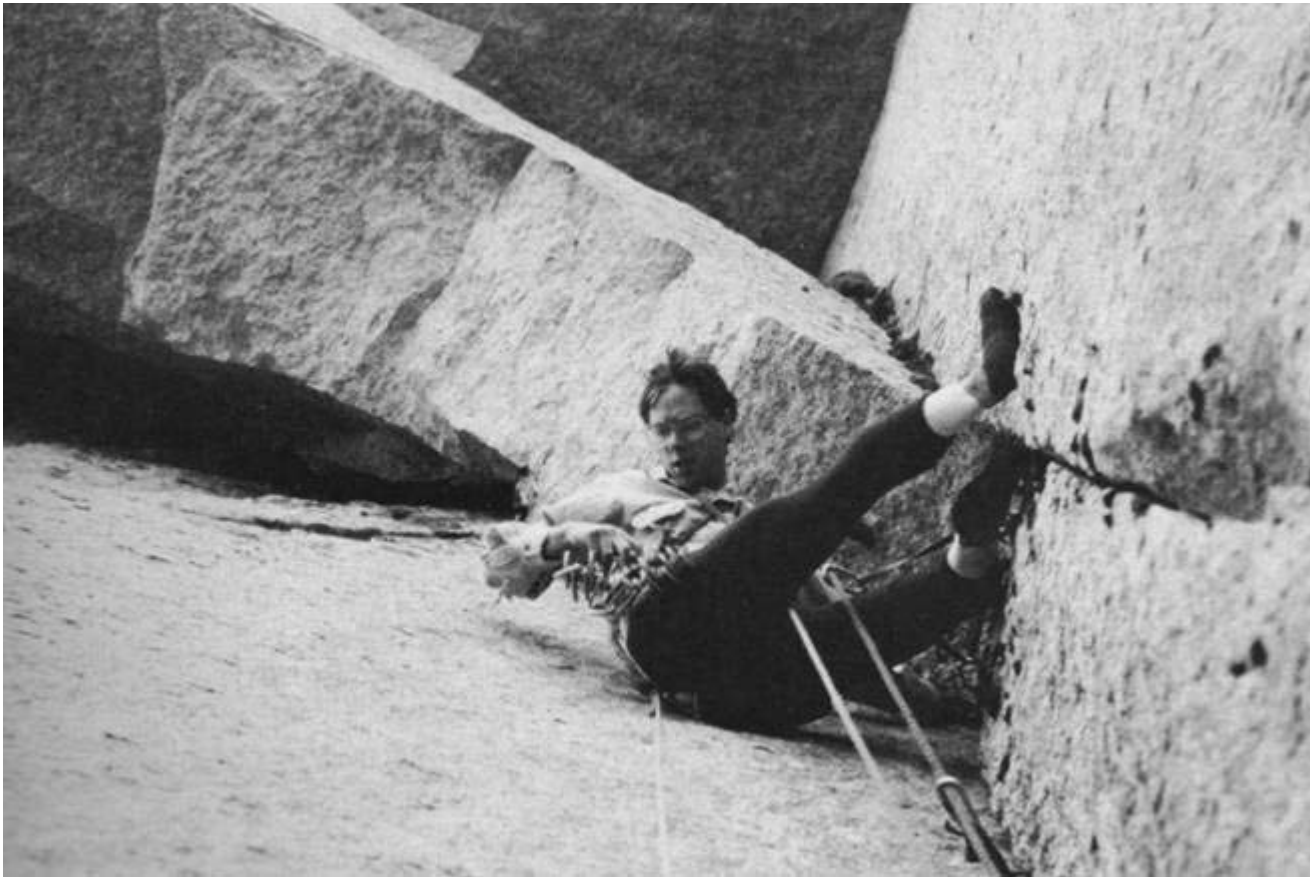
### Public Image

The obvious wide chimney line on the left edge of the wall. Aided, rapped, fixed and scrubbed then free climbed in May 1986. Expect a lot of wide crack climbing. Two number four friends and one larger nut are recommended, and there are bolts beside the crack on the second pitch. On the first ascent we finished on the picturesque Indica Point and rappelled the route. An alternative is to finish up the North North Arête and descend the backside.

1. 5.10d The crux central corner is mostly hand jamming in a parallel crack with 5.9 climbing before and after.
2. 5.11b This is a steep pitch with a great deal of chimneying and offwidth climbing. Quality position and climbing, with excellent views from the upper crack. Strenuous.

Dean Hart on The Ron Zalko Workout (R. Atkinson)





3. 5.10c From the comfortable belay, chimney up to a short offwidth crux. Belay on an exposed ledge right and above a chockstone.
4. 5.9 Pleasant stemming to the top of the cliff.

#### **Gone Surfin'**

The classic crack climb on the cliff, this route takes a two pitch crack through a white and orange wall fifty meters right of Public Image. Descend by rappelling the route.

1. 5.11b Jam the slightly overhanging finger to arching wide hands face crack. Count the rests! A #3 friend makes the belay more comfortable.
2. 5.10b The left wall continues to overhang, but a retaining corner makes this pitch less steep and relatively easy. Jam a fist crack to a chimney crux. Belay on the arête under the big roof. The rap to the first belay is steep and best done on a fixed haul line.

#### **The Ron Zalko Workout**

Strenuous and technical laybacking up an amazing dihedral. The obscene lean. Continuous fun. Five meters left of The Calling. One rap to the ground.

1. 5.11c Enjoy the layback. Aesthetic, quality climbing.

#### **The Calling**

This is rock climbing as good as it ever gets. The first three pitches are highly aesthetic, climbing through the best granite yet on the Chief. Start in the long clean corner in the center of the wall seventy meters past Public Image along Astro Ledge. Hanging belays. Descend over the North summit and down the backside

trail.


1. 5.11d Face climb, jam and mantle to a pumping overhanging layback. Strenuous and hard to hold on to. Mostly fixed protection.
2. 5.11c A perfectly parallel crack slowly widens from one inch to three inches through the gold rock of the big 50 meter dihedral. Plenty of inch and a quarter ratty fingers to be savored. Protection emphasis on #1 1/2 friends. Very strenuous.
3. 5.11b This pitch climbs left under the first roof. Hand jam up to, and layback into the slot under the roof. Footholds and chimneying lead out to the lip. Jam this, and the wide hands crack above. Welcome to the Rock Buddhist Belay.
4. 5.11b Exposed 5.10c face climbing up a hard to protect, thin dike/corner starts this pitch. Hard face climbing on the headwall follows. A slab ends at a ledge belay.
5. 5.9 A short pitch of mostly hand jamming ends on a large ledge with an ocean view.
6. 5.10c Layback and face climb to the final crux undercling. This pitch is easier if done in daylight.



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# Interview - Pat Morrow

David Harris

*From the standpoint of physical geography Canada has been blessed with an enormous wealth of rock and mountain, but until recently we have had neither the time nor the inclination to explore that wealth. Only since the end of WWII have we grown up out of our frontier past and left behind the frontier mentality which kept us behind our plows (or our shop counters or whatever) and out of the mountains. And in the last decade or so we have finally begun to take our first hesitant steps onto the stage of world class alpinism.*

*To begin what I intend to be an ongoing exploration of Canada's place in the world of climbing I spoke with Pat Morrow, perhaps the best known Canadian climber outside of Canada. He had just returned from Reinhold Messner's Corsa Alia Vetta conference in Italy and was packing for a six month bicycle trek across China and into the Himalaya. The conference had put Pat together with some of Europe's leading climbers and I wanted to record his impressions for publication in the CAJ.*

*What follows is edited down from several hours of recorded conversation over three days at the beginning of May, 1987. For the most part the transcript speaks for itself, but the one thing it does not even begin to convey is the feeling of warmth that surrounds Pat and Baiba Morrow and the depth and sincerity of their hospitality. The person behind the words that follow is not a one dimensional, death or glory climber; but a warm and humble human being...*

*I understand that Reinhold Messner invited you over to Europe for a big climbing conference this spring?*

Well he heard about me a couple of years ago when the editor of an Italian magazine called the Revista Della Montagna with whom I had been corresponding told him about my project.

*The seven summits project?*

Yes, and about the fact that I was going on to try to climb Carstenz Pyramid which Messner felt was a very integral part of the seven summits. He was very concerned that whoever made the claim to be the first to climb all seven summits include Carstenz in the project.

And then Messner used our services, the Adventure Network Transportation Services, in Antarctica to get down to Mt. Vinson, last December. Afterwards he was having a beer with Martyn

Williams and Maureen Garrity in Punta Arenas and they also mentioned that I was the first to do the seven summits. He said at that time that he wanted to invite me over to a party in March to help celebrate his own seven summits and his fourteen eight-thousand-meter peaks.

Actually his sponsors paid my plane ticket over to Italy. He's tied in with about a dozen sponsors plus a trekking agency called Trekking International, which arranges his logistics for him on all his expeditions. He's been working with them for the last fifteen years, so it works very well. It's like one big family. I was really impressed by his organizational skills. He has Trekking International doing all his climbing stuff, he has a promotional firm doing fund-raising activities, and the level of sophistication that he's developed is incredible. It's one thing to be a star climber, it's another thing to scoop up all the funding necessary.

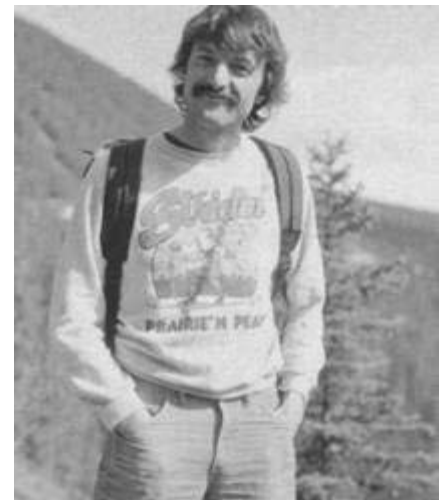
Anyway, he invited me over to be part of a panel of about six or seven climbers, himself included. He was brilliant. The most articulate person.. .whoever said that he's lost some brain cells from going to altitude is totally wrong, I mean he's on top of everything. He was communicating in at least three languages and directing the whole meeting. A really amazing man.

But anyway the whole direction of the conference was to examine where climbing on the global scale is going, and it turns out that in Europe the speed climbing concept has filtered over from Russia and become very big. Speed-climbing began in Russia back in the thirties and forties as a safety measure only—a training thing—and now it's huge.

I witnessed some race climbing last summer in Russia, and it really turned me off of the whole concept. There were Champion climbers who had x number of points, and they were using aid indiscriminately,

*Grabbing slings and standing on pegs?*

Yeah, grabbing slings and standing on pegs, standing on each other's shoulders to start the race off so they could get that extra body height... but the whole thing, the starting pistol, all that; just turned me right off. It was pathetic.



*Has it become a popular thing in Russia, or is it mostly just for the climbers themselves?*

No, I think it's mostly for the climbers themselves. But not so in Europe. It appears to me that in Europe it's a way for some of the hot young climbers who don't have a name for themselves, who don't have a promotional capability, to grab the limelight overnight and attract sponsorship that way.

*And are they then going to use that as a springboard or do you envision this as being an end in itself?*

For some of them, definitely. For example Eric Escoffier, who's done all kinds of amazing Alpine routes in record times in Europe, went up K-2 in two days or something, just following camps, established camps, using fixed ropes. The speed climbing thing is part of his life, he's that type of person. He's very competitive. It's what we were talking about last night... there's competition with a big C, that's the stopwatch syndrome; and there's competition with a small c, that's peer pressure...

*Kind of like two guys going out bouldering?*

That's right, egging each other on. That peer competition is great. That's what drives the standards up, really. But the big C competition is all these anarchistic, or so-called anarchistic, climbers, conforming. They're merely standing in a lineup to race up a rock face, just like any other conformist does, like in a marathon race, or in a citizen's race.

*It's hardly what led you to the mountains in the first place is it?*

Exactly. And when I made my presentation at the conference in Italy, I ended by saying that the reason I go to the mountains is to share the climbing experience with my friends, and to get away from the bullshit of competition, and I think that we're introducing a real artificial element by having competition. It may ultimately do something for the sport, it's going to get more interest by a lot more people, because it's going to be covered by the media just the same as any other sport's going to be. But it's going to lose its charm for me. It's going to lose its mystique.

Eric Escoffier speaking at the Corsa Alla Vetta conference in Reinhard Messner's castle in Laces, Italy. (Pat Morrow)



*Tell me some more about the conference.*

Okay, it was held on March 4th, 5th and 6th, 1987, in the little town of Laces in northern Italy at Reinhold Messner's castle. The conference was organized to celebrate his two accomplishments, the seven summits and the fourteen eight-thousand meter peaks, and to give his sponsors some publicity. Through the promotional arm of his climbing organization he invited a bunch of guys, mostly from France and Italy, as well as myself and Jerzy Kukuczka, the Polish climber who has only one 8000 m. peak left in his quest.

I arrived there directly from having been skiing and teaching a photo course in the high Purcells, and I hadn't slept for forty-eight hours. I was jet-lagging it all the way—it was just awful. Within an hour-and-a-half of arriving I was sitting at this table in front of an audience of climbers and climbing media from Europe. There were a couple of different television networks, big Italian daily newspapers, and simultaneous translation in four languages so we could all understand exactly what was being said at all times. There was a real air of electricity in the conference and yet it wasn't at all like the American Alpine Club setting up formal presentations, it was just a free-wheeling thing, a pool of ideas and experiences, a social get-together complete with a lot of press, and things like sleigh rides... a real fun time with lots of neat people, a good chance to rub shoulders with the top names in European Alpinism.

*Did any of the panelists particularly impress you?*

Alesandro Gogna was very eloquent. He's a well-known philosopher of climbing in Italy. A very eloquent guy and a very good, hard climber. I stayed with him for three days in Milano after the conference, so I got to know him a little bit. In addition to working as a distributor of climbing books and as an author he climbs probably two hundred, two fifty days a year...

The whole level of professionalism of the climbing community in Europe is really astounding—seeing how advanced some of these guys are in terms of making their way through life and being able to climb as much as they do. Several of these guys have really done well in both areas, professionally and spiritually, in the sense that they can fulfill their need to climb and they can make a living doing it...

*That's a traditional problem, isn't it? You try to make a living climbing and the joy goes out of it. They're managing both?*

Yeah, in some cases, but there is one problem though, illustrated by a person like Messner, who probably scoops up a million bucks in endorsements, from people such as Minolta Cameras, and some food and booze companies. I think someone like him kind of corners the market on sponsorship, and leaves a lot of really talented climbers out in the cold, because they don't have the necessary skills ...

*You mean the marketing skills as opposed to the climbing skills?*

Yes, the marketing skills. I'm sure in some cases they're equal to or better than Messner as alpinists, just by virtue of their track record, but they just don't know how to fulfill the needs of their sponsors or how to attract sponsorship. And

# I came away from the conference feeling quite humbled by the exposure to that kind of high power mixture of feelings about the sport...

that's where this competition thing comes in. If a young climber can make his mark by scoring points in this artificial context, he doesn't have to do the apprenticeship that Messner or anyone else has had to do. He can walk away with a prize and that prize is worth far more than the actual prize money, it's the stepping stone to a career.

On the other side of this question though, Gogna talked about the need to make or create a masterpiece in your climbing life, whether it's a masterpiece that's recognized by others, or whether it's something you create and no one even knows about it, but you know in your heart that it was a masterpiece. He also pointed out that the race idea is not new, that in fact there was a race to climb the Matterhorn, that there were two teams on the mountain at the same time trying to be first up. But he also said that competition is not necessary for creating a masterpiece.

## *Big C Competition?*

Yes, Big C competition. He felt that each climber can be considered an artist, and climbers should be free to express themselves, that the competition turns it into a rat race syndrome and devalues the mountains—it's people jostling each other for position, rather than going out and being eloquent on the rock, with their bodies and with their minds.

*When Gogna is talking about this masterpiece idea, is he talking about working towards one masterpiece climb...*

No, not necessarily. It might be a climb or a group of climbs or a climbing career, and he felt, further to this concept, that the production of a masterpiece must take place in silence and solitude. But he also said that sponsorship does not need to interfere with the silence and solitude. He said that even if you start off with a sponsor, once you're out on the mountain face, or on the ridge, or whatever, you're very much alone. I guess he's trying to rebut the traditional view of some climbers that if you accept sponsorship you're selling yourself out...

## *And the climb becomes meaningless?*

...in a sense; but what Gogna was saying, is that sponsorship is only a trigger, or something to get you out there. And then once you're there it's up to you. You answer only to yourself on the mountain.

But that's his opinion. In my own experience having been on one major climb where there was a lot of sponsorship, there was this constant pressure in the back of my mind saying, well, honor your sponsors because they got you here, maybe push yourself

beyond the threshold a bit more. In any case he finished by saying that he felt the pace of a climb should be governed by the rock and not by a stopwatch.

There was also an instance cited at the conference of a race in Europe, where in order to create more viewing space for the audience and the TV cameras, they brought up chain saws and knocked down trees. In a place like Europe that accounts for every single tree that was a heinous crime to commit. Just for the thrills of this silliness.

The whole conference was polarized, really polarized, half the panel was either pro-competition or saw no problem with it, and the other half, Messner, Gogna and myself, was really against it.

*Is there anything that you, or Messner, or anyone can do to stop the spread of competition? Is it a no-win proposition in which the people who don't want competitions won't compete, and the people who do want them will compete, and therefore there will be competitions.*

Yeah, no one's going to step in and stop it. The media circus is really excited about competition in Europe, and I think perhaps they'll get interested in it over here too, because it's an easy way to contain an event. Climbers can be impaled on a rock face with a camera lens very handily. You can isolate them.

*The speed-climbing thing aside, what's it like to be a climber in Europe? What draws them out into the hills there?*

I think your anecdote yesterday about a very accomplished French climber who could climb to a very high standard, who could climb brilliantly between bolts or fixed pins or whatever, but had trouble on a climb of much lower standard when he had to think about how to place a nut for his own protection pretty much sums it up. Franco Perlotto was really harping about that at the conference, about the fact that all the protection is pretty much in place on most of the big routes in Europe, and that doesn't teach anyone anything about protecting themselves.

## *So they're approaching gymnastics?*

Yeah, they're looking at a connect-the-dots form of climbing. It's like learning how to assemble a meccano set or something like that. But I can't really get too critical on this thing, I can only give my opinions from a distance, because it really is up to the individual. People derive different things from physical stress. You can get personal satisfaction, or build a strong mind or strong body, build character...

*Can you briefly sum up your feelings about the conference and about the European climbing scene?*

I came away from the conference feeling quite humbled by the exposure to that kind of high-power mixture of feelings about the sport, and to see how far beyond the granola stage they've gone—we're not even beginning to consider those things here yet. It's so sophisticated over there that they've taken it several stages beyond what we can even think about.

*On an entirely different subject, you're involved in the Adventure Network. Can you tell me a little about the genesis of that? It came out of your first Antarctica trip didn't it?*

Because I couldn't find sponsorship in the form of dollars in

North America to get to Antarctica, I was forced into creating my own dollars. And that was how this travel company, Adventure Network Transportation Services, was formed. It started with a small group of friends in November '84 when we managed to ferry three parties down there, three groups of eight climbers. Since then Adventure Network has managed to transport another twenty-four climbers last year, and there's another 24 lined up for this coming year, but we're acting exclusively as a transport company, we're not guiding.

*Aside from Mt. Vinson, does Antarctica have much to offer a climber?*

In my mind the really choice part of Antarctica is the Antarctic peninsula which stretches for a thousand miles of coastline between South America and Vinson,

*Choice in what sense?*

In many senses. To me it's much more scenically attractive, because you've got the beautiful combination of the ocean, icebergs, penguins, seals, glaciers—huge glaciers calving off into the ocean, and mountains that rise straight up off the water in some places up to eight thousand, nine thousand feet. I've said this before, but it's like a thousand Glacier Bays, all in a row. It's so spectacular, and it's a lot cheaper to get people there than to Vinson, which is astronomically expensive. You can drop people off by ship for a really reasonable price.

We're trying to do combination things there, like maybe do a photo workshop for a week or two along the peninsula, then do a bit of skiing. Or, drop people and let them go for ten days, two weeks, a month, two months... There are tremendous ski tours that can be done right off the water. It's a really accessible place, whereas Vinson is in the middle of nowhere, and things are much more scary there. You're up high—8500 feet on the icecap is the lowest possible elevation there—and any winds that come down are really strong and there's no escape from them.

And the sea life on the coast really makes the whole trip. The ocean's teeming with life, it's such a paradox, seeing the sterile-looking land and this, this...

*And this fecund ocean?*  
Yeah.

*Well, give yourself a bit of a plug here. How does somebody sign up with Adventure Network? And what sort of arrangement is involved? Suppose I've heard you talk, and I'd like to go down and see this wonderful place. How do I do it?*

At the moment we're working with people like Mountain Travel, Sobek and Trav Co-op in the States, who are packaging their own groups. Or, if you want to organize your own group, you could contact our business manager, Hugh MacLean, in Vancouver, and he would put you together with some other people who have enquired. We've already taken people from Germany, Italy, Korea, United States and Canada. And now we're getting enquiries from Japan.

*On a more Alpine subject, what are the peaks like there? What's the climbing potential?*

There are some fantastic snow and ice routes to be done in places

like Adelaide Island. There is an area along the Lemaire channel that has things that look like teeth, like bicuspid or something, coming right out of the ocean. They're rock, black rock, and they go up what must be six thousand feet, with snow on the top part. I don't know about the quality of the rock, I don't think it's great, but no one really knows for sure.

*What about the snow and ice routes? Is there a real variety? Are we looking at mostly snowplods or are we looking at everything from ski ascents to really hard, hard technical stuff?*

Yeah, for sure, for sure, Yeah.

*And this is all reasonably accessible and inexpensive?*

Yeah, yeah exactly.

*How do the costs compare with something like an expedition to Nepal?*

The costs would be about the same as if you went on a topflight trip to Nepal, China or Tibet, where all your services are provided. But in our case it's not going to be top-flight. You'll be paying mainly for the fuel bill, and you would have to take your own stuff along, and you keep yourself entertained and fed.

*Still, all things considered, it sounds like a pretty exciting destination. Now, on to another topic. Suppose I'm looking for a really superb climbing holiday—great climbing in a new and different place that won't cost the earth—where would you send me?*

Places I would want to go back to?

*Exactly.*

There are three places that I'd really recommend. If you're a rock climber, I would send you to Rio de Janeiro, because you can live there for nothing, and you can climb right off the beach on any of about eight beautiful granite domes. I know that there are some Americans from the valley living down there now, but when I was there in '81 there were only young Brazilian climbers. They were tuned into Europe, not into North America. They knew European climbers' names, they used European techniques, European equipment, it was quite an eye-opener. But Rio would be a fabulous place to go in the off-season, during our winter.

Another fabulous place is Baraloche, in the Argentinian Andes, it's like the Banff of South America. It's really a pretty place, with a lot of good granite spires and reasonable skiing in their winter—national ski teams used to train in Baraloche. And it's all set up with a nice hut system, European style architecture, like a Bavarian center. It's relatively low, I think probably between 3 and 5 thousand feet and there's really neat vegetation and beautiful lakes around there.

*Is it expensive to stay there?*

It's definitely more than Rio, but still not bad.

*And the third place?*

The third place I would recommend highly is the Caucasus Mountains in Russia.

*Isn't that pretty expensive?*

Not at all. Once you get to Moscow, it's around a thousand

dollars, or less, for a three-week climbing camp in the Caucasus.

*And that includes transport?*

Transport from Moscow, food and accommodation. It's a really good deal. The mountains there are three to four thousand feet higher than the western Alps, and have all kinds of potential for first ascents; and the culture there is really amazing. Once you're there you just keep asking yourself "Why aren't there more people here?"

*What about language?*

No problem, because you are assigned an interpreter. You're really looked after very well—there's delays here and there, and shortages here and there, but the Russian Sport Federation does their best, and they're great guys, the Russian climbers are fun to be with...

*And I can find all the information I need from the nearest Russian consulate?*

No. The best way is to go through the only agent for the Russian Mountaineering Federation in North America, and that's Mountain Travel, in Berkeley.

*Let's leave climbing and skiing aside for awhile and talk about other activities. You were involved in a white-water descent of a river in Mexico a while ago, was that a one-off or are you keen on white water?*

No, I don't particularly enjoy getting wet. Especially at maximum velocity between boulders. That trip was in northern Mexico, and we thought it would be a river trip, but it turned into an amphibious descent of a canyon that's actually deeper than the Grand Canyon. It's called Barranca del Cobre, or Copper Canyon. We had little kids' inflatable rafts, about four feet long, tied permanently onto our packs. The upper reaches of the river was nice crystal blue-green water in big pools. It would go for about a hundred yards, and then just disappear into a boulder field. We'd put our packs down in the water, sit on the packs, and paddle along a bit and then rock-climb out the end of the pool, the first twelve miles took four days, and it was pretty strenuous. We were wet the whole time, it was in November and we were in the shade a lot... a bit chilly.

We were in the land of the Tarahumara Indians. We saw some of them, but the encounters weren't very satisfying. We were running low on food and we were trying to get through. The packs were pushing 80 pounds when we started, and they get heavier when they got wet, and it was awful. We were negotiating boulder fields with boulders that were sometimes as big as a house...

*At this point we had all consumed enough beer to motivate us from talking about climbing to actually going out and doing it; but later that evening I asked Pat about his plans for the future. He told me that he and Baiba and two friends were leaving in two weeks to cycle across China, stopping on the way to explore the Gualin caves, and visit a Panda Preserve. The trip would end high in the Himalaya where they had been invited to take part in a Yeti hunt.*

*It sounds like a horrible job, but I guess somebody's got to do it...*



# *Exploring the Coast Mountains*

*John Baldwin/John Clarke/Chris Cooper*

*Elevations given in these articles are a mixture of meters and feet. Since the spot elevations are essential to anyone trying to follow the text on a map, and since some of the maps are still available only in Imperial measure, I have let the mixture stand.*

## ***Mountains Near the Tahumming River***

To be honest, I don't think I've ever felt like a mountain climber. Somehow for me climbing mountains has always been more like being at the beach when you're a kid, lifting up barnacle-covered rocks to see what's under them.

You see, it's a bit like going out to look for beetles. It's not that you expect to find one—that would be totally absurd—but it's the looking for them that matters. It provides a tremendous sense of purpose that puts a bit of spring into your legs and creates the spirit of the whole thing.

Now there is nowhere better to look for beetles than in one's own backyard. So it was then that John Clarke and I once again found ourselves on the beach at the head of Toba Inlet on a beautiful sunny morning some time after the middle of July 1986. The tide was out as we headed into the woods and climbed northeast onto the divide between the Tahumming river and the Klite river. A few hidden bluffs pushed us back and forth on the steep moss and by late afternoon we were moving our sweaty bellies up into the alpine to camp on a 5800 ft. knoll. The view was better than could have been imagined from down at the ocean below. The meanders of the Toba river lay deep in its seven-thousand-foot trench slowly filling the inlet with glacial coloring, and the smooth curves of the dark green wooded slopes were broken here and there by soaring slabs and waterfalls.

We packed north along the divide the second day, slowly adjusting to the heat. Old friends lay to the east. This trip had actually come into being by default: The mountains to the east of the Tahumming River had been planned as part of a trip around the Klite drainage (CAJ 1986) and those to the west had been planned as part of an earlier trip around the Orford River (CAJ 1985), but neither trip had been finished as planned and as fate would have it they fit together perfectly to form a counter clock-wise traverse encircling the drainage of the Tahumming River.

Valley fog and some low cloud gave a cooling effect on the third day. Moving easily from snow to rock and sometimes heather we watched the day grow. Another summit cairn and after lunch we stumbled on a rather spectacular viewpoint looking straight down to the swamps in the depths of the Tahumming, out of which rose six thousand feet of slabs. By mid-afternoon cold damp fog engulfed us as we followed goat tracks along beside the broken-off winter cornices between the twin 6840 ft. high points on the narrow snow crest. The next morning we were peering at the depths of the Klite River and moving up to our airdrop on the glacier at the head of Headwall Creek.

The valleys of the Tahumming, Klite, Filer, and Headwall are some of the narrowest gorges in the Coast Mountains and are flanked by miles of cliff and slab. Even the map sheet of the area takes on a brown shade from the heavy cramming of the contours. The upper reaches of the U-shaped hollows manage only to support slide alder despite their low elevation, and of course there are the ever-present icefalls out of which rise the rocky horn-shaped summits. PK 7865, though not as high as the peaks immediately to the north, is somehow the apex of this rugged little section, and we spent several hours on its summit on day five. Like ships at sea,

the neighboring summits floated on the low cloud, and when this cleared enough for our first glimpse down into Headwall Creek we could scarcely believe our eyes. Rocks thrown off the east face took 12 seconds to hit anything.

After a day of unsettled weather we trotted off after lunch on day 7 and made a side trip to PK 7890 and camped that night in the col between PK 8300 and PK 7701 (the south peak is actually the summit) which provided very enjoyable scrambles the next day before the morning mist turned to light rain.

Our camp was actually at the head of the two branches of the Tahumming Glacier, which squeeze together after two long icefalls and plunge through a narrow chasm into the head of the Tahumming River, but to reach the other side of the Tahumming it was necessary to head north across glaciers and swing around Nanitch Peak before dropping into the headwaters of the Orford River. We had been here previously in 1984 but this time we spent a day roaming this remote hollow. It is a wild place ringed by three-thousand-foot cliffs. We walked down to where the valley plunges off into the Tahumming, seeing a wolverine on the way. Moraines and outwash flats mixed with fireweed give way to heathery meadows and isolated clumps of stunted trees. We discovered in a clear stream a beautiful set of pools which are connected by smooth slabs and, jumping around in our bare feet, we splashed from pool to frigid pool then rewarmed ourselves by sprawling on the sunbaked granite slabs. On the actual lip above the Tahumming there is a tremendous lookout. Here the glacier breaks forth from its narrow-confines and tumbles into the valley below, and beyond this rise 5000-foot cliffs which accentuate the deep U shape of the valley.

On day 11 we headed down the upper Orford (staying near the creek to avoid most of the slide alder) before climbing three thousand feet to our third airdrop. Part of this way overlooks a wonderful undulating icefall with crevasses splitting open like stars from the center of each bulge. Picking up the airdrop we staggered down to a meadow camp after climbing a small 7600 foot horn. The clouds and peaks to the west were silhouetted in the evening light. This western divide of the Tahumming was just as enjoyable as the other side and we continued south along the ridges. Near the head of Larson Creek we surprised four goats snoozing in their dirt beds on the edge of the ridge and I was able to get quite close for a picture before being detected. What had appeared as a difficult jagged ridge to contend with in getting past PK 7257 actually turned out to be a major goat highway and we spotted several other groups of goats.

We camped in the col between the double summits of 7830 and 7808 and in the morning the return of flawless weather gave us an incredible view as we picked out major and minor summits the full length of the range. Immediately east of this peak is a fascinating lake at 4000 feet. It is surrounded by granite slabs and its outlet creek rushes down a bare slab. After climbing up PK 7190 to figure out how to get past it we dropped around its south side just below the peak. With the last bit of daylight we had time for an evening bath in a tarn and slept out on the smooth slabs beyond, under a starry sky.

