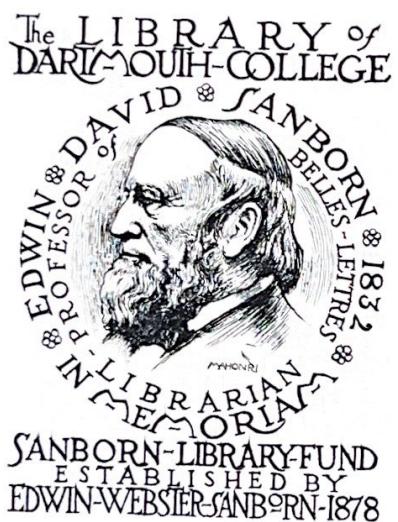


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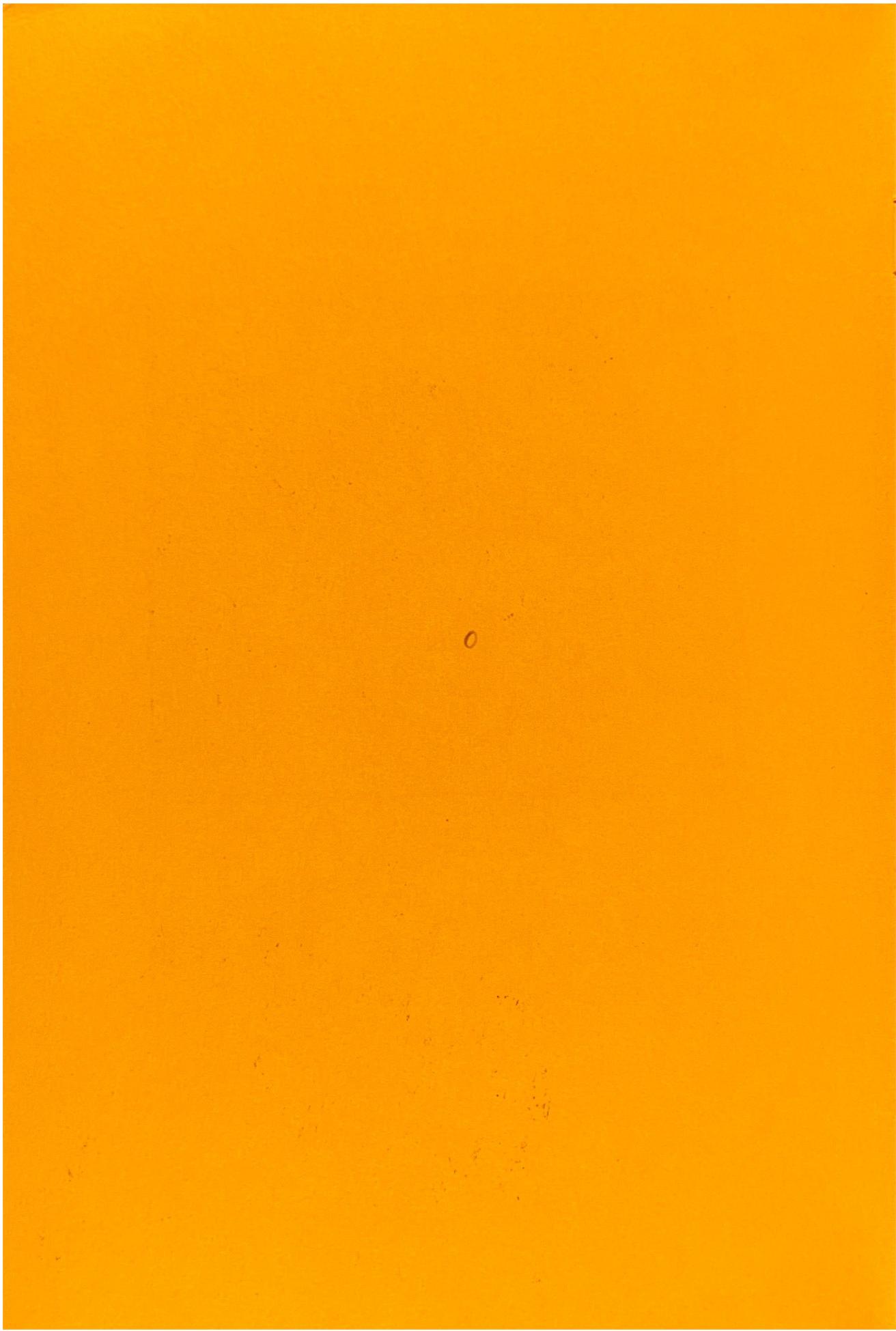


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*"To promote, encourage, and lead an active interest
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JANUARY 1954

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NORTHERN PURCELL TRAVERSE

by Fenwick Riley and Peter Robinson

OUR PARTY, after a hectic summer of making arrangements and changing plans, was finally assembled in Spillimacheen, B.C. on August 18th. Gene White, Peter Robinson, and Fen Riley of the D.M.C. were joined by Bob Brooke and Rob Day from St. Louis, Missouri to attempt a high level traverse through the last large unknown portion of the Purcell divide from Vermont Creek southward to Bugaboo Creek. This trip through unexplored territory was made possible through the generosity of Dr. J. M. Thorington of the American Alpine Club, who made funds available for aerial photographs.

We had expected to drive as far as the Ruth Mine on Vermont Creek by a truck road, but we soon learned that such a road had never been built. On the 19th we loaded our monstrous packs into Bob's car; drove north to Parson and then followed a logging road from the Columbia River westward over a low ridge to the Spillimacheen River.

We spent several hours of confusion because of misdirections and then Pete was knocked out by lightning while scouting for the trail. Soon four Harvard friends came chugging along the road. They had completed a number of ascents in the Spillimacheen and Carbonate Groups north of our area. Finally, thanks to a local lumberman, we found the Spillimacheen River crossing and our trail at 3:45. Donning our 80 pound loads, we struggled up the old wagon trail in intermittent rain, stopping every ten minutes to rest.

At 7:00 we reached an old trapper's cabin near Summit Lake on the Bobbie Burns-Spillimacheen divide, and continued down toward Bobbie Burns Creek (Middle Fork of the Spillimacheen). At dark we camped in the trail when we found water. The next day we were soaked by intermittent rains and hampered by heavy windfalls. The Bobbie Burns crossing was interesting because we had to send the packs across on a pulley and then balance across the glacial torrent on two long logs wired together.

Then we followed the trail up the west side of Vowell Creek (South Fork of the Spillimacheen), through more windfalls, shoulder high bushes, and some open country. While ascending a long hill toward the west into the hanging valley of Vermont Creek, we

caught glimpses of a huge glacier far to the south, the Conrad Ice-field. At last, splashing across Vermont Creek, we arrived at the old mine cabins about 8:30 P.M., wet through and exhausted. A roaring fire in the stove and some hot food helped take the edge off our pains.

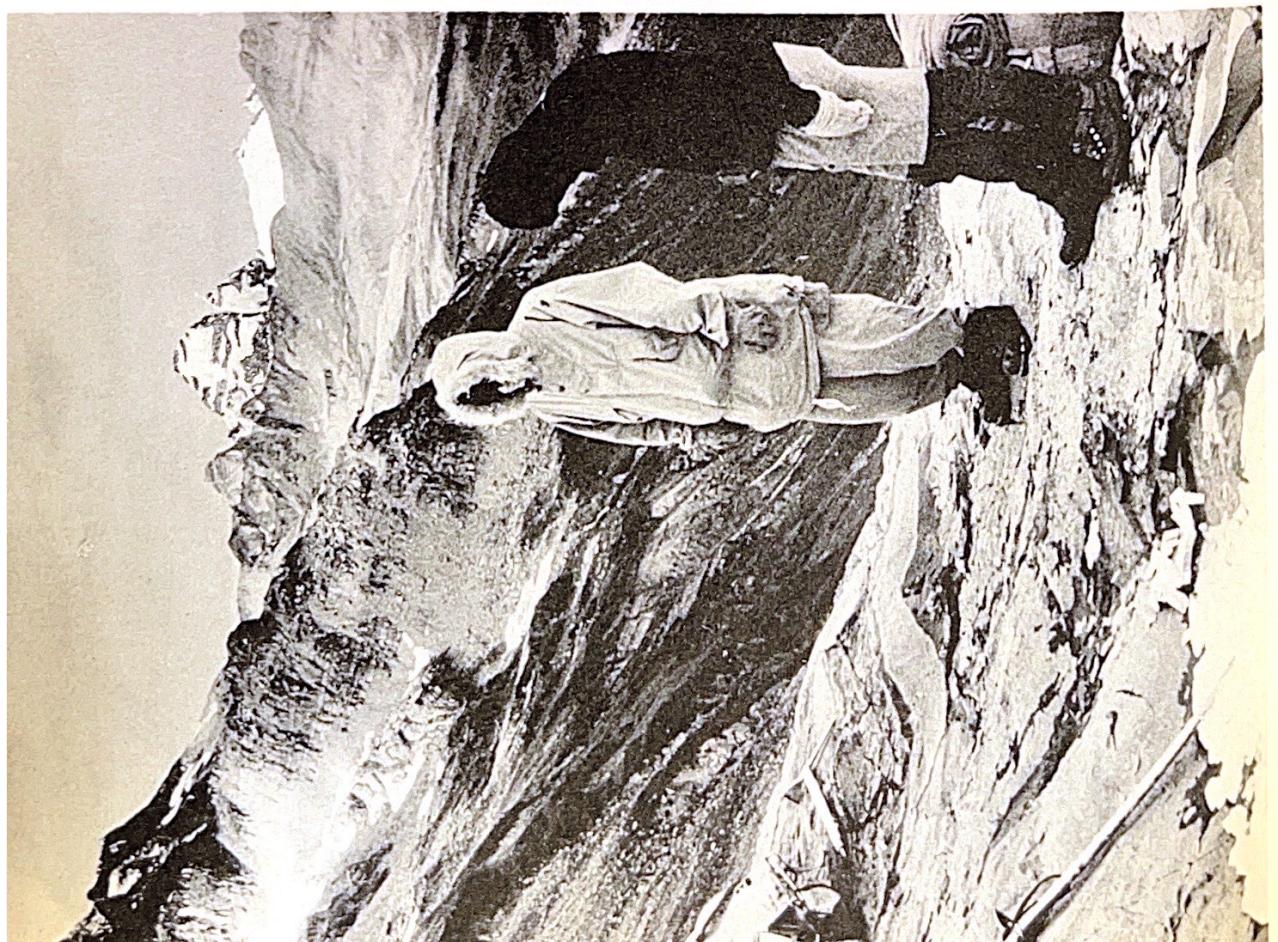
Since none of us wanted to give up the dry luxury of the cabin, we spent the next day relaying half our load. After a short distance of crawling through wet bush, we began a long traverse up a shale slope along the south side of the valley. Heading westward, we ascended a 500 foot headwall and reached the glacier which drains in peculiar fashion to the North Fork of Crystalline Creek. Climbing up the ice to the high névé, we turned southward to 'Cold Shiver Col' where we cached the loads. In the south we could see many unknown peaks shrouded with blowing clouds.

