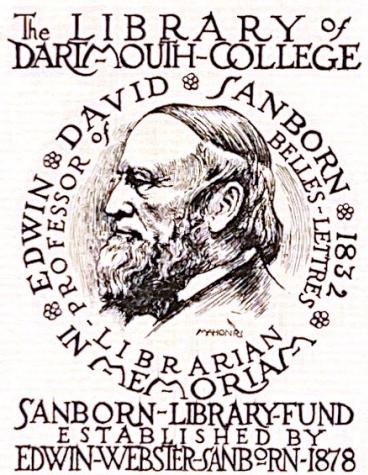
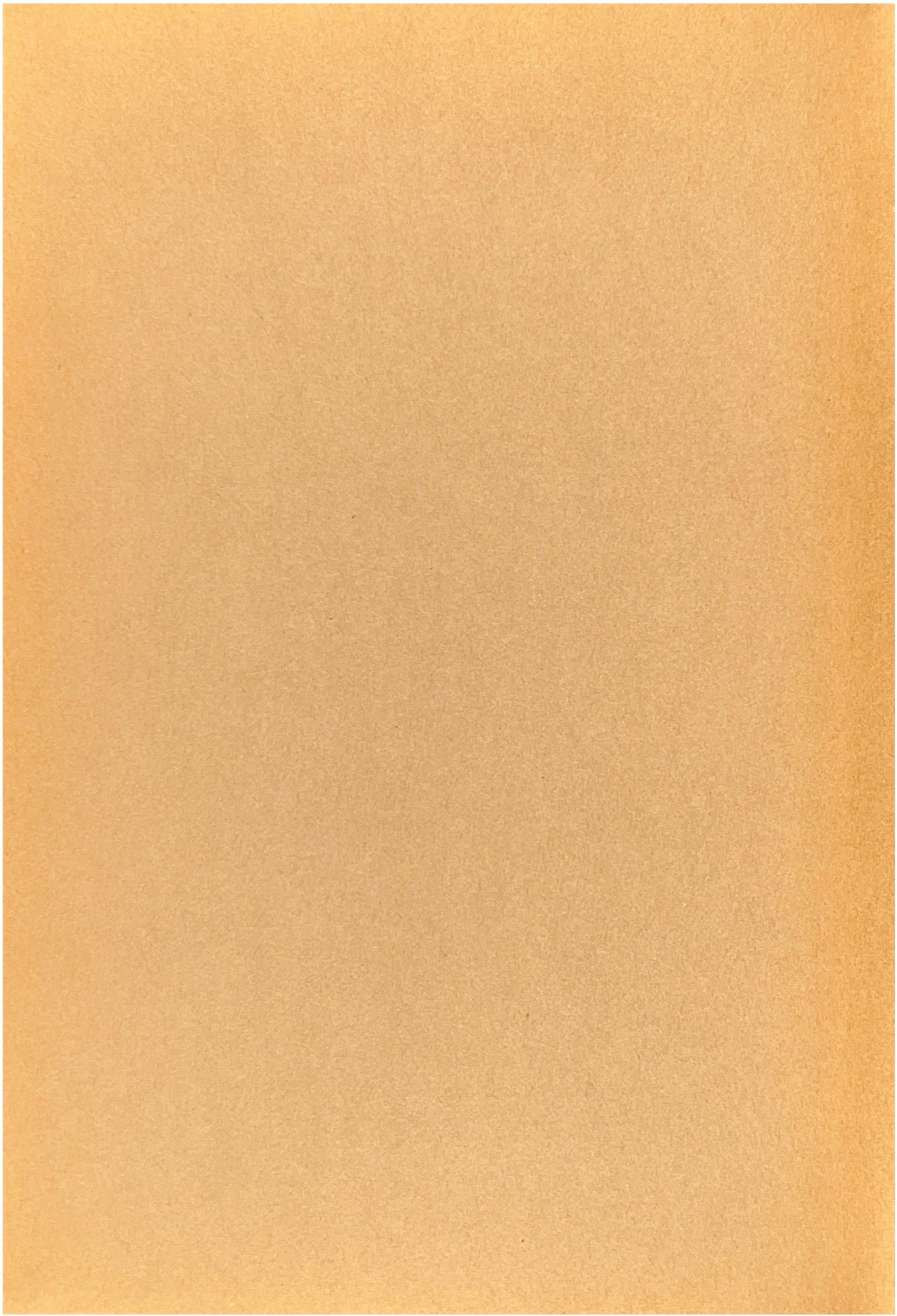


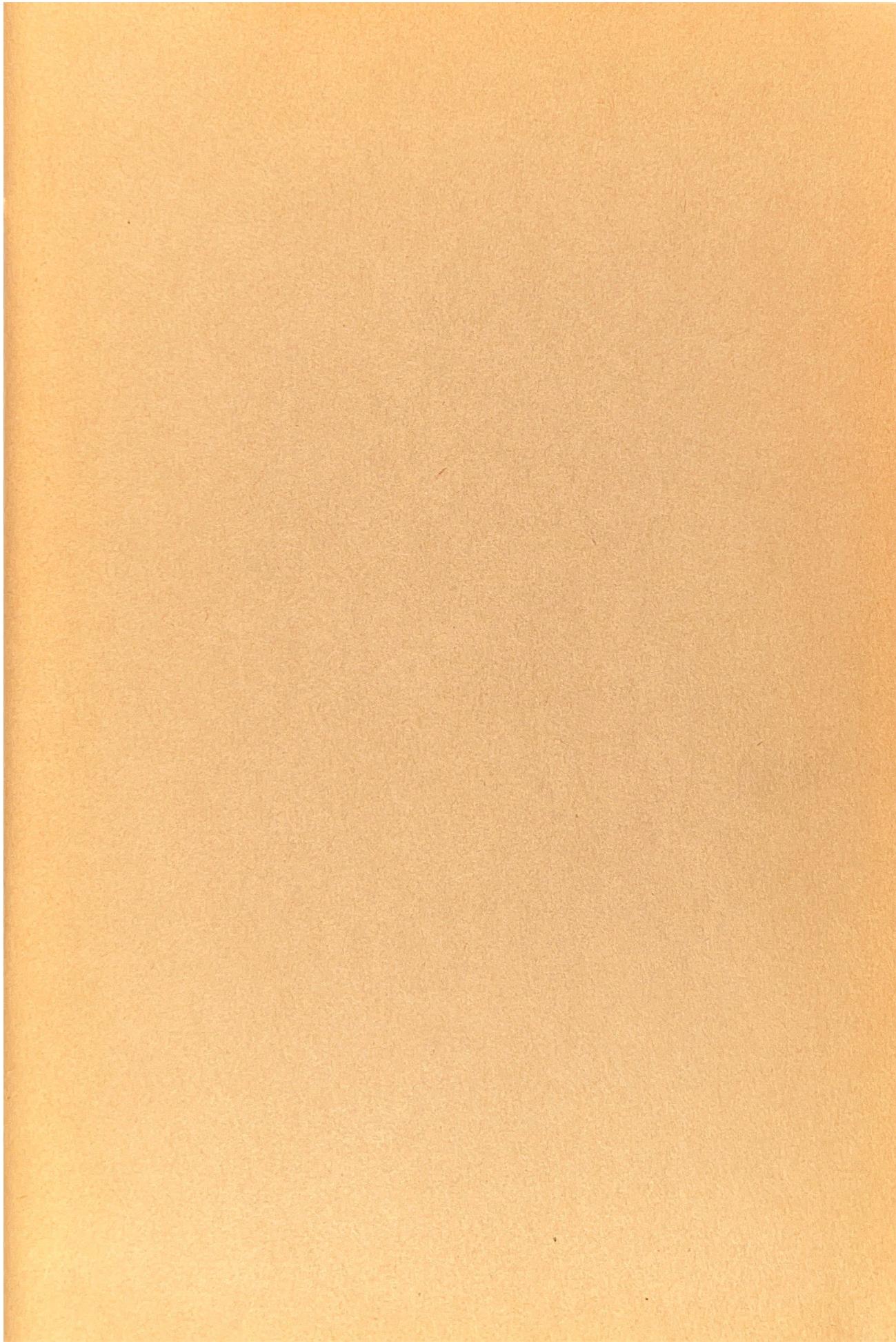
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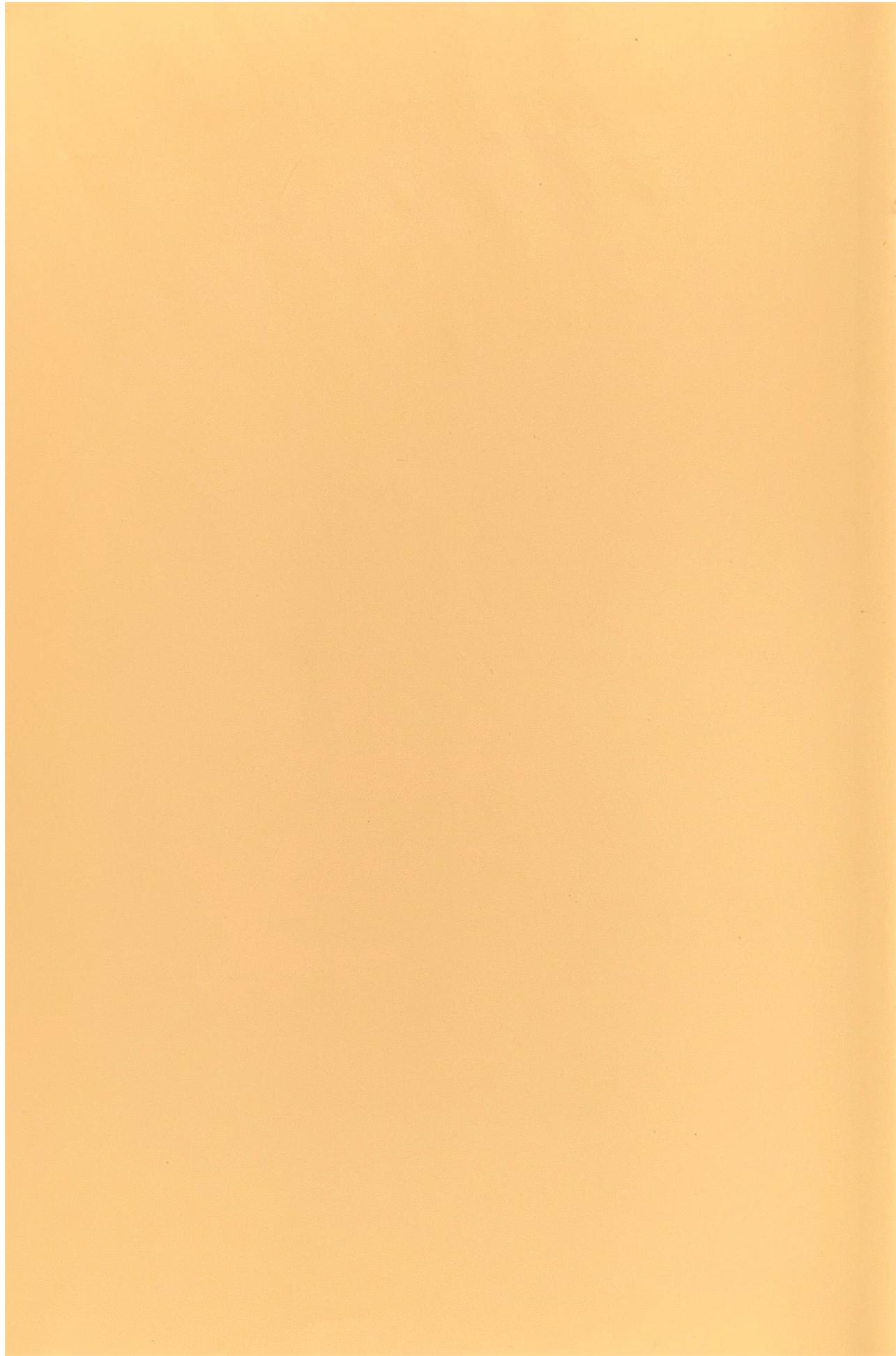




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THE DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

JOURNAL for 1952

"To promote, encourage and lead an active
interest in mountaineering among Dartmouth men."

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TWO FOR THE TOOTH

by Percy Crosby '52

The rising sun was already gilding the upper slopes of Long's Peak as two figures shouldered climbing packs, grasped ice axes, and took leave of their comrades, who had yet to drive to the eastern base of Long's for a one-day climb of Rocky Mountain National Park's highest. Walking briskly in the dawn chill, the pair left the parking lot at the foot of the Andrews Glacier trail with a more toothsome objective in mind. Shark's Tooth, a surprisingly spectacular spire on the eastern shoulder of Taylor Peak (13,150 feet), was their destination.

The lower portion of the trail was climbed in silence, each man busy with his thoughts. The first could look back to the preceding summer when he had "discovered" Shark's Tooth during a traverse of Flattop, Hallet's Peak and Otis Peak. Marking it then as worthy of further acquaintance, he had succeeded in firing his companion with equal enthusiasm for the attempt, which was to be the lead-off rock climb for the summer. Now, however, the second man had certain misgivings. Trudging upwards, he wondered whether lack of acclimitization would trouble the two of them as it had two days before on a climb of Taylor Peak. Their stay in the high mountains had as yet spanned only a few days, and if serious rock climbing was in prospect, the strain might have telling effect.

The Loch was reached in good time and there the party had the opportunity of scanning the broad east face of the Tooth, here seen end on. Through binoculars the face appeared to be seamed with three broad couloirs in the lower portion, while the section above seemed to offer no outstanding difficulties. The simplicity of the route from this distance, however, was only apparent and not real, but nevertheless lent encouragement to the climbers. They pressed on around the north shore of the lake, somewhat bothered by mosquitoes. The second man presented a somewhat clownish aspect by virtue of a thick coating of zinc oxide smeared over his severely sunburned visage. This, needless to say, placed him at a considerable disadvantage in coping with the insects. To his annoyance the thick cream served as an ideal trap for the predatory hordes of mosquitoes which clung to him as flies to flypaper.

After leaving the lake, the two bore right up steep bare slabs and thick deadfall to emerge on the dazzlingly white snows below the Andrews Glacier. Shortly afterwards they had a breathtaking

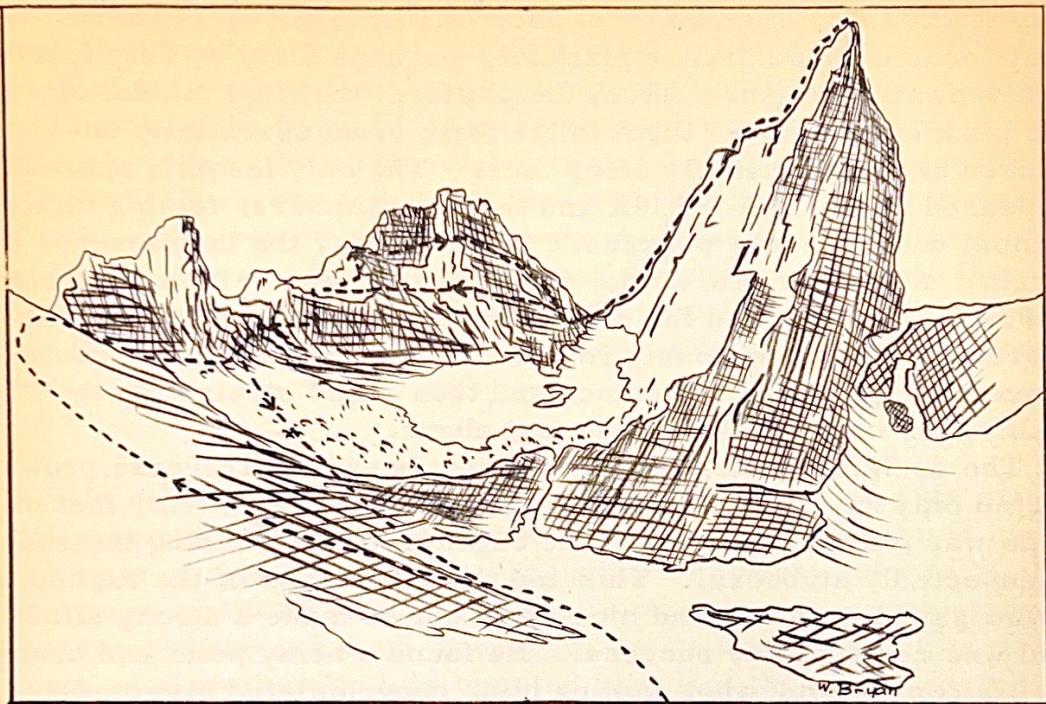
"SHARK'S TOOTH bit savagely into the cobalt blue sky, giving scant comfort to the pair eyeing its defenses from below." (Author-foreground)

view of their objective. Here at its most imposing, Shark's Tooth bit savagely into the cobalt blue sky and gave scant comfort to the pair eyeing its formidable defenses from below.

The climbers lost little time in tackling the snow slopes below their peak and in crossing the plinth of slabs just above. Bearing to the left or east of the Tooth, they climbed long, tiresome boulder fields to the crest of an east-west ridge from which they had an airy view of the Loch, its turquoise surface far below scintillating in the sun. As they looked along the ridge to the west they saw three towers rising starkly from the boulder slopes, of which the westernmost and by far the highest was Shark's Tooth. The great couloirs of the east face of the Tooth could be seen now to good advantage and it was obvious that none would provide a lazy stroll to the summit. A series of buttresses separated the couloirs, but these, on the whole, looked even less promising. A tentative choice of the lefthand or most southern couloir was made as being the least exposed and most broken up of the available routes.

To reach the col between Shark's Tooth and the middle tower, the climbers began a slabbing traverse around the east tower and across the north face of middle tower, a route which promised enjoyable rock scrambling in its own right. It was during this traverse, however, that they began to suffer from the effects of altitude, which was already almost 12,000 feet. After caching their extra clothing and equipment, the two climbed fitfully towards the middle tower with frequent and exasperating halts for breath. The second man, in particular, showed unmistakable signs of poor acclimatization. Eventually they reached the crest of the ridge from which they could look down almost vertically into the Taylor Glacier Basin and the Lake of Glass. A spectacular gendarme jutting upwards like an admonitory finger drew exclamations of surprise from them. Slowly, despite their physical fatigue, the charm of the alpine scene began to exert its insidious spell on the two. Shimmering vistas of jagged aretes, corrugated snowslopes, stern sheer rock walls and glittering glacial lakes were etched indelibly into their memories. The entire impression was one of unlimited light and space.

The party circumvented the summit of the middle tower, not possessing the surplus energy to climb the mere fifty additional feet to its highest point. The col at the foot of Shark's Tooth was reached about 10:45 A. M. The lower portion of the proposed couloir route looked eminently practicable so no time was lost in beginning the climb. Two ropelengths of easy rock work brought the climbers to a platform where it was obvious a choice would have to be made between the couloir which here became consider-



ably steeper, or the buttress on the right. Not liking the looks of the wall confronting them in the couloir, the pair proceeded to attack the buttress. After one lead on the latter, they were faced with the prospect of a strenuous layback that could not be attempted in view of their poor acclimatization. Forced to retrace their route back to the couloir, the first man made an exacting lead up the forty foot wall and arrived on a broad shelf above.

His companion was brought up, and the second man, despite his shortness of breath, decided to take the lead over what promised to be difficult rock ahead. Moving in slow motion as if he were 25,000 feet high on K2, the new leader climbed into a short open chimney on the right wall of the couloir. Finding himself boxed in, he tried to climb out on his left, but there encountered some awkwardly placed and rather rotten holds. Deliberately he tested what was available and hoped they would stay in place. Grasping the largest and firmest (or so it seemed) block in sight he had hoisted himself halfway up the pitch when the heavy rock with nightmarish suddenness began to topple forward on him. He dropped hastily back to the platform and forced the block back in place.

After recovering his equanimity, the leader succeeded in negotiating the pitch by the use of more trustworthy holds. Beyond he found a tricky little traverse and then a good belaying point. The second man was brought up and the two worked their

way to the top of the couloir a short distance above. There they found a broad grassy platform, perhaps forty or fifty feet wide, awaiting them. From the platform the final citadel of the peak soared above them in the form of an essentially unbroken and impressively steep face. The only feasible approach appeared to be from the left and the two climbers, feeling victory almost within reach, proceeded to the base of the last severe pitch. A route up the actual summit ridge was rejected because it seemed to overhang the stupendous west face of the peak and moreover was dangerously rotten. The only alternative was to traverse right a short distance and then climb straight up the wall to the more broken slope just above.

The decision made, the second man began the traverse protected only by a morale-giving belay. Fifteen or twenty feet of rope was played out to him. He began to climb, finding the rock unexpectedly stubborn. This and the realization of the exposure below gave him a few bad moments, but he made a strong effort and was rewarded by success. He found a belay point and brought up his companion, who, joining him, congratulated him on the lead and assured him that considering his light pack he could not have made it without a belay from above. This pitch was agreed upon by both as the most difficult of the climb. Fortunately, it was also the key to the summit and a little scrambling brought them to the highest point at 12:30.