Klite Peak. (J. Clarke)



Looking south from the pass NW of the snout of the Tahumming Gl. toward a 7200' peak. (J. Baldwin)



7000' pk. W of Lower Tahumming River from NW. (J Clarke)



The morning light shone directly on the two 7000 ft. peaks to the south of the Brem River and there was no question what to do that day. We carried the packs south to where the ridges swung west and then headed off with day packs. John had climbed the higher 7100 foot summit in 1984 but the glimpses of Toba Inlet and the far islands at the mouth of the inlet persuaded him to repeat the scramble with me. We found his old cairn record, and then headed for the other peak. Part way down the ridge we came upon a goat resting from the heat in the shade, but with a blinding sun in his eyes and the wind in our favour he stood only a few meters below us for several minutes, somewhat perplexed until a shift in the wind betrayed us and he went bouncing off around the corner on very difficult ground.

We dropped to the small glacier basin below not feeling terribly energetic and began the climb up the other peak. There is always a slow period after lunch, especially on a hot day while food digests and enough water is absorbed again to renew vigorous sweating. But it is a wonderful feeling when after a few minutes of climbing all that tiredness drops away and you just sort of fly up the hill with your lungs seemingly breathing by themselves. Needless to say, however, it was still almost dark when we set the tent up that evening.

Well, after a day like that it would be hard for the next one to be as good, but somehow that was the nature of this trip. We dropped east into the Tahumming drainage headed for a small lake at 3400 ft. This lake is literally hollowed out of solid granite and to the south of it are huge low-angle slabs dotted here and there with trees and small streams running across the smooth granite. We dropped the packs near a tarn and spent part of the afternoon poking around on the large promontory that juts out into the valley. It is a wide rounded whaleback of solid rock and on both sides bare slabs sweep down into the trees for about 1000 feet, while all along the top of the promontory are small sunwarmed tarns. Yee ha! we must have gone swimming a dozen times that day. In the afternoon we moved down to the south shore of the lake where we camped on a large boulder beside a series of waterfalls that poured into the lake.

On day 16, now some time into August, we walked out the slabs on the south side of the creek draining the lake and after

innumerable blueberries, thimbleberries and wild raspberries along the logging road we reached the mouth of the Tahumming River, exactly where we had started two and a half weeks before!

*John Baldwin*

## ***Klinaklini Country***

In May and June 1986 I spent 28 days on skis crossing the Klinaklini Glacier country between Rivers and Knight Inlets. My dad came along on the helicopter ride from Mike King's cattle ranch in the Chilcotin to the snow-buried mountains on the coast. We landed twice to leave food caches along the intended route and then I was dropped off on the col just N.W. of Mt. Rogan. (This peak is 6 1/2 miles N.W. of Mt. Silverthrone). It started blowing and raining as soon as they had flown away and this continued for four days and nights.

The route to Knight Inlet went through the range north of the Kilippi Glacier and around to the broad snow pass W. of Mt. Pelletier where the first airdrop had been placed. The boxes of grub were buried in much new snow and only the bamboo wands were showing. Then I skied down the big glacier north of Mt. McBrinn

and camped at the major junction of the Klinaklini Glacier at 4200 ft. Ptarmigans clucked away in tiny trees clinging to rocks above the junction. The glacier is so immense and flat here that the mountains rising out of it reminded me of pictures I'd seen of frozen arctic fiords. The route then went down the east edge of the great glacier to Silverthrone junction where the skis were left on the moraine for the next passerby. The hike down this fabulous glacier was a wonderful experience but despite the gentle grade, crevasses were everywhere below Silverthrone junction. It rained six inches during the soaking 4-day thrash out to the logging camp at Knight Inlet. Since Tumult Creek can't be crossed, I went up this valley and crossed on the Tumult Glacier.

The peaks climbed on this trip were: Mt. Smee, Mt. Rogan, Mt. McGovern and 2 peaklets south of it. Mt. Witts, Mt. Mann, Mt. Girard, the 8200 ft. peak mistakenly called Mt. Huth on the 1:50,000 map. (that name belongs on the 8700 ft. peak). Mt. McBrinn and all the peaks on the ridge N of Mt. Dolter. Mt. Lomas is a superb rock peak and was climbed via the west side and the narrow N ridge. Then I climbed Mt. Pelletier and the 8100 foot peak just N.W. of it. All remaining climbing was done in the big range between the Klinaklini Glacier and River. This was called "Middle Ground" by the Mundays who visited it briefly in 1936. It was from Middle Ground that they took their wonderful photo panorama of the main glacier that appears in CAJ 1936. My first trip on Middle Ground was to the prominent 8200 foot peak just E. of the 5500 foot contour on the big eastern branch of the main glacier. It is about 5 miles east of the 8900 foot peak that John Baldwin and I climbed in 1984. Then I visited the cluster of peaks 4 miles farther south. In this group the map is confusing as it shows two peaks contoured at 8000 feet. In fact the southwestern one is very much higher, dominates the whole group, and was climbed via the S.E. slopes to gain the crest of the S.W. ridge. The climb was finished on the west face and S.W. ridge. Then I climbed the two 7800 ft peaks on the ridge to the east and the 7600 ft peaklet between them; and then two days later the 7500 ft peak 2 mi. east of the 3700 ft contour on the main glacier. This peak has the best views of the main glacier and all its tributaries I have seen. The maps show what looks like 3 peaklets just N.E. of the peak but the farthest N.E. one is the only one that is prominent. After it was climbed I skied north over to the 7300 ft. dome just S.W. of a tiny ice-locked lake. My second air-drop was on the snow-hummock just E. of the lake but it was 95% eaten by wolverines. A loaf of bread sat on the snow, its underneath like a waterlogged sponge, its top as hard as a rock from the sun. The whole of it was covered with teeth marks and wolverine slobber that looked like dried slug trails. The lack of food and the constant rain made the walkout to Knight Inlet a very hungry affair.

So, if you're looking for a howling wilderness with real gripping remoteness and incredible beauty around every corner, the Klinaklini is for you.

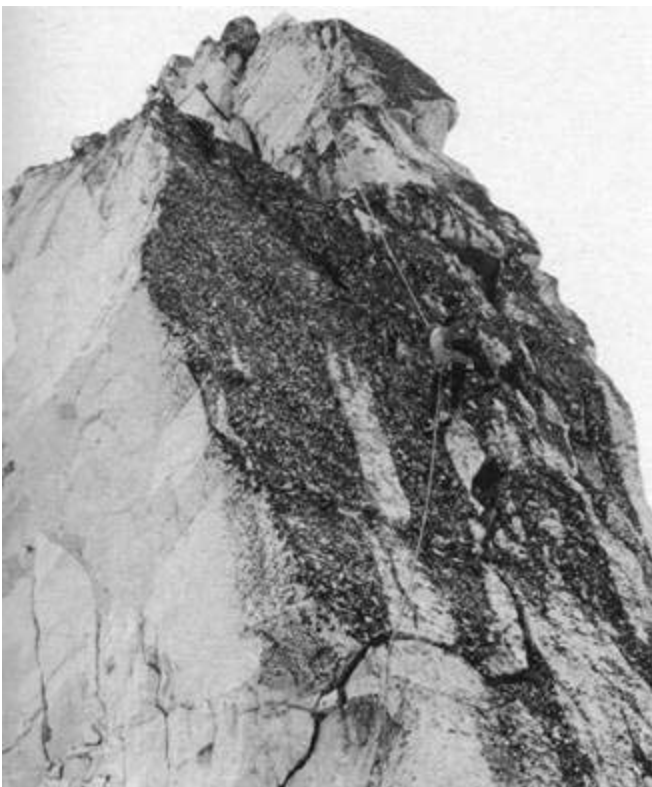
## ***Klattasine Area***

In early July, Peter Croft and I flew with Mike King into the group of high peaks 4 miles N.E. of Mt. Klattasine in the Northwestern corner of the Homathko Icefield. As our main objective was the big granite tower just W. of Pk. 2652m, we landed in the gentle rocky basin to the West. Next day we climbed the tower via the class 4-5 S.W. and W. sides. The crux was near the top where Peter led across an airy traverse to put us on a peak that I'd wanted

to climb for many years. I also realized that If you want to climb a remote peak and need someone to lead a short 5.8 traverse — then Peter is definitely the man to have a long! Back at the base of the route, when we were coiling up and getting ready to head back to the tent, Peter told me he'd see me back at camp and he was "...going over there to look around." Well, he had a real good look around all right. He powered his way up the fabulous 1200 ft. south buttress of the tower, revisited the cairn we'd built only a few hours before and then downclimbed our rappel route. We then started the 5 day walkout by moving camp down to a sandy bench in the valley to the south. Peter left in the dark the next morning and climbed the gorgeous S-shaped north buttress of pk. 2468m on Klattasine ridge. We then plodded S.E. and camped on the 2000m snow col at the far eastern end of Klattasine ridge. Next day, "the mule and the acrobat" left a long line of tracks across the foggy Jewakwa Glacier to a camp at 2000m a mile N. W. of Pelorus Peak. (The name on the map belongs on the 2320m peak to the N.E.) Next day after much compassing in fog we got to the 2000m col E. of peak 2290m. This peak was climbed and the long march out to Pelorus Peak was done in the afternoon.

We then hiked S.W. across a big névé and camped at 2000m S.W. of peak 2330. The next day was a wonderful 13 hour traverse in cloud across the crest of the main massif of Mt. Heakamie. The name is misplaced on the map and belongs on the 2400m peak to the east. Actually all four high points contoured at 2400m on the massif comprise Heakamie Mountain. Once in a while on the traverse, a hole in the clouds would reveal the terrible beauty of the icefalls buried in the depths of the Heakamie Glacier thousands of feet below. Our final high camp was perched on the 2000m knoll between the Jewakwa and Heakamie Rivers. On the last day we dropped into the trees of the Homathko Valley and sought out the logging camp where Bruce Germyn and Sandy Arial stuffed us with real food before putting us on a plane to Qualicum on Vancouver Island.

Peter Croft descending. (J. Clarke)



## ***Knight/Bute Country***

In August, John Baldwin and I did a long (19 days, 50,000 vertical ft. of climbing) traverse through a wild section of the Coast Range between Knight and Bute Inlets. We chartered a Beaver aircraft, put airdrops along the route and landed at the logging camp at the head of Knight Inlet.

We started on the ridge between Crevice Creek and Stanton Creek and hiked the divide down to Moh Creek near the mouth of Bute Inlet. We climbed over Mt. Lowe and traversed east to the main north-south divide of the Whitemantle Range. Our first airdrop had burst on impact and the food was mostly gobbled up by Ravens. The ice scenery is fabulous in this part of the range.

We climbed the 2520m peak west of peak 2526 west of Mt. Stanton and also the 8810 foot Wakhsh peak north of the head of the Stafford River and found my cairn and record from 1972. Then we dropped down to the low pass between the Bear and the Stafford Rivers and followed the Bear down to the tributary that joins it at the 3000 ft. contour. We lazed around a campfire for a drizzly day in this tributary. Next we followed the divide down to the group of sharp peaks north of lake 2454 ft. in the Apple River headwaters. John went off and climbed the sharp highest peak in the group (7539 ft.) and found the 1976 cairn intact. There is a photo of this peak in CAJ '84 on top of page 24.

From the col northwest of peak 7427 we dropped south almost 4000 feet to the upper Apple Valley. This is a steep, bluffy route and should be done in good weather. We then climbed E. through a pass and into a big flat green meadow in the Upper Bear River drainage. The pass has a bear trail worn deeply down into the turf as this is by far the easiest route for the animals travelling between the two drainage systems. After a side trip to peak 7235, our route for the rest of the trip was on or near the divide at the eastern limit of the Phillips River drainage. The trip ended on logging roads in

Peter Croft looking down into the Homathko valley from Mt. Heakamie. (J. Clarke)



Peter Croft engaging in his other favorite activity. (J. Clarke)



the eastern branch of Moh Creek.

All peaks on the crest of the divide were climbed along the way and the following side trips made; pk. 6616, pk 6574, and from a camp on top of peak 5930 we hiked over pk 5727 and climbed the very prominent pk 6096. From the col W. of pt. 5309 we dropped S. to logging roads that come to 4000 feet on the slopes N. of Moh

Creek. There is a nasty gap in the ridge S.W. of pk. 5930 which requires a steep downclimb or rappel. A big interest of the whole trip was the gradually changing nature of the country from the blinding snows of the Whitemantle Range to the lower, heathery, lake-strewn ranges in the south.

*John Clarke*

Good weather camp on the divide between the Brew and Tahumming Rivers, from N. (J. Clarke)



Mt. Lomas from a camp on the col W of Mt. Pelletier. (J. Clarke)



Granite tower 500 m W of Pk 2652 in the range S of Doran Ck. (J. Clarke)



John Baldwin on Peak 7235. (J. Clarke)



## Wintery Waddington

After 14 hrs. of driving, Neil Baker, Leo Degroot and I arrived at Jen and Mike Kings Hide-away Ranch at Bluff Lake, in the Chilcotins 200km S.W. of Williams Lake. Jen and Mike were out when we arrived but we found a note on the door saying help yourselves to tea and biscuits!

The weather was clear overnight and in the morning the 6th of April, Mike had the Bell 206 Ranger sitting on the Helipad ready to go.

With all our gear we barely made it off the ground, but somehow Mike got lift and away we went up the valley and then toward the Scimitar Glacier to check out the ski descent down the Waddington's NW Peak and the route up the Tiedemann Glacier to the Waddington/Combatant Col.

The Col was looking not only windswept but very stormy. Mike took one look and said "Not going in there, we'll get the shit beat out of us there", so back to the Cataract Glacier where we had to have Neil and Leo dropped off, with only cameras in hand "To get rid of some weight".

Mike dropped me and the gear on the Tellot Glr. below the hut and then took off to pick up the other lads. After wandering around in a world of fantasy for a short while, I discovered the hut with its door blown off, window blown out and five feet of snow inside. 4 hours later, after major repairs it was livable.

The weather on the 7th was clear but cold, and we set off for a ski run on the Cataract Glr. A few hours to the col and we were looking at 1500' of vertical in fine powder to start a great day of skiing.

The third day took us to one of the pinnacles of Dragon Back which was easy 5th class. The ski down from its base was interesting as there was plenty of breakable crust, with some pockets of powder.

On the 9th, with the weather still marginal, we set out to ski Serra III from the Bergshrund down, but as we approached the col

we found a very attractive snow ridge/face on an unnamed Peak immediately N.E. of Serra III and S.W. of Mount Tellot. The views of the Radiant Glacier from this ridge, and the exposure of the north face of this Peak were awe inspiring.

Leo and I climbed two pitches of mixed snow and ice, while Neil skied on the Tellot taking the odd shot of our progress to the peak. This was the coldest day of the trip and we calculated a temperature of -40° with the wind chill.

We skied the Tellot most of the remainder of that day and planned a return trip to climb and ski Serra III the next day.

The night of the 10th was an evening to remember, it stormed all night and the winds were furious—in fact none of us slept as we thought this hut was going to fly away. Fortunately the three existing cables held it down. PHEW!

We found 12-18" of fresh light powder the next morning but it was still very windy and stormy, so unfortunately Serra III was out. We settled instead for some ice climbing on the N.W. face of Claw Peak and some great ski runs behind the hut that day. The 12th dawned clear, so off we went up the Tellot to ski Eaglehead and Dragon Back in fantastic powder.

The weather on the 13th was poor and Mike was unable to come in for the scheduled pick up, but the next morning, under threatening conditions he plucked us out of what appeared to be another bout of unstable weather.

The original objective of this trip was to make a ski descent of Waddington N.W. Peak, but weather and constant avalanches on the whole north side of the range changed our minds about an approach from this side.

Although this area is steep and rugged there are many fine ski runs and peaks to be climbed at this time of the year (according to the log book, we were the earliest ski party ever in this area).

We left a Coleman two burner stove for future groups.

Thanks to Ken Green for the use of the Tua Touring Skiis and to Bob and Steve at Coast Mountain for supplying Karhu Extremes. Report by Chris Cooper, photos on pps 41 & 42 by Neil Baker

Looking SE from below the Plummer hut. Reliance (l) and Queen Bess (r) in the distance. (N. Baker)



The Plummer hut and the peaks above above the lower Tiedemann Glacier. (N. Baker)



On the upper Tellot Gl. Claw Pk. and the lower Tiedemann peaks on the right. (N. Baker)





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Photo: J. Haberl

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# Words Without Pictures

*Climbing provides us with the keys to the inner universe. To use those keys, to explore that universe, requires courage and commitment. To write about that exploration with honesty and insight is no easier*

*One of the differences between the Canadian Alpine Journal and the glossy magazines is that the CAJ, as well as being a journal of record, is also a literary vehicle for those who seek to describe the climbing experience as something more than a series of moves between belay stances. I do not mean to imply by this that descriptions of technical climbing and good writing are*

*mutually exclusive—there is ample evidence between the covers of this journal that they are not— but rather that it is not necessary to solo an 8000 m peak or lead a 5.14 in order to have had an experience worth recording.*

*When we write about climbing there is a strong temptation to take the easy way out and simply add a little written flesh to the already existing chronological bones. The seven pieces which follow are not all easy reading, and they will not all please everybody. But they all offer an insight into the exploration of that inner universe...And not one of them was easy to write. [Ed.]*

## Other Recreations

### *How it began*

Calgary: They have nice hair there. The Brave Boy phones says let's go to Squamish. Without work languishing Cupid-wounded I said sure. The lad flees the snowbound megalopolis picks me up in the Brook and we roll west to the rock beside the stinking sea. Two climbs we do the first morning then the gray descends.

Life is made bearable by the fact we have a giant tent capable of housing a small circus complete with ponies pachyderm and the girl on the flying trapeze. Once erected it is christened the Pavilion. Hiding within we recline in comfort listening to the dripping piss.

### *Arrival of the Sevigny*

Some geek the lad met in Grotty Canyon (Frig your own height! Join the Hall of Heroes reads the brochure) is to meet us in Squamish. Two days waiting tiring of the rain and pervasive gloom when a small white shitbox pulls up loaded to the roof sky and beyond with this that and the other thing. Hello hello hello Jim Sevigny it is complete with entourage of concubine and court jester. Very relieved to see us relating woe tale of hardship and misfortune involving the death of Sevigny's bug through tranny meltdown—the resultant three hour tow to Surrey thanks to a press-ganged bewildered immigrant and the purchase of another auto from one of Jim's numerous contacts in Washington where he once spent a year or two ingesting hallucinogenic mushrooms and bothering boys and girls. The three go for a walk to convince themselves it is indeed raining. A consensus is reached: Vancouver.

### *Jim goes shopping*

In Vancouver we keep the rain at bay by crashing in a ritzy little apartment overlooking the Expo site. The tenant—unknown—gone to London to visit the Queen has left key in the hands of Liselle who has fallen in with disreputable company. Soon the walls are bulging with molding mudstained gear then Carlson (our fool) plugs the toilet with massive movement causing panic exhortation going door to door begging for a plunger which he gets and all is saved.

By the light of day the rain stopped. Jim raced off to shop for used clothing. The lad and Liselle and Carlson went strolling on the beach leaving me alone in the high-priced dive. I discovered the wonders of civilization for though a holiday and the vendors closed I procured two bottles of red spending the afternoon sipping and swozzling while Wolfgang played and played again on the little music machine. Jim returned frantic for money the others homed.

### *Moe Tzaing*

Then Jim, sated at last, modeled his new/old possessions for us all including a lovely Paisley smoking jacket with fake velvet lapels.

### *We do the Squamish hang*

In Squamish the Pavilion still stands inviolate beneath the fir trees. Since it isn't raining we go climbing—well, some of us do. Liselle jumps on her bike and pedals off for Whistler—a smart move. The plumber can't or won't climb because of seven stitches in his little pink paw the result of too much mind expansion and a head first slide in the muck beneath the Granville Street bridge. Affecting the air of a wounded dog he becomes truly wretched. He is warned that should he descend to the pathetic he will be sacrificed by being hurled from the top of the Grand.

The Brave Boy and I let Uncle Jim Lead us about and have fun sticking our toes and fingers into places they have and haven't been before. Mr. Jim notices I don't dust and after a word or two pegs me for a self-righteous old bastard. Nailed! I retreat wary-eyed biting my tongue watching.

Since the Smoke Bluffs are the only place dry for miles n miles they are crawling. Have a good one says each and every happy I meet which sounds nice but means anything from piss off to I like your bum. My poor provincial horizons are soon expanded through the incredible use of the language. To stay at a place is to do the hang. For sure is used constantly repetitively. Some even employ it as a mantra. Dear Carlson complicates the whole thing by declaring in a moment of confused enthusiasm that he is an adjective living in a world of nouns. He shyly asks me what an adjective is and I slyly give him the definition of a verb. Oh yeah for sure says he.

### *How fear came*

Then the sun from somewhere. Brave Boy goes up a crack like a sloth on speed. In the parlance of the time he is way cranked. Another crack the trick almost repeated 'cept he has to stop and place pro. Two nuts he gets and tired now wobbles past only to flail and flap. He lies on his back at my feet. Sore afraid I watch for the red gurru to burst forth but all that comes is a horrible moan—I'm fucked. After many minutes of careful observation it seems he will live for even his feet and legs work. Jim and I walk him down to the truck and off to the hospital the three of us go.

### *A suggestion*

The doctor finally arrives but not before James and I have

soothed our shattered nerves with swigs from a bottle of screwcap red. She checks the lad over inside and out lectures us on our stupidity and instructs us on the care of our invalid. Before leaving the boy must piss in a bottle to see if he bleeds within. Standing with myself on one side a nurse on the other he grits his teeth trying mightily. No luck. Perhaps it would help if I licked his ear I say and the nurse becomes angry ordering Sevigny and I to leave which we do laughing like fools only to encounter the doctor with the big finger who admonishes us: Please! Show your friend a little sympathy. That night he screams in his sleep.

### *Fish and chips*

With the Brave Boy out of action it is up to Jim and I (mostly Jim) to carry the flag. We wander around the bluffs followed by Carlson who nips at a bottle of Veletri carrying on in his wonderful way about cracks and rocks and beauty. Bottle gone he coerces us into visiting the fish and chip bus for a grease infusion. At the window our winebold friend chats up the woman within. Oh yeah wow Squamish is so beautiful he enthuses. The woman—smiling—showing us her bad teeth replies Well I've lived all over Canada and this place is one of the worst.

At the bottom of the wall beneath a big blue sky Jim and I trailed by our faithful wino encounter the ageing not always Brave incontinent Pete Charkiw and his band of moneyed apes on Exasperator. Jim makes the mistake of asking. It was fucking orgasmic Pete raves waving his arms at the sky dispensing advice and encouragement to his struggling men. The sun slides up the wall. Jimmy's turn. He dusts—ah now don't forget the thumbs—

sniffsnorts and twitches his way to the bolts above. The best crack in Squamish he declares. Perhaps I can add some perspective I think as I slide my fingers into smooth sunwarmed jams. Asked to comment I observe that the moves do get a bit repetitive.

### *The monsoon*

In the end—talk of tuggin Timmy James and I with stolen wine went to town where we fell in love. Jim with a poster—a disembodied blackeyed ravenhaired full-lipped over the shoulder Ad-man's dream displayed in the window of a hair salon— and I—smitten by a longredmaned perched on a carhood upglancing reading a book wench spotted ogled on a journey to and from the liquor store. Oh we left them the two. One stuck to steel in a parking lot the other pasted to a window.

At camp we found a disconsolate Carlson being comforted by Liselle. You took my wine he accused rightly though Liselle was of the opinion we would never stoop so low. Here—I offered the recently purloined not yet empty Mickey snagged it with his one good hand. There's beer too and so life continued in a fine dipsodic way. We dined on delicious Mexican concoctions prepared by master chefs. Visitors called and were welcomed. Buszowski lectured on Japanese carburetors. Howatt's hair was discussed. Someone admitted to an extra chromosome. The rains returned. We rolled the Pavilion into a wet ball shook hands as friends do and parted.

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## *Los Bomberos*

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It was two or three days after I set Ian on fire that we climbed Outer Space. Dave, Steve and I had gone to Washington to climb rocks and have fun. Peshastin was fun until it rained in the hills and everyone for miles around came to interact and argue and fight over their dogs. We left, trudging down past hundreds of cars stacked along the roadway. There was even a brand-new 944 precariously perched on the shoulder. Just one good push and... Temptation.

That evening Ian found us cause Dave had left a note on his windshield and it turned out he could read. We sat in the swelling dark telling dirty jokes and terrible lies; listening to the wind roaring in the trees above. Inspiration! I grabbed the stove fuel and ran to the top of our giant neighborhood boulder (though taciturn was he) pouring a good river down the highest face. Then I beat it as the boys were ready and WHOOUMP! "My that is bright isn't it" "Oh-oh, those branches." Fortunately it died peacefully allowing us to retreat to the tent with hissing lantern for it were cold. We lounge about pissed and sated with excitement. Ian sits beside me on the cot lost in the comics. A hand in my pocket finds a book of matches. With great deliberation I rip out a match, light it, and as Dave and Steve watch in fascination apply it to the bottom edge of Ian's paper. Seconds later, there is fire. Ian expresses concern. He shakes the paper trying first to stick it into the lantern, then under the cot. Finally Steve opens the tent flap and the flame is flung into the night. An hour later I am still unable to sleep for laughing.

After that we climbed everywhere as the weekend had passed chasing all the nasties back to Seattle. Steve fell off. Ian fell off, then Steve fell off again. Dave and I were afraid to fall and got sore arms from hanging on too much. We retired, bought beer at four bucks a case and went down to the river where we lay in

the sand talking about life and hard times. We're serious men, we have serious problems. Much later the hard-men returned to find us drunk and raving.

Then Dave became lonely. "Let's go to town," he said. We bathed in the apply named Icicle Creek, borrowed Ian's car and left. In the pizza joint Dave made eyes at all the girls then announced that he felt ill. This despite the earlier claim that he could drink sixty beer and not be sick. I point out that he has had only twenty-six.

The next morning I ingest one of Ian's filthy omelettes then in a moment of vision suggest doing Outer Space. Soon we are stepping along the switchbacked trail to Snow Creek Wall. A shaggy black dog greets us at the base wagging his tail and showing lots of tongue. He accepts some fondling from Ian who seems ignorant of superstition. I don't like it. Probably a witch in dog form.

It doesn't take long to reach the big ledge where Canadians have been known to display incredible clumsiness. Suddenly stricken, I rip off my harness and urgently lose weight while Ian hides at the other end. Then he's up on the pitch he says always scares him, making it look hard, frightening me as I watch. Following, I get to the hard part and step across no problem calling "Man, this is easy." Then my feet skid away. I grab something on the fly shaking in my boots and bobbing like Bobo the clown 'til Ian tells me, "Stop fucking around and get up here."

At the bottom of the big pitch I am full of fear and wonder. A perfect hand crack shoots straight up a three-hundred foot wall. "Oh no, oh no," says a little voice inside. Thirty fluttery feet later I find it safe, and easy. Fear takes a holiday to be replaced by the other big F... fun. As I chug along I notice little bits of skin and

*Tim Roberts*

globules of blood adhering to the edges of the crack. "Hey Ian, someone sure thrashed their way up this thing." Then I notice my hands.

The mad omelette-maker is all smiles upon reaching the lovely little dangle your heels belay. He scuttles out of sight on the wall above leaving me nowhere to look but down. I look down the rock to the green below seeing a tiny dark dot. The dot moves. Black dog.

The last little pitch has knobs as big as a man's head or some people's...they are substantial knobs. Ian tells me to tie one off which I do and caress others and finally hug a couple more to the top. I start crowing and can't stop. We eat, drink, chortle, then it's down time. Zooming back to camp we spot Dave and Steve at the

foot of a rock beside the road. Dave slaps his head with his hands making rude noises with his mouth. "Filthy English pig-dogs!" he screams. "Are you guys fags?" I yell. Steve has just fallen off.

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## *The Tortoise and the Hare (A Modern Parable for Unmodern Climbers)*

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*John Glade Wittmayer*

Another Squamish summer. But not quite. This time the main attraction has transformed itself into a three-ringed circus replete with a frolicking carnival atmosphere. Composed of a gaggle of climbers, curious onlookers, a yet more curious clutch of supporters and organizers, plus all of the pre-invited local media, the whole assemblage colluded together to form a highly mawkish, absolutely omnifarious rag-a-tag mess; only human to be sure...

It was to be, you see, the 25th Anniversary of the First Ascent of the Squamish Chief by the Grand Wall Route. And at this moment all of the principal participants hereto engaged in this two and a half decade old climbing requiem were now closely congregated around the tables at the West Coast idiosyncratic inn of Quinn's, eating breakfast. Eating, drinking, or smoking their breakfast while simultaneously rehearsing their particular script detailing the day's events.

Fame, if not fortune was foremost in every actor's mind as the theatre of glamour-rock unveiled its thinly disguised plot, namely that of a staged race up the Grand Wall in some whacked out idolatrous cause whose true course was known to but a few.

It was to be a race between the old and the new. Between shapely calves in hot lycra versus itchy wool knickers and a lederhosen mentality. Indeed, between the in-cut, white-out supremacy of chalk and the currently in vogue stick-like-a-fly slippers. And between the bone-sagging brunt of pig-iron racks and the invisible RP puke and go-for-it pro. But really, we know that it is the imagination and style of youth versus the plodding, premeditated virulence of an older era long since abandoned on the walls of The Valley and upon other bastions of ethical oligarchy. Yes, long abandoned in favor of a shining molybdenum future; a free-style withering snub of the antiquated tactics upon which much of the infancy of modern rock climbing has cut its teeth.

So, suffice it to say, that our story contains a few leading roles and some supporting roles, a surfeit of complicated liaisons among the press and the ersatz elected officials, all presiding, all believable and laudable in their combined efforts to make this day a fucking big success...

One of the leading characters bounded into the center of the pre-event morning glory meeting wearing the obligatory tattered uniform of a hard-man-here-to-get-it-on. White chalk mixed with yesterday's sweat was dubbed purposefully across his nose and

into the squinty corners of his route-voracious eyes.

Had he been a known drug addict, one might have remarked that he had mistakenly missed his entire nostril and had thus wasted precious Smith Rocks vacation funds through gross motor carelessness. Oh well.

Yet another member of the cast stood there completely mute. Singled out from other miscreants and reprobates, this man has calculated his actions over and over silently in his mind. Ready to jam, stem, and bridge when and if the camera pointed his way, he had obviously prepared enduringly to be type-cast as the strong, silent, Eastwood climbs the Eiger prototype, the kind of role that is required in any B grade film.

And of course there is the producer. A self-confessed mandarin of the Forest Service when he's not climbing, socially or otherwise. Ubiquitous and compulsive, a driven and capable organizer, a resourceful opportunist of frightening aspect.

I can see him now, with sparkling pro draped across his shoulder like some grand and tasseled ribbons and medals, commemorating the awesome battles among the peaks and valleys of his mountaineering career, standing there with one victorious hand wrist-deep in his gold-lame chalk bag, the other tape-encrusted hand stuck inside his tunic breast pocket (made of the finest lycra), ever ready to lead the entire cast roped, or unroped to their inevitable Waterloo...

And not to be outclassed in the midst of such a talented and multi-faceted crew sat my partner, to whom I played opposite in this real-life drama beginning to unfold itself. Who, while reclining there in the sunny cafe room, should be ruminating upon the Elysian fields of marijuana that surround the lofty peaks of the Annapurnas. Who, in actuality was begging shamelessly for a joint to anyone who would listen. A potentially great character actor, he was costumed with an enhanced cross-mix, and cross-sexed fashion statement, part from the Golden Age of Mountaineering, Mountain Coop, and Mark's Work Warehouse, and part in accordance with an aged, yellowing reproduction of a photograph showing Ed Cooper and Jim Baldwin on the first ascent. A proud attention to detail was to be his hallmark.