On August 22nd we returned to the névé with the remainder of our gear, and took a side trip to make the first ascent of a rotten, helmet-shaped peak at the head of a steep northern branch of the glacier. Climbing a few short rock pitches, we scrambled up a long rubble slope to the snow crest of the south summit. A few minutes later we were standing on the rocks of the north summit (ca. 9,600 feet). This mountain, which we named Mount Syphax, is on the main watershed and drains to four creeks. We could see the Bugaboo Spires near our destination 20 miles to the southeast, the Carbonate Range nearby to the northwest, and many unknown peaks in the Selkirks to the west. To the southwest near 'Cold Shiver Col' rose a great serrated prism of rotten rock (ca. 9,800 feet) and, beyond, a jumble of ice-laden peaks dominated by a towering white truncated cone (ca. 10,000 feet).

Fen and Pete felt colds coming on so we lost no time in getting back to our packs and plodding up to the cache on 'Cold Shiver Col'. Loading up our entire outfit, we plunged southward toward the Valley of the Lakes, and, after several unpleasant adventures, arrived at dusk on a patch of grass which made a good campsite.

The next day we attempted the ascent of the prism peak from Camp III. The rotten late Pre-Cambrian metamorphic rocks don't make the best rock climbing, but route finding problems, mist, sleet, and the danger of loose rock caused us to spend four hours. The climb was not simple and the issue seemed in doubt every minute. The route wound up the east face and into a notch above the southeast tower, across the southeast face to the southwest face because the ridge above the tower was overhanging, up to the south summit





ridge via the west face, and by various routes along the narrow castellated crest to the highest tower which was surmounted by a vertical crack emerging in a tunnel on the very top. It was necessary to build a large cairn to make sure that our peak was higher than another tower we had by-passed. Continually beset by wind, clouds, and sleet we hastened to name the peak 'Mont Brouillard' and then to descend as thunder rumbled in the distance.

Back at Camp III at 4:30 we stuffed down a quick lunch and scuttled for the tents as a heavy shower commenced. The rain ceased at 8:00 and we gathered round the primus for supper, keeping warm by singing in loud tones the songs of our limited repertory.

As dawn approached on August 24th the sound of rain on the tent changed to that of sleet, then snow. Before long enormous flakes were falling in a continuous shower, blanketing the ground and cutting visibility to a few feet. Fortunately at 9:00 the snowfall ceased. As we found out many times on this trip, nothing whets enthusiasm and stimulates energy more than coming out into the open from a cramped tent and a soggy sleeping bag.

After conversing for a while, we decided to go on in spite of the weather, and soon started down into the Valley of the Lakes. Passing as rapidly as possible past the two lakes of the rain-swept valley, we climbed a steep snow slope to the next high pass and slid down shale into the open valley beyond. Having crossed this, we followed the outlet of a lake down into timber in the valley of the Middle Fork of Crystalline Creek. Five hundred feet above the valley floor we camped in a thick grove of trees and huddled around a smoky campfire.

The next morning the wind swung into the northwest and skies began to clear. By noon we were able to assemble reasonably dry loads and plunge over the wooded precipice en route to the valley bottom.

The extreme upper part of the deep east-west valley is terminated by a high mountain barrier and the stream hooks around to the southwest to drain a glaciated watershed pass above 8,000 feet, our next objective. We were sorry to leave the lush grass and flowers of the valley for the icy regions above, but the day was wearing on and this might be our only chance. The clouds were blowing away gradually but it was still cold enough to wear all of our clothing as we climbed the ice and snow of the glacier. About 3:30 we made a chilly stop on a large boulder to gobble up 'mung balls' liberally spread with jam and peanut butter.

Left: MONT BROUILLARD looking northward from below
Hume Pass. *Photo, P. Robinson*

Right: THE GREAT CREVASSÉ. *Photo, P. Robinson*

The final slope of wind-packed powder snow emerged onto a broad saddle and into bright sunlight. The south side of the pass fell away at our feet to the deep valley of Hume Creek which shortly plunged into the Duncan River. Beyond were many peaks in the southern Selkirks, both known and unknown. Mont Brouillard, looming up in the north, had lost its old cloud banner and its upper ledges were outlined by wide strips of white. To the east the snowflecked west flank of the Crystal Range was spread before us with its many high peaks and hanging glaciers. The crux of the entire traverse, a high, difficult pass across the range, lay due east and 1,000 feet above.

Resisting the temptation to stop overnight and attempt the 10,000 foot truncated cone peak, we pushed up the east side of the saddle, and then with some difficulty climbed down to the right to the small glacier which flows from the high col down to Hume Creek. From the head of the glacier it took more than an hour of step kicking on steep snow and freshly snow-covered shale to reach the high pass which we called 'Climax Col'. The sun disappeared behind the 10,000 foot cone peak as we pulled ourselves over the last steep ice-feathered rocks to the windswept crest at 7:45 P.M.

On the other side the peaks at the western edge of the Conrad Icefield were bathed in golden light which gradually took on a rosy hue, until only the north face of a peak southwest of Mount Conrad shone like some distant Himalayan giant. We rushed down the steep eastern slopes of lightly windpacked powder snow in the gathering darkness and reached trees about 8:30. A warm fire held off the evening chill while we cooked a hearty supper. From this perch high on the western side of the South Fork of Crystalline Creek we watched the moonlight play upon the peaks at the head of the valley.

On the morning of August 26th the rays of the sun from a flawless blue sky gradually moved down into the valley until our camp was removed from the frozen shadows. At 11:30, after basking in the warmth for two hours, we set out for a nearby peak of the Crystal Range. Already gray storm clouds were moving in as we climbed up flower-strewn talus to the foot of one of the glaciers. Climbing up the ice a few hundred feet, we bore left along a ledge which eventually led us to the crest of the east ridge. The rotten ridge in turn led us to the foot of the hanging eastern ice cap which runs up to the very summit. It was snowing when we reached the top, but visibility improved as we sat down for lunch on a rock pile.



Mount Thorington and Mount Conrad from Crystal Mountain.

The North Peak of Crystal Mountain (ca. 9,700 feet) is the fourth highest peak in the Crystal Range, the South Peak, across a deep gap, a quarter of a mile away, being slightly higher. To the south lay the highest peaks with spectacular folds in the bedrock outlined by snow.

To the southeast, east of the low watershed pass at the head of the South Fork of Crystalline Creek, lay a long jagged snow-plastered ridge two miles long, with a western tongue of the Conrad Icefield along its northern flank. We named this spectacular ridge 'Mount Thorington' in honor of the patron of our expedition, who during his long association with the guide Conrad Kain brought to light most of our present knowledge of the Purcell watershed, and who compiled Conrad's memoirs into the stirring autobiography *Where the Clouds Can Go*. Beyond Mount Thorington was the white symmetrical outline of Mount Conrad, rising to well over 10,000 feet directly from a vast icefield.

Our descent to Camp v was enlivened by a marvelous glissade down the east face. We completed supper just as the rain commenced.

In the rain next day we moved camp in two hours to the last tall timber below the tongue of the icefield. Rob and Pete spent the latter part of the afternoon in sleet and rain scouting the steep approaches to the ice high above, while the others got clothes dried and supper ready. At 10 P.M. the rain ceased and things looked hopeful for a dry night's sleep and a good first day on the Conrad Icefield.

We had reached a transitional point in our journey. Heretofore we had been traversing a country of sharply folded sedimentary rocks which form deep valleys, high jagged ranges, and steep glaciers. Every mile was a great effort because of the vertical distance involved. Now we were entering a region of high, relatively flat icefield where fast mileage could be made. The core of this region is the Bugaboo granite stock.

