

THE STANFORD ALPINE CLUB
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Dedicated to
Anne Pottinger
and
Frederic C. Hadden

BRITISH COLOMBIA, 1954
by John Maling

The landing on the green-black lake far below us would mark the end of our flight from Seattle. Bill Fisk, our pilot, began his approach over the low ridges which isolated the lake from the Hamathko River below us. Beyond the lake and above it mounted the white peaks of the Coast Range of British Columbia. They were silhouetted high against the dark sky to the north. In a broad arc we swept past the low ridges cradling the lake and then touched our pontoons to the water. Bill raced the Norseman down the lake towards the northwest shore. Our party of seven prepared to disembark.

We passed the packs from the plane over the snags to the brushy bank. The size and weight of the packs seemed insignificant compared to the time and care spent on assembling them. We quitted the plane one by one, and after checking the map with Bill, we pushed the plane from the shore. The engine coughed and started and Bill taxied slowly away. We would see the plane again within a week, we hoped, high up on the Tello Glacier, when Bill would drop the necessary supplies for our stay in the area. The red tailed plane sped down the lake, nose high, rocked into the air and disappeared. Its roar filled the lake bowl for a moment and then we were left in silence on the shore.

We were earthbound once again. Our goal, glimpsed for the first time a few minutes ago from the plane, was now hidden by the redges above us. Landing on the lake was anti-climatic. The climax of the journey had come those few moments before with the first sight of the high peaks of the range, the Waddington group. The anticipation had begun at Stanford in January, with the first plans, and had reached its peak in the last six hours during the flight from Seattle. As we flew up the Inland Passage and then up Butte Inlet to the Hamathko River valley, the peaks became higher and more rugged. We flew between steep walls that dropped straight into the milky green of the inlet. Then we were over the green snake of the Hamathko. Around noon we saw the

high peaks sillouetted against the dark sky. There had been just a few moments of excitement as we craned and peered trying to identify the peaks we hoped to climb. Then they were hidden behind the lesser ridges to the east as we circled down to the landing.

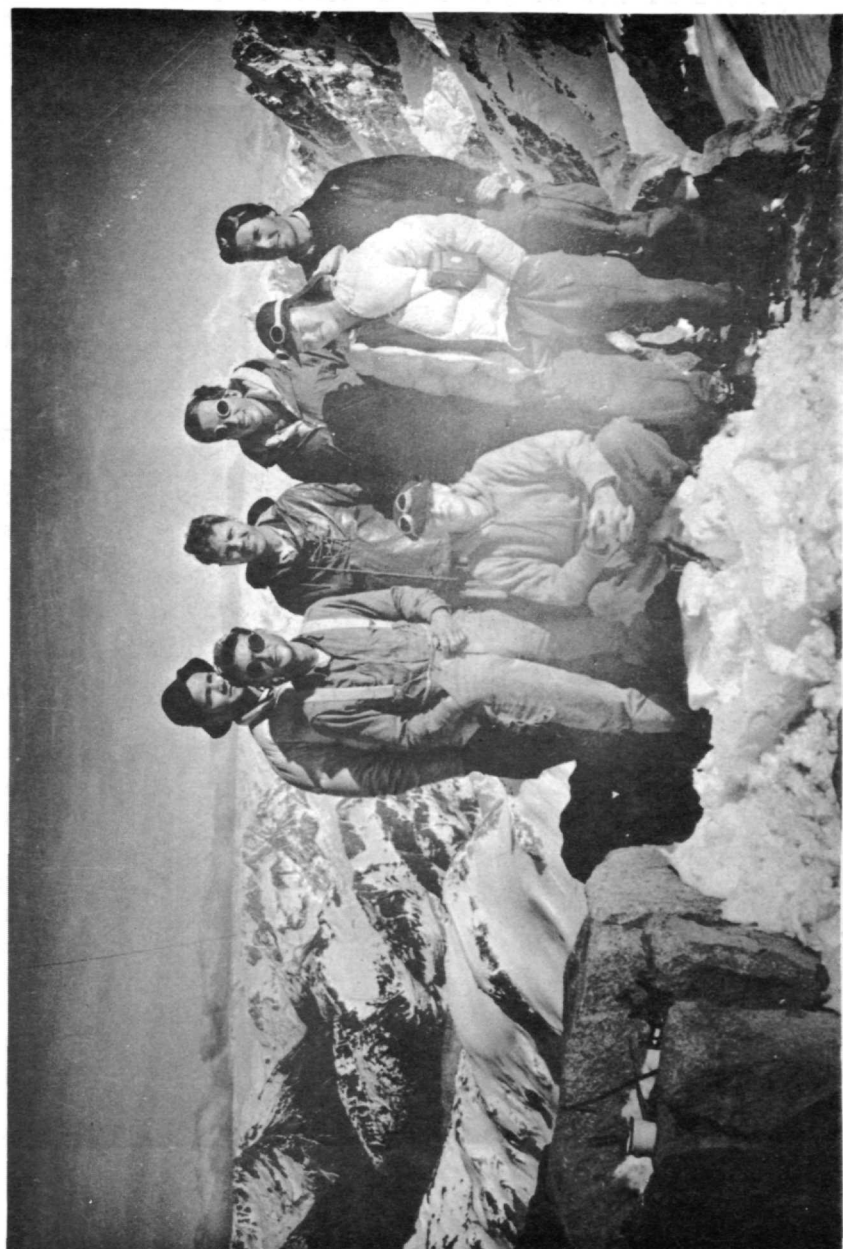
The weather was neither good nor bad. A pale sun shone as we moved through the forest westward up the ridge. The last few hours were forgotten now. Our thoughts were on the next few days.