In truth, neither of us took the enterprise too seriously, and thought perhaps that a mind-rocking, eye-reddening joint of masterful proportions was definitely in order. We rightly felt that

this would be helpful to us as a quick remedy against the knee-jabbing, hangerless decrepit bolt ladder that led up across the initial grey-slabbey pitches before us. Yes, it was drug-stabbing time again.

In the middle of piling and sorting gear for the climb, to make sure that we did not mistakenly include any modern equipment, thereby contaminating our authenticity; the jet-stream of toxic waste accumulated in our lungs took complete command. An overwhelming sense of perversion combined with a overpowering existential meaninglessness placed a total and immediate damper upon the historic activity we had been so gleefully enlisted upon just minutes before. (And at this point let me confess that I hadn't been off the horizontal for more than four feet in so many years...)

But it was too late. There came to us the announcement:

IT IS TIME FOR THE CLIMBERS WHO ARE GOING TO RE-ENACT THE ORIGINAL HISTORIC CLIMB DONE BY COOPER AND BALDWIN WAY BACK IN THE SUMMER OF 1961 OVER A ONE MONTH PERIOD, AN INCREDIBLE SIEGE UPON THE SHEER ROCK FACE (A siege that used 136 fucking bolts, now horrible studs, hangerless and loose to the touch, rusted and razor sharp, enough to give any vivisectionist a fast and memorable orgasm...) TIME NOW FOR THOSE CLIMBERS TO COME FORTH AND MEET THE MEDIA (so that the nation can see us and wonder at the kind of warped psychosocial and psychosexual pathology that drives us to do this insane shit, etc.)

And so forth...

I turn and watch my partner as he is being interviewed, near to repeating an historic climb fraught with ramifications, certainly looking historic himself, and I immediately sense that we are in deep trouble. I take one look at his, ah, hairdo, and I intently listen to his completely unintelligible patois gleaned over many years of reading the glossaries of expedition books, and yes, deep shit is descending rapidly.

He is now holding before the camera a horrible confused mass of rope, slings and knots, and is wrestling with a tangle of obscure pieces of angled metal objects. And now, my God, he is actually banging them together and they are making an awful noise for the listening audience who are at this moment probably shaking their heads in complete disbelief and indeed, must really grieve for this insane idiot and his drooling friend.

To make matters worse the commentator and his cameraman are bickering back and forth between the questions, arguing about which is the best, better, and better yet scenic backdrop for the various kinky camera angles, and as it later ...he's got my number. He has correctly bagged me as some quasi-deep thinking metaphysical bum and I begin to answer in retaliation that we climb because... turns out they have been working together for over twelve fucking tedious years and completely hate each other's guts...

But this is okay, because I now feel that it is up to me to save a bad situation and turn it around from going down deep into the same history it so ingratiatingly annotates. It is now my turn to say something as the interviewer turns his attention towards me. I will myself to say something interesting and noteworthy. I start to answer his question but suddenly I am in the grip of a hellish panic. My mouth seems to be moving but whatever is coming out sounds totally alien to me. They, the words, are soundlessly voiced over the camera's whirring...

The dope I am sure, has now eaten away part of my brain for all the world to see. And what was the question? Oh, not that one...

...he's got my number. He has correctly bagged me as some quasi-deep thinking metaphysical bum and I begin to answer in retaliation that we climb because..

we've all heard it a million times before, and even the commentator looks embarrassed for asking it. The bastard has just got to ask the most clichéd question in the universe and expects me to answer seriously. And the camera is still rolling (film at eleven), and this asshole has got me nailed...

When suddenly there is the scream of three ambulances rushing down the Squamish Highway to save the already dimming life of some crazed 750cc Norton Commando freak who, provoked by some obscure motive we'll now never know, had decided to try and jump across Howe Sound on his first try.

Later, almost finished climbing the last of the bolts to the base of the Pillar, my partner and I have concluded that a major part of the day's script had been written around us, or perhaps more appropriately, in spite of us. Because, at that moment hard-eyed youths were coming from all directions, literally swarming up the rock. They seemed to us, as we perched beneath the Pillar, like some nimble rock-ninja, swiftly passing us by in some insane, reckless race for the top. And at that point, friends, we knew that we had been had.

We were simply two turtles clowning around for the folks far below. Beneath us in the parking lot we could see the anxious crowd craning to see the show performed above; the marionettes against the blank marquee of the Grand Wall. They leaned their flesh against the hot mid-day metal of their middle-class cars. The wavering and warbling of a VIP's voice came faintly to us, and then the boom, hiss and pop of the P.A. speaker as it blew up mid-sentence. After the final squelching shriek, only the general murmur of the carney-crowd remained, and the dull heat of the afternoon.

As I cleaned the Pillar pitch, encouraged as I was to rattle a few pins, to provide a ping here and a clank there, to sound realistic even if I didn't feel realistic, I was able to reflect further on the flashing lycra-limbed climbers passing us by, ruefully commenting to us on how hot and heavy we looked, and insulting the humorous rusticity of our gear and our contrived tortoise-like style. I thought about what Hamlet might have said if he were here: "There are more things between heaven and earth, Horatio, than ever dreamt of in your philosophy."

# Murphy's Expedition

Paul Adam

PAUL: The expedition was supposed to consist of nine people and that was the number of bodies that I could count however it was not to be long before I realised that we had another person along. The tenth person never introduced himself but I knew his name was MURPHY by the strange happenings that occurred.

The expedition started the way expeditions I lead usually start, with the perfect weather arriving as we arrived at our base camp on the Goddard Glacier at the southwest end of Chilko Lake. As we set up camp, I bragged about the lack of bad weather I had experienced on recent expeditions. By the time the second day rolled around so had the clouds so it was spent getting properly organised. Day three, we started for Meager. The only interesting thing about the trip up and over Wednesday Pass was the wind which tried to blow us off the mountainside. After making what seemed like no distance at all, we camped about 2 kilometers above the Northington Glacier.

PAMELA: It rained and poured 40 days and nights for Noah. For us it is only 3 days and nights, but that is enough. During the day, we sit in the tents playing cards, reading, and occasionally stepping out to go to the can.

When the good weather arrives we move, unfortunately a warm south wind comes with it so that by nine, we are breaking through the crust and progress slows, but we do manage to make it to the head of the Northington Glacier. The day's lack of progress results in a determination to start earlier the next morning.

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start does little to aid our journey as this night is warmer than the last. As we set up camp in a gully above the Ramose Glacier, Victoria starts to show signs of getting sick. Be the time, we crawl into our sleeping bags her temperature is well over 40°. When we get up the next morning she is worse and starting to show signs of pneumonia. As we are low on food because of the rain delay, we decide to leave her with Morgan and Edwina while the rest of us race to the airdrop and home to get a helicopter to evacuate her.

VICTORIA: As my temperature is extremely high, Paul decides I have to be evacuated. That night we sleep five in our three-man tent. Paul, Edwina, and I share a doubled sleeping bag. I tell Paul that I'll never live down the fact we slept in the same bag I also tell him it will be the only time. Ed and Paul complain I am turning the bag into a sauna with the heat I am giving off.

After the rest leave my temperature gets higher before dropping. Morgan won't even let me out of the tent except to go to the can for the first three days. After that I am allowed to suntan. For five days we seem to eat nothing but mush (porridge). Mush and Peanut Butter, Mush and Spam. Mush and whatever! I'll never eat mush again! Evening five the 'copter arrives and weak but on the mend I get on. Cute ambulance attendant. I'm becoming my normal self again! Finally!

PAUL: Taking our good friend Murphy with us, we leave. Ten minutes down the gully, Kathy's fuel bottle falls off her pack and disappears somewhere we have no intention of going. The first part of the journey goes well and quickly we are at the top of the Ramose Glacier, where I find the perfect toilet; two rocks shaped like a chair with a 15 centimeter crack between them and a spectacular view. Unfortunately, I do not need to go.

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From the rest stop we can see that the route ahead consists of nothing but ups and downs, and now Murphy is awake and has begun to soften the snow before it is even breakfast time. Eventually we reach the moraine of Skmalts Naxwexnt (Ice-worm) Glacier. The last drop to the moraine involves a long chute of soft wet snow down which Katherine, being either crazier or braver than the rest of us, lets it rip without brakes. Although not yet noon, the heat and soft snow provide us with an excuse to suntan. At six we wander up the glacier to the base of a small icefall where we camp on snow with millions of iceworms in it. Gives the tea a bit of body.

Another early morning and we make some progress before soft snow slows us. After some easy going on flat terrain, Murphy rejoins us and large ups and downs start appearing where the map says they shouldn't. After a lunch which finishes the last of our food, we struggle to the airdrop at the intersection of the Paquh (Food Cache) and Donar Glaciers.

PAMELA: Saturday, rest day. No pack, no moving, no getting up at four. David, Nolan, and Garry go peak-bagging. They name the peaks they climb after their grandfathers. Paul, Kathy, and I stay in camp and vegetate. While the guys are gone I light a stove and make some bannock which I have been craving for days. When the guys returned, we even had some left for them. At dinner we

pig out in preparation for moving the next day.

PAUL: Another warm night means that by six we are starting to break through the crust. We have traveled less than two kilometers down the Donar when Garry tells us he has twisted his knee breaking through the crust. After a short discussion

he decides to continue, but by the time we reach the other side of the Stanley Smith Glacier a further two kilometers on, he is really having problems. Another discussion ensues, after which the decision is made for Katherine and him to remain, and to be flown out when the helicopter comes into get Victoria.

Leaving Kath and Garry to return to the moraine at the intersection of Stanley Smith and Donar, the rest of us (now four and Murphy) head off, racing up one steep side glacier, breaking only to pull David's right leg out of a crevasse, and then down an even steeper side glacier to arrive on the Necwtinoaz (Willow) Glacier. Here the snow is already mush to mid-calf and it isn't even coffee time. The plod through the mush continues down to the intersection of the Ring and Bishop Glaciers. After a very late lunch in the depression at the intersection we up head and around Mount Lillooet to a camp atop a small icefall. For once it freezes (or Murphy slept very solidly) and we are able to race up the rest of the glacier to the col overlooking the Lillooet Icefield for a sunrise breakfast before continuing over the Icefield and along the Obelia ridge, a feat we manage to accomplish before noon because of the

ideal conditions.

After lunch, it is down the slush to the Manatte Glacier and camp. A late morning (5:30 a.m.) is followed by a trip over the Meager Glacier and down the valley to the logging roads. I race ahead with the intention of leaving my pack at the washout 2 km down and running to get help. Two hundred meters in front as I reach the washout, I spy a pick-up truck on the other side. Murphy makes his last appearance as I abrade myself sliding into the washout and then disappears for good as I reach the truck and meet Jim Decker of CRB Logging. Jim has a cellular telephone in the truck and we make arrangements with Emergency Services for a helicopter. Jim very kindly takes us down to the Hotsprings where I wait for the 'copter and the others for a ride home.

At six, the helicopter picks me up and we go to pick up Victoria, Ed, and Morgan. Landing at their eyrie is a tricky business—to prevent himself from sinking in the snow the pilot has to keep the rotors going at 50%. Victoria's temperature is near normal after four days of being very high but she is weak. Leaving the eyrie, we go back to pick Garry and Katherine up. Garry's knee is not in bad shape although he has to walk with it in a locked position.

With things finally looking up, I decide Murphy is not such a bad guy after all, especially as he manages to talk the pilot into landing on the ballfield (much to the ballplayers' surprise) right outside my house.

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## *So You Want To Climb a Big Wall...*

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*Chris Lloyd*

Why? Climbing a big wall is serious business, but it seems inevitable that after one is capable of doing 5.10's, and then multi-pitch 5.10's, one's thoughts start to drift towards the possibility of doing something big, something really big. Coming back down to a nice cozy tent and sleeping bag at the end of a long day's climb is something most of us look forward to. Hanging it out on a ledge for the night, doing it all over again the next day and possibly the next again, and...that's a whole other ball game.

But those walls are just staring at you, tempting you to try your skills and test your psyche. At least that's how I felt after a few weeks in Yosemite Valley. I had come with intentions of enjoying the fabled smooth rock and cracks of the Valley, and to maybe try a small wall. But they were there, beckoning, and I had come a long way...

After two aborted attempts on the South Face of Washington Column, (a small wall), one of which never got off the talus, my partner (claiming to have the flu) left the Valley with two cute Danish girls. It looked like my hopes of doing a big wall were dashed, so I put up a note on the Camp IV notice board asking for a ride to Colorado. While checking out the other notes, I noticed a request for an experienced wall partner. I decided to give it one last chance.

Shortly after, during dinner, I got responses to both notices. Two offers to Colorado leaving in a week gave me time to fit in a wall with my potential new partner, Don. As I suspected, he wanted to do something serious, as he had just finished soloing the Nose. I decided to swallow my fear and at least answer his questions to see if he would take me with him—who knows how desperate this guy might be for a partner? He also had had partners turn back on him, so he had devised a list of five crucial questions to see if I was made of the right stuff. What could I lead; what could I flash (on sight, no falls); how many pull-ups could I do (tried to mumble my

way through that one); what big walls had I done; and would I miss my mother on the first bivy ledge and want to go down?

After all that he agreed to have me along. I think it was mainly because I assured him I wouldn't miss my mom—but he did make me promise to pay for all the food if I did backed down. I was a little nervous (and quite naive) about what I was getting myself into, but he did say that he could lead every pitch if he had to. I didn't plan to take him up on this, but it was reassuring to know before we set out to do the Salathe Wall.

Now, climbing a big wall requires a certain amount of planning and preparation; you have to sort an unmanageably large pile of rope and hardware (assuming one owns all that stuff to start with—which Don assured me he did); you have to have haul bags to carry it all in; you must have extra clothes and sleeping bags; there is also the matter of food for four days or so and, more importantly, water. Since we had half an hour until the store closed, we figured we had better get cracking at the food shopping.

The next morning, in order to avoid the first 10 pitches and much awkward hauling, we waited for our turn to jug some ropes that were fixed to the Heart ledge bivi. While we were waiting and wandering the base scrounging for dropped gear, of which there was an abundance, we heard the familiar warning sound of "Rock!" called, and we had no trouble locating the large blue haul sac coming our way. It was followed by the bizarre sound of insane laughter reverberating off the vast dihedrals high up on the Shield.

By 7:30 the ropes were clear and it was our turn to head up. Don led off and hauled his black haul bag and I followed, hauling my pack up last. It took until 2:30 p.m. to jug the five ropes to the Heart Ledges, where I was expecting to lounge for the rest of the day, as Don had said he wanted to take it easy the first day. But no, Don quickly racked up and headed out on the 11th pitch. At least I

got a rest while belaying, as Don's method of jumaring (upper jug tied directly to the waist with a short sling, lower jug with a short sling for one foot) had already worn me down. It was quite fast, but also tiring and rough on the hands so I now had a number of blisters just waiting to break open; but we were off to a good start with 10 pitches down, and 25 to go.

Now I got to see Don in action on some real climbing and wasn't disappointed, though he did use a small pendulum to pass an exposed 5.10b move which I was able to follow free, just about the only redeeming move I made on the whole route.

I got to lead the easy Lung Ledge pitch and cruised on past the proper belay, due to what was to become a recurring habit of Don's—not looking at the topo—and we soon figured that it was time to round the corner and pendulum across to the Hollow Flake.

Hollow Flake is a long, very wide off-width, unprotectable for a good 90 feet and Don really showed what he was made of—there was no way I would have done that, even if it was the first pitch off the ground. But I didn't get to miss all the excitement, for now I got my first taste of following pendulums, while Don watched from above with wry amusement. I could only let myself out so far on the rope, before cutting loose and swinging over to the Flake; and as if I didn't have enough to worry about, the haul bags were stuck in the off-width and I had to pry them loose and push them out onto the face. Don was still smiling as I finally pulled up onto the ledge. "You're not gripped are you?" he asked tauntingly.

It was now getting late and since we were on a good-sized ledge, I figured that this would be it for the day. But Don had heard from the party above that there was a ledge two pitches up that would "sleep five," so off he went into the fading light. I tied both 11 mm ropes together, and he led straight through and almost made the ledge in question. He untied, free soloed a few feet in the dark and found a ledge that one person would have trouble sitting on. Down he came, much to my relief.

It was quite dark as we ate our dinner of sandwiches and watched the stars come out above and the campfire smoke layer cover the valley below. I offered the good sleeping spot to Don, as he had done most of the work, and I crawled to my little hollow right next to the edge, to sink into a much needed sleep.

We were up at first light again and were treated to a beautiful orange alpenglow on the Cathedral Rocks across the valley. Breakfast was more sandwiches, as this was all we had brought. Don believed in keeping things simple.

I jugged up the fixed lines and had the pleasure of trying to haul the bags up two rope lengths. They immediately got stuck in the chimney and it took us two hours to clear that double pitch, giving the party of three below us a chance to close the gap between us. Don led the next pitch with no trouble and offered me The Ear, the 5.7 chimney above. I quickly found out that all 5.7's are not created equal. One normally pictures a chimney as leading straight up, opening outwards; but the Ear is a chimney on its side, opening downwards, so you have to stuff yourself as high up into it as possible and then move horizontally, hoping you don't pop out the bottom. Now this wouldn't be too bad if it was protectable,

but it never quite narrowed enough to fit in a #4 Friend, the largest piece we had. A bit too scary for me, so I backed down and Don led on through. If I had been thinking ahead, though, I would have anticipated the resulting pendulum and taken my chances leading. Don got the last laugh again.

Now I got to see Don in action on some direct aid and it was quite a sight. He would clip a short sling onto his first piece and, pulling on the rope, would get his foot into the sling. Then standing up on this he would grab the crack and work on getting his next piece in. He did make good time on the AI, though it looked quite precarious to me and definitely got worse as the crack became overhanging. He led again on pitch 19 and went right on through 20 to the top of El Cap Spire, a very spectacular site, where Don decided we would spend the night.

We still had time to fix a pitch for tomorrow so Don pointed me toward a crack which he said was 5.9. Well, I could barely get onto the wall! Once on, the crack proved to be too big for knuckles and too small for hands—way hard. After flailing about for a bit, he finally let me down and directed me over to a nearby off-width, also 5.9. Similar result there - no upward progress. So feeling quite wimpy at not being able to do either 5.9, I came down.

The party of three from below was arriving, so we stayed to socialize. Then they asked to see our topo and I noticed that the first crack was really 5.11c or AI and the off-width unrated! I felt much better.

Don went up and did some of the AI before dark and we finished another dinner by starlight on probably the best bivy site on all of

I was tempted to join the other three in the bowl they were smoking, but decided against the possible paranoia attack, especially after hearing more of the insane laughter from the guys on the Shield...

El Cap. I was tempted to join the other three in the bowl they were smoking, but decided against the possible paranoia attack, especially after hearing more of the insane laughter from the guys on the Shield.

In his usual haste to get going, Don was up first, leading the AI he had started the night before, while I belayed from the sleeping bag and the other three smoked

another bowl to get psyched up for the day. Whatever works I guess!

Since they had caught up to us, we let them go ahead after Don hauled up our bags. Once the three "way homo dudes" (their own California lingo) were ahead, Don led pitch 22 combining aid and free climbing. I then led a long pitch 23, all AI, and almost all sized #5 Rock, which of course I ran out of right away. A good bit of cursing there, and at Don for not having proper etriers for all the aiding. Don led up to The Block and then on up to Sous le Toit Ledge, only to find the three "dudes" hanging out there waiting for a slow party to clear The Roof. Since we had a good ledge on The Block, we decided to call it an early day at 6 p.m. We called up to the three above that we had room for more, but they decided to tough it out sitting on a ledge one person could barely lie down on. This gave us a chance to enjoy some conversation as the sun set on dark thunder clouds across the valley. It was interesting to finally get to talk to Don, who was a Born Again Christian. It seems he had a scary experience free soloing in the Gunks and had to seriously consider what death was all about. A pretty reasonable fellow really.

Meanwhile we could hear sounds of the party above nailing up



the Headwall in the dark. Glad it was them not me. I wasn't terribly thrilled though, when one of them urinated into the void and just missed us and the guys on Sous le Toit. It was bad enough that they had been dropping gear on us all along, and had just bounced a wired stopper off one of the guys above us (fortunately doing no serious damage)—but to urinate on us as well! Some people sure are hard to satisfy.

In the morning I jugged our line up to Sous le Toit and chatted with Tom, who was getting ready to join the other two below The Roof. Don got the pleasure of cutting loose from The Block below on the free pendulum, something he really did seem to enjoy. He can have it.

We had to wait some more for the three to clear The Roof. One of them started out and backed down, and the other two had to smoke a bowl before one of them went for it. Once underneath that Roof I could understand their feelings. You're there, on a very exposed hanging belay, with slings, ropes and pro dangling everywhere, standing on the haul bag with 2,500 feet of air below you, wondering just which of these pieces is holding you to the rock, and is it really going to keep holding you? Gripped? You bet.

Don did his best to reassure me that I really was tied in and then flashed the Roof. It was obvious that he was used to climbing in the Gunks. But while aiding the Headwall above up to the next stance, he had a pin, that he had hammered in with a tricam, pop out, leaving him hanging upside down. There was so much rope drag through the Roof that I didn't even feel it. Now we had two gripped people, and the rest of the Headwall to do. Swinging free on the lip of the Roof didn't help me any, but I was starting to get used to the feeling (the panic periods were getting shorter each time).

Fortunately Don wanted to get off as badly as I did, so he didn't

balk too much when I refused to lead the overhanging crack and small roof that led to a reasonable bivy on Long Ledge.

Two nights earlier Don had been asking me to stick around the valley to climb Half Dome with him; last night he was suggesting long free routes as he saw me getting more gripped; tonight he was planning to leave the valley as soon as possible.

We slept in through a beautiful dawn, as it was a short way to the top and neither of us wanted to start it. Finally Don set off up the overhanging crack at the end of the ledge. He backed down once, but there was no way I was going to step off the end of that ledge onto an overhanging lead without normal etriers, so he went back at it—he knew I wasn't going anywhere, and I knew he wanted off.

I had to relent on the next pitch as it wasn't overhung. It would have been a nice pitch to do free, if I hadn't been so tired. I belayed beneath another large roof, leaving it for Don. He wasn't too keen on it, and tried to find a way around the corner, and I heard "suck it in, I'm coming back." It didn't go.

Back on route, Don made it over the roof and was yelling down words I couldn't make out. I thought he was taunting me again, so I called up, "You're off belay." To which I got a very quick and understandable reply: "What the fuck are you doing?" "Just kidding!", I answered.

He didn't cut the rope and I finally topped out at 2:00 p.m., much relieved to be on flat open ground again, and finally able to take off my harness after four and a half days.

That evening in Camp IV, with adrenalin keeping me from sleep, I wandered over to the notice board and listened to the latest gossip of the valley. It turned out that while we had spent four and a half days labouring our way up El Cap, Peter Croft and John Bachar had managed to do both The Nose on El Cap and the North West Face on Half Dome in one 20 hour effort. Wow! The big walls beckon all kinds.

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## *The Black Dyke*

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*David Fulton*

"Careful, don't break them off."

"Ha ha." We laughed. "Don't break them off. You hear that? Perry doesn't want us to break off his feet. Look at those big ol' feet on those long skinny legs, here, grab one. We gotta get him out of here. He's going to get killed if we don't get him home by morning."

So what else should people be doing at four a.m. except trying to get hold of the size twelve feet of some muscular stringbean? Yep, our buddy Perry, though having gone the way of the modern rock jock—that is: strong, lean and limber, was still not immune to Canada's greatest resource.

But back in the old days you know, back in the heyday of Squamish rockclimbing, everyone was in a little better shape—for drinking that is. Then it was a bunch of scrawny punks strewn along the long abandoned and much pot-holed old highway screaming obscenities and downing beer long into the night. And waking up wet and hungover they would make it down to the cafe for some greasy warmth and by noon the rock might be dry enough to climb and by five it was time to hitchhike back to Vancouver.

Now everyone has yupped out. Psyche ledge, as the old highway is known, is lined with shiny new cars instead of beer bottles, five foot leadouts are death and people are actually wearing clothes made for climbing.

But one night after the bar had closed long before any of us did, we snuck into Scott's tippy-toe and pried open the fridge for a few more cold ones. Then where else was there to go to get sick and nasty and stupid but at the feet of the Chief? Or where else to get silly and dance in the bright lunar lights of the moon and the chemical plant? And at four a.m., bathed in lights of a wide variety, and with us under influences of a wide variety, that grinning rock was the life of the party.

It started out simple enough. A little beer, the big Chief and like properly conditioned laboratory mice, we were soon yelling our faces off about showing that old rock who's boss. It was John and I, the pansy-ass freeclimbers, daring each other to get our feet back in etriers and remount past ambitions. It was time for a ride up that ancient slash of warpaint which streaks the Chief top to toe, the notorious Black Dyke. Memories of Gordie Smaill's description of that basalt wonder "...If you smile on tipped off blades in prying horror stories, and 40 ft lead outs free off cliffhangers on prayers, you'll be laughing when you pull onto the summit..." thrilled John and I to the point of conversation.

"John, ah—"

"Huh?"

With that essential dialogue out of the way we got down to the dirty work of separating littered bodies from littered empties and

nearly a week later we were confronted with the still dirtier job of separating our big mouth plans to climb the Dyke from all the other bullshit spewed that fermented night.

After hashing over the 'Mice or Men' issue for an embarrassing length of time we finally backed our way into taking action. Since John was at work I fixed the first couple of pitches with a logger from town, a gabby good friend with one long eyebrow who we paid with a six pack and a promise to teach him the alphabet.

Two days later John and I are affixed to the belay below the Big Roof. It is John's lead, my belay. He takes off, pinning his way to security. Already secure, I'm looking for comfort and entertainment. Comfort was no problem once the seams in my belay seat quit ripping; while below, Squamish provided the entertainment.

A noisy industrial town filling a valley between the great Pacific and a beautiful mountain wilderness it was about as entertaining as dragging a T.V. deep into a virgin forest and watching "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World" with the volume cranked. But we had such good seats for this show, it didn't matter what was going down. Just by hopping on this black nerve of basalt rising from the sea we were high being high and feeling smug with superiority. It seems a person does forget how much a sunny big wall belay is the fishing hole where Huck Finn kicks back, having just conned the rest of existence into whitewashing the fence.

So I can't get it straight in my head. I mean I can't believe falling into the trap of trying to rationalize climbing; especially on such a great summer day in the middle of such a great climb. Maybe it has to do with age corrupting innocence. Or maybe the mistake was just bringing the radio. Otherwise I might not have been waylaid from the previous day's enjoyment of watching of high speed highway car chases or last night's cops and loggers show...

I had been spastically trying to get comfortable in a borrowed hammock when the cops arrived. This was not a dream, just another night in the Canadian wilds with the famed Mounties pulling off the highway in the gathering dark and yelling at us with bullhorns. Perhaps they thought we were damsels in distress. We told them to please be quiet, that there were people up here trying to sleep.

Hours later another set of headlights pulled off the highway with another set of voices yelling at us. It was our friends the loggers. Earlier, when told we were going up on the Chief, they mentioned how entertaining it would be to empty a few .22 rounds in our general direction. "As long as we can see your headlamps you'll be safe" they warned. So I flashed my light for safety's sake, at the same time wondering..."What exactly is the definition of an idiot?". We waited anxiously for an answer, but instead of shots there was only more yelling. As it turned out they were too smart to remember the rifle, or the guy with the gun got bonked by a tree that day or some story like that. It was about then that we realized serious alpine wall climbing does little to prepare a person for these sub-alpine objective hazards.

The next day had dawned a lot more brightly than we had. After unweaving our tangle of gear I assumed the belay while John went forth to conquer if not another roof, then a continuous, steeply over-hanging section of fractured basalt. It was at this point that I turned on the radio.

So again, why, when you get a chance to get away from the

confusing traffic of life and the crush of humanity and you're way off the ground getting intimate with old rusty bolts at some funky belay situated among the creaking basalt and the rambling vegetation watching your partner doing pirouettes high above the landscape of sleepy Squamish, why would you ever bother tuning in a small town Sunday morning radio program that provides but one choice for your listening pleasure: that choice being a gruesome news account of political happenings from around the globe?

At first I thought it had to do with sympathetic suffering, as one of the great incongruities in climbing has to be the difference between the concurrent experiences of the belayer and leader. While the leader may be gripped out of his head, betting his future on a few square millimeters of knifeblade, the belayer may be enjoying the sounds of Donny Osmond, sneaking the last candy bar, or, with finger jammed to the last joint, searching for that last square millimeter of ever-elusive booger. Possibly to further appreciate the leader's struggle, I remained connected, eavesdropping right through eight thousand miles of granite onto the problems of the world.

I listened in on Lebanon, to this father who had proudly sent four of his six kids to their death in some war. Then on to Africa and Ireland for more of the same life and death struggles. There was a report on starvation. Suddenly life was taking a turn for the worse. I became nervous, worried. My palms began to sweat. All those millions of people out there trying like mad to eke out an existence and here we are pinned to some silly wall in the woods of B.C., making troubles for ourselves just for the hell of it.

Reaching the next belay I excitedly told John about this poignant radio show, asking again and again...what is the meaning of all this? Meanwhile John, eyeing me carefully, quickly added another bolt to the station.

I was slow racking up. I felt like some Lebanese son marching off to war. I don't

got no beef with this basalt. Let's go down and do something constructive with our lives. We could join the Peace Corps or the Marx Brothers: anything but this.

Then, as if God had suddenly validated my mental meal ticket, I saw the light. The problem simply was...it was my lead. All the gibberish about sympathetic suffering and the meaning of climbing was an elaborate case of early morning, pre-lead jitters. The oldest sickness in the book. I looked over at John. He was settling into a cozy belay, munching on food like a squirrel. His hard pitches were finished and he was beaming. "What an asshole" I thought fondly.

Top-stepping off his nose I made the first placement. My head still wasn't quite right and my etriers were tangled. The train was moving, but wasn't quite out of the station. There was still a last second chance to jump off and join everyone on the platform waving goodbye. A few steps up, another piece in, and almost magically, the confusion was left behind. The world was reduced to a few feet of rock and some odd shaped pieces of metal. The thrill of the lead, or the fear of falling, had worked their charms again, bringing uninhibited concentration. (And for those of us lacking the ability to think clearly, or in one direction, it seems nearly a miracle every time that special clarity returns.)

I can't remember the fall. One second I was slotting a nut and

The air time should have left me steam cleaned of the nonsense; instead, there I was, discussing philosophy with a wired stopper

the next I was hanging at the end of my rope, apologizing to a bug-eyed John for ruining his belay. So much for special clarity

With my perception of the world lowered thirty feet I was left eye to eye with a demon other than pre-lead jitters. I had met the flake and it had expanded. After wringing out the residual adrenalin, and collecting my popped pieces like so much loose change, I was back on the less than straight track of regaining my high point. I was deeply curious about finding the source c: my screw-up, while on the other hand, I couldn't help but think that bowling has always had a certain appeal.

With each move leading closer to the moment of truth I became increasingly apprehensive. Why should my effort be any more successful a second time? The questions mounted till reaching the summit puzzler, "What's the point?" And the only answer to that untimely bit of introspection was the question "What's the point, at this point, of asking what's the point?"

The air time should have left me steam cleaned of the nonsense; instead, there I was, discussing philosophy with a wired stopper, the piece that held the fall. Even though it looked welded I had the feeling it could pop on a whim. "Don't go anywhere" I said grimly.

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## *Busted in Bute*

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"Bullheads"  
"Bullheads huh?"