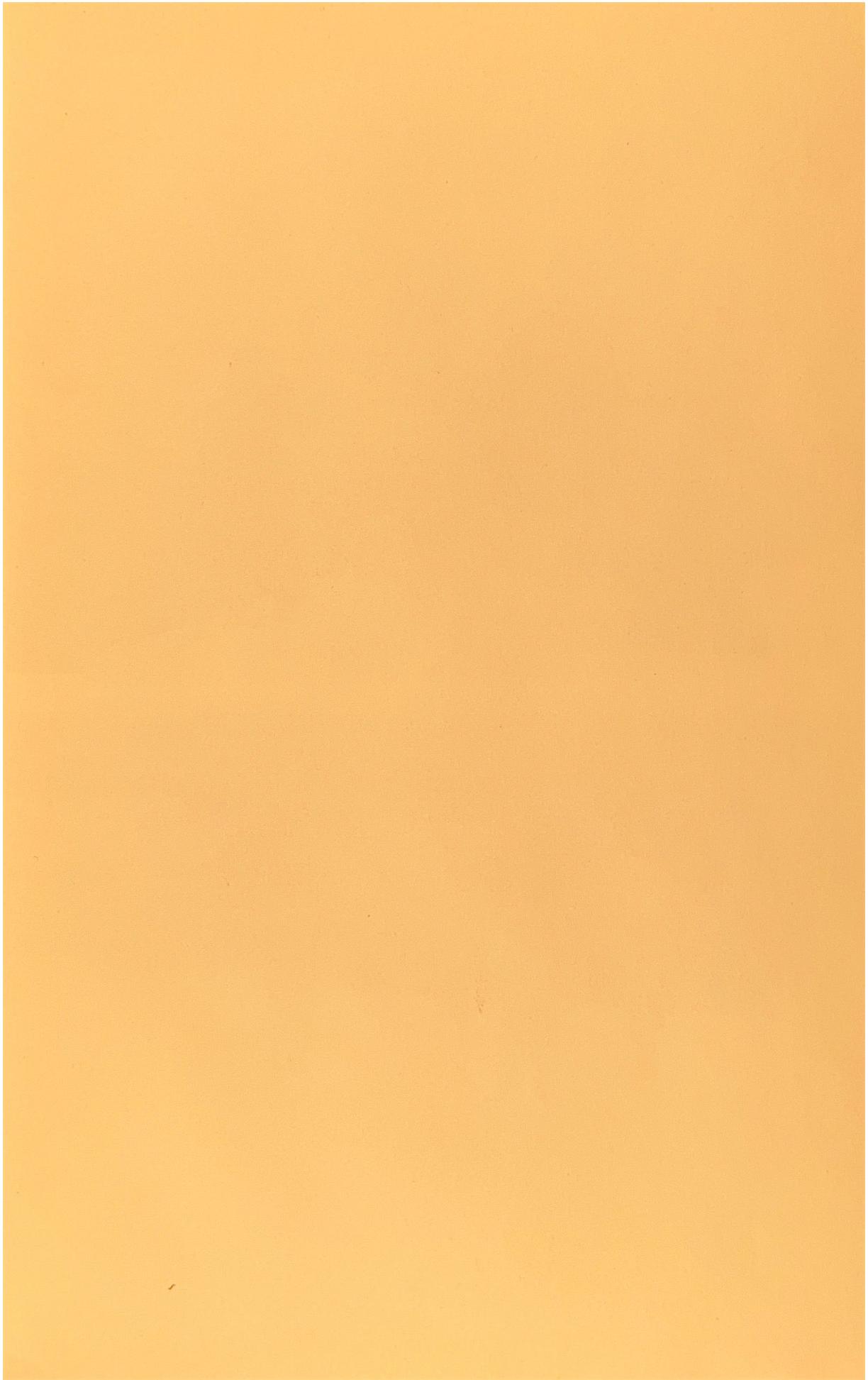
On August 28th, Bob's birthday, we pulled out of Camp VI at 7:15 A.M. in clearing weather. By 10:45 we had gotten onto the glacier and climbed to a broad pass north of Mount Thorington. Beyond the pass crevasses concealed by soft snow became dangerous and the rope was put on. Poor Gene, third on the rope, didn't seem to have our gift for walking *directly* over concealed crevasses without falling in. We'd say 'Too bad old chap', pull him out, and move on to the next crevasse. Two hours of steady plodding brought us to the upper end of 'Noon-attack', roughly in the center of the great north outflow glacier and over two miles above the snout draining to a tributary of Vowell Creek.

After lunch we climbed down a short icefall and went in a south-easterly direction across the eastern half of the glacier, which comes directly down with an icefall from the high névés surrounding Mount Conrad. After a short rest on the far moraine we ascended to the left of the main icefall, changing the lead at frequent intervals to ease the burden of breaking trail toward the top of the névé east of Conrad. Only the tops of the mountains showed above the edge of the domelike icefield. Gradually the slope eased off until about 6:30 the snow became perfectly level.

Turning eastward we spied a boulder pile on the far side of the glacier which flows northward from the Malloy's Creek-East Creek Pass. To reach this we had to work down a 500 foot snow-covered icefall with extreme caution, Pete in the lead, probing carefully in the gathering dusk.

Meanwhile the eastern granite spires and the clouds were lit by sunset light as the shreds of storm were driven from the sky. We finished with the icefall and trudged across a long stretch of 'dry glacier' toward the boulder pile. At last we reached it exhausted, and managed to fashion two tent platforms among the rocks. To the northwest familiar peaks were silhouetted in the last glow of twilight as we started supper at Camp VII, one day's travel from Boulder Camp in the Bugaboos.

The next day four of us accomplished the second ascent of Mount Conrad, retracing our route up the icefall and across the east névé. Once up on the gentle north ridge of the peak we were enveloped in thick blowing clouds. After what seemed like a very long climb through the cold with several false warnings of the summit, we arrived at the remains of the cairn built by Conrad Kain on September 8,





1933 when he made the first ascent with Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Richards. Pausing only to leave a note and remove the cigarette tin left twenty years before, we hurried back to camp where Rob had found a small bivouac cave under a huge boulder. This was immediately dubbed 'Shaft No. 7'.

The cold, windy morning of August 30th we left camp expecting a comparatively easy final day. Mist enveloped us on the Malloy's Creek-East Creek Pass and about noon we encountered a huge icefall on the south side. The first large crevasse was forty feet wide, but we worked out on a sort of 'peninsula' where it was much narrower. With a secure belay, Pete cut a precarious line of steps twenty feet down into the crevasse, jumped across, and climbed up the other side. Bob came across next and the packs were hauled across with the rope. A winding route along the tops of the seracs was found to the edge of a 130 foot overhanging ice cliff. Luckily Pete and Bob were able to cut steps along the edge of a thin flake leading to a cave under the overhang. From the cave the base of the cliff was reached about 2:30, by two rappels with packs on, using rappel points cut in the ice.

By 4:30 we had reached the northwestern edge of Warren glacier after a steep climb out of the valley below the icefall. We hurried across expanses of dirty gray ice toward the Bugaboos. Clouds were hanging low about the spires as we plodded up the tedious grade to Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col.

The east snow slope of the col was in bad condition and the boulder fields below seemed endless, but at last we saw the thin column of smoke curling up from Boulder Camp and heard Jim Cooke's answering 'caa-owah'. By 8:30 we were back in 'civilization' among many friends. We had completed the traverse exactly on schedule. Surely there is no finer feeling in mountaineering than that derived from overcoming difficulties by a strong combined effort in the spirit of loyalty and companionship.

Top: On the highest peak in Switzerland; the Dôm (14,930 feet).
Photo, R. Leavens

Bottom: THE CRYSTAL RANGE from the west tongue of the Conrad Icefield. *Photo, P. Robinson*

MATTERHORN DECISION

by Roland B. Leavens

AT FOUR P.M. July 16, 1953, three climbers, two British and one American, were only 500 feet from the summit on the Hornli Ridge of the Matterhorn—the first party of the summer to reach the upper summit ridge and shoulder. Four hours had elapsed climbing the last 1,300 feet from the small Solvay Hut, perched on the Ridge at 13,000 feet. Clear skies and a brilliant warm sun had softened the frozen granular snow, but not enough to eliminate step cutting, and, in many places, the snow was only a thin covering over the ice or verglas sheathing the rocks. Whymper's thought after the first disastrous ascent in 1865 was recalled: 'A momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime'.

The main shoulder was a steep cornice of hard-packed snow, with three to four thousand feet of exposure on either side. The three climbers advanced steadily, confident that in another hour, the 14,770 foot summit of the Matterhorn might be conquered for the first summer ascent of 1953.

Suddenly, a breath of warm air swept across the ridge, and a forewarning banner of cloud appeared trailing from the summit. Far below, to the south in Italy, a low bank of clouds heralded an encroaching warm air mass. The next warm gust was accompanied by clouds swirling up the East Face, while a cold northwest wind continued to blow across the North Face. The Hornli Ridge became the battleground of the elements. On the left was a gray chaos of clouds of impending disaster; on the right, the brilliant warm sunshine of victory.

At the same time, the formerly hard-packed cornice became treacherous powder snow—too deep to brush off the rocks, but not solid enough to hold the ice axe for emergency belaying.

Nearby in the swirling clouds, following our every movement, appeared the eerie and foreboding Brocken Spectre. It was near this location two days earlier in 1865 that a fog bow surrounding two crosses was seen by the three survivors of the first ascent, shortly after four of the party had fallen to their deaths. What we saw was a colored halo surrounding our silhouettes. As two Italian guides described it on the second Matterhorn ascent: 'nous nous vimes au milieu

d'un cercle aux couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel; ce mirage nous formait à tous une couronne au milieu de laquelle nous voyions notre ombre.'

Now was the time to decide whether to turn back or climb for the summit. At four o'clock, the three climbers gathered on the 14,000 foot ridge. One climber was convinced that the summit was only three quarters of an hour away, in which case it might be attained and the shelter of the Solvay Hut reached before darkness. The other felt that conditions were such that discretion was the better part of valor. Major decisions were to be decided on a democratic basis, majority rule. Many factors and thoughts entered my mind during the analysis of the situation.

Only thirty days before, I had been participating in the graduation ceremonies of the class of '53 at Dartmouth College, listening to President Eisenhower, Lester Pearson, President Dickey, and John Sigler, class valedictorian, emphasize the important qualities of courage, determination, vision and good judgment in determining the future of the individual, mankind and the world.

On the following evening, with little money, I set out for Europe and the Swiss Alps. Three days later, having flown the Atlantic in a Navy transport, I was roaming the streets of Naples. After considerable sightseeing, I finally reached Zermatt, Switzerland.

Being alone and without complete equipment, real climbing was impossible; therefore, my plans were to spend some time in a major climbing area hoping to meet two climbers willing to have a third man join the party. Zermatt was a logical area in which to achieve these ends.