The triumphant pair opened the register and affixed their names:

Peter Robinson

Skip Crosby

Theirs was the ninth ascent, the first having been made in 1934. Many of the previous parties signified they had made the ascent via the northeast couloir, and this has led to some doubt on the part of the DMC party over the route they followed. They believe their route could be more accurately described as the east couloir (this was verified by compass), and if this is so, it is possible they did a variation on the normal route. This conclusion, however, is disputed by the presence of several pitons in the eastern couloir, although it is possible these were left for rappels only.

Crude observations were also made with the clinometer of a Brunton compass to determine relative altitude. The party's findings place Shark's Tooth near 12,600 feet, an elevation estimated by comparison with Hallet's Peak (12,700 feet) which was judged to be slightly higher.

After roughly half an hour on the summit the party started the descent, spurred by growing storm clouds in the west. Two

120 foot rappels, utilizing pitons already placed (but retested), took the two over most of the difficult climbing. Once at the base of the couloir they made post-haste for their cached packs and lunch. The Snow Field was reached somewhat after four o'clock, where the successful pair was surprised to meet two other climbers who were just then starting out to climb Shark's Tooth, a project that seemed sheer madness to at least one of the first two. Rushing down the last stretch of trail, the climbers were amused to find that their arrival time at the parking lot coincided to the minute with their departure twelve hours before.

- - - - -

In retrospect, the climb has perhaps lost some of its original severity, and it is the author's opinion that the party's high estimate of it at the time was probably somewhat colored by their own poor condition and lack of acclimatization, a circumstance that might have led them to exaggerate its demands. The writer's companion on the climb is tempted to call it the most difficult accent of a summer which subsequently included extensive climbing in the Tetons and Bugaboos. This estimate seems almost surely too high although understandable in view of the dangerously loose rock encountered. Shark's Tooth, nevertheless, is a spectacular and often exciting climb, and if one excepts the more severe routes on the East face of Long's Peak, it is probably one of the most demanding rock climbs in Rocky Mountain National Park.

A NEW ROUTE ON MOUNT MORAN

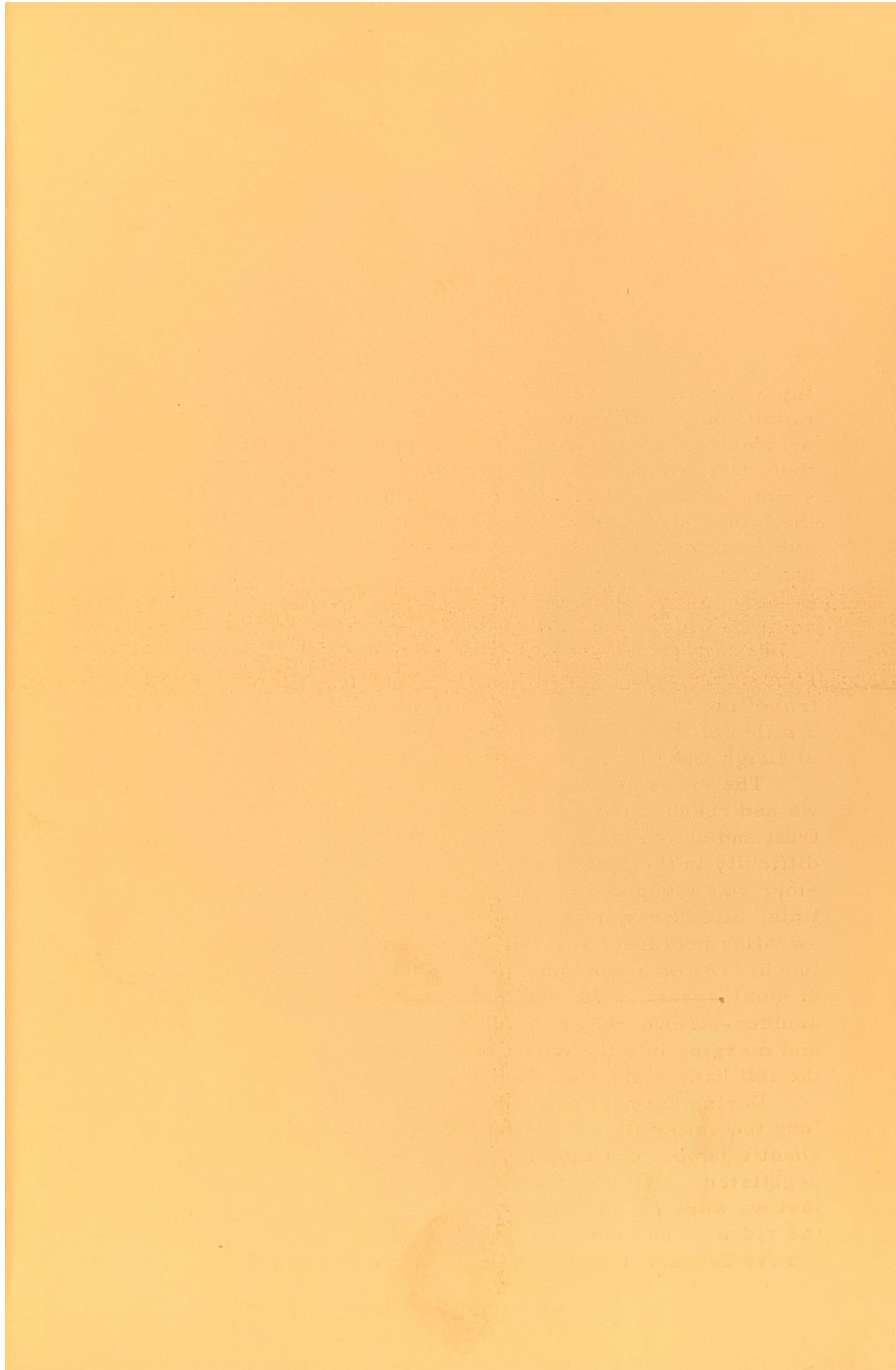
by Brian H. M. Brett

To describe a climbing route as 'new' is to invite criticism, so perhaps I should qualify the title and explain that what we set out to do on Mt. Moran was not to force a route up a hitherto unclimbed precipice but rather to link several previously climbed parts of the mountain into a continuous route of sustained interest and incidentally to have a lot of fun in the process.

The idea, of course, was Pete's. He had climbed Moran by one of the regular routes the previous year and was keen to try a variation. We had hoped to organize two parties for the climb, but Geoff and Mark, on a brief visit from England, had decided that a previous day's ascent of the Grand Teton entitled them to some sort of respite, and they departed for the nearest swimming hole. Thus I remained the sole representative from the 'other side' and with Bill and Pete prepared to quit the easy-going life of the Jenny Lake campground for the comparative hardship of a two-day expedition. To alleviate the hardship as much as possible we had included a tent and extra food in the equipment to be carried. Consequently our packs were heavy. Also the day was hot and Mt. Moran a considerable distance from Jenny Lake. So we eased the hardship still further by travelling to the end of Jenny Lake by car, and that left about 3 miles of trail to be followed around the S. W. and W. shores of Leigh Lake to the foot of the mountain.

The views across the lake were magnificent. By 1:15 P.M. we had reached the point where it was necessary to leave the trail and strike off up the mountainside. Here we met the first difficulty in the form of waist-high scrub and bracken. The slope was steep and the stones underfoot, invisible most of the time, slid downwards at every step. We struggled upward, sweating profusely and wishing that we had eaten rather less lunch. After a few hundred feet the scrub gave way to a belt of small trees. We topped the rise and found ourselves in a boulder-strewn valley, between parallel ridges stretching up and merging into the east face of the mountain. High up on the left hand ridge was the site of our proposed camp.

During the next two hours the party became strung out along the valley floor, each going at his own pace among the chaotic jumble of boulders and patches of scrub which had to be negotiated. With heavy packs it proved weary work, but at last we were re-united in a cool grove of pines perched high on the ridge. The views south towards the Grand Teton and east across Jackson Lake were magnificent -- we noted the campsite





one of the most beautiful spots in the Tetons.

We soon had the tent erected and busied ourselves preparing supper. A large bundled suspended in one of the trees proved to be a cache left by the guides who use the campsite during their normal trips up the mountain and wish to be spared the labor of back-packing sleeping and cooking gear from Jenny Lake. Seeing this equipment up in the tree set us thinking about porcupines, and sure enough, we soon spotted one waddling towards us, no doubt searching for a tasty morsel of boot or leather strap. Bill chased him away with bloodcurling yells and frequent thwacks with a thick stick. The porky took refuge in a cave and a large stone rolled into the entrance we figured would keep him out of mischief.

After supper we made a short reconnaissance to an adjoining ridge and were rewarded with a wonderful view into Leigh Canyon -- the setting sun sank below the ridge and the shadows became longer and deeper in colour until only the summit of the Grand Teton remained illuminated -- all the other peaks were in darkness. We returned to the warmth of the campfire and watched the Alpenglow linger on the summit for fully half an hour before we finally crept into bed.

Mountaineering convention decrees an early start, so at 3:30 A. M. we were groping around the campsite in semi-darkness, conversing in surly monosyllables and wishing that the confounded sun would come up a bit faster. After striking the tent and hoisting the rucksacks into a tree to guard against the possible escape of the porky we set off at about 4:30.

The broad upper portion of the East face of Mt. Moran is set at a moderate angle. Two large pinnacles known as the North and South Horns project from the face and are separated from it by deep notches. Between the Horns lies a small hanging glacier, the Falling Ice Glacier, which discharges chunks of ice and rock down the mountainside at more or less frequent intervals. Our campsite lay just below the South Horn and the regular route goes around the south or left side of the horn, crosses the notch on to the face proper by a rather tricky move involving a rappel, then goes straight up the face to the summit. We proposed to vary this by crossing over to the North Horn below Falling Ice Glacier, climbing the Horn itself and there crossing the notch on to the main face of the mountain and so to the summit. The unknown portion of the route was between the horn and the face. We knew that the horn had already been climbed, several times, but as far as we could ascertain none of the

"One of those delightful combinations of steep rock and first-class holds so often dreamed about but seldom encountered."
(On the N. Horn; S. Horn behind)

climbers had continued onwards to the summit of the mountain.

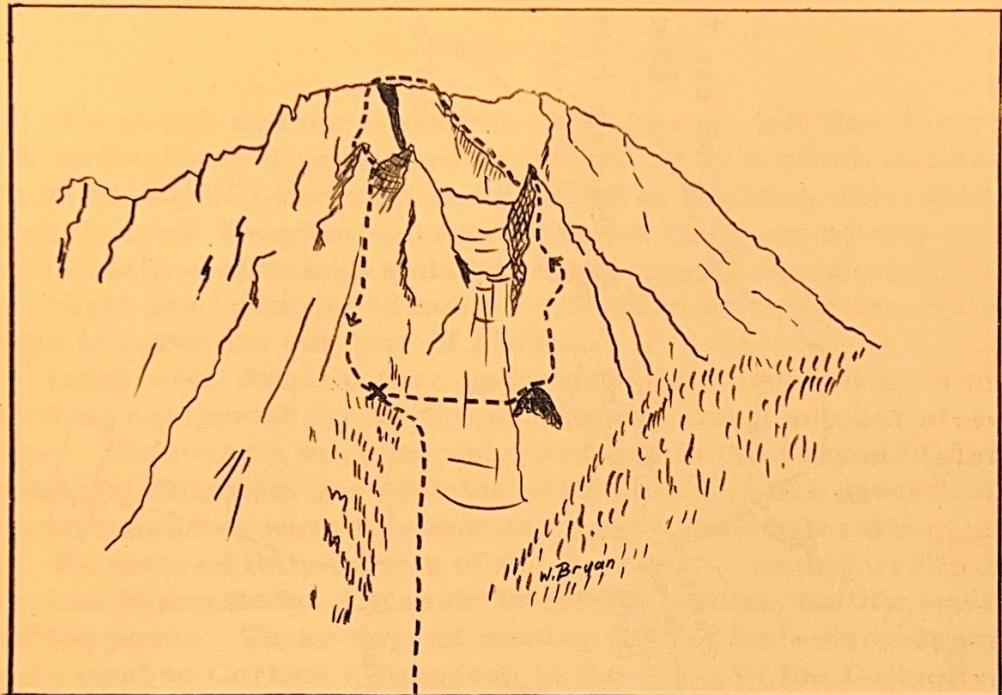
From the campsite we stumbled across the boulder slopes below Falling Ice Glacier, now fortunately inactive, and commenced scrambling up a gully in the North Horn. By this time the sun was well up in the sky, we were warm and cheerful once more, and the climb to the summit proved to be one of those delightful combinations of steep rock and first class holds so often dreamed about but seldom encountered. About two-thirds of the way up the steep southeast face of the Horn it was necessary to put on the rope. The rock was sound throughout, and we seemed to drift up without undue effort. Scrambling over a few gendarmes which barred the way to the final pinnacle, we arrived on top at 7:30 A. M.

The summit register contained several entries but none that indicated any attempt to go higher.* We were still hopeful of being able to pioneer a new route, but perhaps there was a snag. -- Maybe the notch was impassable. The sight of the east face seen across the gap seemed to confirm this view. It certainly was impressive and the bottom of the notch was out of sight below. Anyway, we should soon find out. After a brief rest we descended a narrow ridge a little way toward the mountain and attempted to climb down on to the west side of the Horn. This proved to be rather too exciting as the rock was smooth and vertical, so we decided to try lower down on the East side. Pete led off on a series of narrow ledges and was soon out of sight around the corner. Bill and I followed at judicious intervals. The climbing, though delicate, was not unduly difficult, and having arrived at the bottom, we decided that the route was fair enough, but could probably be improved by traversing at a still lower level.

We were now on easier ground and soon gained the notch at the base of the east ridge which, projecting from the main face, rose above us in one huge sweep to the summit. After two steep steps in the ridge, the rocks proved to be easy and rather monotonous. We plodded up unroped. My legs seemed filled with lead, and I tried to convince myself that it was the altitude which was having an adverse effect (we were now at about 12,000 feet). However, it seemed more likely that the fleshpots of Jenny Lake had been sampled to excess and were now taking their toll. I got a morose satisfaction from the knowledge that both Pete and Bill were similarly affected.

At last we reached the summit, an almost flat expanse of rocks and pebbles, large enough for a tennis court. This

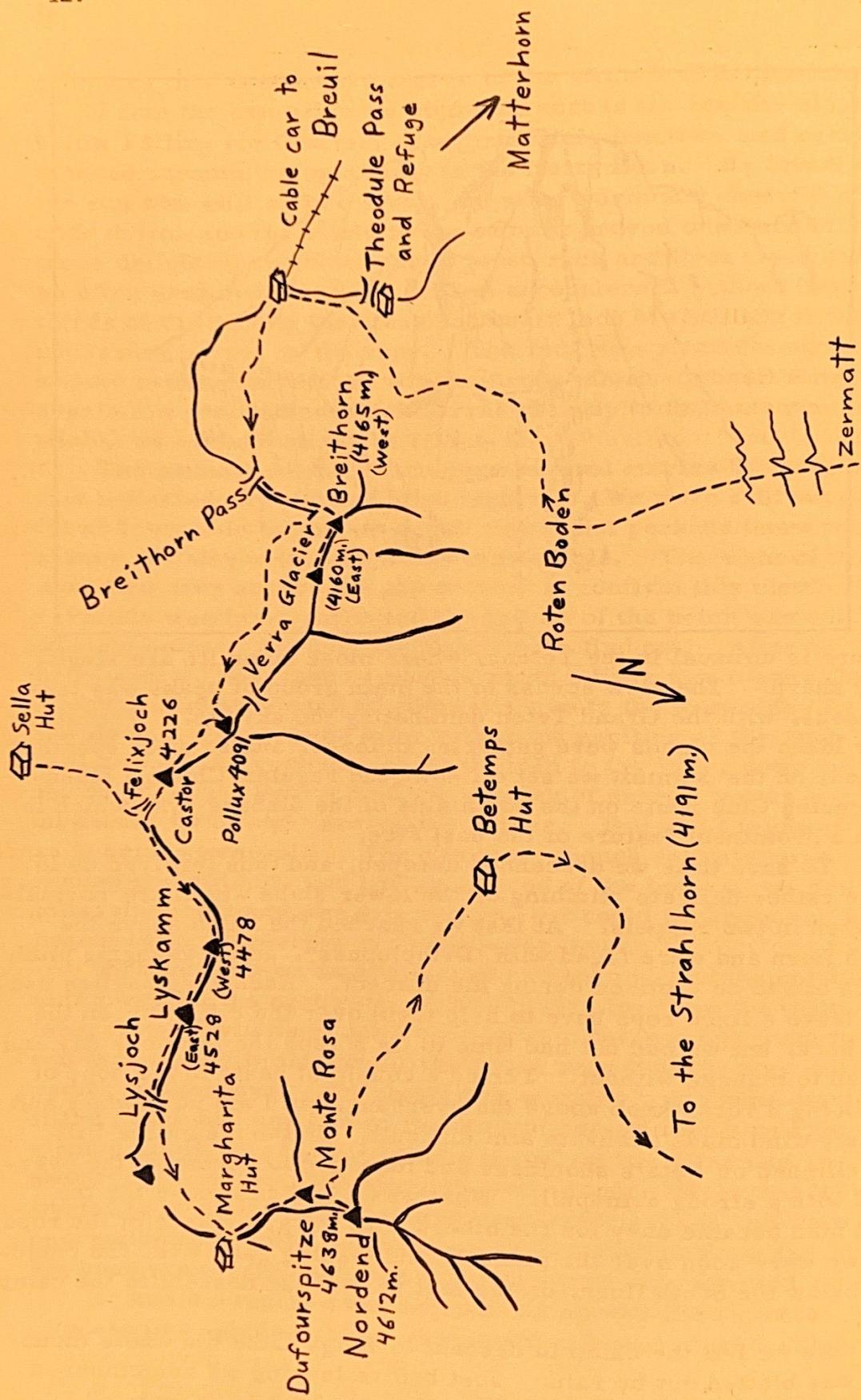
*F. M. Fryxell - July 31, 1931, Fred Ayres - July 10, 1936,
Phil Puchner, D.M.C. - 1948.



feature is unusual in the Tetons, where most summits are singularly sharp. The view across to the main group of peaks was tremendous, with the Grand Teton dominating the skyline. Westwards over Idaho the clouds were gathering in force, and so after spending an hour on the summit we set off down the regular Chicago Mountaineering Club route on the south side of the diabase dyke which is such a prominent feature of the east face.

To save time we descended unroped, and thus involved us in some rather delicate climbing on the lower slabs which are normally taken in two rappels. At last we reached the notch above the South Horn and were faced with 'Dribblepuss', an overhanging pitch which has to be climbed during the descent. Ascending parties usually leave a fixed rope here to help them over the difficulty on the way back, but we had not had time to fix a rope the previous day and so had to manage without. I tried a couple of casts in the hope of lassoing a rocky knob above the overhang, but I am no cowboy and a gusty wind made accurate aim difficult. In the meantime Bill had climbed on Pete's shoulders and managed to surmount the overhand with a strong arm-pull. What was a difficult move for the first man became easy for the others with the assistance of the rope, and we were soon over the pinnacle and leaping gaily over the boulders below the South Horn, on the last part of the descent to the campsite.

As we left the camp to descend to Leigh Lake the whole mountain was blotted out by rain. Just before leaving we remembered the porky, languishing in his cell. We need not have worried -- he was gone.



AN ALPINE DREAM COME TRUE

by Rodger Ewy '53

One month and one week from the time we left New York City on the Ile de France, we saw our first real climb in Europe. Barry Bishop of Cincinnati and I landed in England, then went on to Holland, Belgium and down through Germany by way of train, boat, coal truck, ambulance and auto to Nurnberg. Here we bought two beautiful (Zundupps) German motorcycles, with which to complete our tour of Europe.

Innsbruck, Austria gave up hundreds of pounds of hand made climbing equipment for an extraordinarily small number of schillings. We found a very helpful man here in the person of Fritz Ralling of Fulpmes, just outside of Innsbruck. His special light weight crampons were to stand us in good stead later on.

We entered Italy by way of the Brenner Pass and were roping to climb Marmolada, a classic in the Dolomites, but the weather was too poor. Three days of waiting caused us to despair and on we went to Cortina d'Ampesso in the heart of the Dolomites of Northern Italy. When the gray sky broke we set out quickly for Lake Misurina and the steep winding army-built Strada-Militaire leading to the pass beneath the Tre Cime di Lavaredo (the Strada was built to supply defenders of the pass, which was on the Austro-Italian border prior to the end of World War I).

After a good night's rest in the Rifugio Longeres (a "refuge" of hotel-like dimensions and pretensions), we walked across the pass, up a talus slope on the south side and attacked Cime Grande (chee-ma gran-de), the largest of the group. Climbing guideless, we felt we might have been over-bold when we chose a class four climb from the guide books circulating in the Rifugio, at least until we got onto the rock. The imposing angle of the face proved to be little barrier and we went up, scrambling easily over the face of the well etched but solid dolomite. Halfway up we encountered a rather treacherous hanging scree slope, a characteristic of the layered dolomite formation, we were told. Above this we found the route much more definite and had to cut left to a large chimney on the western side of the face. Huffing and puffing from lack of condition we boosted ourselves over chockstones and cursed a very careless Italian party above us for dislodging so many stones. At the top, gained by scrambling around above the chimney, we were greeted with a very good view, including some rather threatening clouds. In the distance, to the southeast, as I remember it, was Marmaloda, with its appealing glaciers. We regretted more than ever having to pass this one up in favor of the less varied and challenging rock climb

in the Tre Cime.