The Fisheries officer wasn't buying my story. Staring down his nose at me through a pair of very dark sunglasses he looked like a cross between Dudley Doright and a southern state trooper. Here we were bobbing away in the middle of Bute Inlet, us in a postage stamp sized rubber raft, the Fisheries officers in some fancy assed Zodiac, it's a gorgeous day, and I'm trying to convince him that I was only fishing for Bullheads.

"Bute Inlet closed to all fishing, you're kidding?"

"License? Didn't know you needed one for salt water."

As I tried in vain to explain that it was not our intention to deplete the salmon stocks of Bute Inlet he was busy explaining to me the various offenses he was about to charge me with. He didn't seem to care that we were actually in the area on a climbing trip and we had only brought the fishing rods along in case we ran out of food. It was a rest day and on our way to a sandy beach when we decided to throw a line out as a joke.

"Climb what?" officer Doright enquired.

"That sort of grey pyramid thing at the end of that valley. Climbed right up that big face. Called it The Stinging Needle."

I was trying in vain to stress the fact that I didn't have a clue about fishing and I'd never do it again, but I guess he had a quota to fill and he wasn't biting. With a crisp piece of government stationary in hand we bid our visitor goodbye. Blake was still in hysterics while he resumed paddling and I just sat there in a stunned silence. Blake always seems to find good in most situations and reassured me that it was really lucky that it was only me who had been fishing.

Very funny. Some rest day.

We had flown into Bute on a hot tip from the Clarke/Baldwin team. Peak 8659 had a big buttress on its north side and several unclimbed peaks remained after their trip in 84. The photo made the route look impressive enough and we'd always wanted to climb some unviolated summits so it was off to Bute.

"I might be back."

I tried remembering if I had always been such a jellyfish and as far back as memory would allow the answer was yes. "Neurotic adrenalin junkie" I added sarcastically. That's it, get mad get laughing mad. Do whatever it takes to find the working spot. Yeh, a few beers, a few dares, and whoa, let's climb the Dyke man. Let's set the trap, let it snap shut and then we can chew off our legs to show how smart we were getting away. Make me laugh. Or let's pay midnight homage to the Chief, to the place we can lose ourselves in the simplicity of the sport: point A to point B and may all other points vanish to the rats' nests where they belong. You can't fight city hall, but you can always find a rock to climb. You can always scare yourself. And you can sometimes drain everything from the world except that little patch of rock in front of your nose. And whether that's good or bad or indifferent doesn't matter when there's no where else to go. That's right. That's what this wise guy Randy Russell was pointing out another time when I was stuck, having again forgotten the basic premise. He yelled up, laughing from his belay..."Hey man. Climb, don't think."

How can you forget something so simple?

*John Howe*

I wish I could tell you that we found our dream climb—a 3500' blade of impeccable granite split into soaring hand cracks and clean corners, with a cake approach, casual descent and excellent views. Unfortunately the reality wasn't quite as good as the dream. Oh, it was pretty big; but the rock left a lot to be desired and the approach was less than great. An old logging road extended into the guts of the valley but getting from there to the creek was the stuff of nightmares. Stinging nettles were so prolific that both of us ended up red and swollen and had to gobble down handfuls of anti-histamines just to be able to sleep.

As for the unclimbed peaks the Johns had so kindly left us... well they're still unclimbed. I have rarely seen such well guarded coastal summits. From the Bute side at least the options are very limited. Our choices were several hundred feet of vertical slide alder to gain a questionable gully, or exposing ourselves to a sérac wall for several hours.

We tried retracing Tom Fyles route up a steeply forested slope to a peak he had climbed one rainy summer day 60 years previous. We had hoped that it might allow access to a high pass and thus the summits but after slogging 6500 vertical feet off the ocean to Tom's peak we were not impressed to find ourselves completely cut off by a menacing gap.

It appeared that only one option remained. I knew that the logging camp a few miles down the inlet would have a small helicopter. Maybe with a bit of persuading they might fly us up to the pass. That's when I discovered my partner of many years was a closet purist. He sermonized that we'd climbed the Stinging Needle from the beach and that to use a chopper to bag the others would be sacrilege. I had to agree that the peaks really didn't present any great technical challenge and that the whole problem was getting to them. It would have been simple to hop in a chopper and finish the job. But, in doing so we really wouldn't have been accomplishing a thing.

Sitting on a windy perch high above Bute Inlet, looking north at the Waddington Range we decided that there was one more option. We could always go fishing.

# Reviews

## A Guide to Climbing and Hiking in Southwestern B. C.

Bruce Fairley. Gordon Soules Books, Vancouver, 1986. Maps, black and white photographs, 385pp. \$24.95

In 1974 a fat little square book appeared that described the mountains of southwestern B.C. in its own terse but pregnant style. It has nurtured a whole generation of climbers and become the source of information about the southern coast mountains. But the many well fingered copies of "Culbert's Guide" lying about on bookshelves everywhere are out of date and the book is now out of print.

"Fairley's Guide" is a revision of the 1974 book, brimming with updated information on roads and routes that have sprung up in the last twelve years. The boundaries of coverage have been expanded on the northwest and a few confusing subsections have been expanded into separate chapters. But it is more than just a simple revision, for although some parts are word for word, much of the old guide has been completely rewritten. The book is filled with descriptions of the areas covered and the kind of climbing to be found. This together with excellent sections on the climbing history and the geology definitely add to the colour and usefulness of the book (although those of us who know nothing about rocks may still be somewhat confused over the importance of the term granitic versus granite).

The title of Fairley's book is "A Guide to Climbing and Hiking..." and it is that, in that order, and the cover photo does what a cover photo is supposed to do. This is good for it is really the tremendous growth of climbing in the last twelve years that is the main motivation for the book. Locally in Vancouver there are now some half dozen guidebooks to rock climbing at Squamish, more than a dozen on hiking and several more on ski touring—but the large number of technical climbs done in the mountains in recent years (which include some of the finest climbs in the area) were until now documented only in scattered newsletters and journal articles if at all. Of particular interest here are the sections on the Chehalis and Anderson—Coquihalla which alone describe dozens of alpine climbs in what were until recently obscure areas of little interest. This emphasis on climbing

is partly a carry over from the old guide and is reflected in the structure of the book which is designed to provide information on reaching and climbing mountains. But this does not mean that the guide is restricted to technical climbing and those whose inclinations run to hiking or skiing rather than climbing will be interested by descriptions of the much improved access to what used to be some of the remoter areas near Vancouver such as the sections on the Manatee and North Creek.

The amount of information contained in the guide is sizeable to say the least and was actually researched and verified by a group of three working with Bruce in the summer of 1984. For the most part they have done an admirable job. There is some variation between chapters, the odd spur road has been missed, perhaps one or two lesser known peaks deserved a more glowing description and the inclusion of information on first winter ascents in all but a few cases is utter nonsense.

There are lots of photographs which detail the most popular climbing routes and show the general characteristics of some of the different areas. The detailed index of the old guide has been dropped and there is much less emphasis on the length and rating of a trip. There are no aerial photographs or maps showing the layout of each section; these have been replaced by maps of selected portions of areas where such coverage was felt necessary.

As Bruce so aptly puts it "a guidebook is more than just a collection of routes; it bespeaks a mountaineering philosophy", and Bruce himself bespeaks in a friendly sort of style, generally praising interest in fine looking lines, favorite haunts, the secret relish of unprofitable bushwhacks, and storming the main challenges of a range! I think we'll all want a copy of his book.

*John Baldwin*

### Killer Bears:

Mike Crammond, Outdoor Life Books, Scribners, 1981, 312 pps.

### Bear Attacks:

Stephen Herrero, Winchester Press, 1985, 287 pps.

Anyone venturing into mountain wilderness eventually has to come to terms

with its hostile features. Modern man can control many of the hostile environmental factors by sheltering himself behind the products of "civilization", and in most cases, this is an acceptable solution. Man even has the products to shelter himself from bears (firearms, traps etc.) but given the declining populations of bears, this is no longer considered a desirable solution. Some people may now decide to shelter themselves behind "book knowledge", and turn to the advice and insights of Mr. Crammond or Mr. Herrero.

The authors' contrasting backgrounds and interests have produced books of

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the bear—seem a little bizarre. (Imagine walking on a Banff Park trail with forty-five other parties all blaring away. Some wilderness. Imagine the same scene after the bears have become habituated to such noise.)

His suggestions are well intended and perhaps well thought out, but they contrast with his position of "sometimes you don't know". Maybe such uncertainty is one of the attractions of wilderness travel and we should simply accept bears, and occasional

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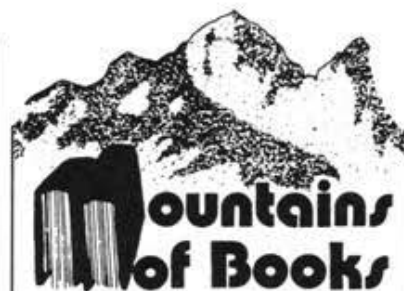
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unfortunate contacts with them, as a price of wilderness.

Mr. Herrero's presentation for suitable behavior when approached by a bear seems to be that for every emotional state in the bear there is an optimum response by man, but that you can't be sure what the bear's emotional state is. While this position is honest and probably accurate it is not likely to help those seeking a paint-by-numbers solution to the problem of what to do when a bear approaches.

If the purpose of reading either of these books is to acquire the knowledge to deal with one of the less predictable features of the wilderness environment, the reader will not be satisfied. Mr. Crammond's approach to the subject may leave the reader, when confronted by a bear, wondering which story of mutilated bodies and crazed bears might apply to his situation. No worries with Mr. Herrero's approach though—in his opinion the reader will have already done the wrong thing anyway.

*Konrad Kraft*

### **Mountain Light**

Galen Rowell. Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver/Toronto (Canada), and Sierra Club Books (U.S.A.), 1986. Color photos. 224 pp. Cloth.

Reviewing this book is both an easy and a difficult task. It's easy in the sense that the whole review can be condensed into three words: Buy this book! (Or better still: BUY THIS BOOK!!!) And it's hard, because there is so much that is good here that it is difficult to know where to begin, let alone how to do justice to the whole volume.

At first glance *Mountain Light* looks like another in the apparently endless series of coffee table books that have recently been published on the general theme of mountains (or, to use the popular phrase: 'Outdoor Photography'). A second look reveals two major distinctions: The photography is much better than is normal in that genre; and there is rather more text and fewer pictures than one would expect in a coffee table book. Although, that being said, it will certainly function admirably on any coffee table—the layout is clean and pleasing, the typography is admirably transparent, the separations are first rate and the printing is up to the high standard we have come to expect from Japan. Leave it lying carelessly about in your living room and your guests will be suitably impressed, but there is so much more here that it seems a shame not to look further, to pursue it past

this elementary level and delve into the riches Rowell offers.

So if it isn't just a coffee table book, what is it? At its second level it is the best practical handbook of available light photography that I have ever seen. If you read *Mountain Light* on the 'how-to' level you'll get far more than just the usual technobabble about f-stops, split neutral density filters and reciprocity law failure—if you don't sell enough pictures to pay for the book ten times over in the first year after reading it then you must have read it with a neutral density filter on your brain and *Skinny Puppy* cranked to the max on your headphones.

His chosen format, a chapter of general discussion followed by a chapter of example photographs with extensive annotation (as much as a page and a half of text per image), has tremendous potential for bathos, but Rowell avoids the 'How I Took My Favorite Pictures' trap and neither the images nor the instruction is ever trivialized.

I would add a pair of caveats to the discussion of *Mountain Light* as a book of instruction though. The first is that the technical discussions are not aimed at the beginner, but presume a knowledge of basic photography; and the second is that, as Rowell makes quite clear, good photography requires a lot of hard work.

Finally, *Mountain Light* deserves praise for its literary accomplishment. Whether Galen Rowell is, as some critics claim, the foremost American wilderness photographer working today is obviously a matter for debate; but whatever his ability as a photographer he is an excellent writer, and it is the writing which makes the book for me. His love of the mountains shines through his words in a way that makes me want to drop everything and head for the hills—and not necessarily with my camera. And therein lies the true measure of this book: although ostensibly about photography, *Mountain Light* is in fact a celebration of life in the mountains.

In *Mountain Light* Rowell has managed to combine the most vacuous of artforms, the coffee table book, with the most boring literary genre, the instruction manual to produce a wonderful volume which deserves a place in the library of everyone who loves the mountains.

*David Harris*

### **The Polar Circus: Journal of the Canadian Rockies**

Edited by Brian Wyvill and Geoff Powter, Summit Publishing 1985. Black & white and color photographs, 60pp., paper, \$15.00

*Jim Haberl submitted a review of The Polar Circus for this, the book review section of the CAJ. He based his review on a comparison of The Polar Circus and this Journal. I felt that in many respects what he had written was more of a commentary on the past, present and future of the CAJ than a book review of The Polar Circus and I have taken the liberty of running his piece as a guest editorial on p. 2. [Ed.]*

### **Extreme Rock**

Edited by Ken Wilson and Bernard Newman. Diadem Books, London 1987. Color photographs. 196pp. \$27.95 (\$60.00)

Since the pace setting arrival of Ken Wilson's first major book *Hard Rock* in 1975, a wide array of glossy coffee table books have avalanched their way into the climbing world. That particular book caught the imagination of climbers in a way that few others have done, before or since, and with the four subsequent titles that followed, set standards of excellence by which other books are judged. Tell a good story, show a fine photograph and provide a tick list. Simple yet so effective. Literary works do not always make good books, and pretty pics alone, no matter how good, rarely are enough to satisfy. Put the two together though, and you have something else. The *Hard Rock* formula has been applied to classic rock, easy rock (*Soft Rock!*), famous short hikes, famous long hikes and winter climbs, all within the confines of Britain. That says a lot, not only about Ken Wilson's imagination and eye for a dollar, but also the intriguing kaleidoscope of rock and mountain in that small and sociable country.

*Hard Rock* had not long been on the shelves before it began to look a little jaded as a representation of Britain's finest and hardest. Looking at it now, it seems to be curiously dated, representing an era that had ended even as the book was published. The use of only black and white photos underlines this, and the adventurous tones of the essays illustrate a purpose and spirit in rock-climbing that is now coming close to extinction.

It was a good many years ago that I first heard rumblings about a forthcoming sequel that could be called only Extreme Rock, and I can only imagine the birthing pains it must have suffered in such a long labour. The pace of rising standards, steeper rock and even more alluring routes presumably caused the editors plenty of grief in deciding when enough was enough. Well the great work finally arrived and it was worth the wait. The previous formula has been maintained, now with stunning color photographs. Beautifully produced and complete with 93 essays from 65 contributors and 173 climbs illustrated by 300 photos, this is a book that is not likely to be upstaged for a very long time. Which may have something to do with the price! The climbs begin at around mid 5.10 (and not many at that) then soar up to the end of the scale, wherever that may be. The closest that most of us will ever get to routes like The Prow is in this book.

Reading and gazing through the pages it is strikingly obvious that this is a different activity to the one portrayed in Hard Rock. If the climbing of bygone years was a wild flower growing in the shade of society, and wearing the black petals of anarchy, that flower has now become domesticated, grown muscles and sports the colors of the rainbow. Whether or not that is an improvement lies in the eye of the beholder and is a debate best left for another day.

We all know, don't we, that any form of life that can hold a rope will suffice for a belayer. Sadly, many of the essays reflect this, with everything focused on the intensity of leading and the consummation of all that training. Such is the nature of our modern game, but fortunately it does not always prevent climbers from writing memorable prose, as in John Redhead's piece about his lonely runouts on North Stack. If I were to be cast away on a deserted island, though, I would prefer to live with stories like the battle for Mortlocks Arête by Geoff Birtles, John Barry's woes on T. Rex and Pete Livesey's amusing intrigues with Henry Barber in Cornwall's Great Zawn. However, on a deserted Island Redheads's brooding writing would have its place!

The introduction to the book is a brief history of modern rockclimbing in Britain. Although it is better than nothing at all, the limited space allotted to it prevents it from becoming much more than an elaborate list of significant climbs marching into the 80's. Ken Wilson co-edited this book with Benard Newman, clearly a good move judging by

Newman's excellent photography. I particularly like his intriguing and faintly bizarre shot of two climbers at Malham Cove, leading adjacent routes just two metres apart. Pity there were not more photos of that calibre. (The editors point out in their own defence that many photos are there to show technical detail rather than to inspire. This is exemplified by the photo on Footless Crow—it says little about the dramatic nature of that awesome route, but it sure tells a lot about how to deal with the crux.)

My only real grumble is that no climbs from Northumberland appear in the book, a sore point that will rankle forever, me being a native of that beautiful land of immaculate sandstone outcrops. The editors threw in their lot with the main areas only, casting the rest of the country to oblivion. And I note with some curiosity that not a single photo of Ron Fawcett appears, the climber who has contributed more at the top end of British rock than any other. (I also note that there are few "climber unknown" credits. I have long taken a secret pleasure in being of that breed, plastered anonymously to a famous crag in Hard Rock)

Whatever the shortcomings of this book, they prove only that its writers are human, and are lost amid this grand celebration of the best of British rock climbing. A photographic and literary delight, it should be on every climber's tick list.

*Kevin McLane*

### **Modern Rope Techniques in Mountaineering (Third Edition)**

Bill March, Cicerone Press, Milnthorpe, England. 199 pps.

Billed in the introduction as "a handbook for the experienced climber who wishes to broaden his knowledge of techniques", this book is loaded with irrelevant and inaccurate information.

A few examples:

P. 8: Under the title "Rope Construction", having stated that "kernmantle ropes have almost completely supplanted hawser-laid in general climbing usage", the next sentence says, "Hawser-laid ropes have the advantage that the three strands can be unravelled and joined together in an emergency thus increasing the length of the rope by three..." I question the usefulness of this information.

P. 10: "Coiling the Rope" has a description of the "Butterfly coil" with reference to a diagram, but the best I could find was "Lap Coils On Belay (Butterfly Coils)"

which bore no resemblance to the Butterfly Coil text.

P. 17: There is a description of a swami tied with 1" nylon tape. There is no mention of 2" tape, which has (happily) replaced the 1" stuff.

P. 40: On this page there is a classic under the heading of "Direct Belays". "In ice the pick of the ice axe is driven into the ice surface and the rope paid out over the top of the axe head." This doesn't strike me as a 'modern' rope technique.

In the ice screw section there is no reference to either Chouinard or Snarg ice screws, although Salewa tubular screws are mentioned. (At this time it is a major effort not to lapse into sarcasm.)

One last example of folly, taken from p. 133, is a diagram of the "Improved Yosemite Lift 2:1", a modification of the standard Yosemite hauling system (also shown). Unfortunately, the improvement gives the 2:1 advantage to the load, not to the hauler.

These are just a few examples of the errors, omissions, and irrelevancies that I've found. To be fair, there is some useful information included, but it's wedged in with so much that is questionable or downright misleading that I really doubt the value of this book.

Sorry Bill.

*Dick Mitten*

### **Beyond Everest: Quest for the Seven Summits**

Patrick Morrow, Camden House, Ontario. 175 pages with over 100 colour photographs. Paper.

Beyond Everest is Pat Morrow's detailed chronicle of his successful mountaineering 'grand slam'. Climbing the highest mountain on each of the seven continents may not be the most technically challenging mountaineering quest but it provided a perfect objective for a globe-trotting mountaineer and professional photographer.

Morrow's attention to detail is impressive and he takes great pains in describing the culture, the history and the geography of areas visited, but the real feelings are captured in his brilliant photographs. It's not particularly gripping reading, but it is interesting; as much about the logistics of the quest, the cultures encountered and the people involved than about mountaineering.

And with at least one photo on every other page, the book is especially worth

having for its glimpses into other lands.

*Sandra Leitch*

## **The Climbers Guide to North America, Vol. III (East Coast)**

John Harlin III. Chockstone Press, Denver, 1986, 397pp.

The East Coast volume in Harlin's triptych of guides to North America is designed to augment the first two volumes and thus presumably allow an adventurous climber to circumnavigate North America.

The objectives of this guide are carefully qualified on page one. Unfortunately his criteria for selecting climbing areas is vague. Omissions, oversights and a lack of research are veiled behind the following:

"The many areas not included in this book will remain a bit mysterious and wild. Eventually, some of these areas may be opened to the public through guidebooks or magazine articles, but it is not for this book to do so prematurely."

What we are left with is only a concatenation of Climbing Magazine articles and a glimpse at Harlin's guidebook library. It appears that the areas included in this volume represent a summer's whirlwind tour of the East's major climbing areas. Apparently smaller areas were included only when local climbers succeeded at flagging down Harlin from one of the interstates. Once stopped Harlin poses for the bouldering photo. His embrace, now a characteristic of all three volumes, is a clear sign to the locals that their crag has been consecrated. At this point the locals are asked to reveal the intimacies of their crag, the details of which are recorded by the author for our later consumption. It is obvious from the dilated text that some climbers enthusiastically exuded information, while others were more recalcitrant.

The guide is replete with sandbags and compromised topos. The best examples are in the Trapps section of the Shawanagunk topos, these will probably add to the sense of 'adventure' experienced by visiting climbers. In attempting to include so many climbs the author is forced to sacrifice detail for the sake of brevity. In a compilation such as this it is always a necessary tradeoff. The book does provide the climber with an excellent assemblage of information on climbing stores, camping and guidebooks. But with so much excellent rock in the East there is no need to push the romantic aspects of climbing. The "friendly South-

ern draws of Dixie" and the "je ne sais quoi" of Quebec are unnecessarily doted upon, suggesting that the rock quality alone is insufficient to attract climbers attention.

While some areas, such as the Shawanagunks, receive a somewhat anorexic discussion, others like the Laurentians are particularly robust. Many people have been waiting for a more up to date Quebec climbing guide and it is likely that most visiting climbers will prefer Harlin's presentation of this area to the local guides.

This guide to the East is not for the hardcore guidebook collector because it lacks detail. Nor is it for the penniless climber for he could get all the route descriptions from back issues of Climbing Magazine. The guide is most suited to foreign visitors (westerners included!) because it allows them to travel without magazine backissues, and provides comprehensive and succinct look at most of the East's climbing areas.

*Peter Reilly*

## **Joshua Tree Rock Climbing Guide**

Randy Vogel. Chockstone Press, Denver, Colorado, 1985. 401 pps. Paper.

Joshua Tree. A name synonymous with winter climbing in North America. Set in a craggy, prehistoric landscape the "Josh" has over 1374 reasons why a disgruntled Canadian rock climber would want to brave the long drive south. While your friends back home are trying to de-ice a Snarg mid pitch you could be honing in on some thin hog with a fist full of R.P.'s and the makings of a good tan.

For the first time visitor, Joshua Tree National Monument may take a bit of getting used to. Your first day there will probably be spent in an 1-5 daze wandering around the campsite dodging Lycra clad warriors zooming around on mountain bikes. After you've taken your hundredth shot of a twisted Joshua Tree and blown a third roll on the LA induced sunset you'll be ready to start sorting out the seemingly incomprehensible maze of sun bleached blobs.

This is where Randy Vogel's new guide really shines. Under that very California, lavender cover is a wealth of knowledge gathered from his years of experience in the Monument. For an area of such complex topography and intense development in recent years this new guide is an invaluable asset to any visiting climber. The liberal

use of B&W crag photographs, maps and topos help save tremendous amounts of time when ferreting out an individual pitch. I found the use of the oblique aerial photo particularly helpful to develop a visual perspective in a new area.

The book is divided into 16 sections, each dealing with a specific group of outcrops. An introduction is given to each section detailing issues of access, parking and area highlights. The individual route descriptions are bare bones: route name, grade, star rating and a list of the 1st ascensionist names. Only in rare cases are the issues of protection, belays and length addressed which is understandable as the majority of routes are quite short.

Unfortunately not all of my impressions are favorable ones. Grading has always been an onerous task for guide book authors and an open forum for critics. This guide is no exception. Choosing to abandon the awkward NCCS used in the old guide in favor of the accepted Yosemite Decimal System in the new is a welcome change. Strangely though its application in JT bears no resemblance to the standards set in its place of origin. This seems puzzling since many of the Monument locals spend a considerable time in the Valley. Be prepared for sandbags since many of the routes tend to be undergraded by at least one letter. Irritating as undergrading may be, inconsistency in grading is even more annoying, yet it happens throughout. This is clearly demonstrated by comparing two popular climbs, Loose Lady and Run For Your Life. Both of these routes are of a similar nature and length and both are graded 5.10b. The former, by JT standards, is no more than 5.10a while the latter is at least 5.10c.

Not only is Joshua Tree known for its fine winter weather and abundant rock, it has also become the epicenter for the nouveau California ethic. That is: new routes should only be established from the ground up and bolts, if placed at all, should be placed from natural stances.

One of the most outspoken proponents of this philosophy happens to be the author who uses his book as a megaphone. Throughout the text we are bombarded by his narrow minded thinking and patronizing statements on the topic. Statements like "This route stands as a monument to sick ambition." (referring to a route where bolts were placed on rappel) or "Hang dogging, pre-inspection, and wild yo-yoing is considered bad style." are both bothersome



and unnecessary.

If you took everything Vogel says seriously you might become somewhat intimidated. True enough, visiting climbers should respect local ethics but Randy has over done it. If he really feels that certain achievements are significant enough to steer the climbing community in a certain direction then they should speak for themselves. By belaboring this point ad nauseum he has only eroded his own credibility. I always thought guide books were meant to tell you how routes could be climbed, not how they should be climbed.

However, despite the erratic grading and the ethical drivel, I wholeheartedly recommend this book.

*John Howe*

## **The High Mountains of Britain and Ireland—A Guide for Mountain Walkers**

Irvine Butterfield, Diadem Books, London 1986, 315 pages.

This is an attractive and well produced book which seems to contain all the information necessary to hike or scramble up each and every one of Britain's peaks over three thousand feet. Information given includes useful sketch maps of groups of peaks, applicable government maps, rail and bus services, accommodation, and starting point/ length and time for trips. Not merely fact filled, this guide also contains interesting and useful descriptions: MEALL GHAORDIE: Quite the dullest hill in the Southern Highlands. LUIINNE

BHEINN MEALL BUIDHE: Marvellous hills—isolated and unkempt, with long, intriguing approach walks.

Although few pictures are full page or more, their large number (one or more on most pages) and their consistently high quality had me leafing through the book quite slowly when I first saw it. The photographs complement the text well and go a long way in evoking the quality and interest of the British mountains.

I doubt if this book is widely distributed in Canada but I'm sure that any good bookseller should be able to order it for you.

*John Manuel*

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## *Obituaries*

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### **Ferris Neave**

It was the very early dawn of Labour Day in 1950 when we stepped out of the cars at Cameron Lake to regroup for our first climb of Mt. Arrowsmith—one of the few accessible and worthwhile rock climbs on Vancouver Island in that era. As usual, the party was a group of Pacific Biological Station neophytes being introduced to climbing by a spry small man with a subtle dry wit. This was about Ferris' 15th ascent of the mountain, which from the lake is a very long day's grind.

At about 1,000 meters elevation the trail levelled out for a while, and in the first opening through the trees Ferris initiated us to a glimpse of "Specter Brochen" which was reflecting in the mists off Mt. Copley. Overtopping this summit soon after, the coach coaxed us over the bumps beyond, en route to the final ascent of the highest peak. Patiently he watched us untangle the ropes on a practice cliff; then he directed the moves in a most efficient manner to the summit.

This routine was carried out year after year to about 1960—always with new climbers and rarely on any other routes, but it was a pilgrimage he relished doing.

Ferris' climbing began in England where he grew up. Finishing his Honour's degree at Manchester University, he had a trial trip to Canada before beginning work as an entomologist at home. In 1925 he was back in Canada, and by 1927 he was a very active member of the then flourishing Winnipeg Section—being part of the gang who spent a lot of time in the local

rock quarry. By now he was a freshwater biologist with the University of Manitoba, and in the summers was off to Jasper to work on its lakes. He joined the other Winnipeg climbers for expeditions in the Selkirks, Purcells and Rockies, where he once ascended Mr. Louis twice in the same day.

In 1934 his eyes were turning to the coast, and he slowly began sporadic rambles through the Vancouver Island Ranges. His adaptability at work or in the mountains always showed a flair for excellence, obtaining his Ph.D. on the job and being voted into the Royal Society of Canada in 1956. Off shore fishery biology lead him to follow the salmon migration through the Bering Strait as far as Banks Island, and there was the odd off shore ascent of the Pacific volcanoes of Fuji, Popocatepetl, etc.

During this period, however, he plugged away with trips into Strathcona Park, and during the war spent a complete winter teaching the mountain troops the art of ski maneuvers in Yoho Park.

In club affairs he took in several general mountaineering camps before retirement in 1966, he went to the Yukon Centennial Camp in 1967 and joined his brother Roger for a Langtang trek in Nepal, but research after retirement occupied more of his time than ever before. His climbing, however, was steadily paced, stretching over 50-60 years.

Ferris' major contribution to mountaineering was the daring Waddington dash of 1933. Hearing of the misfortunes of other

parties on the coastal side of this much prized by yet unclimbed summit, his 3-man party motored, with difficulty, to Tatlayako Lake to attempt it from the Chilcotin side. The party, which included his brother Roger, relayed heavy loads down the Homathko on Alfred Waddington's old trail before ascending to the Tiedemann. From a high camp placed above Bravo Col, they had climbed to within 150 m of the summit when they were defeated by an oncoming snow storm.

The descent was an epic, and with resources running out they had no choice but to beat a fast retreat all the way back to Tatlayako Lake. However, they had opened up the tourist route to Mt. Waddington (though not one other party has retraced their approach from the Lake).

I hope all Waddington climbers take the time to read his description of the climb (CAJ 1933) and to marvel at his commitment in an era when support logistics and safety mechanisms were non-existent.

Ferris is survived by a son, daughter, one sister and four brothers, two of whom, Roger and Hugh, are still active members of the club.

*Karl Ricker*

### **Ian Scott MacDonald**

Ian Scott MacDonald, born 16th July 1963, was killed while climbing on Mt. Temple on 6th July 1986. Ian and John Hammond were climbing the north face when, it is believed, they were hit by rock fall while high up on the face. The two were

knocked off the mountain and killed in the subsequent fall.

Ian's climbing career started while bouldering during his early childhood in the village of Welsford, New Brunswick. Surrounded by many cliffs, Welsford is the main climbing center for New Brunswick, so it was natural for Ian to take up climbing seriously when he joined the University of New Brunswick Rock and Ice club in 1981.

During his first day as a student at the annual rock climbing course given by the club, he unknowingly soloed a long standing problem. His comment after the climb was simply, "no one told me it was supposed to be hard," and he carried this attitude throughout life.

Ian quickly established himself as one of New Brunswick's top climbers. He has an impressive list of first ascents to his name, including what is still the hardest route in the area, Wise Crack at 5.10d.

With Ian's death we have lost more than a top level climber, we have lost the companionship of a great friend. He possessed a zest for life that is rare in today's society. Ian had an enthusiasm for life and a desire for knowledge which was the driving force in all his ventures.

Having just graduated from the University of New Brunswick with a degree in civil engineering, Ian had gone to Calgary both to find work and to climb in the Rockies. His last letter described his first ascent of an 11,000 ft. mountain, and it was evident that he was enjoying life to its fullest and at that moment in time could not have asked for anything more.

If one's feeling and mood at the time of death are carried over to the other side then I can only envy Ian for the eternal ecstasy he must now enjoy.

While time may diminish the pain of his death, it will never tarnish the memories he has left behind.

Ian's parents, Walter and Micheline MacDonald, have set up a memorial fund in Ian's name at the University of New Brunswick. The money from the trust will go to aid the University climbing club of which Ian had been president from 1983 to 1985.