The climbing season was early, and the weather very unfavorable. On the glaciers, climbers were confronted with concealed crevasses, while the higher elevations were deep in powder snow. After waiting five days, with no partners and few climbers in the vicinity, I decided to leave.

While dejectedly bidding goodbye to friends at the Youth Hostel, I overheard two hostellers discussing prospective climbs while washing dishes. Conversing with them about past climbs and future plans I timidly broached the question of joining their party. After careful consideration, they decided we should try one climb together to determine our compatibility. David Smith, from Burnley, England, Douglas Spray from London and myself formed the party.

That evening was spent in the Dôm Alpine Hut. During the night

Dave became sick, so at 4:30 A.M., in semi-darkness, whirling clouds and four inches of new fallen snow, two of us carefully started to follow cairns for the summit of Dôm. The glacier appeared to be solid, but after only ten minutes I had stepped in two crevasses. One and one-half feet of snow covered them and held Doug, but I would break through.

Near the end of the glacier, a route led onto the ridge by a steep couloir, knee deep in loose snow. Near the top of the couloir, the guidebook somehow worked loose from my jacket and tumbled to the glacier below, a mishap which was to result in much further inconvenience. On the ridge, the frozen crust required crampons. A cold, 15 degree west wind drove pelting snow into our faces. Several times we thought we had reached the summit, only to discover a higher point ahead. Wind-packed powder prevailed the last 800 feet along the ridge, entailing no technical difficulties, but very good for high altitude conditioning.

Finally at 2:00 P.M. July 13, we reached the corniced summit of the Dôm, highest peak in Switzerland—14,930 feet.

The descent was easy running down the ridge on the wind-packed powder snow. Inspecting the route, we observed a smooth 50 degree slope running directly to the glacier, 2,000 feet below. One man would glissade while the other prepared a snow belay with the ice axe; thus we would start 120 feet above the belay position and glissade 240 feet. Suddenly, while struggling to slow down with no success, I discovered ice beneath a thinning layer of snow. Then, without warning, my heels caught on some rocks, throwing me head over heels down the slope. After what seemed hours, the rope caught with a tremendous jolt, the belay held, and two climbers were convinced of the necessity for cautious climbing. After several hundred feet of step cutting across the slope, we happily regained the solid ridge.

On descending, we found that the glacier was knee deep in wet snow and extremely tiring. Finally, at 6:30 P.M., we joined Dave anxiously waiting at the hut. We spent another night here, as we were tired and wished to allow the sick member of our party to recuperate.

The next day dawned crystal clear, with all the peaks gleaming in a new coat of snow. While returning to Zermatt by train, the conductor informed us that a guide and girl client had been found in a nearby glacier on the Dôm after disappearing sixteen years previous. They had fallen into a crevasse, and the slow downhill creep of the glacier had finally exposed them.

The following morning also dawned clear—perhaps the fine summer days had at last arrived. The intriguing white sentinel hovering over Zermatt was not to be resisted.

That day we climbed to the Matterhorn Hut. At sunset the beautiful Alpenglow bathed the peaks in red, then faded to evening blue.

At 4:30 A.M. we were at last on the Matterhorn. Thin ice and loose rock immediately indicated that the climb would not be easy. Snow covered the worn trail, disguising the route and causing us much extra climbing. The sun's heat felt good, but we knew that later the steep snow fields would be soft and slushy.

Finally, at 11:15 A.M. we reached the Hornli Hut. The snow had sifted through the cracks and built up a drift on one side of the hut. We ate and rested for three quarters of an hour, inspecting the log-book at the same time. (The last entry, in January, was by a young German couple who had never returned.)

With this encouraging thought we once again climbed slowly toward the summit, 1,770 feet above. Steps would have to be cut most of the way. Although the weather continued good, every minute was precious. One belayed while two climbed, but still progress was slow. As we reached the shoulder, a steep snow cornice, we were forced to balance along the knife edge, which brought us closer and closer to the fixed ropes leading to the summit. Then the weather suddenly changed, and at 4:00 P.M. the decision had to be made.

The summit was less than 500 feet away, but at our present rate of climb, and with more difficult climbing ahead, we would not reach the summit until near sunset, necessitating a summit bivouac. The weather was threatening and could render a night out extremely uncomfortable, and the descent dangerous. I had also lost one of my mittens while taking a photograph, thus rendering frostbite a distinct possibility.

There was just enough time to return to the Solvay Emergency Hut before dark. If the morrow dawned clear, we could try another ascent, and, with steps already cut, quickly retrace our route. If the weather were really treacherous, we could wait out the storm in the hut.

If we had started an hour earlier, had not dropped the guide book on the Dôm and avoided all the time-consuming pinnacles, or climbed in a party of two rather than three, the situation would have been different.

How one hates to give up a goal when it seems almost within

reach, yet goal and glory were not commensurate with the risk. A first ascent of Everest or K2 might be different; but over 80,000 men, women and children have climbed the Matterhorn through the years. It would be no great accomplishment, save for being the first ascent of the summer. The rational and wise thing to do was to turn back.

A half-hour after dark we stumbled into the Solvay Hut, bitter, wet, and disheartened. The night passed slowly in cold, damp blankets; finally the sun rose—the summit was clear again. Perhaps we should have continued climbing. But no! In several hours, clouds engulfed the summit and snow began to fall. As we descended, the snow changed to rain and heavy thunder showers. Our decision seemed wise.

Back in Zermatt we were happily greeted by the hostlers. Every move we had made throughout the climb had been watched. The guides had observed us grouping together for the decision, and thought that to turn back was prudent.

The following day we parted, Doug and Dave to return to England, myself to continue hitchhiking on the continent.

But still in letters, one climber expresses the view that we could have reached the summit; the other was content to have turned back. Desire and ambition must sometimes be tempered and compromised with good judgment as the Commencement speakers had emphasized.

CRESTONE ADVENTURE

by Wilfred Bryan

WE LOOKED anxiously at the clouds as we made our way up toward South Colony Lakes. Our objective was Crestone Needle, 14,191 feet, the third highest peak in the Sangre de Christo range of south central Colorado. I had climbed this same peak via the easy New Lincoln route a week earlier with Bob Butler, a fellow geology student from Colorado University. Now, in company with Ken Meyer I hoped to make the summit by way of a more ambitious route, and possibly to make the interesting traverse from the Needle to Crestone Peak.

The Needle rose before us as we left timberline at the lower lake,

and ominous gray clouds occasionally obscured it. We had already climbed some 2,000 feet from the valley, and covered about eight miles in the process. In spite of our early start it was now close to 10 o'clock and there was a question as to whether we would make the top before the usual afternoon storm set in.

Our route began at the base of the big couloir just north of the lake. We climbed as rapidly as the altitude would allow, with Ken leading up steep grass slopes and easy but rotten rock. We angled up toward the summit, hoping to intersect the Whitney route and to finish the climb to the summit ridge on that. A broad grassy ledge, which we nicknamed 'Colfax Avenue', led us to a jagged ridge, separated from the Whitney route by a deep couloir. Hungry for some real rock work, we attacked the ridge, and gained a small platform from which we had a fine view of a neighboring peak lacing attired in a covering of fresh snow.

Here we faced an overhang of some magnitude. With much grunting I finally came within reach of the top of it by scaling a small pinnacle that jutted out in front, and tried unsuccessfully to drive a piton. At last, using a loop around the pinnacle and tension from Ken, I swung across to the top of it and found good holds after a short scramble. Easy climbing brought us out on to a gently sloping area, from which the imposing east face of the Needle rose almost vertically to the overhanging summit.

We were tempted to stop for lunch, but the impending weather urged us on. We began to find considerable fresh snow and mud on the ledges. I had left the guide book at the lake and now was uncertain as to the location of the Whitney route. Later we learned that we had crossed it here. All the possibilities looked equally treacherous, so we attacked the face directly above us. A promising friction slab led up to the right but my boots were too clogged with mud and snow to stick. I worked back to the left, while Ken waited patiently. The face was not difficult technically but the footing was treacherous. The hard, rough conglomerate for which the region is famous gave me confidence, and I reached a slab separated from the face, behind which I wedged myself while Ken came up.

The face became almost vertical and the exposure was considerable. Using a piton and tension I scrambled up the worst of it, and came up under the ridge, thankful to have it over with.

A convenient chimney presented itself, but it was very narrow and

a chockstone blocked the way. My fingers began to cramp so I drove one of my home-made pitons and tied in for a rest, leaving poor Ken to shiver in the wind down below.

Not having been able to buy any bona-fide pitons I had manufactured some from 80-penny nails with the aid of a rock hammer, a flat-iron 'anvil', and the fireplace in our house in Westcliffe. I banged loud and long amid recitations of 'The Village Blacksmith' by my colleagues, and thanks to their tolerance I was able to produce some very serviceable spikes.

After discarding excess clothing and my lunch, which I carried inside my shirt, I wormed my way up through a small opening behind the chockstone. There were plenty of good holds but it was strenuous work at that altitude. Ken had not been able to see the maneuver from below, and when he saw the rope passing through this pinhole I had some trouble convincing him that it wasn't a joke. He made it in full regalia, but his lunch was a sorry sight when he took it out.

We made the ridge just as the storm hit and huddled under an overhang while it entertained us with rain, sleet, snow, wind, thunder and lightning. We amused ourselves by taking pictures of each other in our hour of discomfort. Finally the sun appeared and we set out again. The ridge was very easy climbing, but torrents of ice water from the melting snow made it exceedingly uncomfortable. The sun was getting low in the west and we stopped often to watch the shadows creep across the valleys and to catch our breath.

It was close to five o'clock when we finally dragged ourselves onto the summit. We basked gratefully in the sunshine, trying to destroy the last traces of our recent drenching. We nibbled on our lunches but couldn't raise much enthusiasm for them even in the rapture of our conquest. We made up for it by drinking copious quantities of water, and photographed each other in various heroic poses with canteens raised in victory. One of these turned out to be a double exposure and shows us with our heads immersed in a fluffy white cloud—a very apt portrayal of our condition.