A quick descent in the face of the regathering of storm clouds was made with only a pause to watch an Italian party of two on a "cinque superiore" (five plus) ridge. We weren't yet in the mood to appreciate a double tension climb!

The next morning we packed up, and after some picture taking with Paula, a charming feminine climber from Mesano, we left the Rifugio with Venice in prospect.

Needless to say, the canals, San Marco, the gondolas, the Ponte di Rialto all had their usual devastating effect and it was with great sorrow that we left.

Florence, next on the agenda, was likewise enchanting. This city, the stomping grounds of such men as Dante, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci, was of special interest because of its abundance of Renaissance art and architecture.

Living in and off the country from place to place made the trip much more enjoyable. Cemeteries, olive orchards, courtyards were all desecrated by my air mattress and sleeping bag. The "padres" and "fratelli" must have been shocked when they found me sleeping (unaware) in their churchyard one July morning!

Zermatt was the next mountain haven to draw us from the plains. The Swiss Alps have a lushness and freshness which are difficult to resist; we found it impossible. The night I arrived, after crossing the Simplon Pass from Italy, I was informed by Bishop, who had arrived earlier, that we were going on a five-day tour the next day. Barry, who had preceded me to Zermatt by a sole climb over the Matterhorn from Breuil, Italy was in good spirits and eager for more action. He and Sayre Rodman, a friend from Pittsburgh, quelled my doubts as to my somewhat poor condition. Needless to say, we were on the little cog railway the next day, headed up from the valley, loaded with tubes of concentrated milk, cheese and wonderful Swiss chocolate. Alighting at Roten Boden, below Gornergrat, the final station, we set out across the rock-strewn lower Gornergletscher and climbed to Theodore Pass (or the Matterjoch) to the southeast of the impressive pyramid of the Matterhorn. We spent the first night of our tour in an Italian rifugio on the ridge which forms the border between Italy and Switzerland, to the north. The Fascist troops are gone -- one no longer has any trouble whatsoever crossing the border in the mountain country.

The next morning we rose early and set out across the well frozen glacier surface with flashlights. Contemptuously skirting the Klein Matterhorn to the south, we left our packs at the foot of the Breithorn and did an ascent of this fine peak

via the southwest ridge; snow at first, then rock led to the summit.

Having planned somewhat ambitiously for this day, Barry, Sayre, and I rapidly returned to our Austrian-made packs and set off once more, headed for Pollux and Castor, two 4000 meter peaks, twins on the chain south of Zermatt.

We had an excellent scramble up Pollux's rocky crags and dropped back to lunch at its base. The chanti and bread diet of my recent Italian travels were beginning to tell on me and it was with not little grumbling that we left our warm sunny spot and set off once more across the Ghiacciaio di Verra (the glacier on the south side of this group, in Italy).

Having seen the magnificent Matterhorn from each of the first summits, we each time felt a thrill as we came to the crest of a peak to look to the northwest to see this monument to nature. Across the valley to the north stood the rugged OberGabelhorn and the Zinal Rothorn, the "English" peaks, as we later tagged them. The snow peaks to the south which we were traversing seemed to hold little charm for the rock-loving English; we found comparatively little evidence of them or of American climbers in the logs of the huts scattered along the group.

A traverse of Castor along its nicely formed snow ridges proved very exhilarating and was a good introduction to the dangerous snow-ridge climbing we were to encounter later. We dropped down to the joch between this peak and the more massive Lyskamm and made a fog-bound hike down to one of the huts called Sella, on the Italian side.

Rising early again, we retraced our steps to the joch and continued up a snow ridge which slanted steeply off on both sides until we gained the rocks which lead to the 4480 meter summit of the Lyskamm, overlooking the Grenzgletscher above Zermatt. It was after the higher summit had been gained and we were stumbling from rock to steep snow to rock on crampons, that Barry, who disdained wrist straps, inadvertently dropped his new Ralling ice-axe. The wide tumbling sweep it made in its flight downward, to be swallowed up in the large bergschrovel below gave us pause!

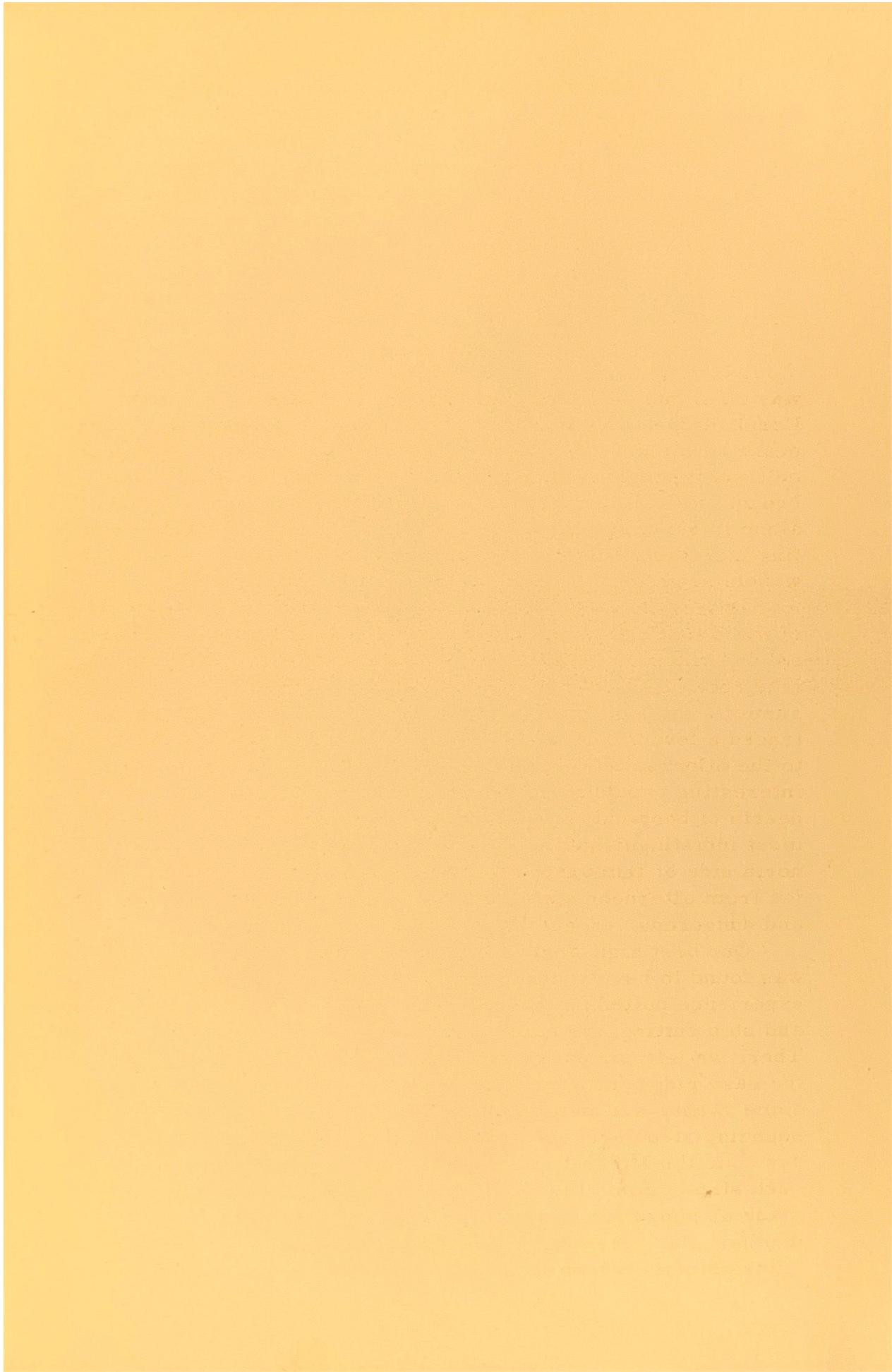
We gingerly picked our way down the ridge, now missing one axe. I led down, having given my axe, with strap, to Barry. As in skiing and many other sports we found that one instinctively tends to do the wrong thing. On the ridges, we felt a never-ending temptation to crouch down close to it as we looked down the precipitous slopes on either side. One found, however, that to succumb to this temptation was dangerous. Walking upright with full steps is the only way to progress.

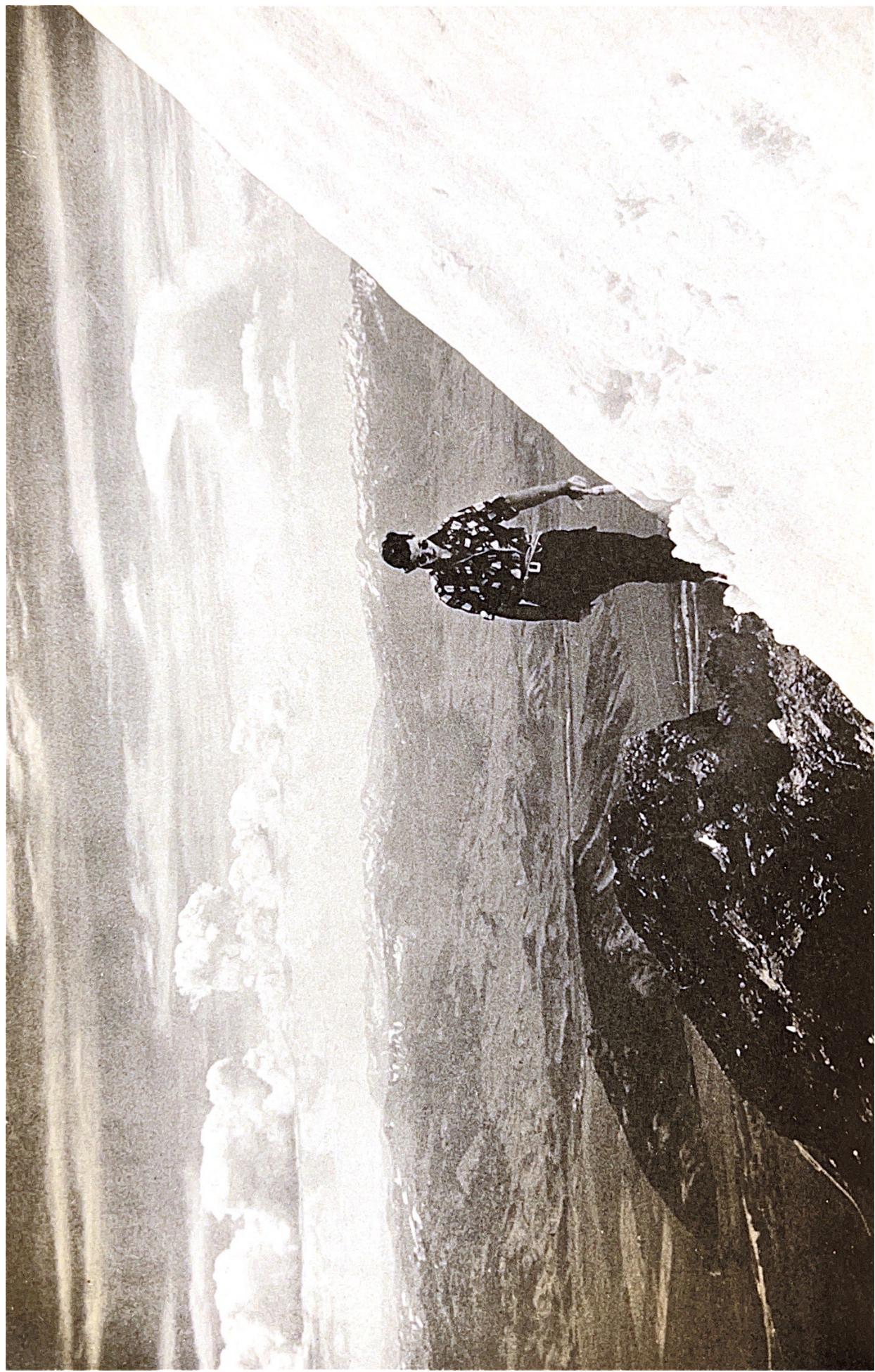
The bright sun more than once seduced us into doffing our

sweaty shirts so it was with less than faint pack strap marks that we later returned to Zermatt. After a rather long and arduous and somewhat stifling crossing of the Gornergletscher, we began the disheartening day's-end climb up to the Margharita Hut, high on the south ridge of the Monte Rosa Massif. The fact that it was still early and that a sun-bath on the deck of the hut was calling, hurried us on to this weather-station hut perched higher than we had yet been. At the hut, as the sun dropped toward the horizon, we began to feel that uncanny exalted feeling which climbers get from being high in the mountains above the activity of everyday life. The Matterhorn stood almost in the arc of the sun to the west and north, while way off in the distance, just to the right of the silhouetted Hornli Ridge, was Mont Blanc. We watched the snow on the peaks turn from glistening white to rose to red with the full color of alpenglow, then to cooler shades of lavender. Dusk brought a final deep blue to the mountains, and we were quite alone in our magnificent throne with the jewels of night sparkling incredibly brightly above. How we hated to renounce wakefulness for the needs of tomorrow.

Day dawned full and clear on us when we had already climbed much of the distance to the first summit of the highest Swiss peak. A snow ridge led to some scrambling on very nice rock, still cold from the night. We gained the Dufour spizte summit, the highest of Monte Rosa, very easily. As we retraced a few of our steps to reach the rather steep route down to the Silbersattel, the saddle between the summits, a rather interesting problem of modern climbing arose; a distinct dearth of boot-nail scratches made the treacherous route almost indistinguishable. In addition the rocks on this, the north side of Dufoursptize, were covered with verglas, clear ice from afternoon snow melt, which made going very difficult and dangerous, especially with only two ice-axes.

Our best high-angle ice technique was called into play and was found to have room for improvement. Bishop's skill and experience pulled us through, and with some precautions, belays and step cutting, we made it to the saddle without incident. There we left our packs and made a very light-hearted dash up the easy ridge from the saddle north to the Nordend summit, some twenty-six meters lower than Dufoursptize. A few bounding steps brought us back to the packs and down we dropped onto the Monte Rosa Glacier, which grew mushier with each step. Some beautiful blue crevasses yawning in our way made us pause for a minute or so as we marveled at their depths. Half glissading, half stumbling down the rapidly softening glacier, we were quite glad to finally reach the Betemps





or Monte Rosa Hut where we were to spend another too short night. We were again among tourists, many of whom hiked across the Gornergletscher from the Gornergrat Hotel, the last stop of the cog-railway from Zermatt. Disdaining the hotel service, we cooked our meal outside in the sun, explaining to the credulous curious, "Ja, Wir sind Americaner." That we should be Americans, alpinists and guideless seemed quite extraordinary.

After a somewhat warmer night in the solidly built stone hotel-hut, we set out for what was to be the longest day of all. We planned to follow the Gornergletscher up to its head, then to cross over Findelengletscher to the Strahlhorn. This we were going to climb, then drop down to Adler Pass and ascend the Rimpfischhorn and then to Zermatt or at least the Flualp Hut about halfway down.

We were to be successful only in the first part of these plans. Even a very early morning rise brought us to the base of the Strahlhorn somewhat late after a long glacier trek, during which Sayre Rodman fell quite ill and decided to part with us. He followed a well beaten track on the still hard glacier so we felt he would be all right alone, since he insisted that we go on. He made the descent safely, if painfully, as we later learned.

Barry and I, alone now, began the climb of the Strahlhorn. A rock ridge, exposed on the east or Italian side, provided access to the hanging glacier which dumps its ice onto Findelen-gletscher below. This bowl-shaped snow mass we covered quickly on crampons and gained the base of the rock ridge leading to the summit of this forty-two hundred meter peak. On this ridge, our thirty-pound rucksacks became extremely unpopular, even with securely fastened belly straps. The rotten rock, in conspiracy with the eastern exposure and our axes, at one time or another almost spelled our end. One very nice overhang startled Barry quite a bit when a hand hold came loose. The same one, catching my ice-axe point in a tiny hollow would have thrown me down if not for the aid of Mr. DuPont's rope of nylon.

When we ran into a party led by an Italian guide, stopped by the dangerous rock, we decided that perhaps it would be discreet to admit defeat and return to the foot as they had decided. We took advantage of their gracious offer in German-French-Italian to climb down first since we were only two, and then beat a hasty retreat down Findelengletscher.

As weary as we were after this day of some twenty-three kilometers of hiking and climbing, we still marveled at the

BRIAN BRETT ON THE MIDDLE TETON (east face) at 12,500 feet. Nez Perce below. (See Talus)

beauty of the path lower in the valley, winding back and forth down through picturesque little alpine hamlets with silvery weather-stained wooden chalets perched on platter shaped stones. As eagerly as we watched for the signs telling the distance to Zermatt, we knew that we would rarely again see as beautiful a country as this, with its velvety green grass and tinkling cowbells.

In Zermatt once again, I quickly set off for Lausanne on Lake Geneva, to see what red tape and money would be involved when I shipped my motorcycle back to the States. On my return to Zermatt, I found that I had missed an exasperating, if at times humorous, trip up the OberGakelhorn, on the west side of Zermatt (an "English" peak). Sayre, Barry and another American climbed just below a large party of Swiss climbers who turned out to be as mountain-wise as a group of giggly high school girls. Only luck prevented a death in one instance when one of them fell.

We three, Sayre, Barry and I, packed off to the Bernese Oberland to the north, hoping to set foot on some of the famed peaks above Grindelwald, the Wetterhorn, the Jungfrau, the Monch and the Eiger. On arrival from a hectic trip on the too-punctual Swiss trains, we were almost overwhelmed by the volumes of tourists, both American and British, speeding through the crowded streets in their cars. These, so wonderfully absent in Zermatt, seemed almost obscene in this alpine village and we resolved to set out as soon as possible. My feet had taken a terrible beating from my ill-fitting boots on the long descent from the Strahlhorn and made me decide on a short hike up to Kleine Scheidegg Hut which looks from its saddle up at the face of the Eiger, the dread Eigerwand. I was rewarded by a view of a two-party group making the now almost-standard ascent on which so many fanatic German youths were killed in the days of Hitler's ascendancy.

After an enjoyable cup of tea and a bit of chocolate, I hiked down slowly with a very nice English couple, discussing everything from the Pope to climbing in the English highlands. Clouds blew up quite suddenly from over the range in the direction of the Eiger and it was with some haste that we escaped the first few raindrops at the end of the trail. It is these sudden storms which make the "Ogre's face" so dangerous.

The boys returned from an unsuccessful and dismally wet try at the Wetterhorn. We all wondered at the fate of the climbers on the Eiger. Hearing no later news of their demise, we guessed they made it in spite of the snow during the night (it required a tie-in bivouac).

Somewhat glumly we returned to sunnier Zermatt, this time for a try at the Matterhorn, via the Zmutt Ridge, another disappointment to be in our alpine adventures. Climbing to the Schonbuhl Hut by passing through the villages of Zmutt and Kalbermatten in the afternoon preceding, we found that an early morning start would be necessary. Daylight the next morning found us climbing, flashlight-in-teeth, up wet, sand-covered rocks above Teifennattengletscher, below the west face. We reached the snow line of the Matterhorngletscher and proceeded to the actual ridge, glad to be out of the unpleasant couloirs below. At the highest point of this snow ridge, before beginning the coxcomblike rock ridge higher up, it was decided between us that the weather was not good enough to risk going out on the "Galleries", slanting ledges higher on the route on which there are no good belay positions.

Since it was still quite early, we followed the relatively new route on the Matterhorngletscher under the infamous North Face to the Hornli Hut. Luck was with us and no rocks were showered down on us in our dash across.

So ended our Swiss adventures. A party with some artist friends living in the Rension Tannenhot with us sufficed to round out our memories of the Swiss Alps.

A trip down the valley to Martigny, Lausanne and Geneva landed me finally in Chamonix, France, at the foot of Mont Blanc, where Barry and I were to meet again; he had left his motorcycle in Italy and had to climb back over Theodule pass to Breuil and ride up across the Saint Bernard to Chamonix.