*Stephen Adamson*

## **Barbara Sparling**

With her death in April 1986 the Club lost a well known and very popular member, Barbara Sparling. Barbara had been a Life Member of the Club since 1944 but she had

been connected with the Club much longer than that. Her father, Charlie Richardson, was Camp Manager for many years and Barbara attended her first Camp in the Little Yoho in 1927 at the age of three. She was at all Camps for the next seven years. Barbara returned to Camp as an adult in 1944 and attended many summer Camps and Ski Camps from then on.

Barbara married Club member Walt Sparling in 1957 and they continued to be very active members. They moved to Edmonton for two years and climbed and skied with the Edmonton Section before returning to Calgary, where they served on the Clubhouse Committee. Barbara was awarded the Club's service badge in 1985.

With the Calgary Section Barbara was Secretary for many years and attended most of the Section outings during the forties and fifties, doing many climbs including the noteworthy first ascent of the South ridge of Mt. Lorette.

In addition to her climbing, Barbara was active with the Girl Guides and with St. Barnabas Anglican church. She was also an excellent photographer and won a number of prizes in Club photo competitions. Barbara is survived by her sons Andrew and Lawrence, to whom the Club extends its deepest sympathy.

*R. C. Hind*

## **Other Passings**

Ellis Blade  
Ian Bult  
Oliver Eaton Cromwell  
Dan Guthrie  
John Hammond  
Robert C. Kelly  
Roger Marshall  
Patrick Paul  
Sue N. Stedham

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# *Reports From Abroad*

## *1984/85 Winter Attempts in the Himalaya*

*Jacques Olek/Andrzej Zawada*

<b>Mountain</b>	<b>Nationality</b>	<b>Leader</b>	<b>Route</b>	<b>Result (alt. reached)</b>
Ama Dablam	Canadian/ American	Al Burgess	S Ridge	Unsuccessful (6400)
Ama Dablam	Japanese	T. Dobashi	N Ridge	Unsuccessful (6600)
Annapurna I	French	B. Muller	N Face	Unsuccessful (5800)
Annapurna I	Japanese	K. Yagihara	S Face	Unsuccessful (7200)
Annapurna I	S. Korean	Chang Y. A.	N Face	Unsuccessful <sup>1</sup>
Annapurna South	Japanese	N. Miyano	S Face	Unsuccessful (6300)
Cho Oyu	Polish/ Canadian	A. Zawada	S Ridge	9th ascent (12 Feb) M. Berbeka, M. Pawlikowski 10th ascent (15 Feb) J. Kukuczka, Z. Heinrich <sup>2</sup>
Dhaulagiri I	Japanese	H. Endo	NE Ridge	Unsuccessful (6700)
Dhaulagiri I	Polish	A. Bilczewski	NE Ridge	26th ascent (21 Jan) A. Czok, J. Kukuczka
Everest	French/ Belgian	E. Dossin	W Ridge (from S)	Unsuccessful (7500)
Everest	S Korean	In H. O.	SE Ridge	Unsuccessful (7850)
Gangapurna	S Korean	Suk W. L.	N Face	Unsuccessful (7100)
Himlung	Japanese	I. Maeda	E Ridge (from S)	Unsuccessful (6300)
Jannu	S Korean	Ki H. K.	S Face to S Ridge	14th ascent (9 Dec) Ki, A. Dorje, L Gelbu
Kang Guru	British/ Australian	M. Chapman	W Face to W Ridge	Unsuccessful (6900)
Kangchenjunga	American/ Australian	C. Chandler	N Face	Unsuccessful (7925) <sup>3</sup>
Khatang	Australian	J. Lamb	NW Face	Unsuccessful (6100)
Pumori	American	S. Jorgenson	SW Ridge	20th ascent (13 Dec) R. Pierce, R. Wilson <sup>4</sup>
Tilicho	Canadian	S. Adamson	N Ridge	Unsuccessful (5800)

1. Summit claimed (would be 13th ascent) but not recognized.

2. This was Kukuczka's second 8000 m peak in less than a month — the first time anyone has managed two 8000 meter peaks in one winter. See article on p. 18

3. Leader died of altitude sickness

4. The 2 summiteers died of unknown causes

## Kangtega

*Paul Teare*

Kangtega's base camp lies in the rugged and pristine Hinku Himal, a seven day journey from the airport town of Lukla. After crossing a 4600 m pass, the trail, devoid of the usual teashops and lodges, drops into the jungle and follows the Hinku Drangka river upstream to its headwaters at the base of Mera Peak (6431 m).

Our home away from home rested at 5100 m, above where the Kangtega and Hinku Nup glaciers intersect. A bank of silt was the only possible place for base camp and no signs of human habitation could be seen on the rock covered glaciers.

After a week of carrying loads, our advance base camp was inhabited. At 5500 m it was a perfect location to check out our original objective, the North face of Kangtega. We balked. The reason was obvious. The North face is capped by a line of huge cornices and no sun reaches the face in the post monsoon. Even though good blue ice could be seen for the upper two thirds of the face, there was just nowhere to hide from anything coming down so we began looking for an alternative.

The North East ridge was a different story! A beautiful un-climbed prow consisting of four prominent rockbands separated by stacked fins of snow mushrooms led to the upper gully and then to the summit plateau.

The climbing was more difficult than we had anticipated. It consisted of mixed free and aid on the vertical rock headwalls (on excellent granite), interspersed with sections of snow mushrooms which required much more effort and gave us some scary moments leading over the unprotectable snow arêtes.

Survival was the major factor during the seven days we spent on the route. Every afternoon it took us many hours to construct platforms for our tiny bivy tents; and we had underestimated how much food and fuel would be needed, which forced us to ration from the third day of the climb.

At about 11:00 a.m. on the twenty-ninth of October we were totally ecstatic to be standing on the summit, having made the first ascent, alpine style, of a beautiful and intense route.

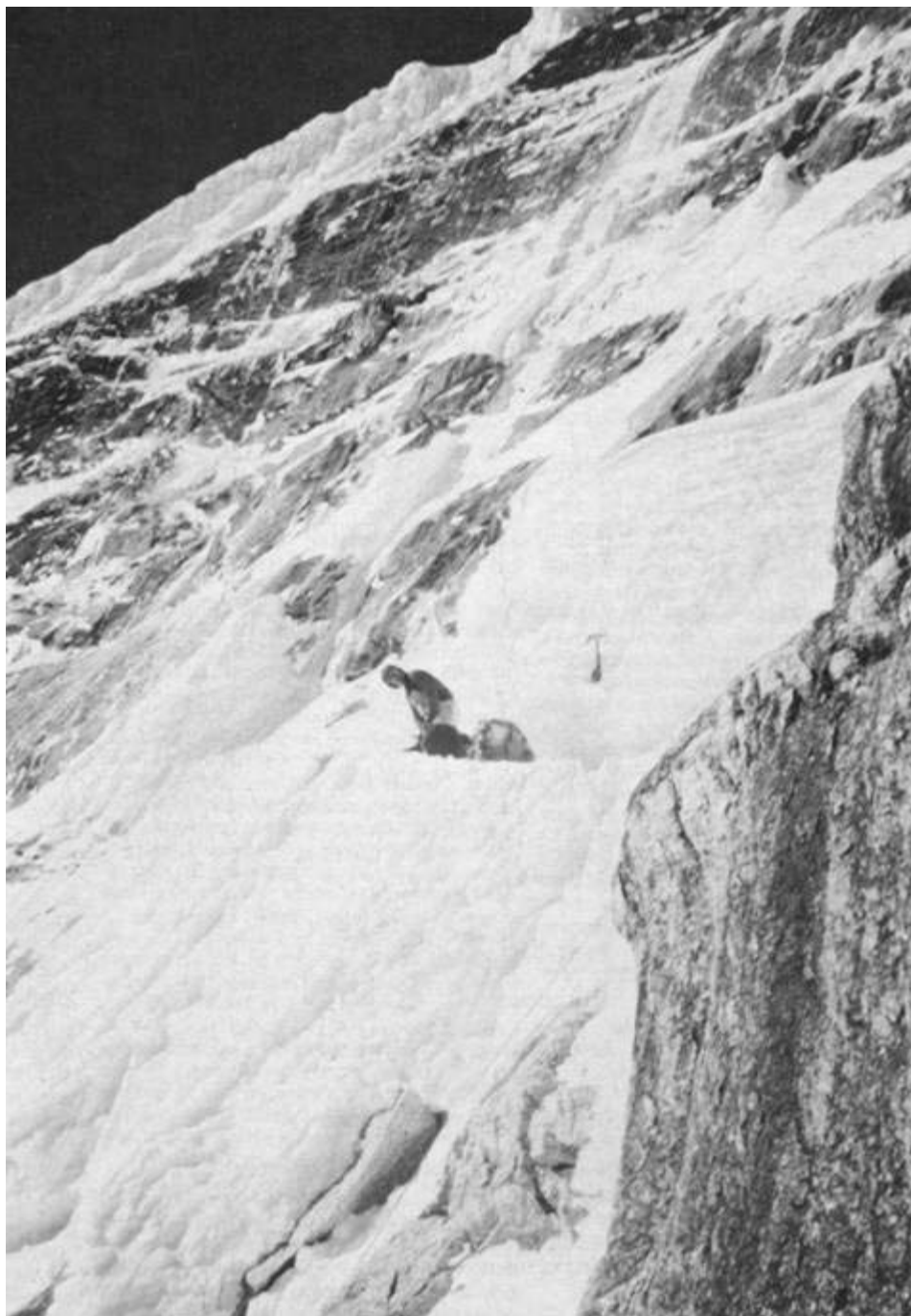
But now it was time to descend. It was imperative to reach base camp that very day since all of our food and fuel were depleted, so we chose Sir Edmund Hillary's route of 1963—the Kangtega Glacier. This led

directly to our base camp and the descent took only 6 1/2 hours.

We returned home a happy group of close friends, proud of our climb on Kangtega.

*The first ascent of the North East Ridge of Kangtega (6779 m). The climb was made, alpine style, from 23-29 October, 1986 by Mark Hesse, Craig Reason, Jay Smith (all from U.S.A.) and Paul Teare (Canada).*

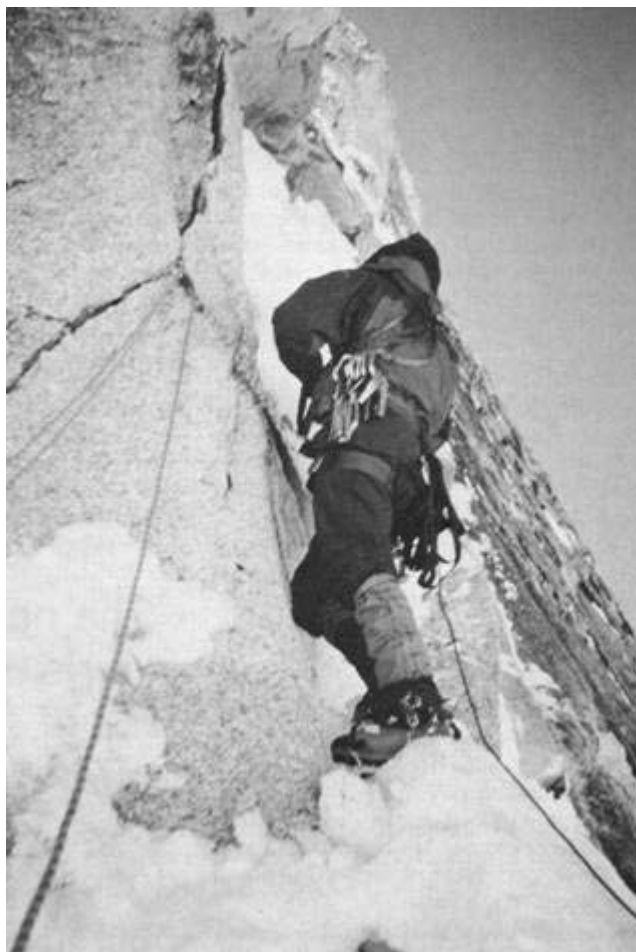
Craig Reason leaving the 2nd Bivi (P. Teare)



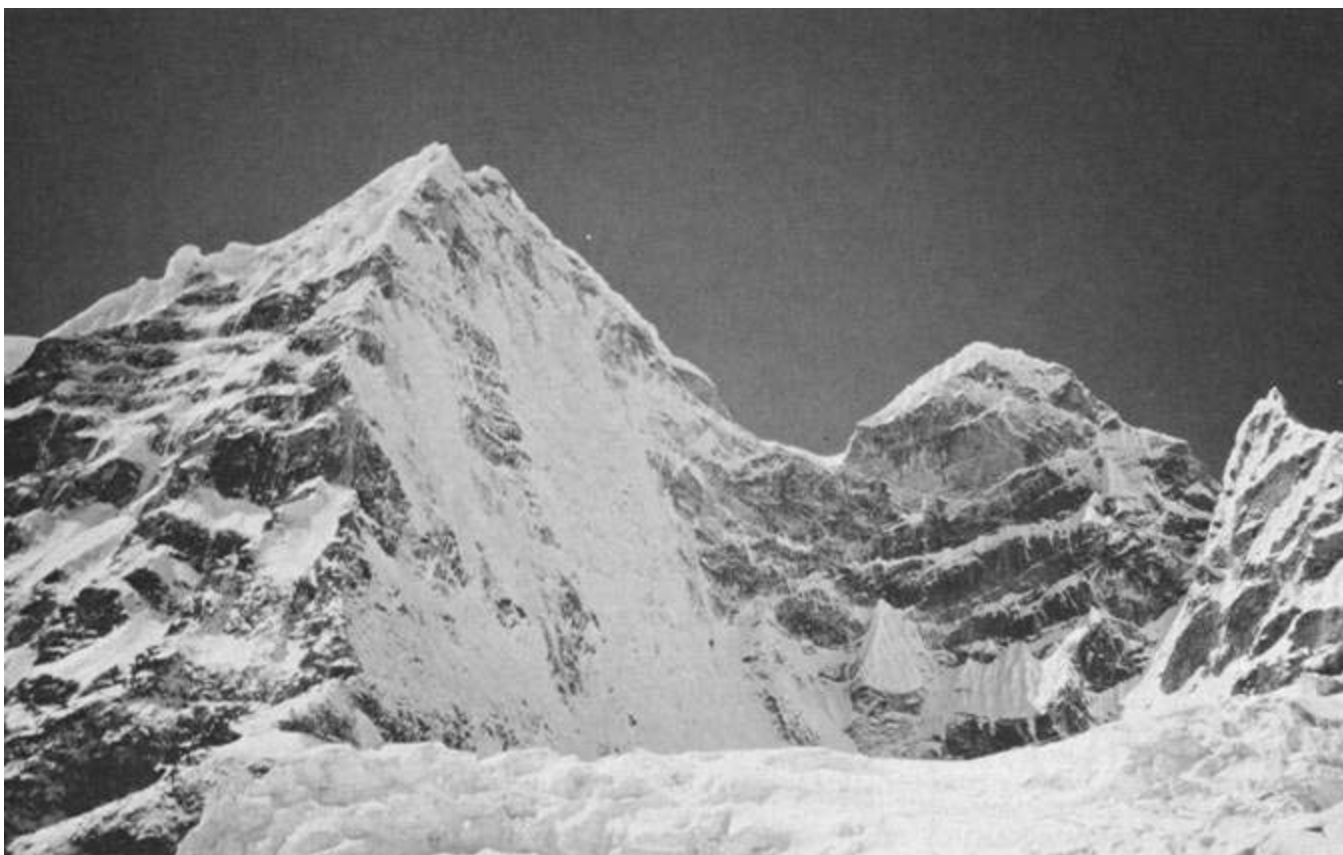
Paul Teare, with Everest behind (J. Smith)



Right: Jay Smith on the N.E. Ridge



Kangtega. The N.E. Ridge faces the camera, the N. Face is on the right



## *Around McKinley*

*Allan Massin*

April 1, 1986: Not a footprint in the snow, not a sound in the distance; only four men and their packs, pulks and skis. The temperature was -35°C as we skied down from 8,000 feet on the South East Fork to the main branch of the Kahiltna Glacier.

We slowly gained elevation on the Kahiltna, passing by the massive peaks of Mounts Hunter, Foraker, and MacKinley with our pulks crashing behind us in the 12 inch sastrugi. In the distance, we could see Kahiltna Pass.

At mid-day on April 3 we strapped our skis to our packs and cramponed up 500 feet on the 40° slope. Reaching the Pass, we peered down; below us, icefall and ice-filled gullies led down to the Peters Glacier. Our first attempt at a descent brought us too far west on the Pass, so we climbed back up to 10,000 feet and decided to wait until the next day.

The following day, in clear weather we quickly found our route down. On all sides we could see ice debris, and only when we were clear of the ice fall could we safely stop to rest.

Lower down on the Peters Glacier was the Tluna Icefall, which was impassable for 1,000 feet. This caused us to follow the western pressure ridge in order to bypass the icefall. For the entire day we climbed through the icefall and the steep side slopes of the glacier, listening to the continuous thunder as we passed by the Wickersham Wall.

It was not until late morning on April 5 that we found a route through the icefall and could once again ski with our packs off, slowing only for the occasional unsealed crevasse. Due to the extreme cold we continued to ski hard in order to stay warm, which enabled us to reach 4,400 feet on the Peters Glacier. With our next pass only a day away, and the skies clear, we decided the following day was to be a day of rest, and a necessary drying day for our down sleeping bags.

Well rested, we were off early on the 7th, with our packs on our backs, trail breaking through knee-deep snow toward Gunsight Pass. Once at the Pass the temperature dropped and the wind blew continuously, allowing us only a few minutes to get a bearing on our food cache which had been placed on the Muldrow Glacier several months previously, by dog sled. We located a gully that was safe from avalanches, side-

slipped down 600 feet onto the Muldrow Glacier, and set up camp in time to watch the sun setting on Mount McKinley and Mount Tatum.

April 8th: A one hour ski across the Muldrow Glacier brought us to our cache—8 days' worth of food, and treats like Kiwi fruit, fruit cocktail, asparagus, and oysters.

Leaving the cache site behind, we descended the Muldrow Glacier, then once again strapped on crampons and worked our way over a small icefall, on to the Traleika Glacier. 'Long and flat' best describes the Traleika. In rope teams of two we skied toward the East Buttress, looking up to locate a safe and practical route over Traleika Pass.

The next day was a skier's dream! Two feet of freshly fallen powder snow, clear skies, a 2,000 foot descent, and light packs.

April 12th: We chose a route west of Traleika Pass, because the condition of the other faces was either too steep, or too crevassed. The 3,000 feet we climbed involved hard snow between 40° and 60° and many wide crevasses with minimal snow cover. After 11 hours of climbing, we shovelled out a ledge for our four-man dome tent, just below 10,980 feet on the East Buttress.

A short climb the following day brought us to the top of the Buttress. In order to descend the steep ice face we placed a snow bollard, and made one long rappel, using 400 feet of perlon rope which we had found on the climb up. One more rappel brought us to where we could down climb the last 800 feet to flatter ground. We quickly skied away from the potential danger of being bombarded by ice as the air temperature rose.

At 9,400 feet on the west fork of the Ruth Glacier, below the East Buttress, we placed a camp early in the day, and spent some time taking photos of Mounts Dan Beard, Huntington, and the Moose's Tooth.

On April 14 we planned to ski down to the North Fork of the Ruth Glacier, but shortly after we left camp it began to snow, and as we entered the icefall a whiteout left us unable to distinguish hundred-foot drops from small depressions. We set up camp after only 400 feet of descent.

The next day was a skier's dream! Two feet of freshly fallen powder snow, clear skies, a 2,000 foot descent, and relatively light packs. The following day we were at the Don Sheldon Amphitheatre and our

final food cache. We could see the Ruth Gorge, Mount Dickey, and Mount Barrelle as we came closer to the cache.

April 17,18 and 19 were spent skiing the slopes in the vicinity of the Don Sheldon Mountain House. Knowing the perfect weather would not stay, we packed our seven days' worth of food for the last portion of the trip that went up the West Fork of the Ruth Glacier, with spectacular close-up views of the Roostercomb, Mount Huntington, and the South East Spur on McKinley.

On April 22 we started climbing up the South Buttress, just one half mile north of the Ruth Gap. Progressing quickly over the soft 40° slope, we had gained 800 feet by noon, but were then slowed down by several hundred feet of 80° ice. Finding it easier to climb without packs, we used a pulley system to haul packs up the first pitch and lower a second ice tool to the next man. A long traverse under a rock band brought us to the last 80° pitch; and one by one we climbed it in the dark and set up camp at 12,000 ft.

We slept late, until the sun's rays could be felt, then moved down from the 12,000 foot level toward the East Fork of the Kahiltna Glacier. We had climbed down for about 11/2 hours when we were stopped at the edge of an ice cliff. We looked down into a sea of cloud, with only the Kahiltna peaks across the glacier visible. We decided to rappel and it was encouraging to see the first man down standing safely on a flat snow surface below us.

The weather changed quickly, and soon we could see the Kahiltna. Knowing we would encounter people once we reached the Glacier, we made camp early and enjoyed the solitude and views of the West Buttress and Cassin Ridge.

April 24: An easy ski descent through soft spring snow brought us to the Kahiltna and the snow wall we had built 24 days previously.

*The third (first Canadian) circumnavigation of Mt. McKinley. Alain Chassie, Daniel Leveque, Allan Massin and Jan Neupeil.*



*Sledding on Garibaldi Lake (B. Needham photo)*

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## **Rakaposhi**

*David Cheesmond*

The expedition to Rakaposhi grew out of an idea that six or seven Canadians could climb one of the world's high peaks by a difficult route in good style.

The original intention was to climb a new route on the north face of Rakaposhi (25550 ft, 7880m). On arrival at the base of the mountain it soon became obvious that the Japanese line of 1979 was the only attractive and safe way up the face, and accordingly we changed to that route. In retrospect this was a very fortuitous decision—the climb was a technically demanding modern Himalayan route of enormous size, and had we wasted our limited resources on an attempt elsewhere we probably would not have made the top.

Our first attempt with six members was started after two weeks of acclimatization from base to the sites of advance base and first camps. This took the form of a continuous push from camp to camp, with about two thousand feet of fixed line being used to assist the three or four load carriers that were necessary between each camp. During the first ten days the good weather and conditions enabled fast progress to be made, with campsites at 15700', 17400', 19350' and 21300'. At this point the weather deteriorated, and progress slowed to the point where both food and fuel were

insufficient to continue safely to the top. In spite of this, bags were packed with enough for a few days of desperate effort, and upward progress resumed. A further four days saw us through the rock band at 22000' with nights then spent at 23000', 23600' and 24300'. During this time avalanches poured down continuously, and one of them swept Kevin Doyle off his feet and took his pack off his back. This further depleted our rations, as well as giving him a few cold nights without a sleeping bag.

After a miserable night at twenty-four three, Langley, Cheesmond and Friesen headed down, while Blanchard, Cronn and Doyle tried to continue. That night all six were reunited at 23000', the conditions around 25000' being so bad that those who went on up were pleased just to be alive.

Three days of harrowing downclimbing and rappelling were necessary to get back to base, where due to the lack of any improvement in the weather the camp was packed and the walk out begun. Forty-eight hours later, while sightseeing in the Hunza valley, the mountain cleared for the first time in three weeks, and the idea of a truly lightweight attempt was raised.

Due to illness, three of the members were unable to face the prospect of going back up, and Blanchard, Doyle and Cheesmond set off. Six days later, at four p.m. on July 17th, they stood on top. Two days were taken to quit the mountain, and everyone

returned to Canada.

Apart from the satisfaction of having climbed the mountain, the trip has given valuable experience to all of us in the areas of high altitude climbing and organization of Himalayan expeditions. We are still all friends, most of our sponsors appear to be pleased with what they received in return for their support, team members are all fit and healthy and their future plans include climbs on Logan, Everest, K2, Kanchenjunga and many other hills along the way. In spite of the demands of organizing a trip of this nature, it is still a worthwhile experience.

Members: Dave Cheesmond (Leader), Kevin Doyle, Chris Dale, Tim Friesen, Gregg Cronn, Steve Langley, Barry Blanchard, Vern Sawatzky (Doctor) and Fahrid Khan (Liason Officer). \$1,200.00 was received from the Alpine Club as an expedition grant.

Camp IV, 19,500'. (B. Blanchard)



Tim Friesen leading off from Camp III. (B. Blanchard)

Dave Cheesmond at 19,000'. (B. Blanchard)



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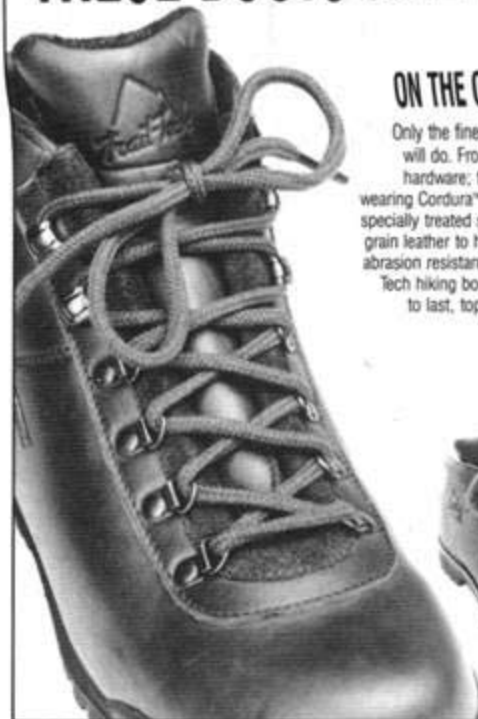
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# *Success in the Andes*

*Bob McGregor*

## **CORDILLERA BLANCA, PERU**

Weather, time and snow conditions interfered with our first five weeks of climbing in the Cordillera Blanca. First we attempted Piramide de Garcilaso (5885m), an abrupt peak overlooking Laguna Paron in the northern range. Poor planning led to defeat 200m up the south-west face, having run short of time on mixed terrain, without bivy gear.

Our second venture began with a slog into the Tullparaju basin via the Quilcayhuanca Valley. An attempt was made to gain the col between Pucaranra (6156m) and Chinchey (6222m) for subsequent attempts of both peaks. High winds and fresh snowfall slowed progress. We found ourselves tentbound at 5200m for several days. One final push to the col ended abruptly when a wind triggered avalanche narrowly missed us, causing immediate concern for our safety. We aborted further attempts and retreated, returning to Huaraz unsuccessful but unscathed.

At this point one would normally say the hell with it and resort to visiting ruins and condor watching. This foreboding thought prompted immediate action. Gavin and Cindy returned to Canada with other commitments, leaving Rob and I to attempt our final objective in the Blanca, Nevado Huascarán (6786).

Together with Doug Rice, an American living in Huaraz, we decided on the West Rib, a safe and more sporting route to the top of Peru's highest peak. On July 1 we caught a truck to the village of Musho at the mountain's base. There is now a hefty fee enforced on entering Parque Nacional Huascarán. This is in response to the growing need for park maintenance and clean up of garbage left by careless climbers. From Musho, a three day push brought us to the lower flanks of the south peak, ascending ice ramps to our high camp (5800m) at the base of the West Rib. This approach was well clear of the infamous Gar-ganta Icefall. Many parties chose to ascend the Icefall in previous years for direct entry to the saddle (dangerous!). From high camp we arose at 2 am for the summit bid. No wind and clear skies! After a sluggish start and a bit of routefinding we got onto the West Rib proper. Conditions were ideal. We encountered good ice on a sustained 40 degree incline, using the odd

running belay on steeper exposed sections. The enduring ascent culminated as we plodded the last few steps to the summit, arriving at 6:30pm. We spent a brief but exciting moment on Peru's highest point. Outstanding views were hindered only by darkening skies, and sunset tinged cloud rising from the depths of the Icefall. A long careful descent by headlamp brought us down the standard route to our high camp at 10:30 pm; content—a peak at last. Next stop was Huaraz, for an extended period of revitalization and habitual eating.

## **CORDILLERA HUAYHUASH, PERU**

In Huaraz we regrouped with Janet, a fresh arrival from Vancouver. Our destination was the town of Chiquian, the starting point for our two day hike into the Huayhuash. With three burros and two weeks of supplies, we wandered through lush countryside to the remote village of Llamac, continuing to Laguna Jahuacocha the following day. The range is actually one long ridge of some of the most striking mountains in the Andes. Yerupaja, Rondoy and Jirishanca are impressive peaks that offer exceptional possibilities for steep challenging ascents. Our objective was Yerupaja (6634m), via the spectacular west face route.

Janet stayed in base camp at 5350m to acclimatize. In early afternoon Rob and I ascended the glacier to bivy in the bergshlund, an immense fissure across the west face. We arose at midnight to begin the two hour ritual of getting ready. Bloody cold! Clad with ice tools and headlamp, we climbed through the night on the 1100m face (50°). At dawn we reached a steep fluted section below the summit ridge, and began a series of ice picket belays on a 65 deg. incline. A short plod through powder snow on the col brought us out of the frigid cold to the relieving warmth of the sun's rays. One hour was consumed here before our shivering bodies began to warm up. The ascent resumed along a knife-edge ridge, heavily corniced and very precarious. Continual belays brought us happily to the summit of Yerupaja, under clear skies and scorching sunshine. We were on the highest point in the range, surrounded by snow capped spires of the Huayhuash. We descended with extreme caution in appreciation of the horrifying exposure to the glacier below. Balled up crampons added to the concentration. Finally, downclimbing ended in a freefall rappel in darkness to the depths of the

bergshlund where our bivy sacks awaited, after an 18 hour epic adventure.

After a day of sunbathing on the glacier, we were ready for more. Rasac Principle was it (6040m); a somewhat easier objective, so we thought. We soloed the east face by a variation to the right of the standard route. Frightful mixed climbing was encountered (45-55 deg.), with verglas on rock and unstable sastrugi formations. We topped out in a mere four hours from base camp. Our descent, however, was a modern day horror over the same hideous conditions, with the added spice of crampons balling up on each step!

Thus ended our adventures in the Cordillera Huayhuash. Before walking out to civilization we spent a couple days at L. Jahuacocha, dining on fresh veggies and lake trout.

## **CORDILLERA REAL, BOLIVIA**

With little time remaining, we travelled to Bolivia on July 31 for two weeks of peak bagging in the southern Cordillera Real. The capital La Paz lies in proximity to this unique range, offering superb access. Numerous mining roads lead into remote valleys as high as 4500m. This gives a favorable starting altitude for ascents. The added attraction of a perfect weather pattern provides an ideal situation for success, unheard of in the Coast Range of B.C. Transportation should be arranged well in advance, and with a known, reliable driver who is familiar with access roads.

Our first objective was Huayna Potosi (6080m), an easy walk up one of Bolivia's most attractive peaks. From the summit there is an overwhelming view of the northern Cordillera Real, an area largely unexplored with exceptional possibilities for new and exciting routes.

Overlooking La Paz is Illimani (6495m), the highest mountain in the range. The south peak was our desire via the standard west face route. We arranged transport to base camp at 4300 m., accessible by a narrow 4WD road carved into the mountain slope (icy and dangerous!). Fit and well acclimatized, the three of us moved up to the Condors Nest bivy site at 5600m, an overused high altitude garbage dump. I often ask myself, what is the mentality in leaving vast quantities of trash in such areas? We eventually put our high camp at 5900m. Our bodies worked fine at this altitude, but our stove did not. By now MSR experts, we worked on the sputtering device into the late hours, eventually

melting enough water for the summit bid before it died altogether. This ongoing problem could have been solved by having high camp not so high (and using unleaded fuel is best).