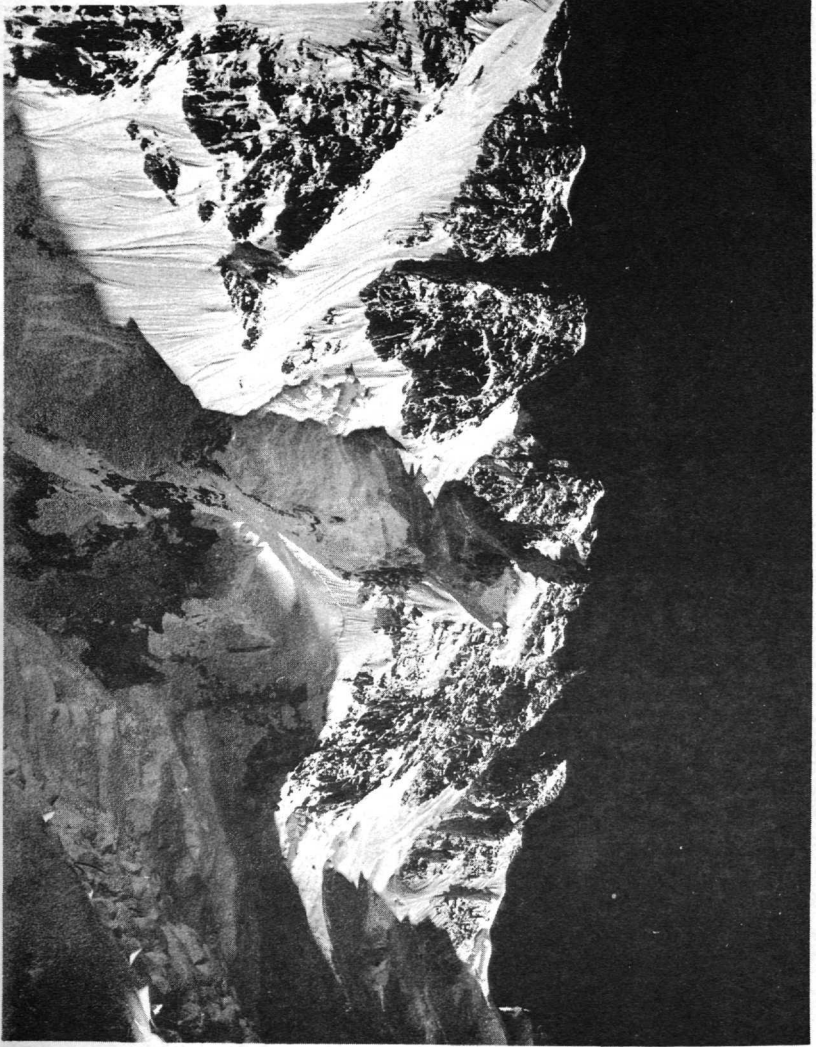
The second stage of the trip had begun. Our plan was to enter the area of the high peaks of the Coast Range and set up a base camp at the head of the Telli Glacier at 10,000 feet. If the air drop was successful we would have a period of five to six weeks to climb and explore in the area. Bill Fisk would meet us at the lake at the beginning of August. If the air drop failed we would have to retreat from the area to the northeast to Tatla Lake. It would be a long and difficult carry through almost impenetrable Canadian forests.