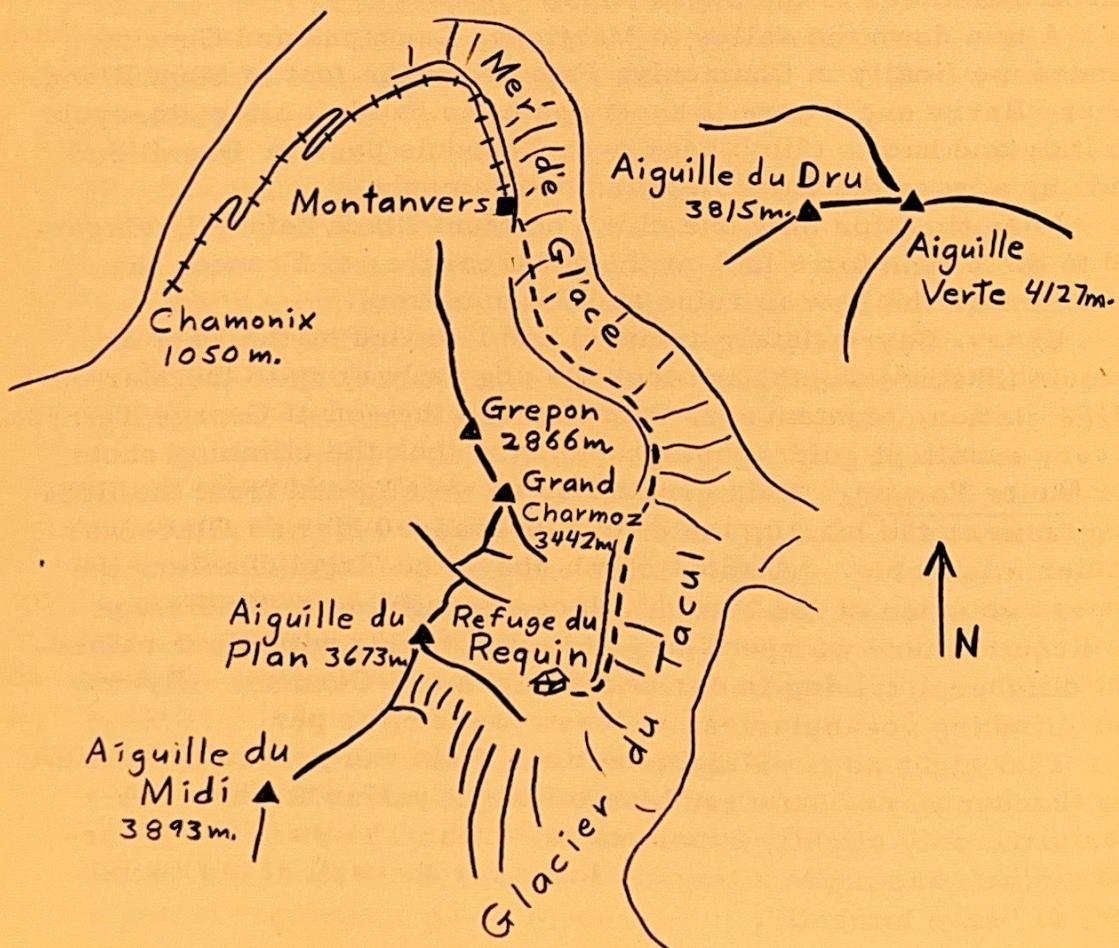
I had time for only one climb on Mont Blanc before I retreated to the plains for a look at the art treasures of France, the cathedrals, the Roman ruins and the museums.

Barry, Sayre (lately arrived) and I settled on the Dent du Requin (Shark's Tooth) and took the cog railway up to the Mer de Glace station, Montanvers, with Pierre, the son of George Tairraz, a very excellent guide-photographer (he took the climbing shots for White Tower). Rain greeted us as we alighted from the little cog train so the hike up the deeply-crevassed Mer de Glace was rather miserable. A short climb above the Tacul Glacier, the upper extension of the Mer de Glace, brought us to the Refuge du Requin where we spent an enjoyable evening with other rained-out climbers, talking in our best French and German. By now our climbing vocabularies, at least, were up to par.

That night was certainly hectic. Rain and gradually subsiding thunder were countered by a midnight yell in the hut. A Parisian, only slightly experienced, dreamt he was falling during a climb and made a terrific lunge for the wall of the dormitory to "save himself".

A partially cloud-covered morning sky caused us to decide on a climb less affected by adverse weather than the Requin; the Aiguille-du Plan, one of the many needles was decided upon by our four-man party. The ascent was easy if a bit risky at times for me, without crampons, but enjoyable in all. Turning some large crevasses made the glacier ascent interesting. Soon we arrived at the Col du Plan, a snow ridge at the top of the glacier, from which we could again see Chamonix in the valley far below, and the Brevant beyond, a paradise for skiers.

The short rock climb up the needle was as delightful as it was easy. Fine granite, broken into handy blocks and chimneys led to a tiny summit area from which we had a grand view of the whole Mont Blanc massif. To the south and west lay the summit of Mont Blanc, the highest point in western Europe. To the southeast loomed the Grandes Jorasses; we had completed our "collection" of faces -- the north face of the Matterhorn once was just above us, the north face of the Eiger I had seen from its base at Kleine Scheidegg. Now the north face of the Grande Jorasses completed the "Big Three", the trio of climber's bugaboos!



CLIMBING IN THE WIND RIVERS

"What we need is a change of scenery; some pre-season skiing." We were lying by the side of the swimming pool, so satiated with life in the lowlands that we were barely able to assess the passing fauna, when Skip made this comment.

"Swell! Do you know of any this side of Chile?"

This explains why, on September first, Skip Curry and I stood on the edge of Dinwoody glacier, watching snow clouds come boiling across Gannett Peak, dumping the winter's first snow on the second largest glacial system in the United States. Gannett, the highest mountain in Wyoming, lies in the Wind River Mountains, some thirty miles south of Dubois. We had left Casper the day before, driving to within fourteen miles of the peak, packing in the rest and stopping to fish at some fine little ponds called the Ink Wells. Our equipment was almost nil--a change of clothes and three days food supply--since we knew that the Gannett Peak Corporation was closing up their camp for the winter and would - we hoped - let us use their paraphernalia. We were correct in this, but we hadn't expected to find twenty officers and enlisted men from Camp Carson, Colorado on the scene nor to be allowed to share their ropes, ice-axes, crampons, food and most valuable, climbing experience. Such was the case, however, and thus outfitted we decided to stay a week, living off the bounty of Uncle Sam and doing some serious climbing and skiing. Bob Craig, a civilian instructor with the group and one of the best glacial climbers in America, took us in hand, teaching us the basic ice techniques of belaying, rescue work and the like. Soon we knew what we could expect from our equipment and from ourselves and were ready for exploration.

Gannett Peak itself offers little challenge to the climber. The easiest route up is via Dinwoody Glacier to the Gooseneck, then up this curving path of snow and rock to the summit. There is some exposure, and near the top as you work along the cornice you will be glad to have a rope and ice-axes, but it is really child's play, as we fully realized when we read in the record book about a party of boy scouts, aged eleven to fifteen, who had made the ascent earlier in the summer. The approach by the north face is tougher, leading up a couloir and over a bergschrund, then up a sixty degree snow field to a short but difficult face of rock. We tried this one day but were turned back by the face and went glissading back to camp disappointed.

Another interesting climb is found in the Koven-Rampart-Bastion group. Here is a chance to practice up on rock technique while conquering three peaks in one day. Perhaps this is the place to note that the rock in the Gannett area is all exceptionally firm, and that the greatest danger comes when you are at the bottom, trying to boulder-hop across the moraines.

Not all the climbing is so easy, however. Within a mile of Gannett lies Mt. Wilson, slightly lower but much more difficult. It has not been climbed in recent years and offers a real challenge in technique and endurance. Around Wilson are grouped the Fourteen Points, spires of rock appearing as formidable to the mountaineer as, in another version, they appeared to the United States Senate. Here there is opportunity for many days of climbing without repetition.

But for any but the most ardent climber the chance to ski will motivate the expedition. We borrowed a couple of pairs of Army surplus skis from the Corporation, fastening them with some suspicious looking bits of string so that we couldn't turn more than ninety degrees without also twisting the skis a little. It was a wearying three mile climb from our camp to the snow fields, the trail having long been overgrown, but the skiing at the other end would have been worth twice the climb. Standing on the recessional moraine at the foot of the glacier we had a choice of any desired snow conditions. Before us was an open slope containing nothing but the finest corn. To the left was a basin of deep powder, where one could take a run of a half mile or more without having to turn. Or for thrills you could try jumping the schrunds, or skiing down a thirty-five degree slope between parallel lines of sun pits about ten yards apart. And all this amid some of the most beautiful country in America.

For that, after all, is why one comes to Gannett. Elsewhere the skiing may be as good or the climbing better, but here, just a few miles off Route twenty, you can find both, and something more, among the towering cliffs and quiet pines. There is a grave up there by the head of a stream and a plaque that asks permission to share the rushing waters and silent peaks. And you may think, as you leave, that there might be worse places for you to add your dust.





IN THE NORTHERN PURCELL RANGE

by Peter Robinson '54

On the 26th of July four climbers of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club gathered at Dick McClain's farm not far from Spillimacheen, British Columbia. Bob Collins, who had brought most of our supplies in his "Model A", had been waiting for five days. Bill Briggs, his brother John and I came from Jenny Lake in the Tetons, where Bill and I had spent three weeks climbing with other Dartmouth mountaineers.

We had become interested in the Purcell Range and its literature through our friend Percy Crosby, who in 1951 had made four ascents in the Bugaboo Group. Unlike many of the more recent visitors to the region, we were not seeking difficult ascents in the granite spires, but wanted to gain knowledge of unexplored sections of the divide. Perhaps we were inspired by the words of Conrad Kain when he wrote to J. M. Thorington in 1931, "I have plans for another trip for the future. I believe that the section between Bugaboo and Horsethief Creeks has not been explored by mountaineers. There are several peaks 10,000', two large snowfields and a good size glacier descending one of the branches of Howser Creek."# With financial aid from the Dartmouth College Department of Geography, a large set of aerial photographs was obtained from the R. C. A. F. From careful scrutiny of these, many things hitherto unknown became quite evident. Before leaving for the west we conferred with Prof. Rosenstock-Huessy, who with E. A. Little '41 and A. Faberge had made the first ascent on Mount Taurus in 1946. Unfortunately neither Prof. Rosenstock-Huessy nor Percy Crosby were able to accompany us due to unforeseen circumstances.

Although Dick McClain, hunting guide for the region, had sold his pick-up truck, he promised to get us up to "twenty-seven mile" (the Forks) on the Bugaboo by evening. Behind his red farm tractor he proceeded to hitch a two-wheeled rubber tired stake wagon into which we piled a veritable mountain of goods. Seated high atop this load with Dick astride his "iron mule" up front, we moved down the "main street" of Spillimacheen and turned west across the Columbia River bridge.

After climbing up one very long steep grade, the road runs for a number of miles across great tracts of tree-covered moraines

This last must since have mostly melted.

"As we lay in our sleeping bags that evening, watching the sun set over the Quintets, we were able to marvel at the great sheets of ice and snow clinging to the Virgin's North Face at angles of 50° and 60°."

between the Bugaboo and Spillimacheen Valleys. From time to time we got fine views of the Septets and the great U-shaped gorge of the Bugaboo ahead. During the entire journey Dick took occasion to turn off the motor and give us some brief anecdotes concerning certain campsites, cabins, streams and the wildlife thereabouts. John, who has done considerable hunting in Maine, was so impressed that he seriously considered becoming a permanent resident of Spillimacheen.

Once into the gorge, the road became more rutty, muddy and steep. Those perched on top of the load felt sure the wagon would tip over at any moment. The vegetation was becoming more and more evergreen but with long stretches of slide alder. While crossing the more recent slides one could look up the stupendous south wall of the gorge to a snowy crest above.

At around "seventeen mile" we were drawn up short by two logs two feet in diameter which the forest service had inadvertently left in the road. The opportunity to stretch our buffeted frames and tangled innards came at a welcome time. Three quarters of an hour's work with peavey, axe and shovel cleared the way enough for us to get by.

Passing Rockypoint Creek, Dick stopped to show us the Falls of the Bugaboo, a beautiful thirty-foot cascade. Some of us walked behind the wagon not only to get exercise, but to ease the strain on numerous decrepit log bridges across which Dick skillfully maneuvered the load. At last the Quintet Group came into view; then Anniversary Peak; and finally, upon rounding a sharp bend, the wild spires and icefalls of the Bugaboos. As dusk fell we reached the cabin at the Forks.

At the cabin were cached the supplies of a party of prospectors whom Dick said we might be seeing any day. After a good supper and some of Dick's most ferocious b'ar stories, we all hit the straw.

I. THE VIRGIN COUNTRY

Early the next morning Dick wished us good luck and headed for Spillimacheen on the tractor, leaving the wagon behind. We spent the forenoon sorting and packing supplies for the most important part of our trip. We planned to cross the watershed pass (Phacelia) at the head of the East Branch of Bugaboo Creek and from there establish a climbing camp as near as possible to the Taurus-Virgin Col. There were also hopes of investigating Thorington's "two writing desk wedges somewhat above 10,000 feet" to the south of Taurus.

After lunch we decided to climb French Mountain to get our bearings and have a look at our objectives. Five hundred feet of steep bushwacking up the east slopes brought us to a long diagonal trail slanting upward to the south, which led after a mile or more into verdant Silver Basin. Here two old mine shafts are to be found at timberline. From a ridge 100 feet above the basin we were able to study the approaches to Phacelia Pass closely with Taurus, the Virgin and Mount Farnham beyond. Directly across the Bugaboo South Fork was the ice-laden Quintet Group. A half hour scramble along a ridge toward the northeast brought us to the top of French Mountain (7600 feet), where the view opened out in all directions. In a straight line with the great U of the Bugaboo Valley rose the towers of Mount Goodsir in the Rockies. A precipitous descent via the east slopes brought us back to the cabin at dusk.

At 10:30 the following morning the four of us started for Phacelia Pass (7100 feet). The first four miles were easy going along the south Fork Road. Then we cut across open meadow on a smooth game trail until we reached the forest. There were a few anxious minutes of very heavy going before Bill struck the main game trail which leads past a series of cascades to an upper basin. Indeed this game track looked so much used that at any moment we feared we would be trampled by a downward charging herd of deer, moose, elk and grizzlies. At the far end of the upper basin one has the choice of a long alder slide to left or a steep waterfall course straight ahead. We chose the latter and were forced to rope up at one nasty spot. By 4:30 we reached a large bench near the highest timber and determined to camp here where firewood is available.

With all difficulties vanquished and carrying only a half weight pack, I could do no less than climb alone to the pass to look things over. A long talus slope and a gentle snow chute led me in an hour and twenty minutes to a large cairn resting on a small mound at the divide. To the southeast I was confronted by the sheer ice-draped north face of the Virgin. The north and west sides of the Virgin are drained by a branch of Howser River which also drains Phacelia Pass. Our plan was to go to the head of this fork and cross the Taurus-Virgin Col to the drainage of another branch of Howser River.* Taurus cannot be seen from the pass because of a high buttress east of the pass, but there was a fine view of Eyebrow Peak and the Horsethiefs to the south, not to mention the Bugaboos in the north. Westward is a long ice slope leading to the challenging

*The Virgin could be climbed in one day from Phacelia Pass via the west ridge. We preferred, however, to attempt the long beautiful northeast ridge.

unclimbed peak of Quintet No. 5.

Inside the cairn I found a small rusty tube containing the following note:

"J. M. Thorington, Conrad Kain, June 29, 1933."
I recalled how these two mountaineers had been frustrated by rain and fog on their last climb together before the latter's death, thus delaying the discovery of the Virgin by thirteen years. No record of the 1946 Taurus Party was found.

Back in camp at 6:55, three cooks were found seated round a magnificent fireplace constructed by John, concocting a savory supper and admiring the floral display scattered about them. One particular flower, the Phacelia which gives the pass its name, grows in great profusion. Many different shades of Devil's Paintbrush were also noted. That night we sat around the fire until the last yellow glow had faded behind the towering forms of Bugaboo and Snowpatch Spires.

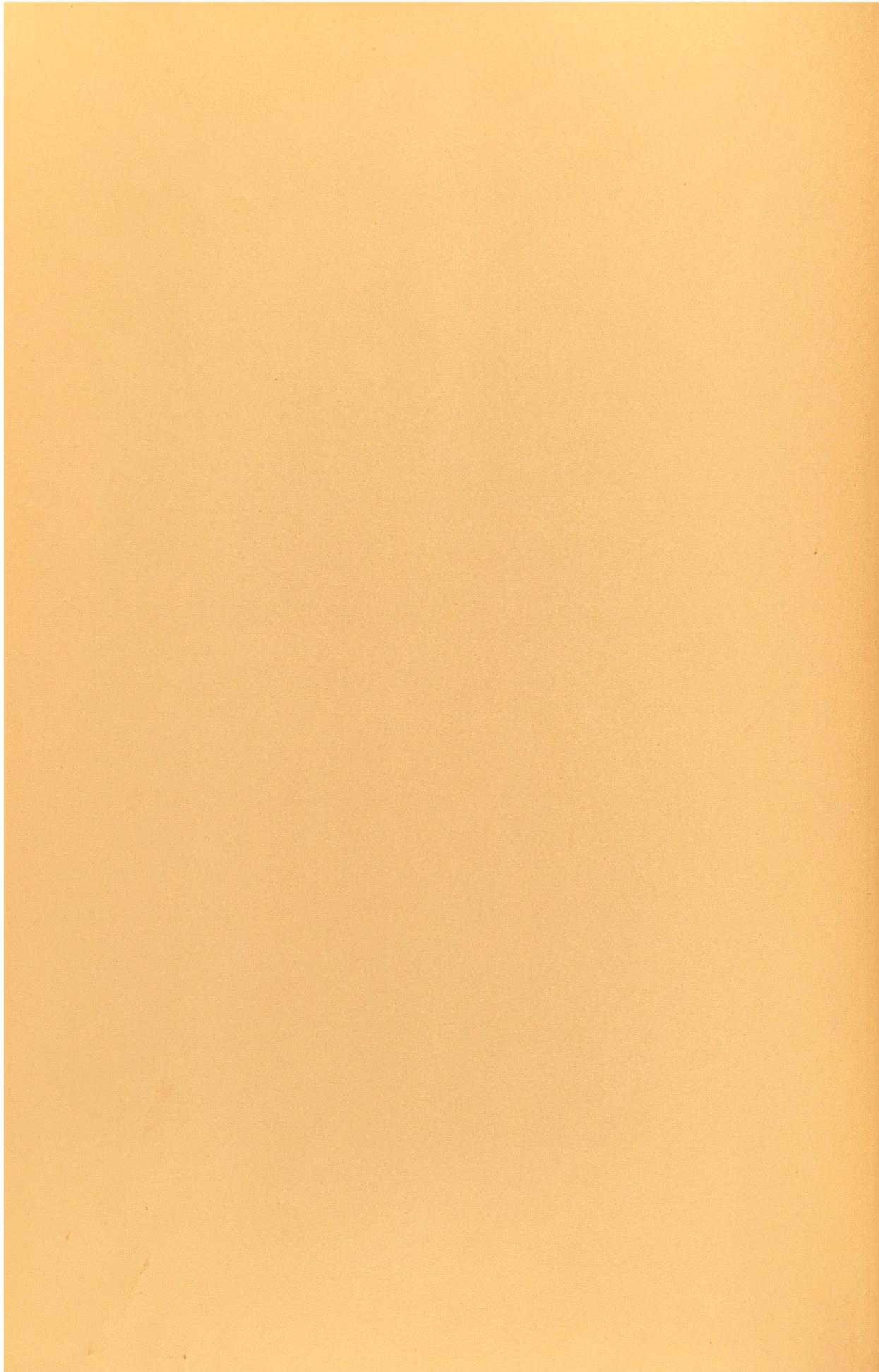
Reaching Phacelia Pass from Camp I at 8:45 the next morning, we started a long traverse of slopes toward the Taurus-Virgin Col. Largely due to my misjudgment we spent a long, strenuous and dangerous morning on sinuous goat trails, when a route four to five hundred feet lower would have been easier and safer. Eventually we had to descend directly to the valley, where we stopped for lunch at the first water. The rest of the afternoon was spent plodding up the left bank of the glacier which skirts the north face of the Virgin. At 5:30 it was decided to establish Camp II on a moraine three hundred feet below the col, while I went over the top to reconnoitre.

The Taurus-Virgin Col is heavily coated with neve, hence it is easy to reach. From the crest of a great snowdrift at the top one is confronted by the large, triangular and vertical southwest face of Mount Taurus, while to the southeast one sees the west side of an enormous block of glaciated granite peaks. About 150 yards south of the col a grassy ridge divides the ice. The east side is nearly vertical, but the west side slopes away from a level crest. Here are to be found several natural tent platforms and an excellent source of water. Among other advantages the campsite commands not only a view to the southwest down the Howser Valley but a view to the east through a low pass to the Forster Valley and the Canadian Rockies.

I returned in a few minutes to Camp II. As we lay in our sleeping bags that evening, watching the sun set over the Quintets, we were able to marvel at the great sheets of ice and snow

"Camp III, our semi-permanent residence at an altitude of around 7800 feet." (Bill Briggs - foreground, Mt. TAURUS behind. Ridge of ascent on right skyline. Taurus Notch left of Bill's head.





clinging to the Virgin's north face at angles of sixty to seventy degrees. August 1 dawned another perfect day although clouds had passed by during the night. Late in the morning we took a leisurely trip over the col to Camp III, our semi-permanent residence at an elevation of around 7800 feet.