The log showed that two soldiers from Camp Carson had reached the top just after Bob Butler and I had left the week before. They claimed to have made the first ascent of the 'actual east face' and had used ten pitons in the process. I have little doubt that this was an original route, but the face was climbed by Walter Prager in the thir-

ties and various parts of it certainly have yielded to other climbers, for we found a piton on our ascent. Our own route was original by fortune and not by choice, taking in a formidable segment of the face, but it would be stretching the point to call it a first ascent. The excellent quality of the rock makes possible a great number of variations on the existing routes, limited only by the climber's ambition and the state of his digestion.

We stuffed our lunch back into our shirts and began the descent. The wet rock was so treacherous that Ken suddenly took off down a gentle pitch where he had stopped to wait for me. My feet went out from under me as I made a grab for the rope. Fortunately there was no drop-off and we recovered our footing. Our route took us down a gully running parallel to the ridge, and here I managed to dislodge a rock that landed on our rope, near the middle, of course, and cut half-way through it. We reached the low point of the ridge at sunset and were rewarded with a beautiful red alpenglow. It was the occurrence of this red glow that prompted the early Spanish settlers to give the name 'Sangre de Christo' (blood of Christ) to the range.

Leaving the ridge, we headed down a long, steep grass slope toward the lake. The moon came out, but soon we entered the shadows again, groping our way down the steepening slope. We dug fingers and toes into the turf and almost crawled, backward. I looked below me. There was nothing but blackness, and a terrible feeling of space.

Almost too tired to move, we began the slow ascent, back up the slimy turf that now seemed incredibly steep. An ice axe would have been a blessing here. We moved out on a rock spur and took stock of our plight.

Lights were twinkling invitingly far out in the valley. The lake was shimmering in the moonlight, still far below us. A pale, misty light hung over the surrounding peaks. It was incredibly beautiful. The moonlight just touched our spur; around us was blackness and precipitous cliffs. We tossed small rocks off, hoping to hear them rattle down some hidden incline, but always there was a long silence followed by an echoing crash.

We roped up again and worked out on the spur. We found a gully of rotten shale, and going on the assumption that the shale could not form a cliff, we began working down, belaying each other as well as we could. Ken led carefully down it, and found a secure belay at the edge of the shadows. I came down to him and passed

him, feeling my way in the darkness. I sensed the walls of the gully opening out and the slope relenting. A sharp stone found its way into my boot but I ignored it as I ran and slid gleefully down the scree slope at the base of the gully. Before me was the brook that Bob Butler and I had followed down to the lake a week before.

Lying back against a rock near the lake, we took out our lunches again. Ken could not stand the sight of his, but I was glad to eat again. We looked up at the Needle, faintly outlined against the moonlit sky. It was sad, I thought, that though the summit is the natural climax of a climb, the victory can never be won there.

A VACATION IN THE BUGABOOS

by Lawrence Worth

B LACK CLOUDS greeted me as I drove north along the Columbia River between the Rockies and the Purcells. I had been away from mountains too long; I almost felt strange among them. In Spillimacheen, B. C., I met the rest of our party: Jim and Janie Cooke, and Dr. Harold Walton, a chemistry professor at the University of Colorado. Peter Robinson was to meet us a few days later in the mountains after he finished a traverse of the northern Purcells.

After a good night's sleep, we finished all the last minute details, and by twelve noon we were off in a truck for the twenty-seven mile journey over the tote road to the base of the Bugaboos. Five and a half damp and bumpy hours later, we arrived at the Forest Service cabin. There were the Bugaboos! They rose in immense sheer walls thousands of feet above us; Marmolata, Pigeon Spire, Snowpatch Spire, and Eastpost Spire dominated our view. Clouds of mist were swirling around the higher summits, giving an eerie and nearly terrifying appearance to the peaks.

Heavy packs and lack of conditioning slowed us the next day as we trudged up to Boulder Camp, our home for the next week. After consulting with the Iowa Mountaineers, who had been here for ten days, we decided to attempt Pigeon Spire on the morrow. The morning found us plodding up the snow on Bugaboo Glacier with a gusty wind blowing fog in our faces. At a cave-like depression in the bergschrund we ate a quick lunch, but the wind was too much for us;

we retreated. Soon we emerged from the clouds and could see that Eastport Spire had only mist scudding across the summit. We ascended the scree slope between Crescent and Eastpost Spires and climbed the easy north ridge of Eastpost. We were on the summit in half an hour, the clouds almost touching our heads. We had, at least, climbed one of the Bugaboos.

At eight-thirty that evening, the traverse party arrived from the direction of the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col. It had been an arduous trip, with miserable weather most of the way. Later that night, the weather really closed in, deluging us with wind-blown rain most of the night. As rain was still falling at daybreak, we decided to make this a camp day, remaining in soggy sleeping bags a good part of the morning. But, as was typical of the Bugaboos during our stay, it cleared off that evening, and we made plans for a trip across Warren Glacier, with hopes of completing some first ascents, north of Mount Wallace, which had been first climbed by a D.M.C. party the year before.

Early in the morning, we hiked across Crescent Glacier. The weather began to look worse, with ominous black snow clouds enveloping the higher peaks so we changed plans and made an assault on Crescent Spire. To reach the Bugaboo-Crescent Col we had to negotiate a three-hundred foot rock wall. Peter led up a V in the rock for a short way, then traversed, with some difficulty, onto open slabs which were climbed for 120 feet. By now, snow was whirling about us, and our hands became quite numb. Peter and I gained the Col first, where we immediately caught the full fury of the snow and wind. To alleviate our misery, we initiated a 'Grand Tour of the Bugaboo-Crescent Col', which consisted of walking around in circles on the 20 by 50 foot level boulder field on top of the col. After about ten tours, Harold and Janie joined us while Jim was occupied with his camera. Harold and Peter broke out with some Gilbert and Sullivan choruses to cheer our marching band. There was no difficulty from here to the summit, as we scrambled over boulders and thence along a knife-edged ridge with startling exposure. After a quick lunch, we scrambled down the south side of the mountain, arriving back in camp early.

The next morning it was clearing with the wind in the northwest. At nine we set off and in two hours we reached the top of the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col after a long grind of kicking steps up a steep snowfield. The Warren Glacier now lay ahead of us. Peter ably pi-

lotted us around a crevasse-riddled ice fall, around a swamp of mushy snow, and up a tributary glacier to a col on the southeast flank of Mount Wallace. Peter went ahead for a short distance down the other side of the col to where he could see our goal, the mountain north of Wallace; a first ascent if we made it! For me it was a grand feeling, as I had never before attempted an unclimbed peak. Peter thought the route looked feasible, so we roped up and began a traverse along the lower side of the bergschrund, looking for a practical route westward up to the ridge between Wallace and our goal. After working along for a quarter of a mile in soft snow, we came upon a snow bridge beneath a broken slope, which led to the ridge we wanted. Once across the 'schrund, we began a very long, arduous scramble up the steep, boulder-strewn ledges. Well over an hour was consumed before the ridge was attained. Here the real rock work began. The first pitch led directly up the ridge, with plenty of good hand and foot holds. Then came a considerable scramble over loose boulders. Next was a fifty-foot slab with some very convenient vertical cracks, but few other holds. After another boulder scramble, a fifteen-foot rock step had to be negotiated. The easiest way was to swing out over the east face where holds were plentiful, and the exposure, grand! The east face fell away vertically to the gaping bergschrund we had left a couple of hours before. Once back on the ridge, it was an easy scramble to the summit. We had made our first ascent!

It was now 4:45, so we ate a hasty lunch to quiet our empty stomachs, built a summit cairn, and deposited a register. Harold provided a name for the mountain in the Scottish tradition of the area; our first ascent was named Mount Kelvin, after Lord Kelvin, the physicist. Before leaving the summit, we spent several minutes gazing at the wonderful view around us. To the west was Mount Conrad and the massive Conrad Ice field, to the south were the rugged Bugaboos, dominated by Bugaboo and the Howser Spires. The rest of the foreground and skyline was plastered with peaks of all descriptions, giving one a feeling of stillness and aloneness with nature. After descending the ridge nearly to the col, we decided to return via the other side of the mountain, to avoid the horrible eastern ledges we had ascended. At first the way led down a boulder field, but soon we could see a steep slab below us. Jim and Peter discovered a narrow chimney leading all the way down to the glacier. It proved to be relatively easy rock climbing except for a large chockstone which block-

ed the way at one point. It was found that by stretching over the boulder, a foothold could just be reached. From there, the way was easy, although the seats of everyone's pants took a healthy beating. Peter had avoided the chockstone by using the face as a friction pitch with the aid of a few cracks, and was far ahead when the rest of us reached the glacier. Our route lay across the glacier, and then up and over the west ridge of Mount Wallace. Peter found a bridge across the bergschrund, and did a very commendable job of cutting huge footholds up the steep snow slope. By the time we attained the ridge, it was dark, so we remained roped as we scrambled over the splintered granite. After what seemed an eon of time, we found a good slope leading southward, and down to the Warren Glacier. We reached the glacier at 10:00 P.M., and from there the going was much easier as we retraced our steps of the morning. We all achieved a wonderful serene feeling in crossing the lonely waste of snow and ice by starlight. The surrounding mountains appeared as eerie massive shadows rising out of the pale white expanse of frozen desert. Civilization seemed utterly remote and even non-existent as we trudged hour after hour on the crunchy snow. We arrived at the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col shortly before 1:30 A.M. to be greeted by a newly risen crescent moon. We cramponed down the fifty degree snow slope and reached camp at 3:20 A.M., all very exhausted, but well pleased with ourselves.

We spent the next day relaxing in the sun, as we were still bushed from our efforts of the day before.