We pushed to the summit the next day—in an off season snow storm! Poor visibility and fresh snow provided a challenge to route-finding on an otherwise straightforward ascent. On the summit ridge the high point was hard to find! We found ourselves traversing the ridge in zero visibility, eventually stumbling upon a high point which we named the top. Conditions prompted immediate descent right to base camp the same day, clear from the mountain's climatic turmoil.

Our time in Bolivia culminated in an ascent of Condoriri, one of the most striking peaks in the range. At 5680m, this distinct pyramid of rock and ice offered some challenge. A lengthy approach was through open grassland, with dispersed Indian huts and roaming alpacas. From a high camp at 4900m., we got an alpine start under clear skies and remarkably warm weather. The ascent of an obvious couloir on the lower massif was met with a weak sun crust over bottomless sugar snow. We exited to the base of the pyramid early morning. Rob and Janet went for the classic knife-edge west ridge. I soloed the French/Italian Route, encountering mixed conditions up to 60°. I topped out shortly before Janet and Rob arrived up the west ridge. Fabulous views of the range, La Paz and Lake Titicaca on the horizon consumed our time on the summit. We descended to the valley and back to La Paz the same day for food, drink and celebration.

Our last day was spent in leisure, rock climbing and sun bathing on the Devils Molar, a prominent rock pinnacle overlooking the south of La Paz.

*Participants: Rob McCleod, Cindy Sanford, Gavin "the troll" Manning, Janet Roddan, Bob McGregor.*

## ***Cowboys on Cho Oyu***

*Dave McClung*

Our expedition to Cho Oyu (8201 m.), world's sixth highest, was flippantly titled "Cowboys on Cho Oyu" but in reality we had a hard core of experienced expedition men. We consisted of 6 Americans, one British subject and myself as the lone Canadian.

We leaned west from Seattle on March

15 and the entire team assembled in Kathmandu. We completed formalities quickly and flew to Lukla on 21 March. We had hoped to have our expedition gear and food flown into Lukla by two charter flights but our "reservations" were co-opted by a bank. This made it necessary for the baggage to be carried by porters overland via Jiri (an operation managed entirely by our able Sirdar, Karma Sherpa).

In order to acclimatize (waiting for baggage) we trekked in the Everest region for 10 days using tea houses in the area for food and refuge. Upon arrival of the porters in Namche Bazaar we proceeded toward base camp through Thame, Marlung and Lunak, reaching Kangchung (5200m) on April 7. We employed a combination of porters and yaks for the march to base camp to shoulder our 85 loads.

Our route on the mountain was via the Southwest face (Messner route). This required four camps above base established at the following elevations and dates: I—5920m. (April 17); II—6350m.(April 20); III—6720m. (April 23); IV—7450m. (May 10). On May 11, two members David Hambly, 47 (British) and our leader Jim Frush, 35 (American) reached the summit (8201m.) at 14:30 after an 8 hour climb. Thus, the first British and American ascent of the mountain were accomplished simultaneously. The descent (via the route of ascent) was undertaken directly. Base camp was left on 20 May (28 porter loads) and all members arrived back in Kathmandu by 24 May via flights from Lukla.

This expedition (without major incident) was an immensely pleasurable experience for me. Our success was no doubt due in large part to lots of good weather as the route is nearly devoid of technical difficulty. However, the skillful management of the logistics by Karma and Jim Frush as well as the friendly compatibility of the team (and staff) were the elements that made it a comfortable experience. I agree with Greg Child: people are what these trips are all about.

I think the mountain scenery of Nepal easily justifies the effort (and expense) of going there. I have to admit that the Everest region is too crowded with trekkers for my taste. It was like a breath of fresh air once we turned toward Cho Oyu up the valley past Thame (closed to trekkers). Only then did the combination I like best (mountaineers and mountains) work to produce the unique experience I sought.

(Total expedition cost: \$30,000.(U.S.). I

am grateful for the support of a \$350 grant from the ACC)

## ***Heebla Hits Africa***

*Jim Haberl*

The attraction of the African continent for me had never been its mountains. Scenes of countless wildebeast on the Serengeti or dark, wildly decorated natives from the pages of National Geographic were the only visions I had of this far away land. Sure, I had heard of Kilimanjaro and some vague stories of Tilman's adventures in the Ruwenzori, but with the Alps, Andes, Alaska and the Himalayas dominating mountain print and picture, the peaks of Africa were only unclear, undefined images. When talk turned to action, however, and a journey to the dark continent became probable, a serious look at the mountains of Africa and what they had to offer was in order.

Research kindled action and early in December I found myself standing outside the New Stanley Hotel, loaded with full alpine and rock gear, searching the unfamiliar, black faces bobbing along the crowded streets of a very modern Nairobi for my scheduled partner, Eric Boyum. He had preceded me to Kenya after an autumn of climbing and cycling in Europe, but now together we would tackle new adventures on the coast, across the plains, and high on the dominant mountains of East Africa.

As this is the Canadian Alpine Journal there is no sense dwelling upon the merits of the coastal beauty of the Indian Ocean, or the intensity of life in Masai Mara, or the spectacular thousand foot waterfalls carving through thick, lush jungles. It was all too much like I had imagined it—only better—and these added bonuses simply complemented a climbing adventure which stood on its own as an objective worthy of the distance travelled.

Mount Kenya is a solid volcanic massif north of Nairobi that rises 3500 m above the surrounding farmland to an impressive height of 5199 m. The hiking trails which encompass this rugged peak are some of the finest I have ever walked. Spectacular gorges, pocket glaciers, unique plant life, crystalline lakes and tumbling streams all served to remind me of some of my favorite trips in Canada, and all this right on the equator! The climbing is excellent as well:

varied, challenging, solid and aesthetic. Like a Grand Teton or a Mount McKinley, Mount Kenya acts as a focal center for many satellite objectives worthy of some attention, but the high twin summits, Nelion and Batian, hold the real jewels of the area.

Eric and I approached the base of the climbing routes on Mount Kenya from the southwest, leaving the highway where the bus dropped us at the village of Naro Moru on January 15. With the aid of a hired truck, one porter and lots of clean, mountain water we struggled with altitude and reached the "American Camp" at the base of the mountain's south face in two days.

We climbed two routes on the mountain, the regular Southeast Face and the Ice Window. The former offers solid rock and varied climbing up to about 5.8, fourteen pitches on a route that reminded me a whole bunch of Snowpatch Spire's Southeast Corner route. Under that warm equatorial sun, it was a great way to acclimatize. The Ice Window is a classic moderate mixed route which parallels what certainly must be the finest line on the mountain, the famous Diamond Couloir, "The Diamond" was high on our list, but it is safer climbed in the winter season, June through September, so we opted for the protected and entertaining Ice Window gully.

The climbing in the Ice Window gully was excellent. Never too hard but always interesting, fifteen pitches lead through the wild ice window and up to the prominent gap between Kenya's two summits—the Gate of the Mists. That spot lived up to its billing: our visibility was limited to only a few meters and we were thankful for our previous knowledge of the long and complex descent.

A fresh snowfall quenched any hopes we had at trying one of the longer rock routes on the side of the mountain. There are many superb looking lines. So Eric and I hiked off to the north, effectively traversing the mountain on a trail that led down the Chogoria Valley. Deep gorges, lakes, waterfalls, and meadows kept our minds off the heavy packs and hot feet; the hiking was great.

Eric left shortly after our adventure on Mount Kenya, so I was left without a partner for any attempt at Kilimanjaro.

Our effort to go into Tanzania and climb the mountain from the west side had been rudely stifled by some bad water which led to very uncomfortable nights on the toilet. But luck seems to follow me around and on the crowded streets of Nairobi I had a chance meeting with two newly formed friends, one Swiss and one Czech, who were off to Kili the next day. Very soon it was a threesome.

Kilimanjaro is the antithesis of Mount Kenya. The highest point on the African continent, its massive volcanic bulk offers a multitude of non-technical route possibilities which are complemented by some very technical and impressive ice lines on the Breach Wall. The major problem with the mountain right now is not the altitude, fairly impressive at 5,895 m, but the simple fact that it lies in Tanzania. Crossing the border south from Kenya means fuel shortages, food shortages, and additional bureaucracy. The adventure awaiting on Kili, however, is worth the energy and trouble.

Our team missed paying the park entrance fee, a stiff \$40.00/day, by using a western approach to the summit. The very wild and remote journey up the Umbwe Valley, through the thick, lush jungles guarding the upper slopes of Kili, featured white-haired Colobus monkeys singing overhead and even a decaying, month-old human body to side step and ignore. The prospect of meeting with Tanzanian authorities speaking Swahili and dealing with a rotting corpse at 3500 m on Kilimanjaro was just too overwhelming. So on we trekked, up through hardy forests and into the alpine country where we found ourselves surrounded by huge lobelias and giant ground-sels, plants unique to equatorial mountains. Above loomed the huge Breach Wall and the Breach Icicle, scene of the epic tale, "The Breach", with Rob Taylor and Henry Barber. Our plans to try a route on that wall were stymied by another snowstorm—nothing too serious, but enough snow was sloughing off the upper icefield to scare us onto a safer route.

So our international team scrambled up to the top using the Western Breach route. Class three in classic surroundings, a bivi at 5300 m and above a sea of spectacular clouds to boot. A fine climb with new friends and lots of good memories.

The mountains of East Africa are the type of mountains that lifetime memories are made of. Combined with everything else the area has to offer, a journey to this part of the globe is an adventure and an experience not soon to be forgotten. There are plenty of serious and not so serious objectives, all in a land where the past is still present, just waiting to be explored.

If you think you're  
brave enough to find  
out what else hit  
Africa this year, turn  
the page...



MBILI TUSKER BARIDI SANA

# TEAM SMURF GOES TO KENYA

## THE TEAM!

### JACQUIE



- \* 22 yrs old but looks 12
- \* 1" taller than #
- \* more money than brains (then)
- \* wears brown fluffy hat
- \* amazing appetite for BEER & PASTRIES

### TAMI



- \* closely resembles a lawn dwarf
- \* very little brain whatsoever
- \* wears brown fluffy hat
- \* amazing appetite for BEER & PASTRIES

YESSIR! BEER 'n' PASTRIES 'n' BROWN FLUFFY HATS equals TEAM SMURF!!

IT started back in Feb '86. Jacquie received a letter

I recognize that scrawl in purple crayon ..... Tami! That bag of slime wants to go to ..... to climb Mount Kenya??! Wow....

bubble babble babble  
babble babble babble  
babble babble babble  
babble = Mount Kenya = babble  
babble = elephants = babble  
babble = lions = babble

\* Two TUSKER BEER VERY cold!!

JACQ responds pronto.

I wonder if there is good chocolate in Kenya? Or.... lots of things to spend my money on anyway.

The expedition prepares with....

.... maybe when we are finished climbing we can take a boat over to India... it's pretty close....

.... just a couple o' inches



...remarkable logic and planning

gotta pack the brown fluffy hat!

And totsa pantys!

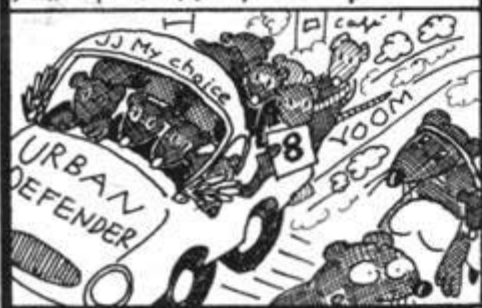


... and then they're ON THEIR WAY

Say... you wouldn't happen to have any extra chocolate on board, eh?

**Nairobi** ... a "west-ernized" city that lives to the beat of a fast paced African drum

The team spends a few days in mild confusion, eating bananas, turning down marriage proposals and trying to figure out just how they'll get themselves & their stuff up that mountain!



Ahhh.... we'll give you TEN shillings for some bananas



My name is Tim Mugabe I'm from Uganda..... I need money to get to Tanzania. Or maybe one of you is not married .....

Massive quantities of luck descend from above when the team meets a young

Joyce takes the team to a grocery store to buy the expedition food.

Christian family from Saskatchewan who take them into their home just outside Nairobi.....

If you two would like to buy more choclit bars, I can take you to another store...

Are you hungry? Would you like a cup of Kenya coffee? Would you like to stay with us?

Praise The Lord!

Sure!

Why not?



Tami: get 87 cent

They happily sort out all their mountaineering gear on their new friends' porch....



....I just couldn't imagine doing our route in those conditions.

... we are out of chocolate...

... I need a beer

... not to mention a bath!

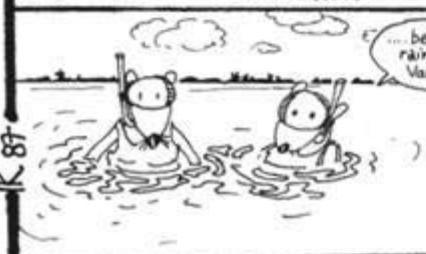


They fill the Rover with Tusker Lager and French Pastries and head to Hell's Gate for a weekend of sunny rock climbing.

I hope we have enough beer and pastry...



And they go Snorkelling in the Indian Ocean....



AND with just a couple more minor epics the team is soon grunting up the Naro Moru route to Mt. Kenya



AND Several days, a few more minor epics, countless chocolate bars & an ascent of 16,300' Pt. Lenana, the team turns their tails on climbing 17,058' Batian & prepares the descent to civilization



They return to Nairobi for Showers, beer and a new discovery; Wonder of wonders!!! Heaven's Delight .... in the heart of East Africa!!!



There is Klaus, another new friend who likes Giant Groundsels a whole lot but who also climbs rock and owns a Land Rover ....



They also go on safari....



ALAS! For the fun, beer and pastries have taken their toll on the team's wallets!

Not to mention what that strawberry tart did to my plumbing...



A Whole month early... they return to the True North Strong And Free!!



THE END

TK 87

# Ontario Report

## Central and Southern Ontario Climbing Report for 1986

Robert Chisnall

### NIAGARA ESCARPMENT:

The advent of the first and second editions of the Climber's Guide to the Niagara Escarpment has generated a flurry of activity in the Toronto area and many fine new routes have been established.

This guidebook is available from Dave Smart, 1405 Islington Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M9A 3K5, or, from the Mountain Equipment Co-op in Toronto. The October issue of Ontario Climber featured a 40-page escarpment guide supplement listing the area's newest climbs. The Ontario Climber is available from the Toronto Section of the A.C.C. at \$3.00 a copy. Contact Norbert Kartner, Editor, Ontario Climber, 14 Crawford Dr., Ajax, Ontario, L1S 3A8, (416) 683-4905, or, Wendy Marker, Toronto Section Secretary, 226 Havelock St., Toronto, Ontario, N6H 3B9.

Here is a partial list of the newest Escarpment routes:

### RATTLESNAKE POINT:

Footloose 5.11b Martin Seidenschmid, Adam Gibbs

Trouble in Paradise 5.11b Tom Valis, Quinton Bennet (FFA)

### BUFFALO CRAG:

Lycra Test 5.11e Dave Smart, Dave Georger

Know Your Rights 5.11c Dave Smart

### NEMO SOUTH:

Steve's Eaves 5.11 AO Steve DeMaio  
Smart Ass 5.9 John Kaandorp, Steve DeMaio  
Smooth Operator 5.10+ Dave Smart (FFA)

### MOUNT NEMO:

Two Minute Sex 5.11a Dave Georger, Dave Smart

Callous Void 5.11a Dave Smart

Seventh Origin of Alfred 5.10c D. Smart

The Castle 5.10b Dave Smart, Becky Sigmon

Thundering Rain Style 5.11a unknown

Ground Zero 5.8 Dave Smart (?)

Psycho Lust for Yuppie Cnix 5.12a

Dave Smart

VisionQuest 5.11b Martin Seidenschmid,  
Rob Chisnall, D. Smart

Burning Gravity 5.11a Mark Jablonsky,  
Martin Seidenschmid

Mephisto 5.10c Martin Seidenschmid,  
Mark Jablonsky

Double Feature 5.8 Karl Seidenschmid,  
Omar Jan

Dehydrated Yuppie Brains 5.9 Reg  
Smart, Marc Bracken

Female Belay Slave 5.11e Reg Smart,  
Dave Smart

### NEMO QUARRY:

Our Weapons Are Useless 5.10c/d Reg  
Smart, Richard Messiah

Disco Bomb Blast 5.11 Reg Smart,  
Richard Messiah

### METCALFE ROCK:

Big Man on Campus 5.11e Reg Smart,  
Dave Smart

Big Ascent Dynamite 5.12A Dave Smart  
Forearms on Stun 5.11b Reg Smart, Fraser  
Allen

There's More to the Picture than Meets  
the Eye 5.11a Pete Reilly

Motel Z 5.7 John Kaandorp, Pete  
Zabrok

### EUGENIA FALLS:

The Roof 5.11 Al Carey Robillard, Wilf  
Harrison

Trance and Transformation 5.11d Dave  
Smart, Dave Georger

### CLIFF BARNES:

Texas Two Step 5.5 Marion Hildebrandt,  
Chris Oates  
Fox Trap 5.10+ John Kaandorp,  
Pete Zabrok

### OLD BALDY:

Christina's World 5.12d Dave Smart

### OWEN SOUND BLUFFS:

Corner Pockets 5.9 Bob Bennell

Cliffhanger 5.10- Bob Bennell

West Side Story Bob Bennell, Cinta  
Bennell

Lady in Red 5.10+ Bob Bennell

Closet of Anxieties 5.9 Bob Bennell  
Regensburg 5.9 Dave Smart

### CAPE CROKER:

Waves of Fury 5.10c Ziggy Isaac

Flying Fingers 5.9 Harry Hoediono,  
Ziggy Isaac

### LION'S HEAD:

Time, The Avenger 5.11b Dave Smart  
Bananarama 5.5 A3 John Kaandorp, Pete  
Zabrok

Storm Warning 5.10a John Kaandorp, S.  
DeMaio, P. Zabrok

Nash the Slash 5.10 J. Kaandorp, P. Zab-  
rok

Bolts to Hell 5.11d Dave Smart, Michelle  
Lang  
Tuxedo Junction 5.8 Steve DeMaio,  
John Kaandorp

The Monument 5.12d AO Pete Reilly,  
Dave Smart

Tic in the Toe 5.10 J. Kaandorp, P. Zab-  
rok

Bed Without Sheets 5.10 John Kaandorp,  
Steve DeMaio

This is only a sample of this past season's activity. Ample potential for further development still remains.

### GANANOQUE AREA:

A new section of the outcrops at Landon's Bay was developed this past year. The newly-developed cliff, named Wyndam Wall, is located between the untouched Wall and Froggie's Face. The following routes were put up by Robert Chisnall: Chalky 5.8, Day of the Triffids 5.6, Early Suicide 5.12+ (auto belayed lead after a winter ascent on aid), The Cracken Wakes 5.8, Moss Easley 5.5, Web 5.7

"A Climber's Guide to Kingston Mills" and "A Climber's Guide to the Gananoque Area" are available from Rob Chisnall, 12 Stephen St., Kingston, Ontario, K7K 2C3, (613) 542-6591 at \$2.00 per copy plus fifty cents for mailing.

### LINDSAY AREA:

A new route called Kilaballoo (5.9) was established on the Kilcoo Cliffs near Minden (R. Chisnall and Steve Murray). There are several undeveloped cliffs located in this vicinity.

### SUDBURY AREA:

Steve Murray and Rob Chisnall made a visit to Laurentian University this fall and found interest to be on the increase, particularly at Laurentian University. Many of the routes first established by Chisnall in 1978 are climbed regularly. There are several newly developed cliffs in the area for which little information is available.

Several routes were established by Chisnall and Murray: The Flying Kilcooni



Brothers Visit Laurentian (5.10); Foot in Mouth (5.9); The Shaft (5.8). These routes are located right on campus.

For more specific information, contact Daniel Courchesne, L9 C6 E Ferris R.R. 1, Corbeil, Ontario, POH 1K0

#### **BANCROFT AREA:**

Eagle's Nest is still experiencing some

development and there is potential for many more new lines in the area. The following routes were put up by Jay Danis and Duane Gulp:

Thalidomide Chicken 5.7, Captain Belly Buster 5.9, Al Luftmensch 5.6, Magic Man 5.5, Tenzig 5.10 A1

These routes have not had second ascents. Danis and Chisnall are working on

a climbing guide for the Eagle's Nest.

The next issue of Ontario Climber (January 1987) will be featuring an extensive article on ice climbing in Ontario. There are several dozen ice routes already listed for this crag.

## *Rockies Report*

### *Mt. Sarrail*

*John Martin*

The northeast buttress of Mt. Sarrail is an eye-catching line that surely would have been climbed years ago except for the reputation for bad rock enjoyed by the Kananaskis Lakes area. Sean Dougherty and I discovered our mutual interest in the route in August 1986 and decided to try it on a day-trip basis.

On August 27 we made a 4 a.m. start from Calgary and by 6 we were beginning our hike around Upper Kananaskis Lake. The approach by way of Rawson Lake was easier than we had expected and by 8 we were enjoying the sunshine at a grassy col at the base of the buttress. The bottom of the buttress was easy and we were able to negotiate some initial cliff bands in our training shoes before roping up and changing to rock boots. We then climbed four pitches, two on the buttress crest and two in shallow corners to the left, ending

at a comfortable ledge immediately below a huge, vertical pillar. We were unable to spot a likely line up the pillar; but the ledge we were on led out of sight to the left and we decided to investigate in that direction. As we traversed along the ledge, the top of the rock band comprising the pillar conveniently sloped down toward us, and soon we were able to climb the rock band without difficulty. Above, we scrambled up and to the right over several hundred feet of clean rock, eventually arriving at noon at a sharp, horizontal ridge immediately below a steep headwall barring the upper part of the buttress.

After stopping for lunch, we crossed a little gully to the right, climbed a short wall, and continued up a nice waterworn groove to an alcove below an overhang. The next pitch was much harder, with a steep, loose, and poorly protected 5.9 section that took Sean nearly an hour to lead. Above, we climbed an easier pitch ending among large blocks, traversed right, and continued up a

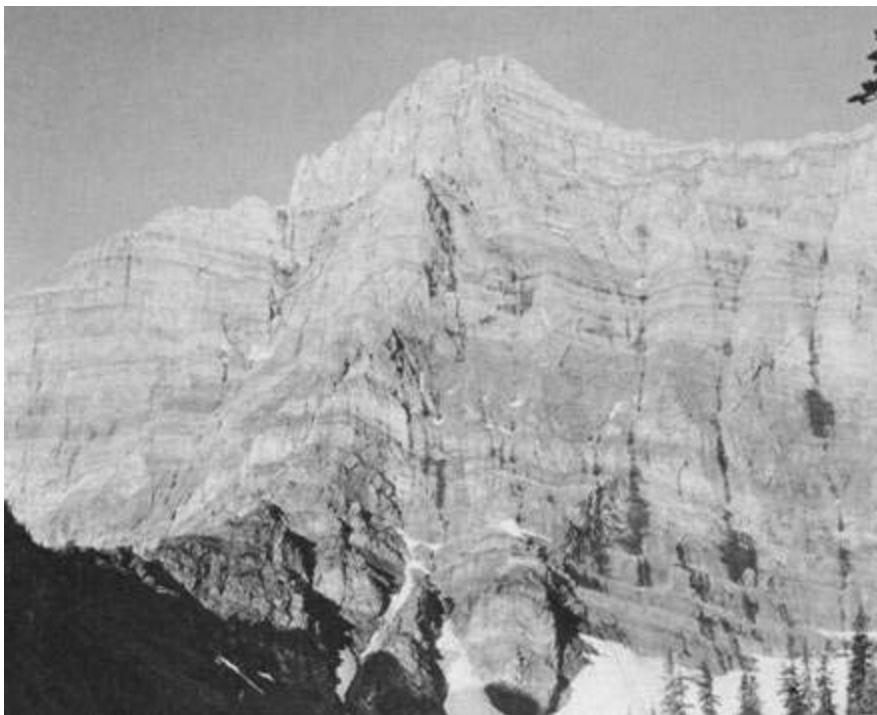
crumbling corner to a small ledge below a bulging wall, obviously the most difficult pitch so far. Sean climbed 50 protectionless feet to the beginning of the main difficulties, mantled onto a dubious block, and placed a bolt from a marginal stance atop it. This proved to be the key to the climb as it allowed him to clean the loose wall above and then complete a technical sequence into a shallow groove offering natural protection. The climbing eased off after about 25 ft. and shortly afterward Sean was calling down "We're outta here!"

And so we were. The top of the buttress lay back at a comfortable angle and after negotiating a couple of towers on a short ridge we were able to climb the last two pitches together, breaking out into the sunshine on the north ridge at 5 p.m.

After a well-deserved rest, we set off down to the north, intersected the Aster Lake trail, and were back at the parking lot by 9. We took a last look back at the familiar form of Mt. Sarrail in the dusk before leaving and got that 'Were we really up there' feeling. It had been a memorable trip.

First ascent of the Northeast Buttress of Mt. Sarrail. IV, 5.10a. Sean Dougherty and John Martin.

Mt. Sarrail from Rawson Lake (J. Martin)



### *Two Ice Climbs*

*Douglas Chabot*

On March 2, 1986, David Corkett and I climbed a three pitch, Grade 3 waterfall at the southwestern end of Upper Elk Lake in the Kananaskis area. It is a rather large flow that can be seen from the northern most end of the lake. On the Kananaskis Lake topo the climb follows the drainage located at 330008. The climb lies beneath a large avalanche slope, so caution must be exercised. The entire southeast facing slope of the lake slid previous to our arrival. This made travel safe but tedious as the skis did not perform well on the debris. Travel on the lake was also limited since the

avalanche broke through and cracked the ice to a large degree.

The cold morning temperatures allowed us to walk the sporadic and frozen unavalanched shore of the lake with ease. We scrambled up some rock and snow to a large ledge 20 meters above the lake. It looked as though the climb at one time, could have been started lower. However the pile of avalanche debris at the base made it impossible to do so.

The first and second pitches, both a full 45 meters, were enjoyable Grade 2 climbing. We climbed the flow right of center, which offered us the best ice. From the top of the second pitch we both walked up a very mild snow slope for 15 meters to the base of the last pitch, a 13 meter pillar of ice. The first 10 meters were steep, good ice. The last 3 were moderate angled, but were composed of thin rotting ice. A good belay was found in the trees on top.

The temperatures by afternoon were hovering around 0 degrees, so besides the route being wet it was prone to rockfall. We rappelled the route using two 50 meter ropes. Rappel slings are in place.

We named the climb Walking Softly because the return trip to our skis, 1.5 km. away, required post holing up to our crotches.

On March 7, 1986 Rusty Baillie and I climbed a four pitch, Grade 5 waterfall above Lake Margaret. The approach to the first pitch takes 4 hours, so an early start is essential. Park at the Hector Lake trailhead and ski across the lake making a beeline for the drainage that feeds from Margaret. Skiing on the east side of the drainage is the easiest. Follow this up, cross Lake Margaret and head for the prominent snow gully at the south end of the lake. Kick steps up the gully, and once you are up top there is a clear view of the first pitch. The left hand side offered the best ice conditions, so this was the line we took. It is easiest to just solo up some low angled snow and ice until the actual base of the climb is reached. The climb begins at reference number 430136 on the Hector Lake quadrangle.

The first pitch is a full 50 meters. It starts out moderately angled, gets steeper towards the middle and tops out in a basin to the east of Turquoise Lake. The next three pitches can be seen from this belay stance. They lie 1/2 km. away which took us half an hour to trudge to. The time will vary according to the snow conditions and depth. It should be noted that the entire base was covered with immense debris from the obvious séracs

to the east of the climb. The climb itself is protected from icefall, but the approach is not. Exercise extreme caution.

The next three pitches begin at reference number 425132. The second pitch following the left side of the flow is 20 meters long and is steep to vertical. There is an obvious bulge on the left to belay from. The third pitch is almost entirely vertical. Towards the top you get funneled onto a snowslope. This leads you to a rock wall with two pitons and slings; belay from here. The last pitch is a vertical pillar 20 meters long, easing off towards the top.

Rappel the route for the descent. An ice screw or piece of conduit is needed from the first rappel. If you have two 50 meter ropes, you can make the ground rappelling from the pitons. There is no rope to spare on that one. Walk across the basin to the top of the first pitch. There is a rock bulge to the right of it. Walk around on the right and in a little recess is the final rappel anchor. This rappel will bring you down to the bottom of the first pitch. Downclimb to easy snow slopes.

## ***Kananaskis Update***

*John Martin*

During 1986 many good routes were added to existing rock climbing areas and some new venues were opened up. Mountaineering highlights included a major first winter ascent as well as the first ascents of two big faces at Kananaskis Lakes.

The busiest area for new rock routes was Barrier Crag, where more than 20 climbs, many of them difficult, were established. Climbing at Barrier Crag began several years ago, attention being initially focused on the north end of the cliff (see CAJ 68:60). The dubious quality of the rock revented this area from catching on; however, in 1985 the potential of the shorter but steeper and more solid south wing of the cliff was discovered and several good climbs were established there. The classic Rainbow Bridge (5.10a), by Larry Ostrander and Kelly Toby, is the most popular of the 1985 routes. Development of the south wing intensified during 1986 and virtually all the remaining obvious lines were climbed, mostly by Ostrander and Dave Dancer. Typical of the new routes are Ideal for Living (5.11a), a steep face climb; Winnebago Warrior (5.11c), an intense edging route; Static Fanatic (5.11c), a desperate roof

problem; The Flake (5.10c), an awkward lay-back crack; Koyaanisquatsi (5.11b), a discontinuous thin crack; and In Us Under Us (5.11b), a gently impending dihedral. Ostrander and Dancer's Color Me Psycho (5.10b), a three-pitch face route near the ice climb Amadeus, was another noteworthy addition at Barrier.

Porcupine Creek valley saw its first rock climbing activity in 1986 with a dozen short routes, mostly 5.10, being established in two separate areas. Blind Man's Bluff, a rambling cliff directly above the creek about 15 minutes' walk from the highway, yielded 7 climbs, the best of which is Blind Alley, a sequence 5.11 face climb by Andy Genereux and Jon Jones, further upstream, a very steep slab called the Hedgehog provided the remainder of the routes, the best of these are Prickles (5.10c), by Genereux and Andy Skuce; and Reclining Porcupine (5.10d), originally climbed at 5.10a by Genereux, Skuce, and Dave Bartle and subsequently straightened out at 5.10d by Brian Balazs.

At Wasootch Slabs, virtually all the remaining gaps were filled, producing 8 new routes. The best were Exhibit A (5.10b); an alternate start to Third Corner on B Slab, by Larry Ostrander; Silver Bullet (5.10a), a hanging corner right of Exhibit A by John Martin, Lynda Howard, Mark Ring and Steve Stahl; and Aristocrat (5.10c/d), a mantel problem by Martin and Ron MacLachlan on Z Slab.

Mountain bicycles were used to good effect by John Martin and Brian Balazs in opening up Lorette Slab, a nice outcrop on the east side of Mt. Lorette's descent gully. The slab yielded four steep friction/face climbs, all in the 5.10 range, on clean, textured rock. Boardwalk (5.10c), on the left side of the slab, is the hardest and best of the routes.

The McDougall Slabs area continued to yield quality new routes. On Little McDougall Slab, Andy Skuce and Andy Genereux squeezed in a nice 5.10d/5.11a friction climb, Lube Job, left of Groover. John Martin and Lynda Howard climbed several routes on a previously undeveloped outcrop uphill and south of the main area. Pellucidar, a reachy 5.11a friction/face problem; and Flashpoint, which features a 5.10a layback sequence up a steep wall, are the best of these routes. Further uphill, above Aldebaran, Martin and Ron MacLachlan climbed Altair (5.10b), which follows a black water streak.