At 12:10 Bill, Bob and I started out to attempt Mount Taurus (9,820 feet), while John, who was not primarily interested in mountaineering, stayed behind to set up the tents. The south flank of Taurus contains three cirques separated by two sharp ridges. The western ridge, considering the rottenness of the rock, looked like a poor route but the eastern ridge looked climbable. Its ascent would put us on the long east-west summit ridge. Accordingly we roped up and traversed across the first cirque, through a notch in the western ridge and across the second cirque to a long shoulder of the eastern ridge. The notch in the western ridge, through which we passed, is on the East-West Kootenay Divide and is the only feasible route across to Forster Valley, the pass having high cliffs on its west side.

Pausing only to leave our ice axes, we climbed along the narrow crest of the shoulder to a shallow notch from which a sharp arete rises steeply upward. Forty-five minutes of somewhat rotten but enjoyable rock climbing brought us to a wide, comfortable gap in the east ridge. At the foot of the north face below us stretched a band of crevassed ice draining into Frances Creek with the bulky peaks of Mount Ethelbert and the Septets looming up beyond. On the north side of the Frances Valley could be seen the road which leads to the Lead Queen and Steele claims.

Climbing toward the west over an easy slope of shattered rock we reached the summit of one tower beyond which rose a second and higher tower. Leaving a cairn on the first summit, we climbed down steeply into the notch and up additional shattered slopes to the second peak. Across a steep cleft guarded by a most efficient looking gendarme lay the summit tower complete with cairn. If the gendarme could not be climbed over, a long descent would have to be made to reach the other side of the cleft. Fortunately the rock, which had hitherto been very rotten, improved somewhat. With the help of an unsuspected fracture in the south side of the gendarme and the best climbing of the day, we reached the base of the summit tower.

The ridge above was clearly unclimbable as were the faces on either side. However, leading gently upward around the otherwise vertical south face was a smooth three foot sidewalk which reached the ridge west of the summit and gave a two minute scramble to the cairn. The second ascent of Taurus had taken three hours and a quarter from Camp III. In a tin was found the record of the first ascent on July 28, 1946.

During our hour on the summit we became fascinated by the vast number of nearly unknown peaks to the south which the 1946 Party

had apparently confused with the Horsethief Group. These peaks are all part of a large granite block, bearing three or more glacial valleys two to three miles long which drain to Forster Creek. At the southern edge of the block, which falls steeply into the Horsethief-Stockdale Valley, stand the highest peaks. They are from east to west: Mount Sally Serena (10,000 feet), "Mount North Star" (10,050 feet) and "Survey Peak" (10,050 feet). From Taurus, Mount Farnham, highest in the Purcell Range, looms behind "Survey Peak." Between the glaciers are long ridges of fine granite pinnacles, while on the western edge of the block is a high dome of ice (9,400 to 9,500 feet) supported by two rock peaks.

Directly below Taurus a small glacier pushes into the Forster Valley from the south, blocking off a large green lake below the pass and forming a smaller lake at the glacier snout. Midway along the glacier's smooth, snow free surface, a huge whirlpool-shaped mill hole disappears into the blue depths of the ice. Because of this strange feature we named it Whirlpool Glacier, and the lakes Whirlpool and Thunderwater Lakes respectively.

As we left the summit we looked at Mount Assiniboine in the east, our constant companion for the next few days, and then at the Virgin (9,500 feet), our objective for the morrow. At 6:35 P.M. we pulled back into Camp III which John had now firmly established complete with stone walls around the tents. Some thousands of years hence his handiwork will no doubt baffle archeologists.

Since we were camped at the Virgin's feet, so to speak, the four of us didn't leave camp until 8:25 A.M. John was as eager as the rest to ascend this virgin summit. Crossing the cirque west of camp we scrambled up loose rocks for three hundred feet to a level shoulder on the southeast ridge and cached two out of the four ice axes. An evenly sloping (30°) rock ridge sprinkled with small pieces of shale plus two steeper pitches rose for about 150 yards to an intersection with the main northeast arête. The rope was soon put on since the going was slippery and the exposure considerable. By climbing the southeast ridge we avoided the lower two-fifths of the main ridge which contained two vertical pitches of dubious nature. Everyone paused for a breather at the intersection where one could look across the ice sheathed north face and down into Camp II.

The next hour was enjoyably spent climbing over or traversing around numerous low rotten towers. It was interesting to notice that both on this mountain and on Taurus, towers which would not succumb easily to a frontal attack could always be traversed on the south side by some amusing cleft or fracture, thus saving considerable descent. At many places the north face was over-

hung by beautiful cornices, all of which could be avoided via the rocks to the south. Two stretches of easy snow brought us to the base of the summit block, the crux of the climb.

While Bill and Bob stood back to puzzle out a route from a distance, John and I moved in for a closer look. The summit block is synclinal in structure with a north-south axis and the cliff forming layer is a solid quartzite more than a hundred feet thick. Five minutes were consumed in getting to the top of a large chunk just below the vertical part. When a traverse to a sort of escalator on the north face failed to work out, Bill and Bob recommended a frontal attack. Their advice was good, for an interesting and safe eighty foot lead brought me to a series of three-foot steps, one of which served as a belay position. After a pauze Bill, with a belay from above, conquered his variation, an open chimney capped by an overhang, we scrambled two hundred feet to the top (11:25 A.M.).

The highest point was an undisturbed low mound of rock in long bars described by John as a phyllite. Standing one bar on end, we surrounded it with a structure not unlike a council fire, thus forming a unique cairn. We then stretched out on the spacious summit for two hours of relaxation, eating and soaking in the marvelous scenery. By melting snow in a poncho we obtained an overflowing supply of drinking water.

The panorama around us was too vast and impressive to describe in detail. Making up much of the western view, with the selkirks in the distance, was the great range of the Four Squatters, truly massive mountains in the vicinity of 10,000 feet which richly deserve exploration. In the south was Eyebrow Peak, always dominating, with great stretches of mountains farther west. One of these in particular, a great white barn of a peak with a cupola at the southern end, caught our fancy. It must have been twenty-five or thirty miles away. From our summit the configuration of Howser River showed to advantage, the forks being perhaps ten miles distant.

The early afternoon was spent in leisurely descent by the same route to Camp III where plans were made for moving over to the Forster Valley next morning. Bill and I scribbled on our "Memoirs" while John and Bob read pocket books and Canadian Jays played tag on the cliffs next to camp. Already Bob was making good headway in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" which had somehow kept me stalled all summer, while John finished off a gruesome murder story about a little girl who did away with her grandfather.

Two hours sufficed to get us through the Taurus Notch and past Whirlpool Lake to a campsite in a few trees on the north bank of the Whirlpool Glacier. We had cached some of our extra supplies and equipment at Camp III. At Camp IV we had the advantage

of ample firewood, but the sun set much sooner in the evening.

At 1:25 all of us started across the Whirlpool Glacier toward a rock wall which leads to the westerly of the large parallel glaciers. After some little difficulty on the wall, we all roped together and started up the northeast slopes of the great ice dome.

Heading for the nearest prominence twenty minutes later, we climbed one hundred feet of steeper snow slopes to a pile of loose rocks at the top. That day being John's birthday, we sanctioned his naming this point "Plumley Peak" (9,300 feet) in honor of an old drinking companion (alias "The Plum"). The point stands on the northern edge of the dome, the slope falling away steeply to the north. Thus "Plumley Peak" dominates the view from Camp IV and probably stands on the East-West Kootenay Divide.

Due south from "Plumley Peak" is the highest part of the ice dome with the two 9,800 foot peaks. The easterly of these adjoins the ice domedirectly and has a long partly snow-covered northeast ridge bearing two granite pinnacles and with a steep flat-topped granite tower at the southwest end. We struck out for this peak immediately, leaving only a cairn on "Plumley Peak".

Heading up onto the northeast ridge at the nearest point, we encountered snow waist deep, but eventually got out onto the rocks. From the ridge one could look down the sheer southeast face into a vast glacial basin at the head of which rose the highest peak. At this point John decided to wait for us. With Bill in the lead we scrambled past the pinnacles to the base of the summit tower. Then Bill climbed two delicate pitches: first a traverse onto the north face and up for ten feet; then fifty feet straight up on crumbly granite. Twenty feet more of scrambling and a retable brought us to a rather small, flat and cairnless summit.

We called our mountain "Harmon Peak" in honor of Byron Harmon, a professional photographer who accompanied Longstaff and Wheeler to Bugaboo Pass in 1910 and took movies of the Lake of Hanging Glaciers in 1922. The long jagged line of peaks to the east we called the "Scotch Peaks" (or "The Coolin") because of their resemblance to the mountains of Skye. Twenty minutes on top gave us only enough time to leave a record and note the relative height of the peak before starting down a slightly different route at 5:30.

During our long mush down to the rock wall at the glacier snout we noted the softness and depth of the snow and the lack of crevasses. Because of its high altitude this area would make excellent safe skiing even in late August.

When we were descending the lower part of the rock wall onto Whirlpool Glacier, someone spied a large black animal

frantically sniffing our tracks across the ice. It soon saw us and fled straight across the ice for the far bank, its long tail waving behind. It must have covered three-eighths of a mile in thirty seconds and disappeared into the boulders. John identified the tracks as those of a cougar or catamount. Thus we named the glacier above Catamount Glacier. Evidently the big cat had not followed our tracks back to camp because nothing was disturbed.

During the day Bob had developed a very bad blister on his ankle so a day of rest was proclaimed for the morrow. In the morning we rolled out of the sack at 10:00. I tried to entice Bill into tackling one of the granite spires of the "Scotch Peaks," but the comforts of camp were too much for him.

An hour after brunch John and I took a rope and strolled out onto the Whirlpool Glacier to make a "descent into the Maelstrom". From the east an easy slope ran down to the flat bottom one hundred feet below the glacier surface; the other sides being overhanging. The water drains out at the bottom through large fissures. We have yet to find out a satisfactory geologic explanation for this weird depression in the ice.

Then we took a walk down the bare ice surface and along a recent moraine to an area of polished sheepbacks on the east shores of Thunderwater Lake. Beyond these a series of rumbling cascades falls five hundred feet into the green, wooded bottom of the Forster Valley while from a steep granite cliff to the right the main stream from Catamount Glacier plunges nearly eight hundred feet to the valley floor. In a northerly direction stands an unusual white pinnacle formed probably by the outcrop of a member of the Mount Nelson Formation on the ridge between Forster and Frances Creeks. During the hike back to camp John explained the occurrence of black tourmaline in the igneous-metamorphic contact just northwest of the campsite.

The swelling in Bob's heel had not gone down enough for him to risk the long trek up the Catamount Glacier. Accordingly Bill and I planned to start off early the next morning in order to get back by mid-afternoon and return to Camp III.

In the early evening a full moon peeked up over the mountains, and we were tempted to start out then. A thunderstorm without rain passed over in the wee hours, but at 5:55 A.M. the weather was not bad enough to keep us from going. As the sun rose up over the Rockies we followed the route of two days before to the snout of Catamount Glacier, where Bill took the lead on the rope, on the theory that he could be pulled out of a crevasse easier than I. In truth crevasses were almost non-existent, making the rope hardly necessary.

Trudging through the chilly shadows for two miles diagonally across the grand white expanse of glacier and upward on the west

flank of the "Scotch Peaks" we reached the level rock of the long northeast ridge of the westernmost of the highest peaks. On the other side of this ridge and parallel to the Catamount Glacier is the North Star Glacier and "Mount North Star" (10,050 feet) on the far side, a half mile away. We named these features for a steamer which once navigated on the Columbia River. Conrad Kain may have climbed this peak alone. From this position the "Scotch Peaks" looked most impressive and some of them may give the sportiest rock climbs between the Leaning Towers and the Bugaboos although the rock is just slightly crumbly.

Edge on, "Survey Peak" (10,050 feet) looked more difficult than we had expected but thirty or forty minutes of unroped scrambling brought us to the summit at 9:40 A.M. Upon arrival at the highest point we were greeted by a tall, expertly constructed cairn. Inside it was a glass bottle which had to be smashed to extract the following message written in faded pencil.

"Geological Survey of Canada
August 14, 1912

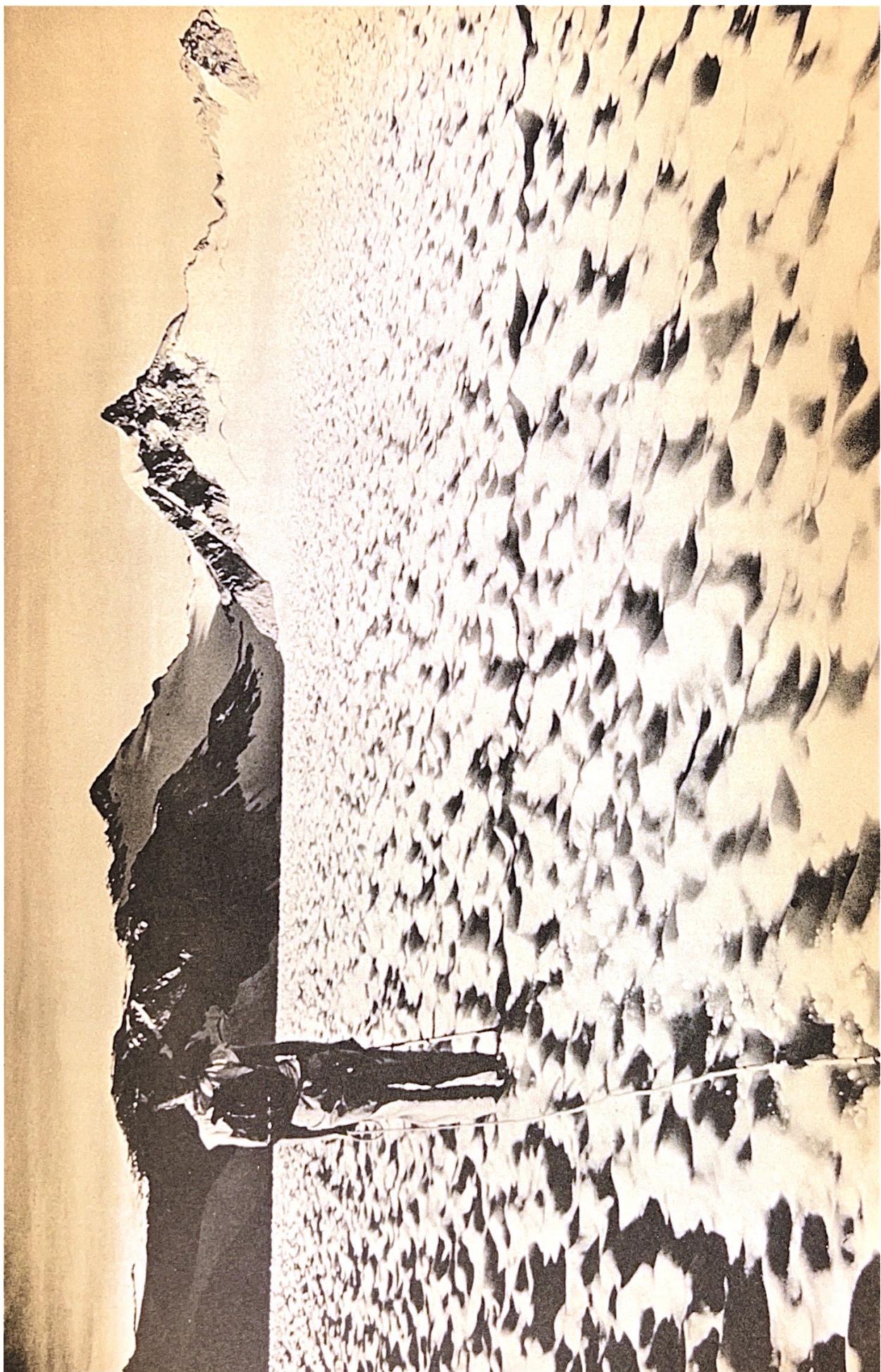
Please do not disturb the cairn as it is used as a signal.
Barometer at 2:35 P.M. 2200" "

We were on the summit just forty years to the month after the first ascent, which was made approaching from the south during surveys for the Windermere Sheet led by K. G. Chipman and H. G. Haultain.

Ten feet southwest of the highest point a sheer precipice drops away into the North Fork of Stockdale Creek. Not far distant were the two massive peaks of Mount Stockdale (10,100 feet; the west peak is somewhat higher) with the icefields of the Horsethief Group dominated by Jumbo Mountain (11,217 feet) beyond. So straight into the sun that they couldn't be photographed were Mount Sally Serena (10,000 feet), and the Farnham Group including Mount Farnham (11,342 feet) the highest peak in the Purcell Range. There was no trace of the fabled Aurora to the west and the two of us agreed that as a unique mountain it does not exist. In the east many of the Rockies were visible but a billowy dark cloud was clamped down on top of Assiniboine.

On the north end of a high curving spur encircling the head of Catamount Glacier, northwest of "Survey Peak" stands a sharp "Black Fang" thrusting up through a huge drift of snow. Having noticed this striking eighty foot pinnacle from the gla-

"The grand white expanse of Catamount Glacier." (Survey Peak - left, Black Fang - right. Ridge of ascent on left skyline.)





cier below, we had determined to attempt it. After scrambling back two hundred feet to our ice axes we floundered down through the very deep northwest snowfield and climbed along a mixed snow and rock ridge to the south base of the "Fang". One moderate but exposed rope length on lichen-covered granite led us to the tiny summit where there was just enough room to have lunch. The "Black Fang", which is the second highest peak (9,850 feet) on Catamount Glacier, is one of the most unusual peaks I have ever seen. Its north side falls off in a steep face to a bergschrund six hundred feet from the summit, while east of the "Fang" there is a thick cushion of ice perhaps one hundred feet lower which helps to account for the strange aspect of the peak.

Heavy storm clouds were moving in from the west as we climbed from the Fang and heeled down a long 45° snow slope to the head of Catamount Glacier. A little light rain fell while we filed past the long line of "Scotch Peaks" on the east and "Harmon Peak" on the west. At 2:20 we greeted Bob and John, and then we all shoulder-ed our packs for the climb to Camp III, which we reached at 5:00 P.M. Everyone agreed that the weather was turning for the worse and that we should head for Bugaboo Creek the next day.

Early the following morning I was awakened by John's cry of "Stampede!" It seemed we were being overrun by Pika Rats. The weather was rainy and unpleasant so that we didn't leave Camp III until 11:30. Time was made up by picking a fast route up to Phacelia Pass, which was reached at 2:25. While eating lunch we weighed the relative merits of a first ascent of Quintet No. 5 plus another night in the open against the comforts of the cabin. The lusts of the flesh won out as they usually do. Then before descending to the woods, John led us in a triumphant ceremonial march around and around in a circle to the tune of "Up in the Air Junior Bird Men." We wondered if a psychologist might be watching from behind a pile of boulders.

Below Camp I we descended via the alder slide instead of the waterfall. Alder slides are infinitely better for descending at least. Our feet were well soaked by the creek crossings and then mosquitoes tormented us all the way back to the cabin, which was reached at 7:30 P.M. That night we ate 'til we could eat no more and then stumbled heavily to bed. Even so John fell down on his boast to eat two chocolate puddings "solo".

The next day I formulated a list of the southern peaks in order of their altitudes and later estimated the numerical heights by various unreliable means assuming Mount Stockdale 10,100 feet.

Mount Stockdale	10,100	Scotch Peaks (highest)	9,830
Survey Peak	10,050	Mount Taurus	9,820
Mount North Star	10,050	Unnamed (SW of Harmon)	9,800+
Mount Sally Serena	10,000	Harmon Peak	9,800
Black Fang	9,850	The Virgin	9,500

II. FROM BOULDER CAMP

After two days rest, during which the weather alternated between rain and shine, we packed up to Boulder Camp below Snowpatch Spire on August 9th. Carved on a tree were found the names of four members of the Canadian Alpine Club, who had come and gone during the perfect weather while we were over Phacelia Pass. After supper it rained hard and next morning the clouds were hanging low at about 9,100 feet. Nevertheless we climbed up through Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col to see if it was clear enough to cross the Warren Glacier. As it turned out the clouds obscured only the tops of the peaks so that we could travel safely toward the Eastern Bobbie Burns Group. Even as we started down through the first crevassed area the clouds blew off Mount Conrad (10,300 feet) and some of the eastern peaks. Midway across the glacier we got our feet chilled in an ankle deep swamp of slush. Pushing up a tributary ice lobe we reached the rocks on the long western spur of a prominent peak. This is the fourth and last peak on a sharp ridge which extends southward from Center Peak.

From our resting point the peak, which we had expected to be a walk, appeared quite formidable, with a gendarme and steep snow on the south face fringed by cliffs at the bottom. As it was already nearly eleven o'clock, all hope of climbing more than this first peak was abandoned. To the south the clouds had been ripped away leaving only a heavy shroud clinging to the ice-coated Howser Spires.