We joined with three members of the Sierra Club for the following day of climbing, but lost Jim and Janie because of Jim's bad blisters, which were too sore for long hiking. Our new comrades were Dick Irvin, George Whitmore and Bill Doub. We decided to climb Howser Peak, a seldom climbed snow dome at the southern end of the Bugaboos, for the rest of the major peaks were too plastered with snow to make rock climbing safe. To reach the base of the mountain, we left camp at 8:00 A.M. the next day, accended the north Bugaboo Glacier and crossed the ridge in back of Marmolata. To attain this ridge, we had to cross a deep bergschrund over a snow bridge which led to a beautiful ice cave within the 'schrund. We climbed out of the 'schrund on a big block of ice and from there up a steep snow slope to the ridge.

Across the southern arm of the Bugaboo Glacier rose our goal, a

giant snow-capped dome. The east ridge appeared to be only a long snow walk interspersed with a few short rock climbs. After crossing the glacier, we ascended the col between Rock Ridge Peak and Howser Peak. Under a sheltered rock outcrop we left lunch and crampons, planning to retrieve them on our way down.

Beginning the climb up the gentle snow and rock ridge, we soon learned that the climb was not as easy as we first anticipated. The rock ridge became very narrow and jagged, and later we were forced to kick steps on the exceedingly steep north face to avoid a sharp cornice overhanging to the south. At one point, a thirty foot gendarme of rotten rock blocked our path along the ridge. We traversed down on the south face, descending to a point about one hundred feet below the ridge proper. Our route lay over slabby and loose rock interspersed with snow. For a few moments, Bill, who was leading, was not sure whether the route would go or not, because, ahead, there appeared to be only steep, smooth slabs, just lightly enough covered with snow to make a crossing too hazardous to chance. However, on rounding a corner, Bill had a full view of what lay ahead; a narrow snow gully leading back to the ridge. No more real difficulties lay in our path, although the ridge proved quite narrow and in places was formed by a large overhanging cornice. The narrowness of the ridge was felt even more when we noticed the exposure; to the north, a very steep snow slope fell directly to a large bergschrund 1,000 feet below, and to the south, near vertical slabs and loose rock descended to a creek valley thousands of feet below. The ridge soon broadened and we found ourselves on the flat, dome-like summit. The time was just after 2:00, it having taken us two hours to surmount the ridge.

The view from here was superb. We could recognize mountain groups and even individual peaks as far away as the Canadian Rockies and the Selkirks. Picture taking really flourished as American and D.M.C. flags were unfurled to add color for the kodachrome enthusiasts. As it had taken us a good deal longer than anticipated to reach the summit, we hurriedly roped up again for the descent. It was decided to return via the northwest corner, thus avoiding the arduous spots of the ascent. Peter led down the steep, mostly snow-covered face. It took great care to kick sturdy steps for, all too often, the snow was only a few inches deep over the ice-glazed rock. Dick came down last as security man.

It was 4:00 P.M. by the time we had traversed back to our lunch cache on the ridge. A half hour later we started back toward camp. For a change of scenery, we went down the south fork of the Bugaboo Glacier, on the opposite side of Marmolata from where we had ascended. The going was rapid at first, but soon we were in the huge ice fall that leads to the valley. At times, we would be traversing along a strip of ice six feet wide, with wide crevasses on either side. We could often see more than 200 feet down into the yawning abysses lined with pale blue ice. As this was my first experience with large glaciers, I found this descent to be one of the grandest episodes of the entire trip. The descent continued around and over a massive series of these interconnecting crevasses until we reached the flat tongue of the glacier. From here we climbed the glacially smoothed wall which led back to camp. Jim and Janie had a hot meal all prepared for us. As we relaxed around the fire that evening, we had a very satisfying feeling of having climbed one of the major peaks of the Bugaboos.

Looking across from Howser Peak, Bugaboo Spire had appeared quite free from snow. This decided us—we would finally attempt this gigantic rock spire which had been foremost in our thoughts for several days. Jim's blisters were still bothering him, so he and Janie decided not to join us.

At 7:30, the six of us started up the moraine. The approach to Bugaboo led, from Crescent Glacier, up the steep snowfield to the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col. From the col, we moved steadily upward over short rock pitches and large boulders.

We climbed this way for over 500 feet until we came upon a steep rock wall cut by a narrow, vertical, chimney. Here the real rock climbing began, so we roped up on three ropes. Pete and Bill led the way, followed by Dick Irvin and myself, then Harold and George Whitmore. Here I got my first taste of leading some real rock pitches in the high mountains with a thousand feet of exposure over my shoulder. A thrill of adventure tingled through my bones as I surmounted each obstacle! Soon Dick Irvin and I were on the level ridge directly beneath the gendarme, which, from all report, could easily prove our nemesis. Bill and Peter were now tackling this obstacle. They soon disappeared around the corner; Dick and I moved up into position, and I gave the lead to him. He was soon over and yelling for me to follow.

First there were a series of jam cracks for the fingers, but no footholds; strenuous, but not difficult. Then came a less strenuous but more delicate traverse to a point where a seventy-degree friction slab had to be crossed. I stopped to look over the slab for a minute, then started out. The exposure was terrific, the face dropping 2,000 sheer feet to the sparkling glacier. I was surprised at my calm, and, with one short step, it was over. I had crossed the friction pitch, but if I thought I could rest now, I was sadly mistaken. I discovered that I still had to wriggle up a diagonal finger crack for ten feet with almost no footholds, then a delicate step around a projection of rock and I was off the gendarme. We waited here for Harold and George to cross, and then continued on to the southwest summit. Here we rappelled a twenty-foot wall, leaving a doubled quarter-inch rope to facilitate return, and pushed on toward the northeast summit. The connecting ridge consisted of a slippery and partially snow-covered slab, followed by a very narrow ridge which Dick termed a 'get up like a man and walk' pitch, with over 2,000 feet of vertical exposure on either side. I too got up my courage and walked across, experiencing no difficulty; rather, a feeling of freedom and confidence came over me. An easy scramble and we were on the summit. The Iowa Mountaineers had planted a new register on the summit, which all signed. We also found an old one bearing the signature of Percy Crosby (D.M.C. '52). Once again the view was superb, with Snowpatch Spire dominant. Its summit was several hundred feet below us, but the absolutely sheer walls of this spire were astonishing.

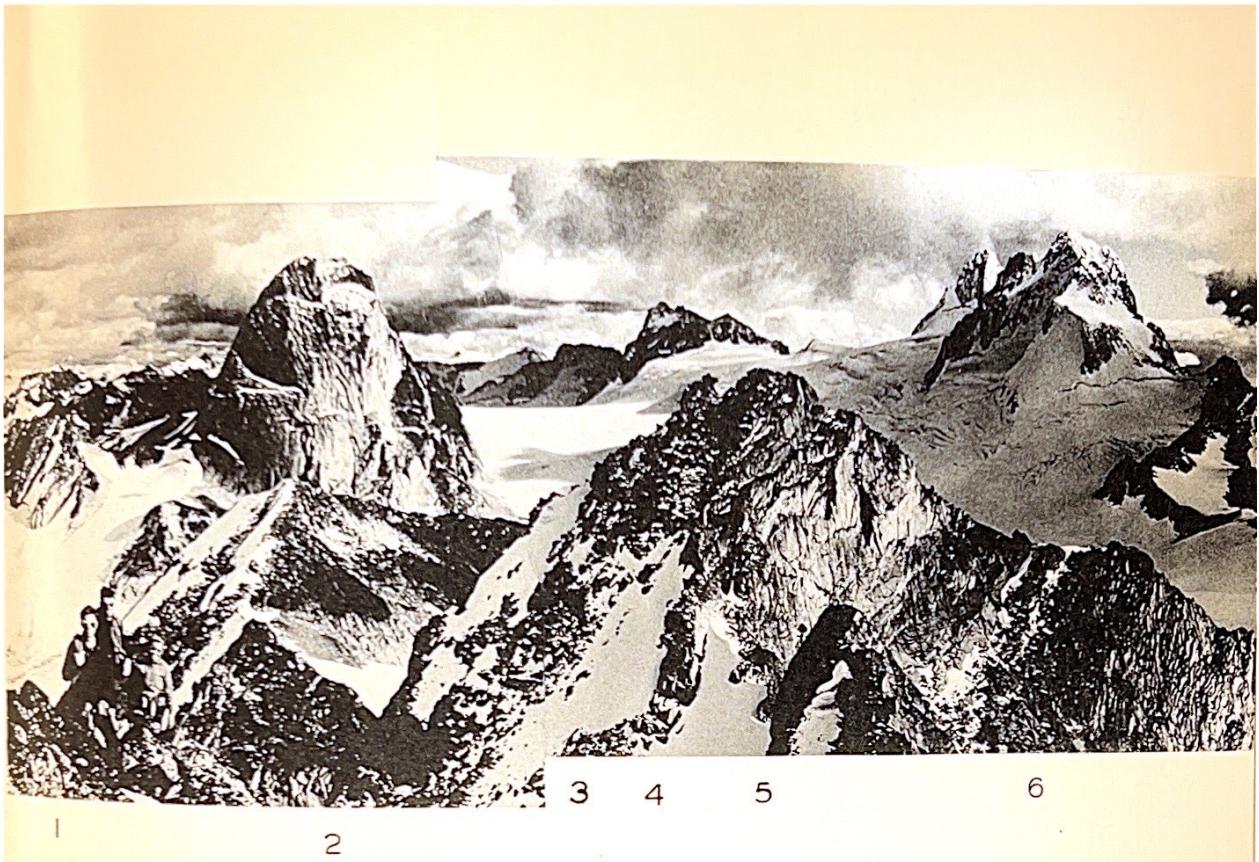
After eating lunch, we began our descent, arriving quickly at the twenty-foot wall where we had left the fixed rope. To our dismay, we found that quarter-inch rope is too thin to climb hand over hand. Dick, with the aid of a courte èchelle from me and some tension, was able to surmount the wall. The rest of us followed in nearly the same manner, but this had cost us valuable time, and now forced us to hurry. To avoid climbing over the gendarme, we rappelled off to one side with nothing below save the glacier. From here we climbed down the route of ascent, using one more rappel over the steeper chimney pitches.