The longest and most striking new

rock climb of 1986 was at Burstall Slab, Alberta's answer to Glacier Point Apron. Burstall Slab is a 250 meter high bedding plane exposure in an alpine setting overlooking Burstall Pass. A number of easy and moderate climbs up gully and crack lines were established as early as the mid-1970's, but the main challenge of the open slabs was avoided until the advent of sticky rubber. Work on the main face began in 1985, when Andy Genereux and Jon Jones climbed 2 1/2 pitches of a route in the middle of the face. Genereux and Jones completed the route in August 1986, calling it Moondance. With back to back pitches of sustained 5.10b and 5.11b, Moondance is the hardest limestone slab climb yet completed in the Rockies.

Previously unreported is Rainbow Warrior (IV, 5.10b), a major new route established on the north face of Gibraltar Mountain during 1985 by Brian Gross and Pierre Kaufman. The route was started in

1984 by Sean Dougherty and Blob Wyville, who completed 9 pitches before being rained off. Gross and Kaufman completed the route in a single day, adding 9 more pitches.

On the alpine scene, the most impressive climb of the year was Don Gardner's solo, one-day winter ascent and descent of the North West Face Direct of Mr. Sir Douglas. After several previous attempts had been thwarted by bad weather or poor snow conditions, Gardner finally found the right combination in late February, skiing in from the road, climbing and descending the face, and returning to the parking lot in just 11 hours. This is believed to be the first winter ascent of Mt. Sir Douglas by any route and is probably also the first solo ascent.

At Kananaskis Lakes, two big mountain walls received first ascents. In late August, Sean Dougherty and John Martin climbed the prominent Northeast Buttress of Mt. Sarrail in one long day at IV, 5.10a. The

route begins with moderate rock bands leading to a central pillar, detours this pillar on the left, and then finishes up a steep headwall, the crux of the climb. No rock-fall was experienced and the climb appears to be safe in dry conditions. Less than a week later Dougherty returned with Jim Sevigny to climb the North Face of neighboring Mt. Foch. The route begins at a small glacier, which involves two technical ice pitches and rockfall hazard, works up over steep, loose 5.6 rock, and then finishes up a 55° ice slope. The route was again completed in a day. In a less serious vein, Martin also climbed a new route on the East Face of Mt. Beatty, near North Kananaskis Pass. The route involves steep snow followed by a short section of loose rock.

First ascents of peaks were made in the Opal Range and the High Rock Range. In the Opal Range, John Martin and Lynda Howard climbed the unnamed 2920 m peak between The Blade and Mr. Burney. The route follows the approach to The Blade as far as the top of the 5.7 pitch below the col and then traverses south to the base of a wide rock rib on the north side of the unnamed peak. The rib then offers class 4 and easy class 5 climbing on reasonable rock directly to the summit. Martin and Howard also climbed the unnamed 2890 m peak between Mts. Gass and Farquhar, in the High Rock Range, by the easy south ridge after a long bicycle approach from Cataract Creek. The very few peaks that still remain unclimbed in Kananaskis Country are low (less than 2850 m high) and rounded.

Jeff Marshall on Koyaanisquatsi (D. Dancer)



## ***Five Years of Exploration by the PGMG***

*Peter Austen*

5 Years Exploration by Prince George Mountaineering Group in the area-Jasper to Dawson Creek

Between trips to South America, Yosemite, the Tetons, Bugaboos, Cascades and Coast Range, the members of the Prince George Mountaineering Club have been active in their home area between Jasper and Dawson Creek.

In the valley of a Thousand Falls, Whate Falls gives a 400 foot grade 3, and many falls between Jasper and McBride on both sides of the road have been climbed at grades 1-3. Thunder Falls at Moose Lake needs a wet suit and a rocket-pak. Rainbow

Falls in McBride has a 100 foot grade 4 pitch in a constant shower.

One easy but long waterfall, 2 miles north of McBride behind a picturesque cottage by the road was aptly named Magical Mystery Tour owing to its many fun pitches.

Holmes Creek near Tête Jaune Cache is an unspoiled area and alpine gully routes of up to 15 pitches have been found there. Parmigan Falls near Dome Creek has a splendid amphitheatre as a setting for a 6 pitch grade 3.

Recently some excellent ice-climbing was found at Pine Pass near Mackenzie. (Incidentally, a day here combining deep powder skiing at Powder King Resort and an ice climb of your choice gives an unforgettable experience.) The plum climb here is definitely Cosmic Falls, 500 ft., grade 4/5 at Lemoray. This highly spectacular falls can be seen four miles off the road to Dawson Creek and a long approach is required. All the Falls lying in

avalanche tracks between Chetwynd and Mackenzie have been climbed to yield routes from 100-300 ft., grades 1-4.

Ogre Canyon near Jasper Park east gate gives an 8 pitch grade 3, first done in 1982. Fryatt Creek headwall produced 2 new routes: Ice Palace routes 1 and 2, 350 feet. The climbing here is in a superb situation with great views of Brussels Peak.

We managed a winter ascent of Mount Christie, but an attempt on Brussels Peak failed very early on, and I made a solo ascent of Kerkeslin via the N. Ridge in winter conditions.

A major rock climbing discovery has been Pope's Peak at Fort St. James, where a 1000 foot limestone cliff protrudes into Stuart Lake. The climbing is reminiscent of the Calanques in the South of France and a holiday atmosphere prevails as there is also fishing, wind surfing and great beaches. It is possible to climb from March to November on sun warmed, south facing rock. In keeping with the name of the mountain the

routes all have religious names.

Heaven's Gate takes an overhanging arch and continues 6 pitches up jamcracks and arêtes.

Paradise Lost takes a chimney system for 200 feet.

Satan's Door is a friction/groove system for 5 pitches.

An overhanging dihedral system gives Benediction, 5.9

Some very fine slab/wall routes up to 5.11 are to be found right of the huge prominent prow. The 500' upper overhanging section will probably only go with extensive aid and an attempt on the prow ended in loose and blank vertical horrors.

A 2 mile Canoe trip along the lake takes you to Devil's Groove (5.8), first ascended in -20 C temperatures.

The hardest route so far, The Last Judgement lies 2 miles further on. It is an undercut 5.11 layback

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## *Notes From The North*

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### *Logan in Winter*

*Willy Hersman*

After three helicopter flights on Feb. 23, 1986 six climbers from Anchorage stood at the west end of the King Trench, digging our first shelter.

We had come without tents, figuring them to be worthless under winter conditions; and instead we made T-shaped "Logan trenches"—not as warm as a snow cave, but suitable for the King Trench route and very good in the wind. Our first storm came as the pilot left, and lasted five days. I watched in amazement during the storm as the wind lifted a 40 lb. food bag and tossed it up-glacier a hundred yards. We acclimated well and when the storm ended began hauling our loads towards King Col.

We made camps at 11,500, 13,500, 15,500 and 17,000 before reaching Aena Pass (18,500) on March 12th. Finally on the plateau we put in our high camp at about 16,800 on the east end of the plateau. March 16 was Vern Tejas' birthday and in 25 mph wind and -36° we sang happy birthday through our face masks on the 19,850 ft summit.

For the entire climb we had no injuries, no frostbite and no problems.

*The first winter ascent of Mt. Logan. John Bauman, Todd Frankewicz, Willy Hersman, Steve Koslow, George Rooney and Vern Tejas (leader).*

### *Bylot Island Ski Traverse*

Previously unreported in the CAJ is a major arctic ski mountaineering expedition in May-June of 1984. During that period Fred Bushell, Dave Clay, Mike Schmidt, Ulrike Schmidt and Mike Wingham skied a north to southeast traverse of Bylot Island from Maud Bight to Button Point and thence across the sea ice (sometimes knee deep in surface water) to Pond Inlet.

The total time spent on the traverse was 43 days, during which the team was entirely self reliant, pulling all their supplies on pulks, without the benefit of airdrops.

During the traverse 28 ascents were made, including 16 first ascents.

This was an official ACC sponsored trip.

# Interior Report

## Snowpatch, The Tower Arête

*Randall Green*

West Face Snowpatch Spire, Tower Arête (IV 5.10 A2)

On July 24th, 1986, Randall Green, Rod Gibbons, and Chris Hecht ascended a direct line to the north summit of Snowpatch Spire via a new route on the west face. The route passes through a series of tower-like pinnacles that form a slight arête on the face. This eight pitch climb was accomplished in 12 hours and is slightly over 1000' vertical.

Left of the Beckey/Greenwood route (standard descent from the north summit) is a thin double crack system that leads to a series of black looking semi-detached blocks which form a small alcove. The first pitch (A2), ended with a sling belay in the alcove at 160'. On the second pitch, a short technical section (5.8) gave way to a

free climbing with points of aid around an awkward roof (A2). The North Summit Direct route moves left into another crack system at this point. We continued straight up and slightly right (5th pitch), to a large roomy ledge (top of the second tower). The sixth pitch ascends a perfect hand crack that is slightly left of a huge detached flake/chimney. This crack tapered to fingers and became more difficult 75' up (5.10-). Then the difficulties eased, and at 160' a small belay ledge marked the top of the third tower.

Again we moved slightly right and free climbed the seventh pitch, a crack and flake system (5.8), 160'. The last pitch begins with a thin lie-back to a ledge (5.9). From the ledge we followed hand cracks up and left. The cracks were initially easy but became awkward and strenuous (5.9) as a small roof/alcove was negotiated. Dense black lichens inhabit the crack and made cleaning necessary for every jam.

Descent is achieved by scrambling to the prominent notch between the summits and descending on fixed rappel anchors. Approximately, five double rope rappels.

## Lazy Days in Cathedral Park

*Bruce Fairley*

Sitting on a ledge three pitches up the east face of Matriarch with the clouds boiling in and the wind picking up, I am shivering and trusting that Rob Driscoll can hang on. He's up there at least twenty feet, strung out on his arms; nothing on our rack will fit in this huge crack, and I don't know if he's got the fingers left to back down. This flake is the key to the whole route, and I admire my friend's grit in trying to free it—I never would have tried it. Ten minutes ago the valley was clear; now it's packed with cloud, foaming and boiling up the great ramparts which surround this cirque. The deteriorating weather gnaws at my confidence. Are we motivated enough to come back here if we have to rap off? I wonder if Rob will be burned out when he gets down. Will we have to switch leads? And can this monster crack be aided? But Rob's fingers hold out and he reaches the ledge.

A few minutes later he's back in the crack, this time saddled in etriers and standing on tied-off tips lodged in the wall. A couple of creative placements, made by using pitons sideways as chocks, take him higher. Up above, a hundred and fifty feet, a roof juts out like the jaw of some huge prehistoric beast, hinting at greater complexities to come. No cracks. Smooth, featureless slab. Pendulums. All the time spent on the ground probing and poking with the glasses hadn't unravelled the story. We suspected there might be some stretches of blank rock up there. And possible defeat. Uneasiness eats at me.

I look over to a great prow on the west face of The Boxcar, which we have named "Sir John's Column" because it recalls faintly the profile of Yosemite's Washington Column in miniature. Our two friends, Bill Durtler and Jim Haberl, are engaged on a project of their own over there, and normally I would have been just a bit wistful to think that I was missing out. I'd reached the point where I'd started to feel possessive about new routes in southwestern B.C. but we

West Face of Snowpatch Spire with the Tower Arête marked (Green)



moderate ledge terrace system which ended below some rounded, fluted flakes, 150'. The third pitch, only 75', leads up through these awkward flakes, (5.9) to a roomy ledge atop the first tower. From the top of the tower, two main crack systems lead up the arête. The obvious left crack is wide (5") and dirt-filled. A interconnecting flake system to the right was climbed instead.

Here for the first time, evidence of other climbers was found (i.e., old fixed protection). This pitch is believed to be the second pitch of the North Summit Direct which was climbed in 1980 or '81 by Rob Rohn and partner. This pitch was difficult

Finally, a short vertical hand crack ended on the summit ridge 20' right of the north summit.

This is believed to be a first ascent, although the route, Tower Arête, joins the N. Summit Direct for one pitch. Dirty cracks forced us into aid slings several times, but if cracks were cleaned and a select number of fixed pitons were used for protection, the route would undoubtedly go free at a somewhat higher standard.

Protection varied from tied-off Knife Blades and stubby Lost Arrows, to a double set of Friends, wires and Three Cam Units (TCU's), and we left no fixed protection.

knew that sooner or later someone would have to test the apparent blankness of the great walls fronting on Lakeview valley, and so we turned our energies to Matriarch. Even so, we were only half-enthusiastic.

The motivation wasn't up to snuff on this trip—we'd had plans for bigger things. Into the Waddington Range and storm some big walls, but the scheme fizzled in the rain and fog of June and July, and our resolve fizzled with it. Was it worth \$500 to fly in and then wade around in porridge up to our knees? Hoping for bluer skies, we'd come to Cathedral. And maybe it was the meadows or something, but we were finding it hard to generate a lot of push.

Cathedral Park sits in the south Okanagan country of B.C., and I'd known for some time that there was a lot of untouched rock there. Pretty surprising the big wall boys left it alone all through the 60's and 70's. Why they were screwing around on things like Cayoosh Wall when they could have been nailing Macabre Tower was a bit of a mystery to me. Maybe they considered their dull drill bits, sized up the blankness of the rock and went elsewhere.

A big concern at this moment. No cracks. I know I can aid my way around the roof, 'cause there's a crack there as big as my fist; I can see it plainly from here. But are there enough cracks beyond?

Rob inches his way into the clouds. I shiver and shake in the mist, thinking how damn cold it is for July in the Okanagan and hoping it's snowing like hell in the Waddington Range.

Rob and I both wanted to do Matriarch, but what a scene trying to get the other guy to make the final decision:

"Well, whadaya think? Enough cracks up there?"

"I don't know man; looks pretty blank. Like that crack three pitches up—does it just peter out? Things look just totally blank above it."

"Yeh, well there might be thin ones you can't see. Like, look at that crack in the head-wall; doesn't it go into a groove or something? Should we go for it? What do you think?"

This went on for hours. In the end though, it would have been pure cowardice not to have tried it. Pride took over.

The other climbs we had done had been fun. Jim and I spent our first day on one of the towers that jut out northeasterly from Grimface, doing the north arête of Machete Tower, as we called it. Interesting enough if it didn't exactly tax our limits. Bill

and Rob consolidated the theme on The Boxcar, putting up "The Last Spike", a nice eight-pitch line that starts with a soaring and elegant corner pitch, and leads up the buttress crest on the north end of the massif through cracks and mixed ground.

But every time we looked over our shoulders we looked at Matriarch. It certainly wasn't going away. Just daring us to try.

Rob's cleaning as he goes; dry moss drifts down the wall and tells me he's making progress. Mostly aid, a bit of free.

"Number two R.P. here."

"Okay, I'm watchin'"

"You got me?"

"Yeh, I got ya. How's it look above?"

"Okay."

It's a long pitch; lucky he's back-cleaned some pieces. Confidence starts to build. It just feels like if we crack this pitch, we crack the climb. A thin ledge suddenly appears, impossible to spot from below.

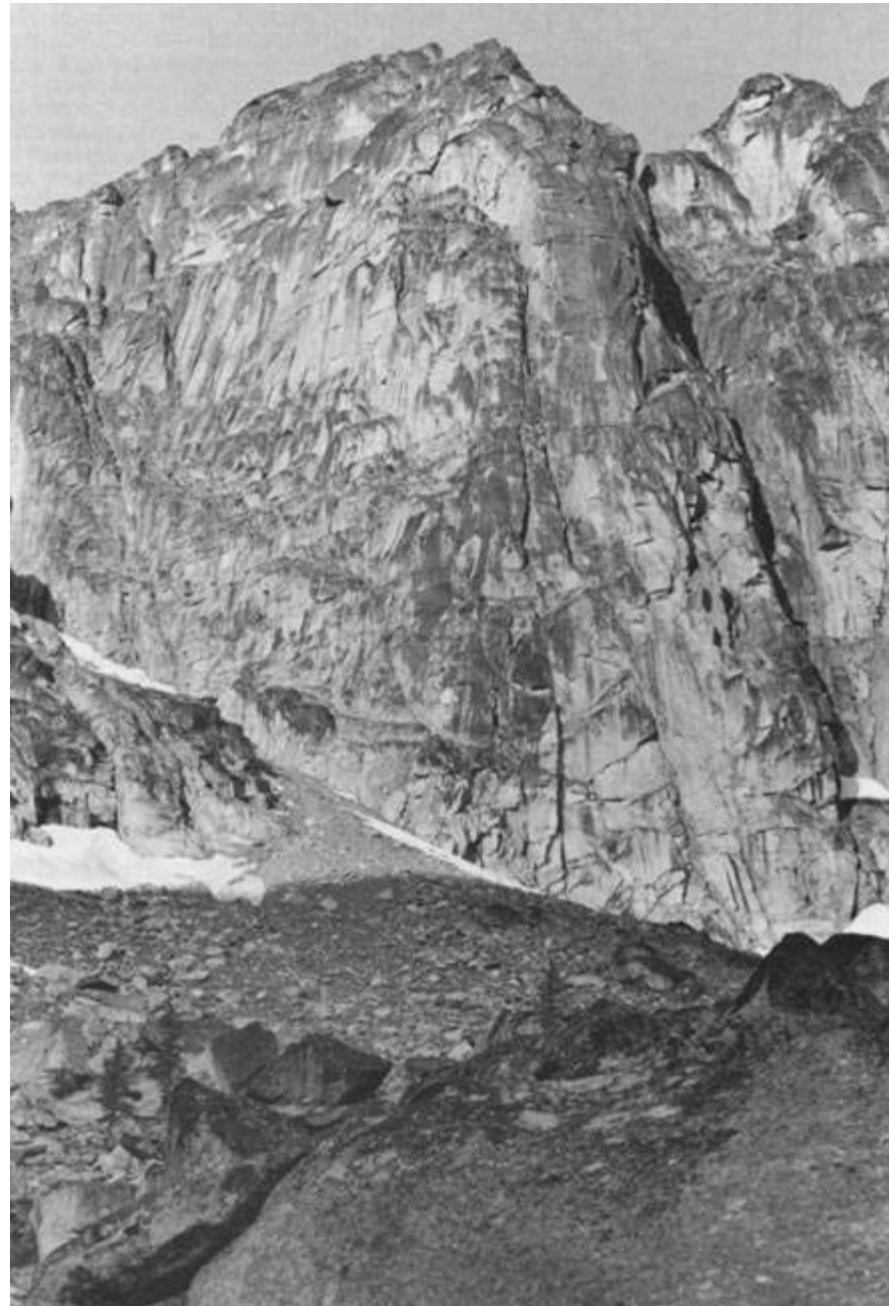
"I can traverse left!"

A few delicate moves and Rob's into a slot, and suddenly off belay. We can bypass the roof, and there's at least an hour saved, the clouds are pulling back and maybe this climb's in the bag after all.

"Looks like a good corner above me; should go no problem!"

Up I jumar and the clouds scatter. Energy bounds back. Up through cracks and blocks and short corners to a stance, and then come thick, steep cracks where sharp

Mt. Matriarch, East Face. (B. Fairley)



crystals make us bleed. Steep man, really steep. Following with a pack I feel like I'm going to fall over backwards and I think 'God it would be embarrassing to take a flyer now, on a top rope.' Much gasping. I try to look cool as I pant up to the huge ledge where Rob sits gazing out over the valley.

Fun face and slab lead us ahead. What a treat after all those cracks. I cruise to Ledge Hilton and we let out some yowls, hearing from the response that Jim and Bill are back in camp. A final lead from Rob leaves me with considerable admiration, and we step onto the summit of another of those great table tops this park abounds with. Our new route isn't up to the cleaner rock of Grimface, but we feel kinda cocky to have punched a hole in this cirque of rock that had always looked so forbidding. Who would have thought that the route would go so easily?

Back at camp we hear all about "The National Dream". Bill and Jim had done the hardest climbing of the trip at 5.10c, exulting in the great splits and seams of the soaring pillars on Sir John's.

Down around Stone City Mountain we

wandered another day, where Bill and Jim put up "Corner's Inquest", a dead-obvious arching corner on the west side, which runs out into necky face climbing. Not as nice an area as up the valley somehow. We did a couple more routes on the towers, sticking with M's: "Morning Cloud", "Mystic" and "Mastodon" running from the northeast towards Grimface. That was about it before rain drove us to the tents. It was a long way from a Waddington expedition; had some hiking, not a minute of bush crashing, a fair lick of sleeping, lotsa speculating on what might go. Pleasant country. Who needs bivouacs and verglas and rotten snow and all that other big mountain paraphernalia anyway.

*New climbs in Cathedral Park, put up in July 1986 by Rob Driscoll, Bill Durtler, Bruce Fairley, and Jim Haberl.*

## **True North**

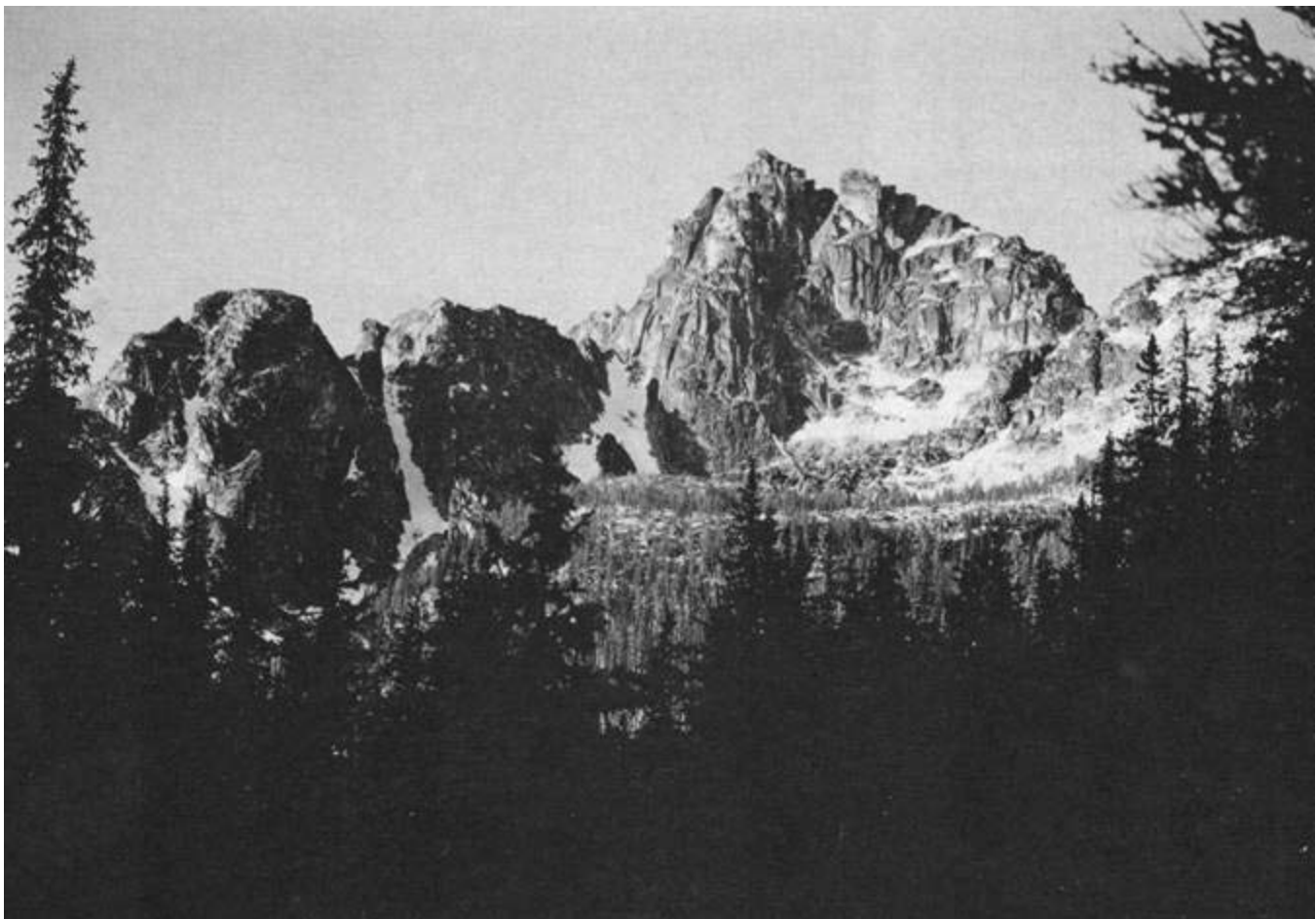
*Don Serl*

Greg and I (or at least Greg - I was pretty deep in the blahs!) were keen to get in a few big routes before heading north to Bute, and the weather was lousy

enough that the only possibility seemed to be inland. With legendary granite in mind, he and I and Sue made a mad overnight dash to Cathedral Lakes Park. Laziness and haste led us to hire a ride in with the Lodge folk, only to discover that we had arrived the morning after about 5cm of snow. The day was therefore spent wandering the slopes scouting the area, and it was immediately obvious that there was quite a lot to do at the head of the valley beyond Goat Lake (much of which Bruce Fairley & Co. knocked off a month later).

The snow melted fast and the weather was improving, so we threw ourselves out of the sacks early the next morning and ambled up to the base of the north side of Grimface (what an awful, totally inappropriate name! the peak is, in fact, highly attractive!) intent on climbing the "North Buttress" route as a pleasant introduction to the area. We started up slanting cracks (that seemed to match Bruce's descriptions...) from the lowest rocks, but quickly discovered that the corners above the ledge at the end of the first rope-length were NOT the way to go. A forced traverse right revealed renewed possibilities up the

Mt Grimface, North Face (D, Serl)



right edge of the buttress, and off we went. Of the struggle that ensued, all I can say is that I've been on harder routes, but probably never on one that fought back so hard! Difficult climbing, occasional loose rock, lichen, a couple of wet sections, overhangs, blanking dihedrals - it just seemed to go on and on, unrelenting. Eventually, in the midst of an afternoon snow-squall, we emerged rather chastened onto the foresummit, having experienced quite a different climb than our expectation of a sunny repeat of the reputedly clean and moderate "North Buttress". A couple of hours later, late in a fine evening, the summit was finally ours, and all that remained was the long sandy plod through the gathering dusk back to Pyramid Lake.

The blow by blow follows, more so that I can refresh my memory than that I expect hordes to charge in to do this monster. The "North Buttress", by the way, starts up the gully to the left, aiming for a prominent dihedral on the left margin of the buttress. Don't get lost!

From lowest tongue of rock below center of buttress, climb left-slanting crack through a couple of small overlaps, then directly up to a good ledge. 5.7; 35m

Walk right across the ledges to the edge of a deep gully. 60m

Angle up the arête on the left side of the gully and into the prominent chimney/break above. 5.7; 40m

Continue up the break to its top, then climb right up finger cracks in a black, lichen-covered wall. 5.9; 30m

Directly up blocks and corners to a good ledge. 5.8; 35m

Move left to the base of a slot formed by a chimney on the left and a dihedral on the right. Climb the dihedral about 20m, then ape out left onto flakes and cross to the base of the white corner at the top of the chimney. 5.10, one aid move; 40m (Note that it would be best to break the pitch before the traverse to avoid rope-drag!)

Climb the leaning white corner to a couple of off-width moves and thrutch out left and up to a good ledge. Hard 5.10; 25m

Jam a short overhanging crack, move up a few more meters and tension right into a wide, mossy corner-crack. Thrutch up to a blocky roof and aid 6 or 8 placements over it. 5.10 A3; 25m

Walk left 10m, then climb flake cracks to easy blocky ground at the subsidiary summit.

5.9; 45m (From here, the route joins the upper parts of the "North Buttress").

Rappel 10m in the notch.

Sneak out ramps to the right, continue up and right. Mid-5th; 40m

Climb cracks in a slot to near a big platform on the crest. 5.7; 35m

Climb a wide crack right of the crest to a belay under a huge block. Mid-5th; 30m

Up and right across ledges and flakes. Mid-5th; 40m

A hand crack shoots up left, then back right to the top. 5.8; 40m Descend via the west ridge, first on the south side, then the north.

"True North", IV 5.10 A3. Grimface Mountain, North Buttress, right side. First ascent Greg Foweraker and Don Serl, July 6, 1986. Reference: Fairley pp 329-333.

## Interior Update

*Hamish Mutch*

### TOBY GROUP

In July, 1985 Bob and Harriet Kruszyna, Peter Vermuezen and I visited the Toby Group in the Southern Purcells, approaching via Earl Grey pass. Since this was our second visit to the area we were able to



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stay on the trail this time, and avoided our previous unpleasant bushwack. The first night was spent at the foot of the Toby Glacier, the second day tanning, and the third day we hiked through the pass, and followed the original McCoubrey approach to the meadows just below Mt. Lady Grey. This is a difficult approach with full packs, definitely one to be avoided. We made the following first ascents.

Mt. Lady Grey, Complete East Ridge. Start at the lowest point of the east ridge, finally rappelling into a prominent notch to join the original route. New route.

Mt. Hamill, East Ridge. A pleasant mixture of rock and snow ridges. New route.

Pk. 10,000+. (The first peak due south of Hamill) was climbed from the obvious col, via the north slope, on very rotten rock. First ascent.

#### MT ADAMANT

East Ridge Variation KMC Couloir

In early August, 1986 Gary Staples, Peter Tchir and I climbed Mt. Adamant from the Kootenay Mountaineering Club camp at Kathryn Lake, near the toe of Adamant Glacier. Our objective was to reach Stickle Col from the south, and then continue to the summit via the 1962 east ridge route, which is normally climbed from Fairy Meadow.

Our variation consisted of approximately 1000 feet of mixed climbing, in two parallel couloirs. The rock in the lower section was very unstable. We experienced three rock-falls, the last of which cracked Peter's

helmet and severed the rope behind Gary, who was leading at the time, causing both of them some concern.

The east ridge, when we finally reached it, was very enjoyable with interesting rock moves and reasonably steep ice. We bivouaced below the east peak, and continued to the summit the next day.

### *Logan Bread Expedition*

*Tom Thomas*

The Colorado Logan Bread Expedition managed to fend off the bear at the helispot and save their Logan bread until Don McTighe of Okanagan Helicopters carried 300 lbs of food (50 lbs. Logan bread), 250 lbs of gear and 160 lbs of person into the depths of the austerity glacier in the heart of the Adamant range. It was here that the 160 lbs of person, Dan Mathews set up Club Austerity in the shadow of the Blackfriar. The rest of us sherpas; Gil McCormick, Tony Moats, Tom Thomas and Jim Nowak kept busy swatting mosquitos during the 15 mile hike/slog in. The first of two storm days in three weeks allowed us to excavate our eating trough and glacier refrigerator. We were set to climb.

The south face of Turret peak was the obvious wall to climb. After a warm up day of free climbing on the southwest buttress of Ironman, Dan and Tom set out on what unknowingly was the Down route of 1982. Excellent free climbing, a memorable 165 foot A3 knifeblade crack, perfect weather and a progressively higher view of Sir Sanford. During the same period Tony, Gil

and Jim accomplished an amazing ascent of the 1000+ foot south face of Ironman in one day after fixing two rope lengths. Their climb went mostly free as Ironman's cracks are not as sealed as those on Turret.