When our feet were sufficiently dry we climbed to the top of the west shoulder and started unroped along the fractured ridge, leaving John to await our return. Although the arête was narrow, it was level or gently sloping, so that we didn't have to rope up until we reached the base of the gendarme, where Bob led up a hundred foot crack in a 50° slab. A stretch of level snow led to two hundred feet of smooth ridge where layback and friction were used. Then three hundred feet of easy going over huge blocks was followed by two final chimneys of moderate difficulty the second of which could have been easily avoided to the right. Like other peaks in the Eastern Bobbie Burns there was a large tubular rock at the summit. We were soon forced to seek shelter beneath ponchos under its edge while a gentle shower passed by from the northeast.

The ascent had taken two hours and could be classed as slightly easier than Pigeon Spire. The spire is about the same altitude as Brenta Spire (9600 feet), and we mistakenly named it "Black Wallace" when "Black Douglas" was intended.

However, since there is already a Black Douglas in the Rockies, "Wallace" will have to stick. Of prominence in the view are the northern aspect of Bugaboo Spire, Mount Conrad and two unnamed 10,000 foot peaks southwest of it, the Four Squatters, a wild sabre of rock on the northwest slopes of Howser Spire, to the north the three main peaks of the Eastern Bobbie Burns and in the foreground the three unclimbed spires on the same ridge as "Wallace." To the east is a great crescent of alpine meadows between Bugaboo and Vowell Creeks.

On our return trip to Boulder Camp we passed by the glacial lake mentioned by previous parties and skirted the swamps on the western side. The weather cleared up considerably and, though I had run out of film, Bill took some excellent pictures.

Bob and John had had enough climbing and so agreed to walk out to Spillimacheen after taking inventory at the cabin. They were to send McClain in for us on the 15th. Leaving letters for the outside world with Bob, Bill and I started up the north lobe of Bugaboo Glacier at 8:20 the next morning to tackle Pigeon Spire. At 12:35 we reached the summit (10,050 feet) and after lunch we wrote "memoirs" until 2:30. The climb had been fun, but easy, the jamb cracking offering the only strenuous bit. The so-called "finger traverse" involves using a crack only as a hand rail. The comprehensiveness of the view delighted us. We took special interest in the deep valley of East Creek and a particularly sharp spire west of Flat-top Peak which has been nicknamed Snaffle Tower (9,300 feet).

Back at the base of Pigeon and somewhat anxious for a tougher rock climb, we spied the western of three sharp pinnacles just to the southwest and headed for it. The east and south pinnacles, which we call "Pigeonfeathers," abut on the glacier, but the "West Pigeonfeather" is separated by a deep notch which took some good climbing to reach. The crux of the route up the vertical, exposed east face was a real finger traverse followed by underholds for a total of eight feet. On the large flat summit Bill constructed a conspicuous cairn while I walked about and gaped at the south face of the Howser South Tower. "Pigeonfeather West" is about 9,400 feet in altitude and the ascent required about three-quarters of an hour from the head of Bugaboo Glacier.

We descended from the head of Bugaboo Glacier to Boulder Camp in just one hour and two minutes. Because we philosophized that night until after 2 A.M., we didn't get started for the Eastpost-Crescent Col until almost noon the next day. On a long southern ridge from Brenta Spire stands a rather sharp peak which is just outside the granite stock. Crossing numerous boulderfields and passing several small lakes, we reached the col north of this peak. From here we climbed the delicate, dangerous and rotten north face to the northeast ridge and thence easily to the virgin summit.

Just northeast of this peak between it and Northpost Spire is a brilliant green-blue lake at least a half mile long with its east shores opening out onto the alplands. The "Blue Lake Spire" as we referred to our peak is about 9,150 feet in altitude. Its first ascent was worthwhile if for nothing else than to behold the rich color of the lake and Bugaboo Spire from the most impressive side.

The following day we had the time and inclination to try Bugaboo Spire, but decided against it because there were only two of us far from help. Our last days back at the cabin were prolonged since Dick didn't get in until August 16th. Every moment was enjoyed. For three straight mornings Bill engineered magnificent pancake orgies. Afternoons were spent reading, pitching horseshoes and talking to visiting foresters and prospectors. A three foot vein of rich ore has been found on old claims at Bugaboo Pass and the company is planning to take over the cabin, reroof it and rebuild the road from Spillimacheen. Both the road and the cabin will be open to mountaineers who do not abuse their privilege. In recent years certain groups have given "Alpiners" a black name in the upper Columbia Valley.

About eleven the 16th, Dick arrived with the tractor and at 12:15 we were off for Spillimacheen, stopping briefly to photograph the Falls of the Bugaboo. Seven miles out from the Columbia River we came across Mr. Randall of Montreal and a packer camped beside the road. They were on their way toward Rocky Point Creek to ascent to the great alplands which Mr. Randall has visited eight times. He told us, "I have been all over the Canadian Rockies and never have I seen anything so beautiful." We agreed. After a delightful fifteen minute conversation we moved on.

Back at Spillimacheen Store we found John and Bob going in for a nth round of pie. That night we enjoyed the hospitality of Dick's hayloft.

In the morning Dick showed me a mining map of the Spillimacheen River drainage. It clarified many things which I had seen on the aerial photographs and prompted me to make the following statements concerning the Divide.

1. The western drainage of the Bugaboo Group north of Thimble Peak is to East Creek which flows to the Duncan River on the Purcell trench. This puts Howser Spire on the divide as maintained by Conrad Kain.

2. The source of Vowell Creek is Warren Glacier. Warren Creek having no connection with the glacier. From its source Vowell Creek skirts the north side of the Bobbie Burns Group then turning north to join Bobbie Burns Creek. The aerial photographs show several very large glaciers (bigger than the

Warren) flowing northward from the Western Bobbie Burns Group and draining to Vowell Creek.

Being their grand-daughter's birthday, Mr. and Mrs. McClain invited us to a wonderful dinner, the first civilized meal we had had since June. In the afternoon we left for New England convinced that the Purcell Range will offer many more summers of exploration for those who seek the beautiful and the unknown.

GUIDE TO ROUTES ON OWL'S HEAD CLIFF

Owl's Head forms the northern side of Oliverian Notch, about one mile west of the village of Glencliff, New Hampshire, to the west of Mount Moosilauke. The entire cliff can be studied from the highway (Route 25A) or from the B. & M. Railroad, both of which run along the opposite side of the valley. From Hanover the cliff can be reached most quickly by driving up U. S. 5 to the intersection one mile south of Bradford, then crossing the river and continuing north to Haverhill. At Haverhill turn east on Route 25A and follow it five miles to the cliff. The distance is about forty miles and the trip takes about one hour.

From the highway the cliff is reached by walking over a small bridge and crossing to the far corner of the large field. It is best to be on guard (piton hammers out!) for one party was threatened by a young bull with very sharp horns. On the other side of a ditch, a trail connects with an old wood road running to the left up into a piney meadow whence a faint trail leads to a huge cleft rock at the base of the talus. Good water and a fine campsite are to be found here.

The name Owl's Head comes from the fact that the cliff resembles an enormous Owl's Head when seen from head on. In the center a prominent nose or beak separates two large faces which are set at different angles and form the eyes. Multiple rows of small overhangs fringing the top give shape to the Owl's Head.

The rock of Owl's Head is a gneissic granite of extremely solid quality. Among geologists a controversy rages as to whether the rock is of igneous intrusive or altered sedimentary origin. Characteristically the cliff is composed of smooth, outsloping exfoliation slabs, terminated above and below by low overhangs. Generally handholds are rare and are formed principally by layback cracks. Much of the time it is necessary to rely almost wholly on the friction of the feet on the slabs, hence the use of pitons for safety is the rule rather than the exception.

The routes on Owl's Head can be divided into three main divisions: 1. Routes on the Nose or ridge. 2. Routes in or near the Black Gully which divides the left face. 3. Routes connecting

ledges on the lower half of the face between 1 and 2. While little of the climbing could be classed as extremely difficult, it can be done safely only by those who have confidence in the friction of their boots or sneakers and are willing to drive pitons for safety. The leads run up to 110 feet in length, but most belay stances are spacious and comfortable.

THE NOSE

This route was first worked out by Bert Jensen of the D.M.C. in 1937. The climb begins at the base of the right face about 200 feet east of the point of the beak. Here a grassy crack leads upwards to the left through one piton to a grassy belay stance 100 feet up. A short layback just beyond the piton makes the pitch interesting.

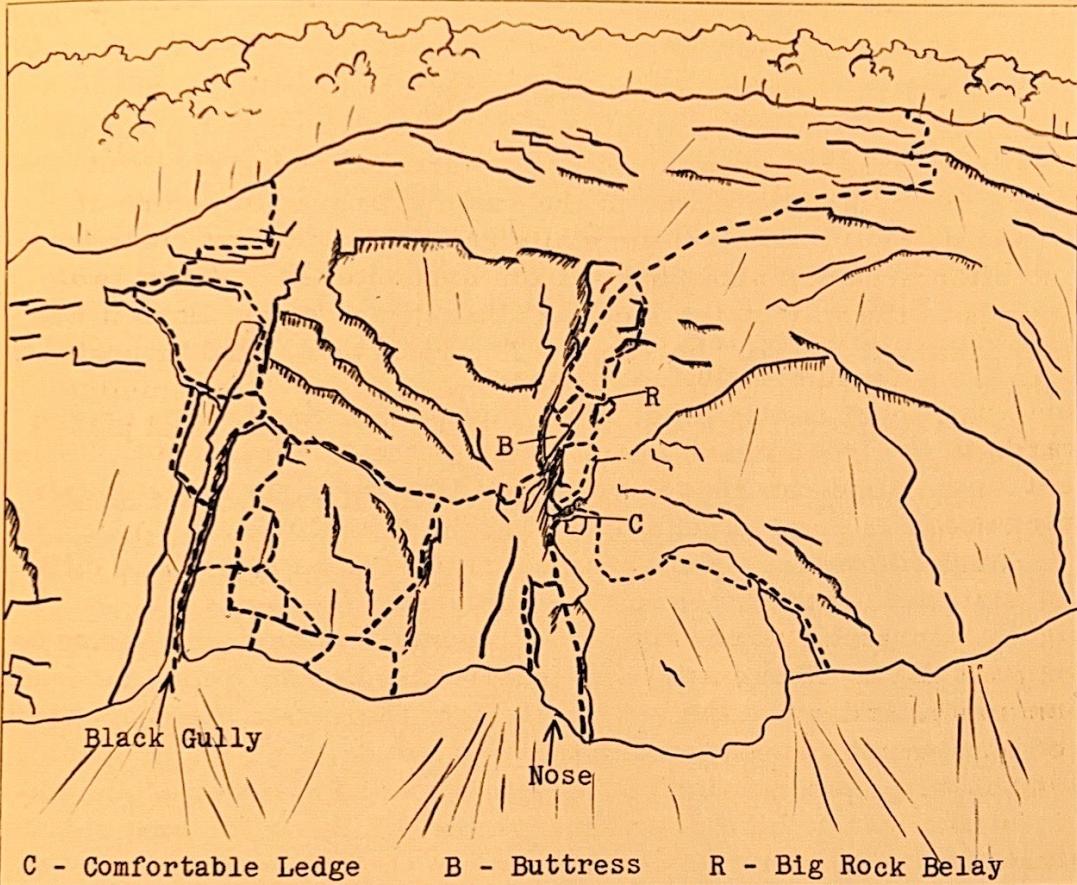
Next comes a long friction traverse to the left over smooth rolls of granite. Formerly this pitch was done by climbing higher along a series of pitons and then rappeling down thus making the pitch more difficult. The direct traverse begins just below a little tree near the belay position. A piton half way across gives good protection. Because there is no lichen on the rock here, the traverse can be made even in wet weather.

From the next belay utilizing a piton in a bush a short smooth bit leads down left to a series of ledges. Above here the route lies on or near the top of the Nose.

Next one scrambles forty feet left on the ledges and then heads up toward the "Comfortable Ledge" 100 feet above, which bears a good sized maple tree. In the winter of 1952-53 a large section of the route slid away here but the newly exposed rocks are climbable. The "Comfortable Ledge" can also be reached by several short pitches starting on the beak.

From the "Comfortable Ledge" two major variations diverge which have various crossovers between them higher up. The more difficult goes across the top of the overhang above, beginning at the left and then running up over the right hand corner on small holds and a steep layback. The maple tree offers a relatively safe landing for the leader who falls. Above here it is possible to drive a short spoon piton in a crescent-shaped ledge, and then proceed up a grassy crack and a second layback to an excellent belay position. From this belay it is very important not to traverse toward the right as one can continue through exposed grass and trees under an overhang for almost 100 yards only to be forced to return to the starting point. To the left of the belay point is an amphitheater with an easy route leading up to the "Big Rock Belay" at its top.

The other variation from the "Comfortable Ledge" goes very



easily toward the left along a large crack, then up a box chimney to the grass and trees which grow in the right angle corner between the Nose and the left face. A short gully leads right to the amphitheater while the corner can be climbed 100 feet higher.

The left side of the amphitheater is formed by "The Buttress" which is an excellent climb of about 40 feet beginning just above the overhanging section. The foot of this climb can be reached either from the amphitheater or the right angle corner. At the top of the "Buttress" a very touchy friction pitch leads to the right for eight feet to the "Big Rock Belay".

To climb the "Grass Root" finish one traverses left from the top of the "Buttress" into the upper part of a steep sort of gully or chimney and climbs up ten feet of steep rock which is often wet. Above this one reaches the extreme lower end of a long band of grass and bushes which extends downward from the right from the top of the cliff.

Jensen's discovery of the original climax of the climb above "Big Rock Belay" must have been an extremely brilliant piece of work. No way up is at all obvious from below. Running straight up for about thirty feet is the so-called "Evergreen Chimney". A steep, very awkward step halfway up should be protected by a piton.

A belay for the final pitch of the ascent can be comfortably established in the junipers.

The final lead begins with a steep layback up to the right to a tiny platform on the crest of a miniature ridge. From this platform pitons may be placed under the overhang to the right. With a little tension good underholds can be reached farther out. Friction on the steep rock enables one to reach a "Thank God" diagonal crack in the overhang where there is another piton. Using a retable in the crack to get over the overhang one climbs a short slab above. The ascent is finished by an exhilarating workout against the edge of a detached flake. This final climactic pitch consumes 110 feet of rope.

A rappel can be made from this part of the cliff by driving a piton in a good crack near the top of the "Grass Root". Using two ropes one can rappel well down into the right angle corner whence it is easy to scramble past the "Comfortable Ledge" and through more trees and grass nearly to the bottom of the cliff. A sixty foot rappel from a tree completes the descent.

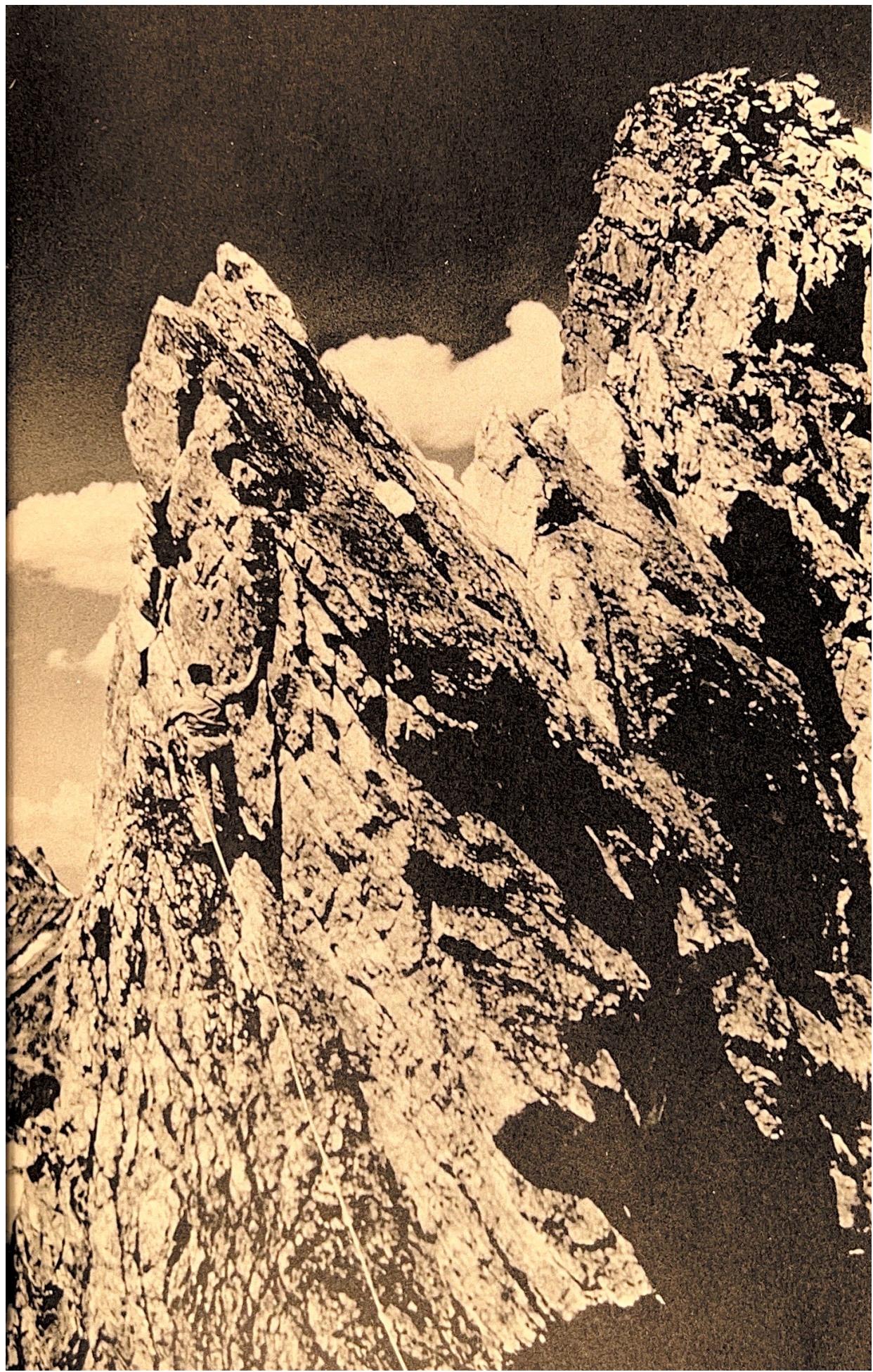
A scramble to the top of the mountain is very rewarding on a good day. There are many short climbs which may be done en route, and when the season is right there is a great abundance of blueberries on top among the pine woods. From an opening in the trees one can look across to Tunnel Ravine on Moosilauke. It is possible to hike down through the woods on the east side of the cliff. The only unpleasantness is that on a sunny day even in April or October it can become very hot on the cliff, and there is no water at the top.

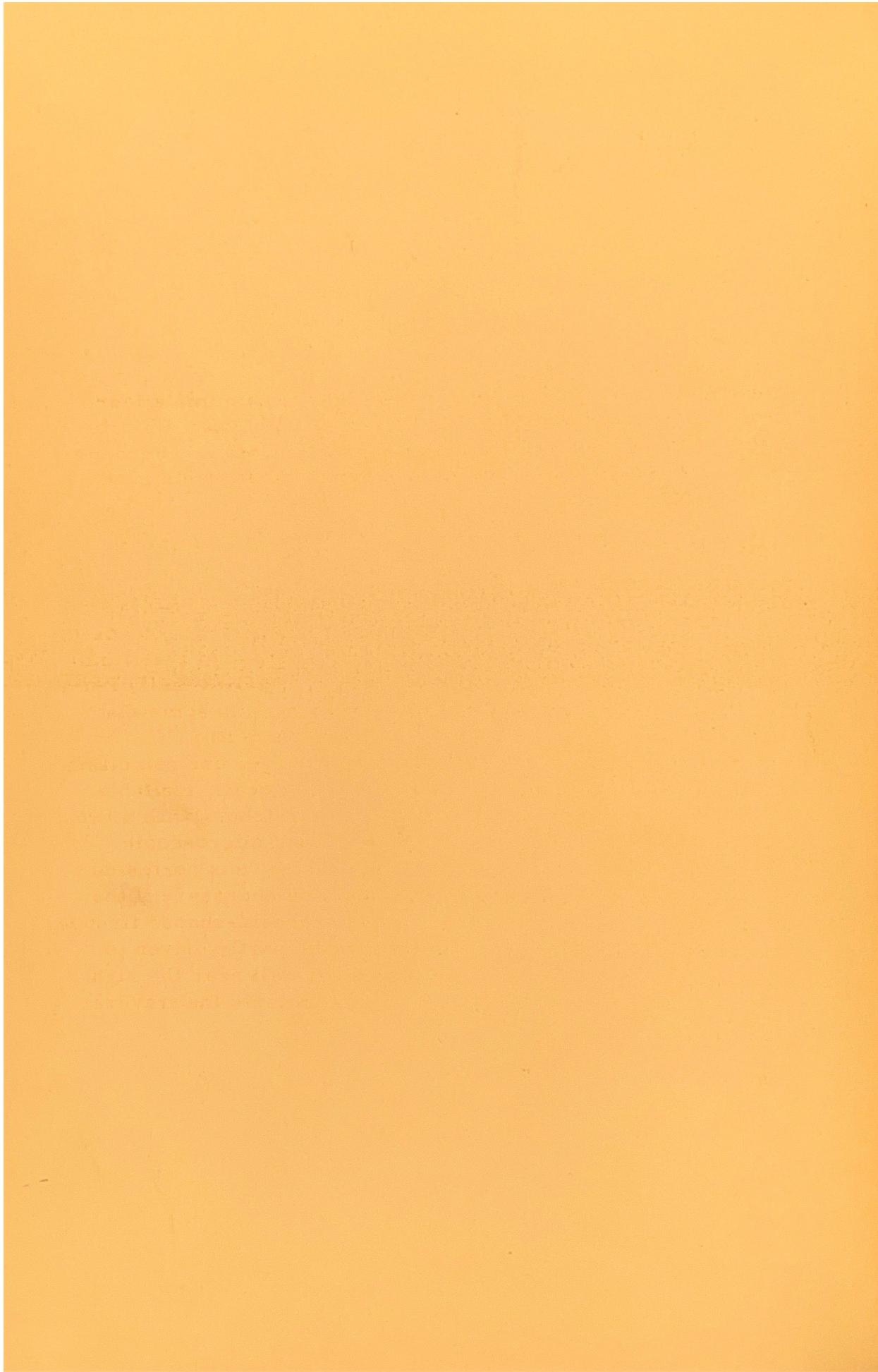
THE BLACK GULLY

The origin of the peculiar gully cutting the left face of Owl's Head has yet to be explained. The left wall of the gully projects at least ten feet farther out than the right wall. Higher up, where the gully loses its definition somewhat, the rock is more fractured than elsewhere but still makes safe climbing.