There were seven in the party. Six were members of the Stanford Alpine Club. Bob Brooke, a geologist, was the president of the club and one of its most experienced members. Gil Roberts, a pre-med and the club's safety chairman, was our 'doctor'. Andy Kauffman was the only stranger to the group. He was from Washington, D.C. and on the State Department. He had been on St. Elias and several times in the Northern Selkirks and was the oldest and most experienced member of the party; his knowledge of the area from first hand accounts, and his experience, were invaluable. Dave Sowles, an English major, and Gary Driggs, an Economics major, were two of the best climbers in the group. Dave and Gary had climbed together a good deal. Both were excellent rock climbers but lacked, as we all did, experience on snow and ice. Nick Clinch, in the Stanford Law School, had had experience climbing in practically every area in the U.S. and was familiar with Canada. I, a graduate in Physics at Stanford, was familiar with the Sierras and Yosemite but was a stranger to Canadian climbing.

* * *

L to R : Roberts, Brooke, Kauffman, Sowles, Clinch,
Driggs, Maling





We had climbed right into the clouds. The bright mists drifted about us silently as we sat in the snow. We seemed to be floating in white space. Bob had his compass out ready to take a bearing should it clear. Suddenly and mysteriously the ridge appeared ahead dimly through the mist. We stood up, heaved on the packs, and moved slowly towards it through the heavy snow.

* * *

The first views of the area were remarkable. The weather was unsettled, the wind whipping the mist past the ridges and peaks poking up about us. The distant ridges were ghosts disappearing and appearing again in the clouds. We were above everything but the high peaks. The mornings would sometimes dawn clear above 8000 feet. Then we would see the bright sea of clouds below us and the jagged ridges and an occasional distant peak reaching up out of it. The mists would fill the deep glacier valleys around us. Far off we could see the huge extent of the Hamathko snowfields, spilling past the ring of peaks that held them.

The first several days were the hardest for the party. The packing up to the head of the glacier through heavy snows was tiring. Establishing a base camp and receiving and collecting the air drop occupied for the first few days. Despite a variety of temperaments and backgrounds, the group integrated quickly during this time and worked together well.

Base camp was set up on the site of the Hendricks camp and cache of the year before, just below the upper snowfields cradled by several of the high peaks. Down from these peaks spilled the broad Tellot Glacier. On either side of camp were ice falls but their lines were softened and partially obliterated by the depths of new snow. The high peaks were hidden from us by the last step in the glacier above camp. The airdrop was made on the snowfields on June 29 just before the first storm. Base camp was consolidated in the midst of this storm.

* * *

Outside the snow hut the wind was blowing the wet snow over the walls and onto the tents. We were all inside the hut to escape the wind. The Aladdin and the Primus

* * *

L. to R.: Tellot Tower, Mt. Tellot, Serra 3,4,5.

roared under the pots of water. The thick snow walls of the hut deadened the sound of the wind completely. Occasionally a gust blew snow through the entrance. We had built the hut yesterday as the storm closed in, with Andy as the main architect. It was about eight feet high at the center inside, with circular sloping walls, and it was just big enough for us all to crowd inside. A cooking platform and seat shelves had been cut into the sides. Except for the large number of drips that developed, it was comfortable enough and it had become a real haven in the storm. Without it, living on the glacier would have been very difficult.

The day had been spent moving the mountain tents onto new platforms beside the snow hut and building walls around them. The Logan tent had an enclosure of its own now to protect it from the wind and the food had been collected in the lee of the rock platform and covered over with tarps to keep the snow out. Now we were ready, we hoped, to wait the storm out.