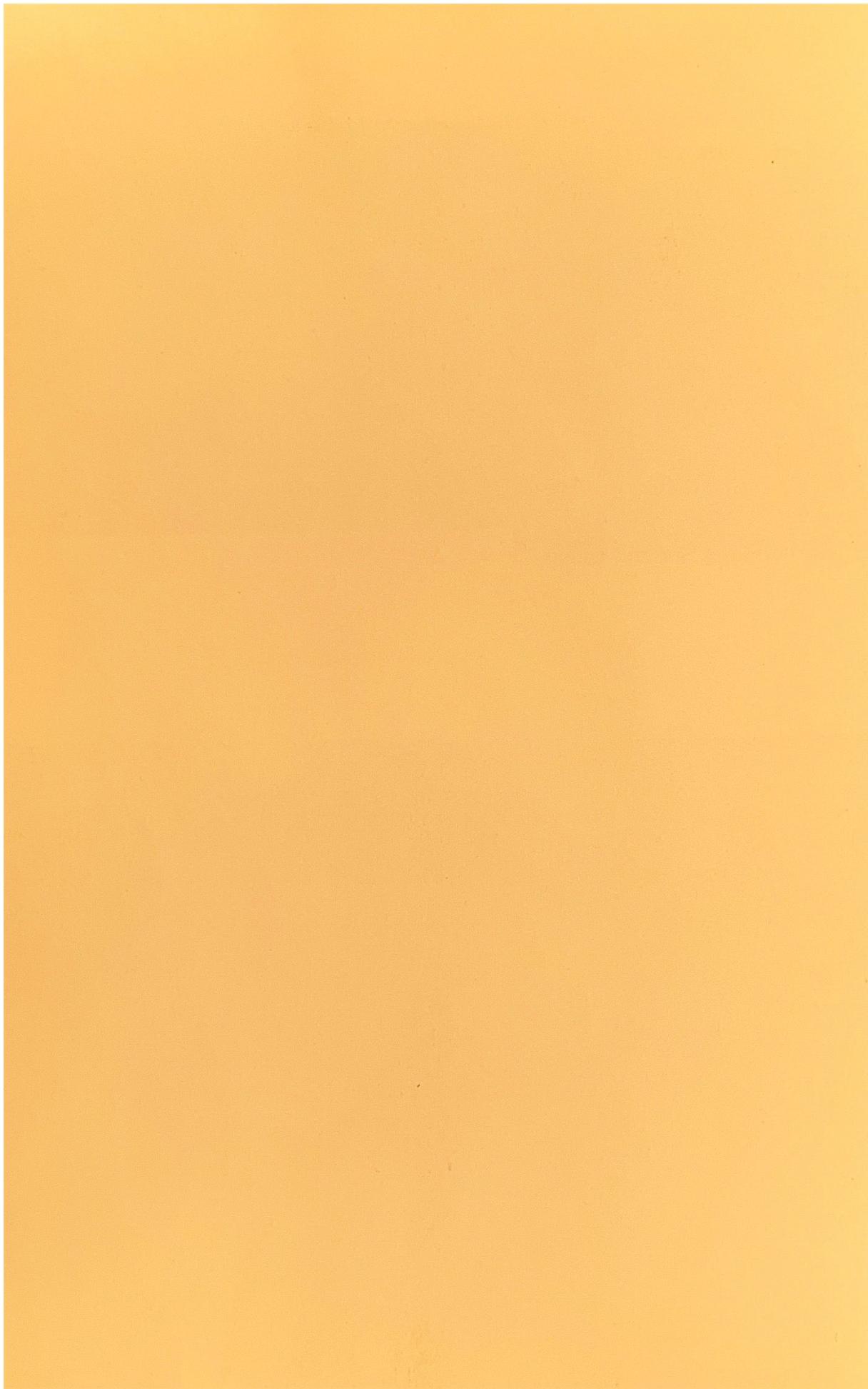
Jim and Janie had a most welcome hot dinner waiting for us. During the day, they had made a circuit of Pigeon Spire via the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col and the north Bugaboo Glacier.

The next afternoon, we retreated to the forest service cabin, en-

Top: Southward from Mount Kelvin. 1 Crescent Spire, 2 Bugaboo Spire, 3 Marmolata, 4 Pigeon Spire, 5 Wallace Peak, 6 Howser Spires. Photo, P. Robinson

Bottom: 'Get up like a man and walk.' On Bugaboo Spire; Snowpatch Spire, left; Marmolata, center. Photo, P. Robinson





joying a huge supper of all our excess food, including some delicious strawberry milk. Just as sunset threw a ruddy orange alpenglow over the peaks, we all walked out on the bridge across Bugaboo Creek to take our last look at the splendor of the Bugaboos. To most of us, it had been a grand first experience in this paradise of ice and granite, and to Peter a renewed friendship of familiar territory with new ground covered and new mountains climbed.

At 4:00 in the morning, we gulped a hasty breakfast with our eyes half shut, struggled into our sixty-pound packs; and began the long trek toward civilization. Eight hours and seventeen miles later we were able to hitch rides from a lumber camp the final ten miles to Spillimacheen. Our group split, Peter joining the Sierra Clubbers to attempt Sir Donald in the Selkirks, and the rest of us took off for a successful ascent of Mount Victoria in the Canadian Rockies.

ABOVE LAKE LOUISE

by William Briggs

AT EIGHT A.M. on August 17, we managed to remove ourselves from the bunks of the Abbot Pass Hut above Lake Louise, Alberta. Bob Collins still had some aches and pains but was not sick, as he had been the night before. John Moran too had recovered from his back trouble, which developed on the long grind up from Lake Louise the previous afternoon. Myself? I was stiff and sore where I had landed after an unbelayed fall during the night. For, as I told them at breakfast, halfway through the night I fell out of the top bunk, knocking over the washstand. At the time I was dreaming of driving a car. I cursed either John or Bob that they had not told me of this horrible bump, because my elbow and knee were really quite sore. The dim light through the cracks in the horizontally boarded windows seemed like ventilation openings in a subway. Attempting to find out where I was, I rolled under the bottom bunk hitting the wall. I struggled backwards in my sleeping bag only to hit my head against a leg of the bunk. Then struggling forward until my feet touched the other leg, I raised my head, again hitting the bunk. I was trapped! Finally someone dropped a pin, and I grovelled for at least five minutes trying to locate it. Slowly I awoke, although scarcely able to return to reality.

After breakfast we made plans for climbing Mount Lefroy, our first major peak of the year and the first of John's life. We practiced snow techniques for two hours and started off, dubious of our ability and the toughness of the climb. We climbed well, changing leads between Bob and myself, but, as the snow became quite steep in the right hand gulley, I suggested an absurd rock route. We messed up ropes, crowded each other, became confused, and found ourselves in a bad spot on rotten rock with crampons on. When we finally straightened things out, we logically decided to go back on the snow with Bob leading. Now we found ice underlying the snow and soon Bob had to cut steps. He did a fine job in this icy couloir cutting twenty or twenty-five steps in the fifty-five degree slope. He then crossed the couloir to the right and up to a sharp snow ridge. This must have been over sixty degrees, far more of a thrilling climb than we had intended to tackle. From here, we easily reached the south ridge and traversed the two gendarmes to the summit. The climb took four hours to complete; we took two hours to eat.

Descending was, of course, a little exciting when we recrossed the steep ice. Further down we were able to remove our ropes and enjoy a magnificent glissade. Later at supper we learned from a Norwegian fellow that our route was frowned upon since Mr. Abbot died when he lost control glissading where we had. I shan't describe the dreams we had that night.

The next morning we invited our Norwegian friend to join us for a climb of Mount Victoria. He declined saying ropes made climbing too slow. I guess he was right, for we required two hours to reach the ridge below the south summit, whereas he required but one. Still he was patient and climbed with us pointing out the mountains he had conquered.

Beyond the south peak stretched the mile-long snow ridge leading to the higher north summit. The sun now began to glisten off the frozen snow. Lake Louise far below sparkled like an emerald. This was a most beautiful day to say the least, and our climbing was the slowest to say the most. Our Norwegian friend traversed on ahead and we often saw him precariously straddling the sharp ridge, shouting his halloo and pointing out a new mountain for which he had just remembered the name. The most fascinating sight was that of Mount Lefroy. It seemed hardly possible that we could have dared attempt such a face and unbelievable that we ascended it. In a few

hours we stood atop the highest snow cornice of Mount Victoria, shaking hands with our friend, who was patiently waiting to eat our lunch with us.

In the following days we back-packed eight miles into Lake O'Hara, a beautiful wilderness area, to attempt Mount Huber via the west face. This rock route became an engineering problem as we neared the top, and a threatening storm forced us back. Furthermore, the continued rain drove us from the Canadian Rockies, and on Labor Day we arrived in the Tetons, finding three pretty girls from Michigan who wanted some experts to take them on a climb. We suggested a two day ascent of Symmetry Spire, which they accepted. (This, after all, approaches the ultimate in mountaineering.) Later, the guides made a fine climb of the Exum Ridge of the Grand in perfect weather, an ideal way to end a month of mountaineering.

THE LITTLE MATTERHORN

by Robert R. Montgomery

MY BROTHER and I had agreed to meet Pete Robinson in Boulder at 6:00 A.M., so at 8:00 A.M. we picked him up and drove to Bear Lake, the jumping off place for many climbs in Rocky Mountain National Park. The Little Matterhorn (11,050 feet) is about four miles northwest of Bear Lake, above Odessa Lake. Pete had been on the trail crew and knew a short cut which knocked about a mile off the distance. Our first view of the peak was across a vast valley which we then circumvented. At 11:15, two hours from Bear Lake, we got to the base of our route.