After scrambling over a small chockstone one ropes up for the first pitch. Below the first overhang, twenty feet above, a good piton can be placed for protection. Although the overhang has been climbed by both left and right hand corners, the right hand one is recommended. Fifteen to twenty feet above lies a broad, comfortable ledge where someone left a piton years ago. From this point a view is afforded only where the high walls of the gully permit, giving one a novel effect of being closed in.

"GRINDER II" on "The Jaw". Pete Robinson climbing.
Actual ascent was made in chimney on far side. Left to right:
Grinders II, III, IV, V, main summit.





A second lead in the right hand corner leads to a hundred or more feet of nondescript climbing through grass to reach a large ledge at the base of a very steep pitch where the gully narrows. The left hand corner of this has been climbed but not with any degree of comfort. The removal of a large annoying clump of grass at the top should make things better. A fairly easy roundabout route out of the gully to the left should be a good way to get past this bad place.

A long ledge stretches several hundred feet across the base of the final part of the face here. A really satisfactory way up this has not yet been developed. A very long ascending traverse can be made toward the right over rolling slabs to a small birch tree whence it is possible using a courte echelle to climb a four inch crack in the overhang above to the top of the cliff. Unfortunately the stoutness of the birch tree is very doubtful. Perhaps a piece of wood could be driven into the crack which would give better service.

THE LEFT FACE

The lower half of the face between the Nose and the Black Gully has a number of tree ledges with many interesting pitches between them which can be selected at the discretion of the climber. The upper part of the Black Gully can be reached easily from the next highest ledge, but the traverse to the nose is somewhat more difficult due to a smooth strip running next to it.

From the eastern end of the highest tree ledge, one can climb ten feet to the right and place a piton in the only crack available on a steep rib. There follow two eight foot stretches, with a two inch foot hold between, which utilize friction and microscopic holds in gymnastics which might be described as "aux portes du sixieme degré". A tension traverse would be necessary if the rock were wet. This puts one into a good crescent-shaped fissure at the far end of which two short pitons may be partly driven to support an awkward movement onto a vertical wall near the right angled corner. A good belay 10 feet higher protects the traverse of the last man.

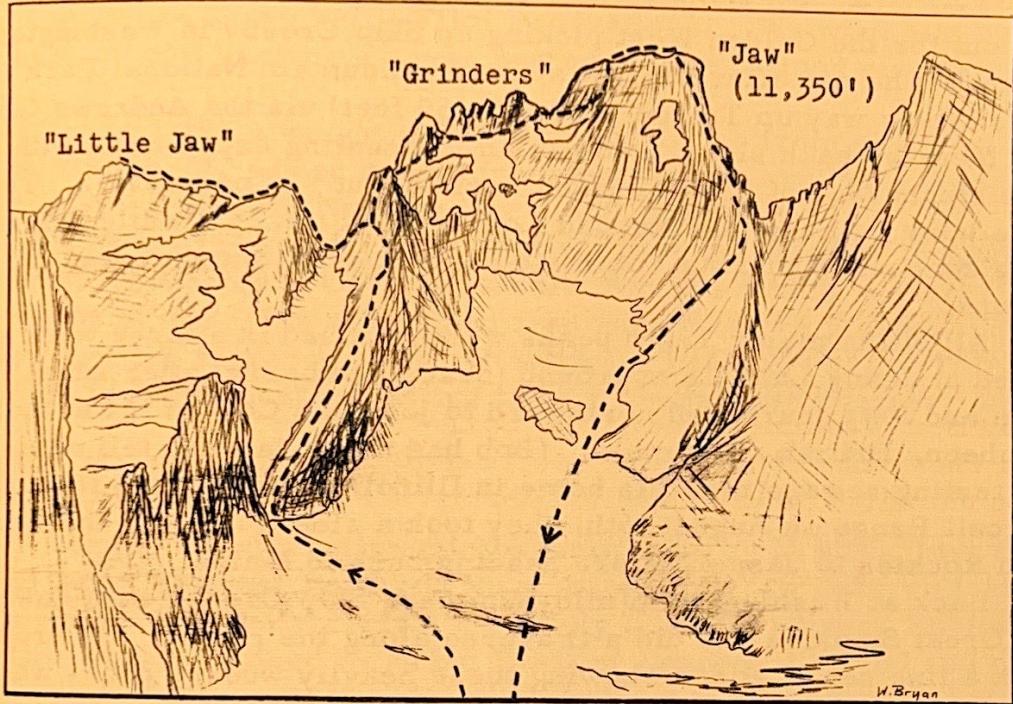
TALUS

Potomac Valley and West Virginia.....

During spring vacation ('52) Skip Crosby and Pete Robinson tried their hand at some of the rock climbing found in the vicinity of Washington, D.C., Skip's home. Several visits to Carderock Cliff in the Potomac Gorge, which reputedly contains the "worst climbing in the universe", were highlighted by a Sunday session with the Washington climbing group. In contrast to the lead climbs around Dartmouth, Potomac climbs are mostly belayed from above, and rightly so. After finally grunting their way up two "B's" -- "The Jackknife" and the "Friction Layback", Percy and Pete looked on saucer-eyed as various Washingtonians glided up such "A's" as "Herby's Horror", the "Sterling Crack", and the "Spider Walk". Then with the help of Skip's chum, Duncan Burchard they cheated the "Golden Stairs" by using a double back stand to the horror of proper Washingtonians. As they left for home the gleam in Skip's eye showed that he was not going to let the "Sterling Crack" get the best of him in the future. (Extra - Skip finally conquered the Crack over Thanksgiving. Nice going!)

In beautiful but windy weather the two D.M.C.'ers traversed the south summit of Seneca Rock in West Virginia, 150 miles west of Washington. A two night camp was made at the west base of the thin vertical quartzite bed which forms the only difficult peak of respectable size east of the Mississippi. After reaching from the east, the Gunsight between the north and south summits, Percy led the difficult crack which runs up the overhanging west side of the north edge toward the south summit. An airy stroll along the Catwalk (three feet wide) brought them to the summit where records of previous ascents (two for Skip) were found. Two easy pinnacles were surmounted during lunch hour, and then a rappel was made into the notch above the Cockscomb. This truly named arete pinnacle proved exciting but simple of ascent. From the notch a second rappel reached the Old Lady's Route which circles the Cockscomb on the east face and passes down to solid ground on the west face. A short detour was made to climb the Old Man and a smaller pinnacle. The former appeared to be rocking in the wind slightly.

Climbing at Judy Rocks was abandoned the next morning on account of bad weather. This wild formation near Route 33, ten miles south of Seneca Rock, consists of a straight rock ridge and a second ridge with half a dozen spectacular, knife-like pinnacles. It is not known whether this climbing has been exploited.



Summer 1952.....

During last summer D. M. C. men were scattered generously over the earth. Among the European travelers was footloose Don Foote '53 who reached Norway via Britain on a guitar string to take in the summer sessions at the University of Oslo. Don made a number of excursions around the Norwegian countryside and over to Stockholm, Sweden and made the acquaintance of one of the men who was on the Expedition to Tirich Mir in the Hindu Kush. In the fall we began to think his love for Norway and the Norwegians would keep him over there, but he finally made it back.

Rodge Ewy '53 headed for Europe, after a lightning recovery from a broken leg, to join Barry Bishop for some climbs around Zermatt, Chamonix and in the Dolomites. Among the peaks climbed were Cima di Lavaredo, Monte Rose and the Aiguille du Plan. We hear that Barry made a solo traverse of the Matterhorn for which he was greatly admired by the Swiss. On first semester sabbatical, Prof. Rosenstock-Huessy was also in Europe.

Meanwhile in far away Portillo, Chile where winter held its sway, Ralph Miller '55 was doing plenty of skiing and a little ski mountaineering in company with Bill Tibbitts '54. The mountains nearby run up to 18,000 feet while mighty Aconcagua is not far away. Unfortunately the rock was very rotten but the skiing was terrific with steep slopes thousands of feet high.

June 23rd Bill Briggs, '54, John Briggs and Pete Robinson '54 set out for the Golden West picking up Skip Crosby in Washington en route. The day after arrival at Rocky Mountain National Park they puffed their way up Taylor Peak (13,150 feet) via the Andrews Glacier and the easy back slope. It was an interesting experiment with altitude sickness, but it was almost carried out "ad nauseam". Two days later Bill and John topped Long's Peak (14,255) while Skip and Pete conquered Shark's Tooth after which everyone departed for the Tetons.

All of the major Teton peaks were climbed in a three week stay based at Jenny Lake Campground (described below) after which Bill, John and Pete journeyed northward to join Bob Collins '54 at Spillimacheen, British Columbia. (Bob had sweet tales to tell of his job testing sewage near his home in Illinois.) Emerging from the Purcell Range on August 16th, they took a side trip along the Canadian Rockies to Jasper before heading back to Maine.

Back at Washington in mid-summer, Skip Crosby went down to the Great Smokies and did a traverse along the range. He brought back a fine set of slides showing these heavily wooded peaks which are higher than Mount Washington.

John Scoville '54, after missing the Briggs-Robinson party at Jenny Lake due to the misdirection of a ranger, found some companions for the climb up Teewinot on the July 4th weekend. In August John visited the Wind River Range to climb Gannett (13,785 feet), Bastion and other peaks and incidentally get considerable practice on ice.

Harry Lewis '55 of Denver got in some climbing on the Flatirons and the Maiden near Boulder, while Dick Perkins '54 spent a second summer working in a Washington State lumber camp. Mike Roberts '55 took a crack at climbing some rotten shale cliffs near his Cincinnati home.

In mid-August Bill Bryan and his father traversed the Presidential Range in New Hampshire climbing from Dolly Copp to the Madison Hut and then along the range to Lakes of the Clouds. The weather became very thick as they passed the Cog Railway and posed for pictures for awed tourists. Somewhat the worse for wear due to the poor weather and a sixty pound pack, they moved on to Mount Lafayette where they were rewarded with fine weather in which they could loaf in the sun on the summit.

In September Pete Robinson and his father made a grand traverse of Mount Katahdin going from Pamola Peak to Hamlin Peak in perfect weather.

For August Jerry More '52 joined Gerry Cunningham of Ward, Colorado for a trip into the southern part of the Canadian Rockies. Jerry made a movie of the trip which will soon be sent to Hanover

to be shown at a club meeting. At last writing Jerry had set up in Los Angeles as Jerry More Film Productions. We wish him luck, and hope he will become a never ending source of good mountain movies.

Once in a while we get an enthusiastic letter from ex-President Sturdy Helfer '51, whose mountaineering desires are being frustrated by service with the Navy on the U.S.S. Borie.

Jim Cooke '52 and his wife, Janie, after the wedding in August, moved out to Boulder, Colorado where Jim is studying engineering. Jim sends photographs of the long free rappel off the Maiden and a hairy tension traverse on the "Northwest Passage" of the Third Flatiron. Janie must be getting to be a pretty good climber, too.

Tetons.....

A number of interesting climbs were done by D.M.C. men in Grand Teton National Park last July, of which a few deserve further explanation. On their arrival day, July 1, the Briggsses, Robinson and Crosby were joined by Brian Brett of London, England and presently of Montreal. As the site of their first high camp they selected rarely visited Ramshead Lake in Hanging Canyon, from which they climbed Symmetry Spire (east ridge), Rock of Ages (east route) and Mount Saint John. On July 4 they headed straight up the canyon toward an unnamed peak (11,350 feet) which they had nicknamed "The Jaw". Ascending the narrow southeast ridge, they made a slight digression to the left to climb the "Little Jaw" where there was found a note from Fred Ayres dated July 22, 1936. Continuing upwards over the "Canine Tooth", they came to "The Grinders". "Grinder I" was easily done from the north. Then Pete did "Grinder II" solo belayed by chimneying up between II and III and then crossing out onto the upper east face. III and IV remain unclimbed but a note from Bill Plumley and Bob Bear (1940) was found on "Grinder V" after it was climbed from the north.

On the main summit the names of four previous parties beginning in 1931 were found in a mustard bottle. The views of Valhalla Canyon and the Cathedral Group to the south, and of Mounts Thor and Moran to the north, are well worth the climb. The west face drops off sheer from the summit for at least 500 feet. Descending via the northeast ridge and the east snowfields, almost everyone plunged into Lake of the Crags at least long enough to have a picture taken. Back at camp John was found waiting with that notorious and hated box of green tea, which he had bought by accident. Every time there were guests an attempt was made to get rid of some of it, for Brian insisted that our tea be black and properly steeped.

After a trudge up and a run down the east face of Teewinot, the

party moved up into Garnet Canyon for a prolonged stay at Petzoldt's Caves. The first day was absorbed by an interesting mixed ice, snow and rock climb up the Middle Teton Glacier and then up the east ridge to the summit of the Middle (12,798) in six hours. That evening, as a two day storm set in, the D. M. C. boys were joined by Bea Vogel, Jane Noble and Mary Kay Pottinger of the Stanford Alpine Club and soon after by Geoff Eglinton and Mark Whiting of the Manchester (England) University Mountaineering Club.

During the next two days two of the girls got up the Middle Teton the easy way, and others climbed Disappointment Peak (11,616 feet). At 8 A.M. the third day a blue patch was seen through the fog, and Bill, Pete and the girls set out immediately for Exum Ridge of the Grand Teton. The ascent, made in glorious weather, was intensified by frequent coatings of ice on the rock. Meanwhile Percy, Brian, Geoff and Mark climbed the west ridge of Nez Perce (11,900).

Next day in equally good weather Percy, Brian, Geoff and Sandy (American friend of Geoff) climbed Exum Ridge while Pete and Bill did the east ridge of Nez Perce in which there are three rappels, but only two interesting climbing pitches.

Later on some spires near the highway at Togwotee Pass were investigated and found to be too rotten for climbing although one ascent was made. The visit to the Tetons was finished by climbing Mount Moran by a new route and then ascending Mount Owen (12,922 feet).

White Mountains.....

D. M. C. men like all members of the Dartmouth Outing Club make many visits to favorite peaks of the White Mountains such as Moosilauke, Lafayette and Washington, not to mention great numbers of less prominent peaks. Space does not permit us to tell most of these exploits many of which were important both from a mountaineering and from a survival standpoint.

Two small rocky peaks on the ridge north of Owl's Head cliff, namely Black Mountain and Sugarloaf, have given a number of people a pleasant afternoon with spectacular views and a little scrambling. On the trail up Black Mountain (has firetower) at a place called Devil's Den, there are a great number of amusing chimneys and boulders. There may be considerable rock climbing in the area.

The annual fall Mount Washington trip was held on Harvard

GRAND TETON IN THE MISTS (Seen from the east ridge of Nez Perce. Teepe's Pillar is the spire in front. Exum Ridge on upper left skyline.



Dear Mr. Chairman,

I am enclosing

for your information

and your consideration.

Very truly yours,

John C. Stennis

Weekend as three Dartmouth parties attacked the summit from different directions. One group climbed from the south up the Crawford Path, and half its members conquered the mountain. A group from the north was repulsed from lack of time and bad weather. Lastly an elite mob ov D.M.C. hackers ascended from Pinkham Notch prepared to face the rigors of life at the Harvard cabin and see if the weather would let them try Huntington Pinnacle. The party consisted of Don Foote '53, Dick Perkins '54, Gene White '55, Mike Marx '54, Pete Robinson '54 and Fen Riley '56.

The intrepid D.M.C.'ers started for the summit on Saturday morning. Coming over Tuckerman's Headwall they met blinding snow and a howling gale, but they plodded on toward the safety of the weather station up top. Two hundred yards from the summit they were nearly blasted off the mountain when the Air Force cut loose with a new triple powerful jet engine. They finally succeeded in pushing their way through the ear shattering "sound barrier".

They returned to the hut with snowy clothes and tales of a fantastic Dartmouth triumph over Harvard. Two of the more stalwart mountaineers continued down to procure liquid refreshments for celebrating Dartmouth's "victory". Sunday dawned perfectly clear, and the party, returning to the summit via Boot Spur, was horrified to learn the actual outcome of the game. This second ascent was rewarded by a view of the ocean on the far horizon.

The Mountaineering Club was represented on the annual Thanksgiving trip to Katahdin, but it was four Cabin and Trail men, Larry Taylor '54, Bill King '53, Harland Jessup '53 and John Green '53 who pitched tents on the Table Land near the 5,267 foot summit and successfully resisted howling winds for a night.

The Cliffs.....

1952 has seen considerable expansion in the rock climbing within easy reach of Hanover. The "rediscovery" of Owl's Head, an hour's drive away, has, of course, made such cliffs as Orford less popular.

Spring and fall rock climbing classes went on as usual centered at the Bema and Norwich Cliff. Fall season brought the influx of an enthusiastic group from the class of '56 who were eager for many extra hours of practice. At the beginning of Thanksgiving vacation three men put a new route up the steep highway face of Norwich Cliff, utilizing three pitons for safety. This 100 foot face has been rarely visited owing to the lack of belays, abundance of vegetation and steepness of the rock making pitons advisable.

Although less visited than previously most of the routes at Orford were climbed during the year. This spring the cliffs farther up the valley toward the east are being opened up to climbing.

Sawyer's Ledge north of Bradford was visited again last spring and found to lack many further possibilities. It is, however, a cliff which everyone should try once for the sake of experience on this rotten but not dangerous schist.

In December Bob Montgomery '56 and Pete Robinson went to look over the cliffs under a mantle of snow. After a fruitless encounter with bushes below Owl's Head, they decided to see how bad a time the Fairlee Palisades could give them. A route up 3/4 of the way and down a different way was found. Although hampered by snow, the attempt confirmed previous opinions that Sawyer's Mountain and the Palisades are too rotten and outsloping to make safe or pleasant climbing.

One afternoon in April Ralph Miller, Pete Robinson, Mike Roberts and Jack Sandin '55 went to Peaked Mountain, Piermont to give a fair trial to the east face. Ralph and Pete found a mossy and exposed but otherwise commonplace route up the middle part of the face while Mike and Jack did a route on the upper part further to the left. The best climbing of the day was found in a pasture northeast of the mountain where good granite slabs offer excellent practice. On the best pitch one must lay back with the support of one's finger tips jammed in a crack.

One Sunday afternoon in May Mike Marx, Don Mackay '55, Pete Robinson and Julia Robinson went to have a look at some rocks near Newport, N. H. Near the top of a wooded hill were found a series of very smooth slabs of small size which would offer lots of practice. One particular pitch shaped like the side of a bowl proved especially interesting. The nearby summit of the hill provides a marvelous picnic spot with views of Ascutney, Cardigan, Sunapee and other mountains.

In early October several members went to an IOCA get-together on an island in Lake George, New York. The cliffs of Tongue Mountain soon attracted climbers from Rensselaer, Vassar, Holyoke, Dartmouth and other schools. Mary Frymoyer, Holyoke '54 in company with Mike Marx, Pete Robinson, a Rensselaer student, and another Holyoke girl, suffered a severe fall of over 100 feet while descending unroped, but ultimately escaped with only a chipped vertebra. This accident has been reported in full detail to the American Alpine Club Safety Committee. We are happy to report that Mary has fully recovered and has long ago expressed her eagerness to climb on the rocks again.

1952 for the D. M. C. might be known as the year of Owl's Head, for this beautiful cliff, recently ignored by the D. M. C., was visited no fewer than four times culminating in the photographing of the ascent in 16 mm. color movies by John Withee. The premier "re-ascent" was made in April by Don Foote, Mike Marx and Pete Robinson, who followed the route description found in Appalachia.