It was now Jim and Gil's turn to have a go at the prize wall of Turret. They had found the north face of Blackfriar crackless and uninviting aside from the already ascended central couloir so they picked a new line on Turret to the left of the Down route, this line went through the right edge of a system of roofs at the bottom, continuing up the rise of right facing corners to the summit. Much A3 nailing with a bit of 5.10 was the report. No bolts were used and only fixed pendulum points were left behind.

While Gil and Jim were pounding their way up Turret Tom managed a little solo marathon to the top of Sir Sanford. In 12 hours to the summit from the Austerity glacier he climbed the rock/snowfield boundary of the north ridge with a direct start up the adequately solid quartzite north rib. The crux, in big boots, was an incredibly exposed set of 5.8/5.9 face moves. (I recommend a bolt kit for this superb ice and rock route).

After 18 straight days of climbing, including a full day climb of a most pleasing 1200+ foot ice route on Blackfriar and many short free routes; we indulged in our duty-free hot toddy mix and caught a suntan in the lawnchairs of Club Austerity—a fine place to spend three weeks in August eating Logan bread and doing a little climbing.

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## *Coast Report*

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### *Update*

*Don Serl*

1986 on the lower coast was a rather dull year, the only major event being the winter ascent (at long last) of the northeast buttress of Mt. Slesse by Seattleites Jim Nelson and Kit Lewis, who clearly demonstrated that they are the finest, most determined winter mountaineers around, even if they did have to finally resort to using a helicopter to tip the balance in their favor on their umpteenth attempt.

Only further up the Coast were climbs of similar significance made. Greg Foweraker and I beat Nelson, Lewis and Fred Beckey to the West Face of Mt. Bute by 3 days; and Peter Croft and John Clarke (imagine that combo for a minute!) knocked off various

peaks in the Klattasine.

Across the valley the Waddington Range saw a spate of big, hard, modern routes, particularly out of the Waddington-Combatant col. A group of six from Seattle (Mark Bebie, Dan Cauthorn, Steve Mascioli, Dan and Pat McNerthney and John Stoddard) knocked off a bunch of great routes, including the west face of Combatant (Stoddard, D. McNerthney), which, with 2 5.11 and 2 5.10 pitches, now stands as the hardest free route in the Coast Mountains. A month later, a group of 4 from Banff (Peter Arbic, Rob Orvig, Jock Richardson, Ward Robinson) also racked up a load of fine routes, with the north face of Bravo Peak (Arbic, Robinson) not far off being the equivalent of the north face of Alberta in height, nature, and difficulty.

Also of note, despite the fact they got driven off down the Bravo Glacier route from below the summit tower by bad weather, was Mike Down and Bruce Kay's ascent of the rightmost rib on the east face of Waddington.

The other outstanding excursion of the year was Peter Rowat's solo ski traverse from the kelp beds of Princess Louisa Inlet to the roads of the Chilcotin—a very serious traverse through some interesting country, done at the tail end of winter, 1986.

### *Cascades*

*Max de Jong*

*Mt. Payne, North Summit (7400 ft+), Silver-hope-Skagit area, Cascades, (grid*

ref g2H/3 261484) FWA of peak and FA of N face, Nov. 23, 1985. Maxim de Jong, Janet Roddan.

Approach via W. fork of Sumallo R. to the base of the face at the head of the valley (1 hr ski). Climb avalanche slopes to the base of the gigantic blank rock wall (1 hr+ from skis). From here follow the giant gully up and left onto the upper NE ridge (40° snow with some steep bulges). From here, 3 mixed pitches to the summit (crux). The first ascent was achieved on the 3rd try in a 26 hr round trip from Vancouver. Temperature: -28°. A good line.

*Mt. Payne, North Summit, FA NE ridge, March 23, 1986. Maxim de Jong, Ken Schmok, Jerry Martinek, Jake Weaver, Janet Roddan*

Approach up main fork of Sumallo R. gaining the toe of the ridge from the SE. A fine ridge climb, 50° snow, with a crux where the N face route joins the ridge. 4 hr. approach. 4 hr+ route. Descend ascent line.

*Guardian Peak (1800/5900ft) (grid ref g2H/4 069341) Illusion Group, Skagit Range, Cascades. FA E Face, June, 1985. Maxim de Jong, Gordon Stead, Jake Weaver, Janet Roddan.*

Approach from Center Cr., up the Illusions logging spur, leaving this at the first switchback. Contour the cliffs of Guardian heading to the south (1 hr). The route consists of 13 pitches to 5.8 up the slabs left of the gigantic cleft which separates the NE ridge from the E.

*Guardian Peak, FA E Ridge, November 1, 1986. Maxim de Jong, Jo-Ann Svensson, Debbie Miller, Jerry Martinek.*

Follow Center Cr. logging road until adjacent the giant cleft separating the E and NE ridges. Follow continuous forested slopes to the toe of the ridge staying left if bluffs are encountered and to avoid slide alder etc. in the runout zone below the cleft (1hr). The route is roughly 8 brushy but interesting pitches of low fifth class. The crux is an obvious 5.9+ hand jam. A fun little route. Descend NE ridge to Illusions logging spur.

*Nodoubt Peak (2222m/7290 ft) Redoubt Group, Skagit Range, Cascades, FWA, FA North Face, March 2, 1985. Maxim de Jong, Gordon Stead, Janet Roddan, Gavin Manning.*

Approach via Depot Cr. up the northern slopes of the route (2hrs). The route climbs the giant gully in the center of the face, taking the last gully on the left which leads directly to the summit (1 hr). 35° snow.

This should become the standard route as it saves roughly 4 hours travel.

*Cheam Peak (2107m/6913ft) Cheam Range, Cascades, FWA of the 1975 N face/ NW ridge route, March 9, 1985. Maxim de Jong, Gordon Stead, Janet Roddan, Gavin Manning.*

Approach from Trans-Canada Highway and the "Cheam Trail". Avoid the actual north face (Direct North Face) by skirting it on snow ramps which lead high onto the NW ridge. 12 hours to summit from sea level. 45° snow, exposed and avalanche prone. Definitely a winter classic.

*Unnamed 7700ft.+ Between Mounts Rideout and Payne. Silverhope-Skagit area, Cascades. FWA and FA of Zero Gully on the N. face. March 1, 1986. Maxim de Jong,*

Approach via main fork of Sumallo R. The route climbs the most obvious, biggest gully on the Rideout/Payne facade into the notch on the R side (W) of Unnamed 7700ft.+ 2 hour approach, 2 hour route.

*Needle Peak (2075m, 6800ft +) Anderson River Peaks, Cascades, FWA N Ridge, Feb. 28, 1987. Maxim de Jong, Danielle Reinhardt, Debbie Miller, Colin Fingler, Tony Lovse, Dave Hancock.*

Recommended. A long day.

## ***Yak Crack***

*Don Serl*

Yak Crack, revisions to published descriptions

This huge expanse of slabby rock only 40 minutes above the highway just this side of Coquihalla Pass has understandably already attracted numerous attempts, with a pretty high proportion of epics, retreats, and forced bivies. I don't want to topo away all the secrets, having been pretty bamboozled two or three times myself in the upper sections of the Yak Crack before figuring things out. That said, the route has received (and deserves) plenty of attention and is both far more serious than one might think, and not at all easy to follow from the already published descriptions in CAJ 86 p. 50 or Fairley's guide p. 214. It thus seems in order to note a few modifications which would make these descriptions more helpful.

Referring first to the guide, the description might more understandably read (with changes italicized); "This route climbs the obvious diagonal fault line on the South Face of Yak. Begin on the left side of the face and ascend the right side of the huge

flake (first ascent) or the more aesthetic crack on its outer face (most subsequent parties) then go right, following the line of weakness across the face for five or six pitches. There are several small roofs to overcome. Above a shallow chimney, climb right to and up a pitch of corner cracks with some loose rock to a belay in the mouth of a small cave. Continue right to gain the base of the huge corner which splits the upper south and east faces. Sustained 5.7 climbing in the corner leads to easier ground and the summit. A good selection of nuts and several Friends will be needed. Fourteen pitches to 5.8, with many long run-outs and a bit of decomposing rock.

As for the pitch by pitch summaries in the Journal: (1) and (2) are pretty much approach, and can be soloed to the base of the big flake. (If you don't feel comfortable soloing this stuff, I guarantee you're on the wrong route, buddy - you're going to be in WAY over your head higher up!) Ignore (3) through (6) and climb out left past a fixed peg to 3 1/2 pitches of lovely finger and hand crack leading to the top of the flake. (7) through (11) can most easily be described as: "Follow the line of weakness on the face up and right over several small roofs to a belay in a shallow chimney". (12) through (14) can stand as is, although it is far easier to break (13) with a belay at the bottom of the summit dihedral.

It should also be noted that on the second ascent in early June 1986 Peter Croft and Greg Foweraker traversed right at pitch 12 rather than climb the loose corner above, and somehow found a way to gain, and undercling right, the roof above the slab. A fortuitous finger-crack then led them back into the upper dihedral. This alternate is undoubtedly harder than the original route, but does avoid some tenuous sections of moderately difficult decomposed rock.

## ***Madness***

*Don Serl*

Geoff Creighton and I climbed a new route on the south face of Yak Peak, right of "Porcelain Chicken". Rather than thrash up through the bush beside the face, we chose the "sporting" alternative, and soloed the slabs from the base of the face to the ramp which breaks left through the band of overhangs halfway up, and on up to the base of the "Porcelain Chicken" corner. (Note that, while this option more than doubles the amount of climbing on the route, you'll need to be prepared for reasonably long



sections of 5.6 or 5.7 slab many hundreds of feet off the deck—this is no place to learn how to slab-climb!

Two roped pitches climb slabs and thin cracks right of “Porcelain Chicken”, crossing to a broken zone at the extreme right margin of the face. The next two pitches follow the rightmost dihedral on the face into deteriorating rock. (There are two ancient rappel stances in place in the corner - I’d sure be interested in hearing the story of those!) The rock rots out badly directly above, but a short leftwards traverse gains a good arching corner with twin cracks above. A second leftwards traverse gains a groove below a difficult bulge, above which it is possible to move back right and get in a solid belay. (“Porcelain Chicken” joins in about here.) The sixth pitch climbs a dying dihedral and a short face to the huge rotten ledge which is the “top” of “Porcelain

Chicken”.

Despite the poor rock and the obvious rap route off we continued - this was madness! Increasingly steeper and frighteningly fragile, but not particularly difficult, ‘rock’ leads to delicate flakes on a lichen-covered wall. The rock improves as you ascend, and the corner above is steep and solid. At its top, cross two arêtes left back into more decomposing junk. With care you can get up to, move right under, and finally climb onto a pretty decent basalt dyke. Once you get a belay together and bring your partner up, the top is easily reached.

“Madness”, south face of Yak Peak. First ascent Geoff Creighton and Don Serl, June 28 1986. 7 pitches to 5.9; about as many hours. Lots of RP’s plus the usual fist-full of Rocks and a few Friends. The first ascent of Madness; Geoff Creighton on pitch 2. (D. Serl)

## Viennese Pk. South Face

Don Serl

Greg Foweraker, Nicki Marrion, and I charged up to Nursery Pass this past September, keen to get at something or other on the big north faces before the snows blew. Unfortunately, we arrived simultaneously with a fog bank, and so spent a boring afternoon and night grayed-out at our bivy in the pass. The next morning was no better, so plans for an early start degraded into more snoozing. Finally, late in the morning we motivated ourselves to ramble up the east ridge of Viennese in the cloud before heading home and, in reward, we were greeted with disintegrating cumulus and emerging sun. A brief chat led to a quick decision to have a go at the south face, despite what I recall as being a singular lack of rack and one fewer pairs of rockshoes than feet.

We angled onto the base of the face from the right, then climbed up to and through some quite awkward roofy sections into the main dihedral in the face that Bruce Fairley and Harold Redekop had followed in 1980. A couple of pitches up this we continued directly up a rib where they had angled out a bit right. Two or three more rope-lengths took us to a slab (somewhere in the neighborhood of where their “South Face” route crossed back to gain the left skyline rib), and a short leftwards traverse at its upper edge smacked us up against the upper wall. This we thrutched up in a pitch and a half, aiming up and right towards an obvious break in its upper margin. A final couple of rope-lengths put us on top, incidentally via the same short corner that had me whanging in a peg for an aid move a dozen years before on the first ascent of the east ridge. The corner is, of course, about 5.7! How embarrassing!

The tale of our epic retreat, of the stumbling in the dark with (very soon) one functional headlamp amongst the three of us, of the interminable tottering and tumbling and crashing and cursing in the sopping bush (it naturally began to pour a couple of hours into this hideous affair), of how 8 1/2 hours were consumed to descend a valley that had taken 3 1/2 hours to walk up, is too sordid to repeat, so I won’t.

Viennese Peak: South Face Direct. First ascent: Greg Foweraker, Nicola Marrion, Don Serl: Sept 22, 1986. Mostly 5.7, with a pitch or two of 5.9 on the upper wall just below the summit. Both this variant and the original route are highly recommended to

*those looking for a pretty good-sized route (10 or so pitches) at a moderate standard on really sound rock. Plus, it faces south, and so is good from early spring till the tail of the fall.*

## **Yanks on Wadd**

*Mark Bebie*

Between July 20 and August 2, 1986, six of us from Seattle camped at the Combatant-Waddington col. Four new routes were done, and several more repeated.

On our first full day we all climbed in the warm sun on Combatant. Dan Cauthorn and Steve Mascioli explored the previously unclimbed middle buttress (\\, 5.9), Pat & Dan McNerthney climbed the couloir between the middle & eastern buttress (straightforward), while John Stoddard and I climbed the eastern buttress.

The following day Dan McNerthney and his brother Pat climbed Skywalk in 11 hours round trip. John and I did it later in the week. Both teams climbed 14 pitches on rock to the top of the buttress, followed by 13 rappels down the ascent route. Once atop the buttress, we did not drop down into the notch and up to the summit of the formation—this would unnecessarily

complicate an outstanding alpine rock climb. It would probably be an easier climb in old EBs due to a lot of grit & tiny flakes on the route.

On our third day, about 5 p.m., when the sun was off the north face of Waddington, John and I climbed a right-trending couloir to the Angel Glacier. To start the route, we followed a more narrow couloir on the lower right of the main one which avoided the worst of the exposure from the ice cliffs above. This may be a new route, since we are not sure where the Kiwis descended. We reached our bivouac just below the N.W. summit about 11 p.m. after a long plod up the Angel. Aside from a few falling pieces of ice in the summit chimney, our climb of Waddington was casual - quite the opposite of what I expected from the countless thrillers I've read about the summit tower. Early that morning Dan Cauthorn and Steve climbed the couloir, and met up with us as we were rappelling the summit tower.

While we four were descending the Angel back to the col. Pat and Dan McNerthney were on their way up the central buttress on Waddington to the right of the Flavelle-Lane ice route. The rock is sound, which is not obvious from its appearance, since it looks painted and changes color. The

rock is characterized by flakes instead of crack systems, and route-finding was sometimes tricky. Climbing in boots added to the thrills. After 16 pitches (counting from the schrund) a bivouac was made on a snow arête where the buttress begins to level out. 5 more pitches took them to the Angel Glacier, and they had time enough to summit. V. 5.10.

Dan Cauthorn & Steve camped for a couple of nights at the Damocles-Tiedemann Col. From here, they descended onto the Radiant Gl., and climbed the N.E. face/ridge of Asperity, returning to their camp in one long day. The following day, they climbed the north ridge of Tiedemann, and returned to base-camp. On their descent down the Great Couloir, a flake securing a rappel broke off, giving Steve a 400 foot slide before he stopped himself.

A few days of storm kept us tentbound - a welcome rest after 6 days of intense activity and burned faces. Dan McNerthney made a boom box by hooking up the amp & speaker of a radio to his walkman, soldering the wires using only a hot Swiss army knife. At night, we were regularly able to receive Vancouver radio stations, and one night we got Seattle. This provided a lot more weather information than my

The North Face of Mt. Cerberus.

The west and northwest ridges form the right skyline (D. Knudson)



sluggish altimeter.

At the tail end of the storm, Pat and I followed the "Traverse" as far as Asperity, and returned to the summit of Tiedemann to camp, but there was enough poor weather that day to thwart two other rock climbing attempts. Two days later, finally sunny and warm again, John Stoddard and Dan McNerthney climbed a new line on the left side of the Skywalk buttress. Starting at the top of the couloir on the W. side of the pillar, they third-classed ledges, and climbed (5.10) up to the base of the huge right-facing arch, prominent on this side of the wall. After two pitches (the first one (5.11-) avoided the corner due to ice), they exited left into a long, arching 5.9 crack, and then left around the corner of the buttress. One pitch (5.10-) brought them back onto the headwall at a hanging belay. The crux is groveling up the diagonal offwidth on the next pitch. A final pitch joins Skywalk. 8 pitches, III, 5.11. They rappelled the route.

## **Sumquolt**

*Joe Firey*

In early August, 1986 the west to northwest ridge of Cerberus Mountain was climbed from the upper reaches of the west branch of the Sumquolt Glacier. From a col in the west ridge at the glacier head a class 3 to 4 rib of sound rock was ascended to a minor saddle. From the minor saddle the snow just north of the ridge crest was climbed to the summit snowcap which was ascended on the west side below the heavily-corniced crest. This appears to be a new route on Cerberus and the third ascent. An 8800 ft. double summited peak, located about equidistant one and three quarters mile south of Erehwon Mountain and east of Basin Peak, was climbed via the northwest ridge and over the lower west summit. The rock portions were class 3 to 6 but rather rotten. This peak provides a commanding view over the Sumquolt Glacier so we suggest it be named Sumquolt Peak. This appears to be a first ascent of this peak. The several fine peaks at the head of the Sumquolt Glacier are seldom visited, our climbs of Basin Peak and Chili

Tower being apparent second ascents. Rob Skelly's helicopter at Bella Coola makes access to this area much easier. Short skis were found to be more than useful in the soft, new snow of early August. Our party consisted of Joe Firey, Dave Knudson, and Mike Martin. On the flight out we were treated to a view of Ape Lake's second Jokulhlaup which was quite impressive. Is this going to be an annual event or was this performance only for Expo '86?

*See photo on previous page.*

## **Fairweather**

*Ellen Woodd*

Rob Brusse, Gordon Frank, Grant McCormack, Fred Thiessen, Eric White and Ellen Woodd reached the summit of Mt. Fairweather via a new route on July 25, 1986. The route followed a knife-edge ridge from the head of the Ferris gl. to the Grand Plateau, traversed the Plateau (on skis), and then followed the west ridge to the summit. The climbers have chosen to name their route the Taylor Ridge, in honor of Andy Taylor who was involved in the first ascents of both Fairweather and Mt. Logan.

## **Canucks on Wadd**

*Rob Orvig*

The crux of any outing with certain individuals can be getting the road trip part of it out of the way without getting arrested. It's simple really; just pretend you have no connection whatsoever with Ward when you pull into a gas station and he lurches out of the truck accompanied by the clatter of a half dozen empties.

Having surmounted that first obstacle, Sept. 4 saw us landing on the Waddington/Combatant col in beautiful weather with visions of prancing up alpine rock in the sticky boots—no such luck. I suppose by Waddington standards it wasn't too bad; we only had our camp partially blown apart once, but fog, snow, and nighttime temperatures down to -20° became the order of the hour for the next 12 days. The sticky boots went to the bottom of the tent

and we eyed other possibilities.

Jock and I climbed the couloir on the north side of Mt. Hickson; ice to 65°, 15 hours of climbing with an exciting finish and a night out near the summit in lightning, hail, and wind gusts to 80 kph.

The west end of the N.E. buttress of Waddington is split by an obvious couloir (climbed by some Americans earlier in the summer); Ward and Peter climbed the faint rib to its right, enjoyable easy mixed climbing, to produce "Spare Rib", and Jock and I started up the couloir then split off to the left and followed a narrow and thin ice system culminating in a beautiful narrow, mixed, Scottish gully section; "Left of Center".

Ward and Peter climbed the "Kshatrya" buttress on Combatant. With no warm spell in sight we abandoned the col, and being hesitant to jettison any of our toys, waddled down to Rainy Knob under double loads.

The weather stabilized and Ward and Peter climbed the N. Face of Bravo Peak on Sept. 17 and 18, snatching one of the last major unclimbed faces in the area; 600 m of 50° ice followed by 250m of mixed. From the top of the ice they worked right then straight up to hit a left leaning exit ramp. Ward and I finished off with the first tower on the main S. Ridge of Tiedemann; a highly enjoyable day's outing, solid rock to 5.9; we saw some tracks on a ledge low down and one fixed nut near the route we followed but no other signs of past travelers (ie. no rap slings).

On Sept. 20 we flew back to Bluff Lake and Mrs. King's cookies and showers; we'd be spoiled if we enjoyed this type of hospitality everywhere we went.

*Mt. Waddington Area, Sept. 4-20. 1986. Peter Arbic, Rob Orvig, Jock Richardson, Ward Robinson.*

*Mt. Hickson 3171 m. N. Face Couloir AI4, 1300 m. FA. Orvig, Richardson*

*Mt. Waddington N.E. Buttress: Spare Rib 5.6 AI3, 650 m. FA Robinson.*

*Left of Center AI 4+, 650 m. FA Orvig, Richardson*

*Bravo Peak 3105 m. N. Face, AI4, 5.8, A2, 850 m. FA Arbic, Robinson.*

# Squamish Update

John Howe

1986 was another exciting year at Squamish. A few new areas saw heavy development, the last of Croft's most significant test pieces had second ascents and the Smoke Bluffs quite literally burnt up after another brilliant summer.

Zombie Roof, considered by many, Canada's technically hardest pitch, had three ascents in one month. Perry Beckham managed the coveted second, with third and fourth honors going to visiting climbers Hugh Herr and Greg Collins. The difficulty of this route is no more clearly demonstrated than in the fact no one has successfully managed a red point ascent. Every ascent, including Croft's first, involved prearranging protection out to the lip before success was procured. It is now graded 5.12c; would a red point ascent push the grade to 5.13?

Five years after its first free ascent Big Daddy Overhang saw some traffic this year. Dave Lane bagged the big repeat after only a few attempts and Kevin McLane

grabbed the third. At 5.12b this route stands out as the most spectacular of the Nightmare Rock entourage.

Performing for an audience of thousands (well hundreds anyway), at the 25th anniversary celebrations of the first ascent of the Grand Wall, Peter Croft and Perry Beckham blitzed up that route in just under three hours. This must have been particularly impressive to those who had been around to see the original 41 day siege.

New route action got off to a hectic pace early in the year with most of the action centered around Petrifying Wall near Murrin Park. In ten months 20 new routes were climbed, most of which were 5.11 or harder, leaving this cliff with the heaviest concentration of hard routes at Squamish. All the routes tend to be very steep, and although continuous lines are few, features abound. The rock is more akin to Arapilian sandstone than typical Squamish granite.

Hard and impressive as these routes may be, few were climbed in what could

be considered traditional style. As with most areas seeing rapid development in the higher grades, it seems as the numbers go up, the ethics come down. Top roping, sieging and yo-yoing these new desperados has become standard practice by all but a few climbers. Despite these questionable methods, most of us still hold that a red point is the best, most desirable kind of ascent.

Beginning at the south end of the wall, John Howe and Dave Lane settled an old debt with Even Steven (5.10c). Fairly atypical for the wall it follows steep cracks and offers abundant natural protection. Next to it and beginning from the same spot is Never Give An Inch (5.11b; Howe, Lane). Although it lacks the true Petrifying Wall ambience it does have its exciting moments. The obvious orange corner high on the wall to the right again is Mr. Fun (5.12a; Lane, Howe). In fact it gave Dave so much fun that he came back 5 times before he reached the top. Eventually reached after some tricky bulges are surmounted,

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this well protected steep corner has halted several strong attempts at repeat ascents.

Beckham's first contribution on the wall was a very bold line up the face right of Mr. Fun. No Name Road 5.11b "R" has anything but generic climbing and the spectacular 5.10 roof at the top is a fitting end to a superb route.

The original line of Petrifying Wall, aided eons ago is one of the few continuous features on the wall. Bruce Kay and Howie Richardson freed it in two pitches after some petrifyingly loose blocks were trundled. Beers Are Not Enough (5.10d) promises to be quite popular.

McLane continued here in 1986 with his string of new routes all bearing curiously morbid titles. Criss crossing his own original line of Dead on Arrival is his new addition of Take No Prisoners (5.11d). Continuing out left where the former route strikes right, it takes in some beautiful rock and is characterized by hard sections between acceptable rests. The Ghost (5.12a; McLane, Beckham) gives a very hard direct finish to DOA following a weakness up the headwall above that route's crux. Late in the season Kevin also added No Surrender (5.12a/b) a direct start to DOA, tackling the overhangs that route so cleverly avoids. With a bit of blatant protection enhancement, he found only one bolt necessary to protect this impressive desperate. The obvious combination of these two routes awaits the effort.

Further along, moving north is a trilogy of fine routes that end in a hanging station part way up Armageddon. Instead of continuing up that route to take in the cliff's only dirty climbing, the station allows an easy out after some great climbing. Proving to be the most popular route on the cliff is the well protected Elastic Man (5.11a-c; Howe). A variety of unique sequences and long reaches distinguish this route with the crux difficulty being very dependent on one's height. Its companion climb, sharing the same last moves is The Pleasant Pheasant (5.11a; Beckham, Howe), with a super undercling sequence as its crux. Also ending at this popular belay Air B.C. (5.11e; Howe, Lane); its name being derived from the terminal nature of the final moves.

Unfortunately the steepest most impressive section of the wall is, for most of the year, covered with a coat of black slime. A perpetual ooze of water limits activity here to only those extended dry periods of the high summer. On the far left margin Lane led Black Water (5.11d) with no

falls, on his first try. The brilliant steep and sustained fingery climbing on this route is well protected by tightly spaced bolts. Similar in nature, but considerably harder is McLane's The Baraka (5.12b), following a longer line to the right. Both routes were quickly repeated before the perennial weep set in.

A serious alternative start to The Coffin was climbed by Howe and Beckham, beginning just right of the original start. Thin Var (5.10d "R") consolidates the original grade of 5.11b and gives a bigger feeling to the pitch.

Epitomizing the true Petrifying Wall feeling, second only to DOA is Lane's Burnin Down the Couch (5.12a). Beginning right of Thin Var it follows an incredibly steep line of incuts, eventually crosses The Coffin, at its crux, and finishes up the bulging wall above. Staying power is a definite asset on the lower wall, the scene of many fliers. Andy "big guns" Burnham put in an outstanding effort to make an on sight flash of the route establishing one of the hardest such ascents at Squamish to date.

Beckham makes no effort to hide his "very French" methods of establishing The Flingus Cling (5.12b). Suffice it to say that a considerable effort went into this pitch of unrelenting severe sequences right of Burnin Down The Couch.

Away from the main wall, but still on the same cliff are three more good routes. Greg Foweraker and Jim Sandford used a fixed pin left from another party's attempt to help protect Food Frenzy (5.11 b). A short problem, much harder than it looks, is also difficult to protect in the crux section and still needs a good cleaning. Around the corner is Lane's truly inspiring Flight of the Challenger (5.12b/c). This severely overhanging wall split by cracks and grooves stands out as the hardest contribution on the wall, so far. Dave burnt up in space more than once and required physiotherapy for related shoulder injuries before he blasted up this one. The initial moves of The Challenger provide the crux of The Wrong Stuff (5.11c/d; Beckham, Howe), which then continues out right traversing the overhanging wall. A good rest after this mega pump allows ample recovery for its final moves, a series of dramatic swings and heel hooks through a small roof.

Elsewhere around Murrin Park, Beckham found Crusin' For Grins (5.10a), a juggy wall to the left of Baldwin Crack,

which he soloed. On the Sugarloaf McLane deeked out left of the original line of Thriller Off The Void to find Mandela (5.11c). To the right of this Howe and Lane top roped California Reamin' (5.11d). Up at Milkman's Wall McLane and Ted Marks found it possible to finish Mr. O'clock directly instead of hand traversing left. This 5.11b alternative is supposedly quite bold. On Leviticus Rock, Nick Jones employed Jim Sandford to eliminate the aid on his 1985 contribution Shock The Monkey. Now completely free it rates 5.11c/d. Bill Noble, Tim Holwill and M Donnelly put up Walk The Plank (5.10a) on a unnamed rock just north of this.

Down at Nightmare Rock, Howe and Lane bolted the previously top roped wall below Big Daddy. Including the initial dyno, avoidable to some (read tall), they found it about 5.11a as a lead. Near Mango Bud, McLane climbed a pair of new routes. Peter Pan (5.11a"R") follows a vague crack line on the right and Captain Hook (5.11b"R") a similar feature on the left. Across the highway, on a nondescript band of overhangs is Strenotechnic (5.10c; Howe, Lane, MacRae). The thuggish pulls on big holds make this roadside roof a particularly fun outing.

At the Malemute, Philip Van Wassenaer and Carol Conner filled in the gap between Fairlead and Strawline with Fortified Oat Flakes (5.11a), providing yet another alternate start to Overly Hanging Out.

Over the summer Lane and Beckham whittled away at the remaining aid left on the Grandwall route. They extended the free climbing on the Sword pitch by continuing out that feature to its end. Lane eventually managed a red point ascent of this ridiculously hard undercling from a station at the beginning of the bolt ladder. He stressed that the real prize would be a continuous ascent of the whole feature from the top of the Split Pillar. Adding that the accumulated pump gathered on the regular Sword would unquestionably push the grade of their "Underfling" (5.12b) much higher. The possibilities of free climbing back left to "Perry's lieback" do exist but they are ever so futuristic.

In a rare moment indeed, Croft donned rope and harness to free climb a spectacular pitch above the infamous chockstone in the Roman Chimneys with Hamish Fraser. Wild bridging, overhanging liebacking and hard cranks make their contribution the crux of the route, at 5.11c. With a bit of cleaning this pitch could be one of the best

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on the wall.

Robin Barley has been busy developing a new area on the backside of the Chief, past the Cirque of the Unclackables. Above and Beyond as they call it sports one route thus far. Little is known about Exploring Uranus (5.10; Barley, Milward, Protch) except that it's long and still quite scruffy. Nearby at White Cliff, Beckham finally red pointed his long standing nemesis, an ultra thin tips crack. Vital Transformation (5.12b/c) is described by Perry as being comparable to a continuous series of Sentry Box cruxes, with few 'rests' in between.

Another new area seeing some development and holding much promise is the Opal. So far this wall in the lower south gully has three great routes: Bong King (5.10c; Kirt Sellers, Nick Jones), Dudelips (5.10d; Van Wassenaer, Jones, Pete Cooper), and Pipe Dream (5.10b; Sellers, Noble).

The main excitement in the Bluffs this year came in the middle of September when a forest fire almost wiped out several houses. Quick action on the part of a small group of climbers limited damage to at least one house, from the fire which started below the Alexis cliff. A newcomer to the new routing scene, Ivan Christiansen,

teamed up with Rolf Rybak to tick off four new additions. Beside Mosquito they scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed until they found Rock & Roll (5.10b), a varied pitch. Right of Phlegmish Dance the same pair did two short problems: Rubber Soul (5.9) and Rolling Stones (5.8), led by Rybak and Christiansen respectively. Their best contribution was Raging Duck (5.10b) a good face climb left of Pink Flamingo. McLane made the hardest contribution in the area with his Last Post (5.11d), a faint groove between Health Hazard and Weenie.

With the unprecedented activity in the higher grades, the heavy development at Petrifying Wall and The North Wall (see Randy Atkinson's article on p. 26 for a full description of the activity on the North Wall), 1986 was one of the most significant years in Squamish's history. If the weather next summer is anywhere as good as the last two, the future looks full of promise.

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