What we could see of the chimney looked easy. I led the first pitch, knocking a few loose rocks but not damaging my cohorts. The first two pitches were fairly easy chimneying, but they were strenuous and enjoyable. Then, as if to destroy our growing confidence, a series of three pitches confronted us. They can be classified 'Hairy, Very Hairy, and Very Very Hairy' in that order.

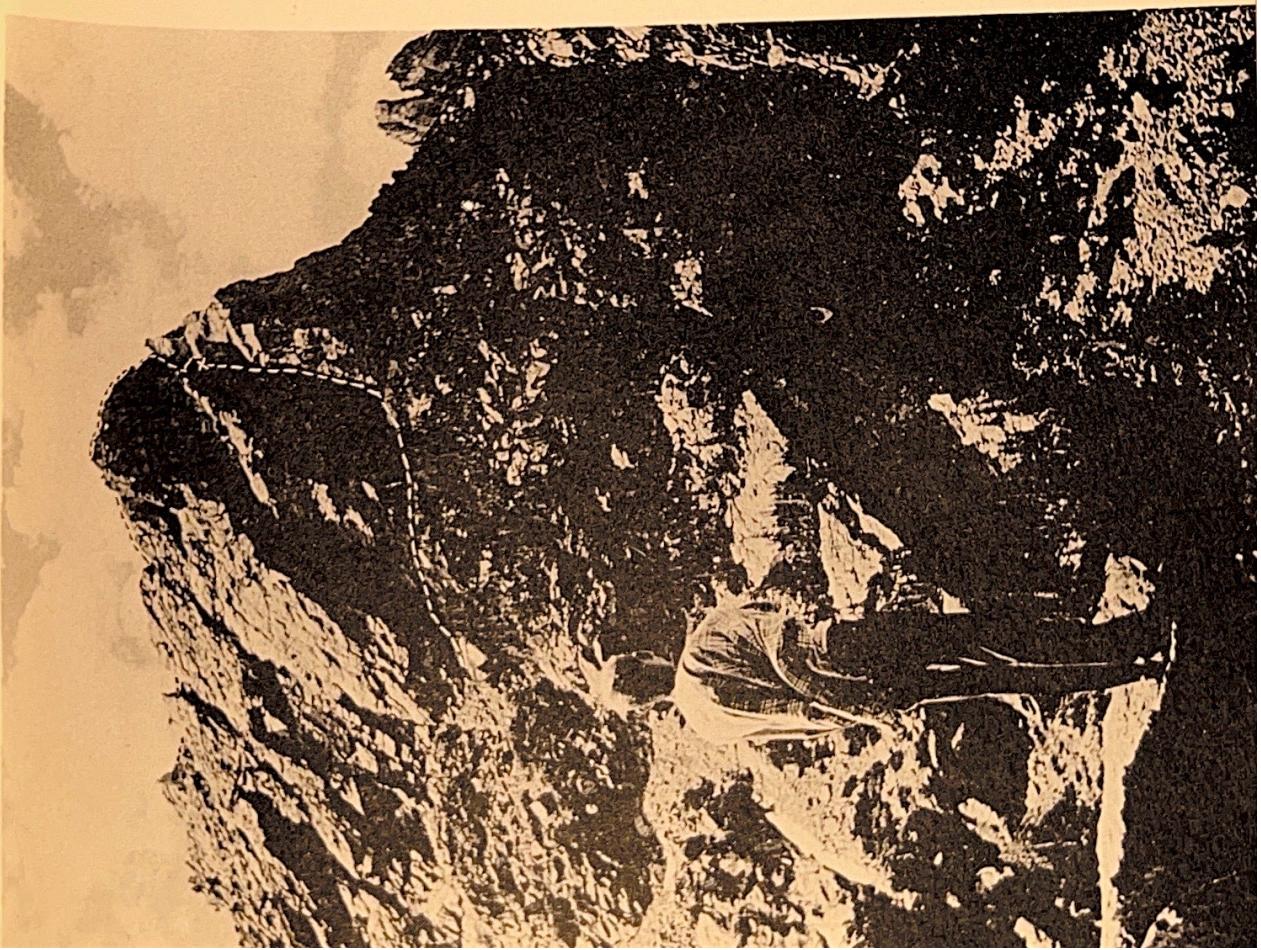
The first of the three was very unusual. The chimney was almost five feet across at the start, and we had to get on top of a chockstone above and outside of us, using a wide, spread-eagle chimney technique. Once on top of the chockstone it was impossible to use this technique because the gap was too wide. The route obviously went along

the left wall, but to get onto it we were forced to traverse along the right wall, traverse the back wall, then climb up the left wall and back into the chimney which had narrowed to a slimy wet cave. If one of us had fallen on the traverses, he would surely have pendulumed. This possibility prompted Pete and I to ask Alan to ascend the sheer left wall by tension. However, it was decided that this too would have the pendulum effect so Alan also utilized the tricky traverse.

The second of the three pitches was a dirty, wet, mossy, narrow, overhanging chimney, ending in a minute hole which was formed by a large chockstone and the mother rock. Pete led, feet slipping on the wet, slimy surface all the way. After a nice lead and several nasty words, Pete succeeded in pulling himself through the 'roof' and making like a big cotter pin while belaying Alan and I.

The problem of the third pitch was to get out from under the 'ceiling' formed by a huge twenty-foot chockstone. Up to this point we had seen many pitons obviously used for rappels by defeated climbers. This pitch was the reason they were defeated. A ray of hope shot through the gloom as we espied a fairly new looking expansion bolt on the right wall—very new in fact—no rust at all—maybe we shouldn't risk it—sure would be a shame to go back down—let's try it anyway—can't do more than fall. Pete was elected to lead with me belaying; first on a long tension traverse on the expansion bolt out from under the chockstone and far out on the left wall; then a delicate retable movement up the wall to a large platform. It took a little over an hour for the three of us to negotiate this pitch, but it was worthwhile for we were within a few easy pitches of the summit. I was the last man up this portion of the chimney. After both Alan and Pete had hauled me over the brink of doom, I saw that they were tied into what appeared to be about six gross of pitons.

From here we entered the chimney again, emerged through a tiny hole in a 'ceiling', collected our thoughts for a moment and tore up the east ridge in three very easy pitches. The summit was ours at 3:30 after four hours on the rock. According to the register we were the second party ever to climb the southeast chimney, the first ascent being two weeks earlier. The expansion bolt was a primary reason for our success as we had no such equipment with us. We affixed our names to the register, ate a little food, and started out to complete our mission of the day.





First we crossed over the jagged ridge of the flat table land of Notch-Top Peak (12,300 feet). This we did with relative ease, because by this time it wasn't the difficulty of the mountain but our poor physical condition that bothered Alan and I. After a wearisome trek across the high plateau, we reached the head of a large snowfield as the sun began to set. A glorious glissade down the safe snow brought us to timberline and we hiked down the trail at a furious pace, reaching Bear Lake at 9:00 p.m. The Little Matterhorn was my most difficult climb all summer, but perhaps the most enjoyable.

Two weeks later two unroped girls were killed the same day in two separate but related accidents on the jagged ridge behind Little Matterhorn. Their summer camp leaders shouldn't have allowed such a poorly prepared party to wander onto this dangerous ridge.

TALUS

IN EARLY June, Percy Crosby '52 arrived in Whitehorse, Yukon for a summer of field work with the Canadian Geological Survey in the vicinity of the Kuskawulsh Glacier, St. Elias Range. He made ascents for surveying purposes and the first ascent of Névé Peak (over 10,000 feet).

Bill Bryan '54 and Ken Meyer '54 went to Westcliffe, Colorado, for work with the U. S. Geological Survey. For five weeks, Pete Robinson also worked with the Survey in South Dakota.

During late June and early July, assorted members climbed in the vicinity of Rocky Mountain National Park.

Dr. John Holyoke, John Meck (Vice-President and Treasurer of the College), and Dr. Jackson Wright camped for a week at Brainard Lake near Ward, Colorado, where they were joined by Jim Cooke '52, Mrs. Cooke, and Pete Robinson '54 to climb an unnamed peak near Lake Isabelle. Holyoke, Meck and Wright also climbed Pawnee Peak and Long's Peak. Pete Robinson joined Norma Hart and Roger Smith (AMC) to make a direct ascent of the spectacular Lake Isabelle face of Apache Peak. At the end of June, Holyoke and Wright moved on to the Tetons where they climbed Ice Point, Nez Perce, and the Grand Teton via Exum ridge.

July 5th, Jim Cooke, Jane Cooke, Bob Montgomery, Gene White, Pete Robinson, and Tim Mutch (Princeton '52) made the tenth ascent of Shark's Tooth, (see D.M.C.J. '52). Mutch and Robinson also

climbed the steep north ridge of the eastern Cathedral Spire. Later, Bob and Alan Montgomery repeated the Shark's Tooth ascent (16th).

Ralph Miller spent most of the summer skiing at Portillo, Chile. Cliff Alexander, President of the new Pittsburgh Climbers, joined the C.M.C. encampment in the Needle Mountains of southwestern Colorado. Late in the season, Harry Lewis visited the Wind Rivers near Gannett Peak, but bad weather hampered climbing. In Europe, Al Dixon climbed Monte Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Grepon, and Mont Blanc.

Before going to British Columbia, Fen Riley climbed Mount Shuskan. Roped in the party was Pepper, the first dog ever to climb the mountain.

The annual spring and fall rock climbs with the McGill Outing Club and A.C.C. were held at Owl's Head and in the Laurentians respectively. At St. Marguerite, the D.M.C.ers were introduced to deep, dark, and narrow chimneys, and pioneered a new route 'The Spaghetti'. A large party went up Condor Pinnacle.

In the fall, on Owl's Head, a new, long route, 'The Rolling Stones', or 'Charlie's' (700 feet) was put up the right face. Several difficult variations were also completed.

This year the Club is extremely happy to welcome to its membership Charlie Furrer, registered guide from Zermatt, Switzerland. Charlie has spent many hours with us on the cliffs, and is responsible for several new routes.

DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

1953—1954

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