Everything went smoothly until half way up the Nose where they got sidetracked for about 100 yards to the right under an overhang which served to form a reflector oven. Cheese sandwiches didn't go down too well at that point. Higher up Mike struggled with the final two pitches, while Pete spent an ulcerating half hour pacing around the Big Rock Belay and Don handled the belaying and mumbled "funny" stories about the misfortunes of climbers. Mike convinced the others that he had climbed the Evergreen Chimney with "no holds at all" (They were excavated two months later from the primeval mud.). As Don started across under the final overhang, one of the key pitons Mike had driven for tension, obligingly popped out, thus saving extra work.

After finals in June the same three with Bill Briggs pioneered the "Buttress" and the "Grass Root" in searing hot weather. On top these three desperate men saved themselves by sucking the moisture out of moss.

The first Sunday of the fall semester Bill Briggs and Mike Roberts climbed the Nose with the "Grass Root" finish while Pete Robinson and George Hall '56 worked a way up the Black Gully, both climbs taking about two hours. On top a few blueberries were found which saved the party from complete dehydration.

Finally on November 2 John Withee was able to carry out his plan to make a movie of the traditional Owl's Head climb with a climbing cast of Tim Fohl '56, Lefty Leavens '53, Bob Montgomery '56, Pete Robinson and Gene White '56. With a heavy camera which had to be carried in a rucksack, six hours were spent on the cliff shooting the film. Shots of the final pitch and the rappel, which were prevented by darkness, will be taken this spring as the finishing touches.

For some time there had been talk of taking a crack at Cannon Cliff in Franconia Notch. Finally in September, before the opening of college, Mike Marx and Pete Robinson decided to take action. En route to Franconia early one morning they were afforded a fantastic view of Moosilauke across a sea of fog.

After struggling up through talus to the base of Cannon Cliff and wasting nearly an hour on a false start, they got onto a feasible route near so-called "Old Cannon". The climbing up to the large bush ledge was very rotten and grassy except for one nice pitch at the top. On the ledge they traversed to the right toward the "Old Man", evidently bypassing the foot of the original route. Above here the rock was covered with a great deal of gravel and loose rock which made climbing very unpleasant. Higher up they were beckoned on over a series of terrible overhangs by a row of rusty pitons found in fast deteriorating rock. This route, which may have been put up by Wiessner, joins the regular route for the final two pitches, the last of which is excessively rotten. Because this route was so exceedingly difficult and rotten Mike and Pete recommend that it never be climbed again. Almost all of this

part of the cliff is covered with large loose pieces ready to fall at any time. The only rewards were the vista of the Franconia Range across the deep valley and the marvelous feeling of safety upon reaching the top.

The climax of the fall season came on Houseparties Weekend, November 8, when Bill Briggs, Tim Fohl, Don Foote, Siggy Hengzinger, Mike Marx, Dick Perkins, Fen Riley, Pete Robinson and Gene White journeyed to Montreal to meet Brian Brett for some rock climbing in the Laurentians near Val David. On Friday night the nine landed on Wes Blake '51 who is studying geography at McGill and then in the morning moved on to Shawbridge and Val David.

Saturday afternoon, although the wind was blowing, the temperature around 25°, and a half inch of snow on the ground, everyone had a wonderful time climbing on the Condor Cliff. The chief attraction here, besides the great abundance of chimneys, is the Condor Pinnacle whose upper sixty feet are completely detached from the cliff. At the foot of the crucial pitch is a detached flake. Bracing himself between this and the face, Pete was able to give Mike protection and assistance while he attempted the steep and very difficult face above. Both men were belayed separately from below by Siggy and Fen. Mike succeeded on his second attempt and reached a piton higher up. Then Pete lead through to the summit where he remained for an hour to belay up the others.

Saturday night the gang enjoyed the hospitality of the McGill Outing Club in their spacious hut at Shawbridge. On Sunday they joined John Brett of the A. C. C. and Eve Wright, Kathy Coit and other McGill climbers in an ascent of the 400-foot "Flying Arabesque" on Mount Césare, a wonderful climb, especially in a heavy snowstorm. Siggy's "Ice Friction Pitch" will not soon be forgotten. Everyone agreed the Laurentian trip should become an annual affair with McGill and the A. C. C.

Graduate Membership.....

While sending out notices of this Journal, the D. M. C. also sent out a questionnaire to Club alumni to see what interest there is in having a graduate membership. So far the replies have been overwhelmingly enthusiastic. So much so, in fact, that at the annual election meeting a new section was voted into the constitution providing for an annual graduate membership fee of \$1.00 and a life membership of \$15.00. Although neither of these fees include the cost of a Journal every year, if enough graduates desire it in the future, an additional fee will be fixed to cover this for life or for periods of ten years. The permanency of the Journal has yet to be tested over a continuous course of more than four years, although it has made a good start. All members will

receive at least three newsletters from the President every year which will discuss all aspects of Dartmouth mountaineering.

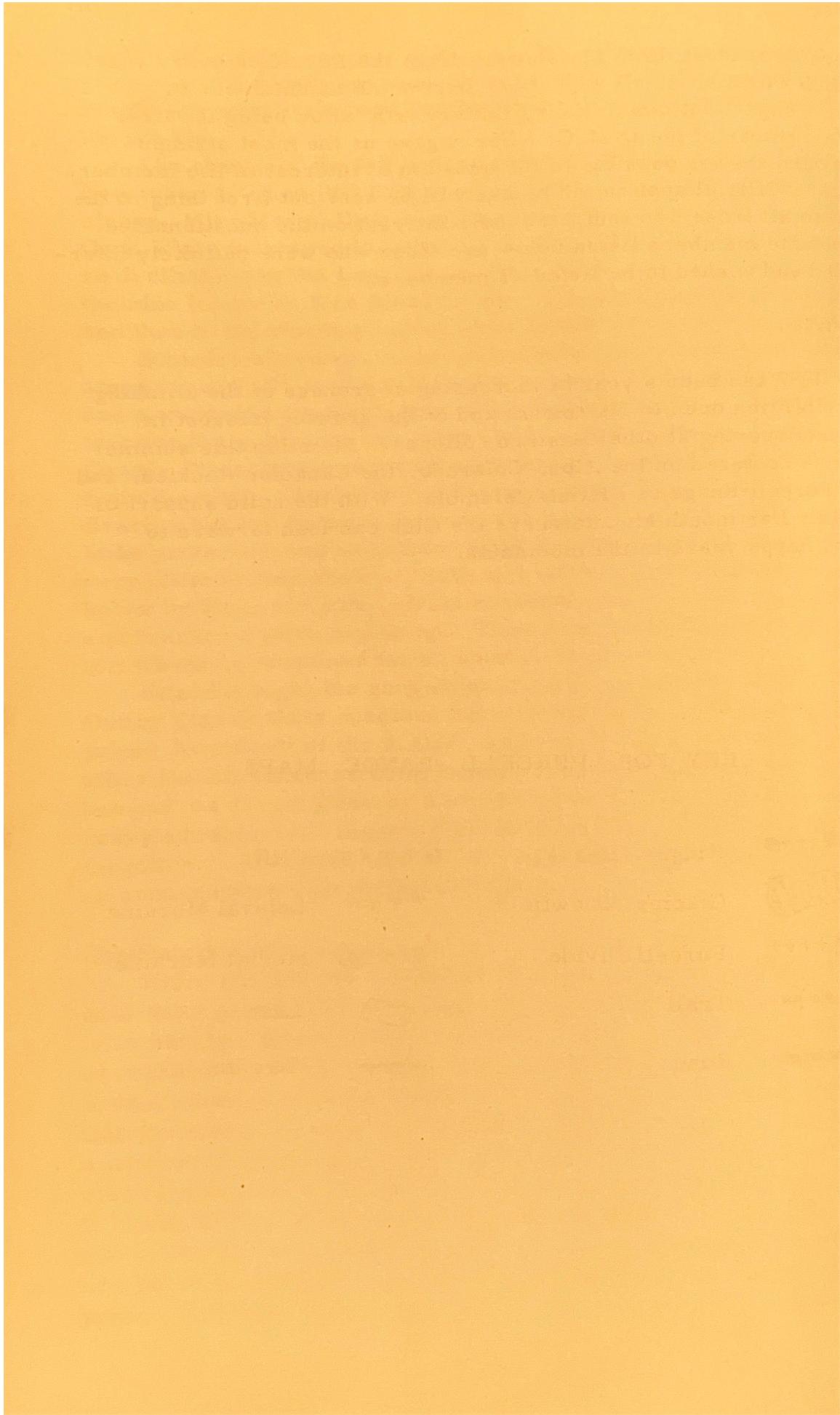
Congratulations to Harry Butterworth '41 on being the first life member of the D.M.C. Harry gave us the most straightforward answer possible to the question of interest in life membership. Official application blanks will be sent out first thing in the fall to all those who indicated their interest on the questionnaire. Graduate members listed below are those who were definitely interested and wished to be listed as members.

1953.....

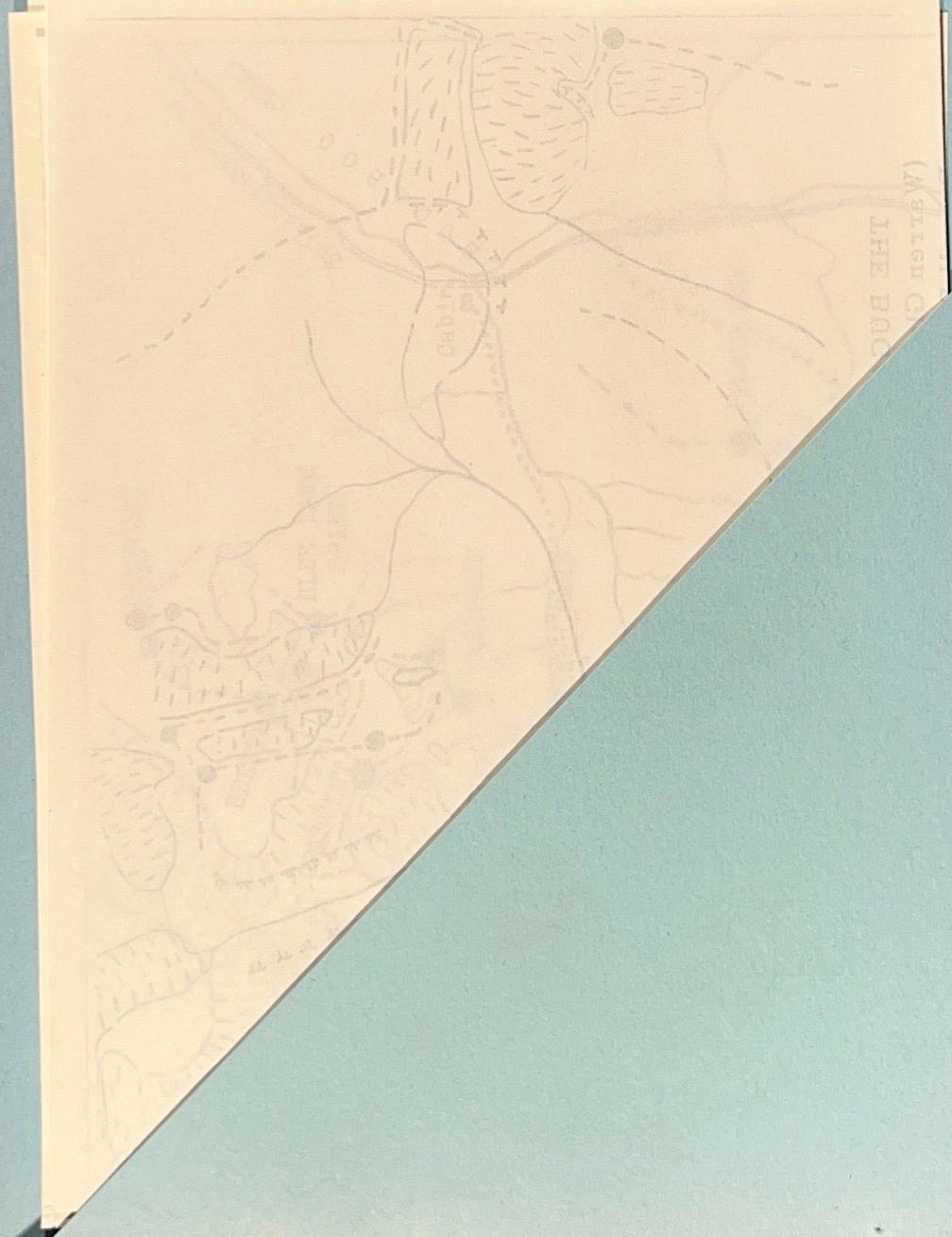
1952 has been a year of increasing awareness of the climbing possibilities open to Dartmouth and of the growing interest in mountaineering at other eastern colleges. Attention this summer will be centered on the Alps, Colorado, the Canadian Rockies, and the Purcell Range of British Columbia. With the solid support of earlier Dartmouth Mountaineers the Club can look forward to many happy years in the mountains.

KEY FOR PURCELL RANGE MAPS

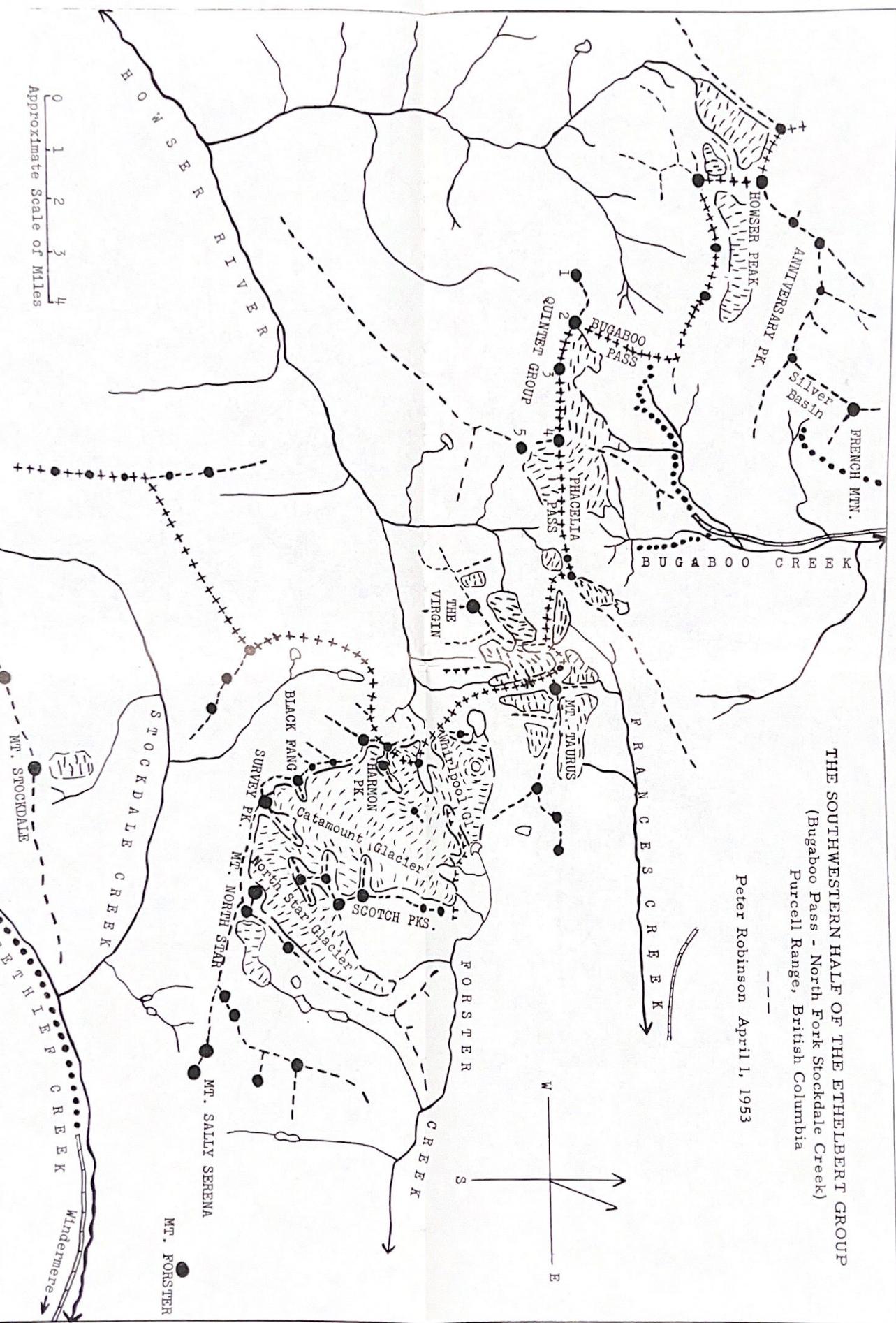
	Ridges, Peaks		Cliff
	Glacier, Snowfield		Lateral Moraine
	Purcell Divide		Medial Moraine
	Trail		Lake
	Road		Stream

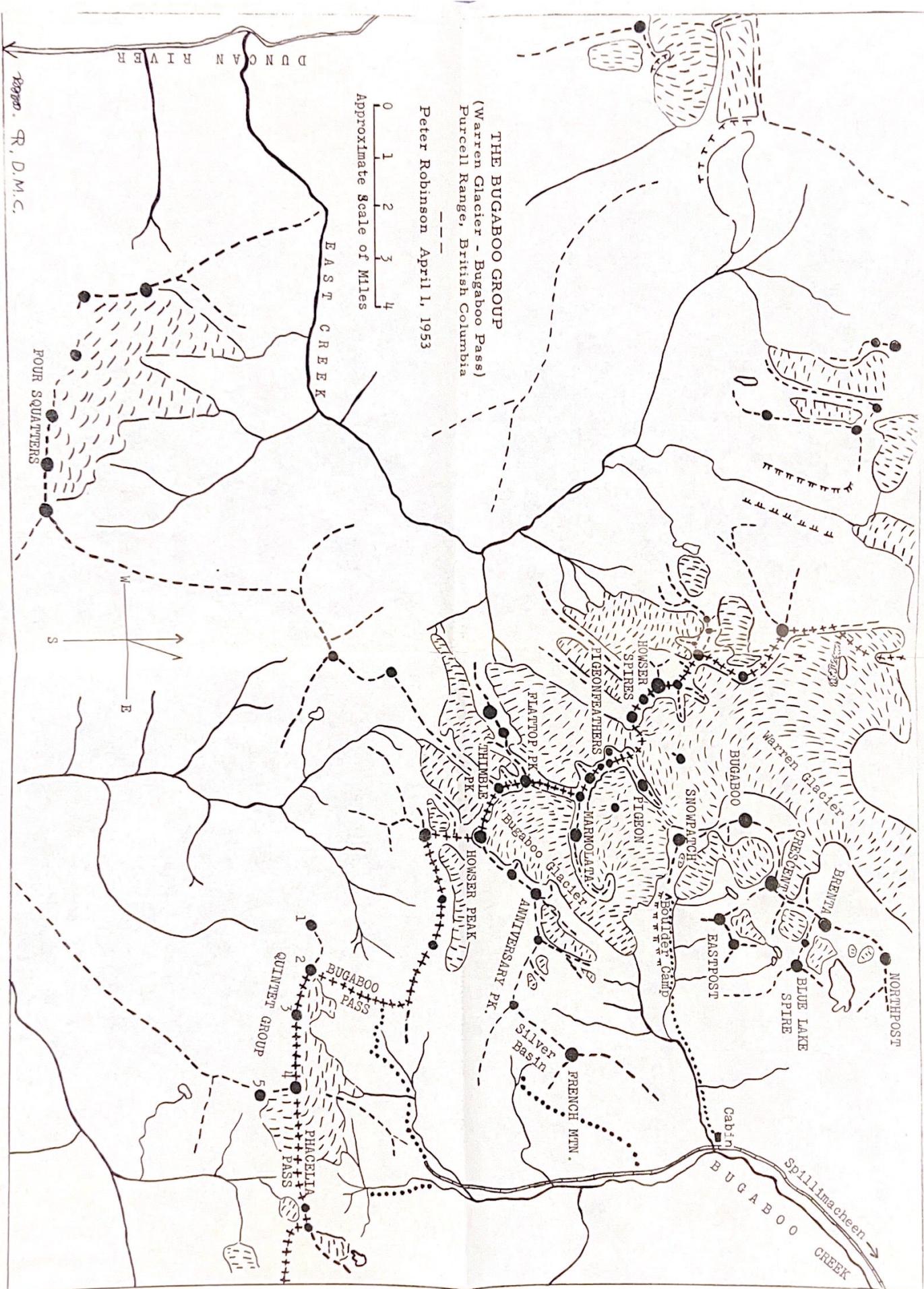


(WATER
GARDEN
IN THE
BOAT



R.D.M.C.





THE EASTERN PART OF THE BOBBIE BURNS GROUP
and Adjacent Peaks - Purcell Range, British Columbia

— — —

Peter Robinson April 1, 1953

0 1 2 3 4
Approximate Scale of Miles