Soaked through by wet snow, we stood there in the hut waiting for the water to heat. When it was ready, jello was made and we all drank from our identical cups. Then we returned to the tents to get warm and dry out. I brought some lunch and a Primus stove to the tent. Andy had entered first and I waited until he was in his sleeping bag and had arranged things. We shared his Byrdcloth mountain tent; next to us was Gil in an Army mountain tent and Gary beyond him, was next to the wall in Nick's Garry tent. Bob was off in a third mountain tent behind a separate snow wall and Dave and Nick occupied the Logan. I passed the Primus in and crawled in after it, brushing the wet snow off as I went. Kicking the snow from my boots, I struggled to get them off and then zipped up the tent entrance, worked my way back into the tent and lay out on a sleeping bag. As I removed my wet parka and sweater, Andy slung a clothes line inside the low tent from the center of the ridge to one peak and started the Primus. My pants were wet, but I decided that they would dry faster if they were worn in the sleeping bag. From the plastic bags I found dry socks and the down jacket. Then I squirmed into the sleeping bag. Andy, in his bag already, was propped on his elbow, his back against the tent wall tending his wet socks and innersoles. The little tent was steaming

inside from the wet clothes in the heat of the Primus. The sounds over the roar of the stove were the wind and the flapping of the tent. There was an occasional comment from Gil on the general condition of things. He wondered if we could take this for five weeks. The warmth was returning slowly to both of us and we began to relax. We were quite tired after the work in the storm. Suddenly, Gil announced that part of the wall had fallen on Gary's tent. None of us had the energy to go out and help him.

* * *

The first storm died away and we were able to dry and finish organizing the camp. On July 3rd it cleared and on that day Gil and I climbed on the lower part of the Serra Ridge, Nick and Andy climbed Serra 3, and Bob, Gary, and Dave climbed to the north on one of two unnamed spires.

The two main objectives of the trip were Mt. Waddington, the highest peak in the area, and Serra 4, the highest of a long and beautiful row of peaks called the Serra Ridge. The Tellot Glacier descends from the north side of these peaks to the east and south. To the southwest of the Serras is Mt. Waddington, which is itself the culmination of the spectacular Munday Ridge. Deep between the two lies the Tiedemann glacier at an elevation of 5000 feet. The Tiedemann and the Tellot run roughly parallel, separated by the Serra Ridge and, farther to the south, by the Claw ridges. The glacier sources differ in altitude by four or five thousand feet. The entire glacier system has its center in Mt. Waddington, the Serra Ridge, and Mt. Tiedemann, the three highest points in the area. Mt. Waddington is the highest, and Mt. Tiedemann the third highest peak in Provincial Canada. Mt. Tiedemann became a third possible objective for us.

* * *

Gil and I were alone as we walked over the crust towards Mt. Dentiform. The snow was hard and the rope left no mark on it as it trailed over the surface. Gil was heavier than I and he broke through the crust frequently. I followed in his steps. It was early and

there was no wind. We heard just the sound of our own steps and that of the ice axe punching the snow as we walked. The sky was blue and the tall ridge before us was red in the early morning sun. The base of the entire ridge was sheathed in ice and snow. Far off there were two dots on the snow that were Nick and Andy moving toward the snow covered Serra 3 at the other end of the ridge. Theirs was the most difficult of the three climbs being attempted that day. They were climbing towards the bergschrund beneath the steep ice slope leading to the col between Serra 2 and 3. The rest had disappeared towards the spires to the north.

Gil began kicking steps up the steep snow slope at the base of the peak. Traversing onto the rock was difficult. I sank my ice axe into the snow as far as it would go, dropped the coils and put Gil on belay. We worked our way in 60 foot leads up steep snow and rock toward a saddle. We were apprehensive about the loose rocks frozen into the sides, and the snow conditions; we could not be sure that the slopes would hold our weight. Over and over again the same questions were posed to the man in the lead. Is the slope too steep? Is it safe? Will it hold our weight? How is the runout? Should we leave the snow for the rock? Is the belay sound? Over and over again.... Sink the ice axe deep into the slope and loop the rope around it for the belay ...Kick firm steps...Watch out for that rock; does it move or not? What is the best way? Where should the route go? A false lead...back down and traverse...onto the icy rock and into a notch. The warm sun, high in the sky now, was hidden by the rock and the rock was freezing. A cold wind was blowing suddenly. The gigantic face of Mt. Waddington rising up from the Tiedemann far below was suddenly there before us, dazzling white and blue in the mid-day sun. What lay above? Two pitons and a short lead on freezing hands and feet with the ice axe banging on the rock, and the rope dragging through the carabiners and then into the warm sun suddenly and out of the wind.

Feeling returned slowly to our hands and feet; we sat there on the sheltered ledge in the sun eating bread and cheese and sardines, wondering at the experiences of the morning's climb. We discussed these things and then it was time to move on. The way led up an open chimney. There was ice on the rock...two

more pitons...and then along an exposed ridge. The final pitch led over warm rock to a small point overlooking the Tiedemann glacier. The brown cliffs below us descended 5000 feet to the checked river of ice. The view of Mt. Munday and the face of Waddington was a scene from the Himalayas. The grim rock summit of Waddington stood 8000 feet above the floor of the glacier and the wall below the rock tower was an immense complex of black rock faces, blue ice cliffs, and hanging glaciers down which avalanches rumbled constantly. A long snow arete dropped to the north Arabesque and Munday ridges out of which Mr. Munday rose. The peak was named for Don Munday, the discoverer and the first explorer of the area. We could see at the south end of the Munday Ridge a beautiful cluster of peaks, the Marcus Smith group. From a high plateau on the Munday Ridge three glaciers poured down into the lower glacier. As we watched, avalanches cascaded from the ridge faces into the deep valley of the Tiedemann.

The face of Waddington was in shadow when we turned to descend. There were clouds in the sky and there was a wind. Below, we found a rappel sling - evidence of the first ascent party. Placing our sling there, we swung off and descended to the steep snow below.

* * *

Nick and Andy had successfully climbed Serra 3. They had encountered high angle snow and ice, (Andy had broken his ice axe on the climb to the Serra 2-3 col), good fourth and fifth class rock climbing, and a major problem in route finding. Bob, Dave, and Gary had climbed the spire and then traversed to the east to Mt. McCormick and climbed it also. Their story was a similar one: high angle ice and snow and hard rock climbing. Gil's summary was simple; "The Coast Range's no cinch."

We had all discovered the simple fact that day, that the climbing was not easy in the Coast Range. Technically it was comparable to average Yosemite rock climbing. The problems were multiplied, however, by snow and ice on the rock, and by the wind. The two greatest mental hazards were weather and the problem of the route. In the areas that were more familiar to us these problems

were not great. Here they were all-important. We were unanimous about this.

In retrospect, a great deal of climbing was done; a surprising amount, weighing the number of days of storm against the number of days of clear weather. The climbing, however, seemed incidental to the simple problem of living at Camp Tellot. Life there was reduced to its primitive elements during the storms. The task of eating and staying dry and warm under any but the most favorable conditions consumed most of the time available to us in a day. After each storm the tents needed repairing. On July 7 our tent ripped at the peak and Andy and I evacuated to the Logan. Gary's tent during the first and second storms slowly collapsed. It was much too lightly built for such conditions. From the first it had been reinforced with bamboo wands. The Logan tent of Andy's (borrowed from Bill Putnam) stood firm, however. If the storms had continued unabated we all would have been living in the snow hut and the Logan.

* * *

The dawn was clear below us but there were high blue clouds racing by. The view was blue and white and cold. There was no warmth anywhere. The wind was blowing. Nick pulled his head in and wound the string around the stiff, icy canvas to shut the tent. We all hoped that someone else would get up to cook breakfast.

* * *

Our consciences were our guides usually in the matter of fixing the meals, and, surprisingly enough, the duty rotated regularly. Gary was most often up on this matter, for a number of reasons: he was cursed with an extraordinarily high metabolism, an equally extraordinary drive and he had probably the worst of the four tents. Those in the smaller tents were forced to get up more often simply because they had to dig themselves out at least once a day. It took only a few days for everything in the tents, particularly the mountain tents, to become wet from the snow carried in or blown in through the entrance and from condensation inside. When we woke each morning the walls inside were covered with frost but this soon became water. Puddles gradually formed in the bottoms of the tents, soaking first the air mattresses

and then the sleeping bags. Occasionally there would be a break in the storm when the wind died and mist floated silently about us and the sun became warm. We then could dig and repair and dry in relative comfort. We emptied the tents of everything and sponged them out, covering the rocks with the wet articles. When the wind rose again and the clouds came, everything was hastily gathered up and thrown back into the tents, and we were ready once more.

It took a long time to get up. A good deal of that time was spent in just thinking. If the person has been foolish enough to take off his pants they had to be put on. Then came the boots, the down jacket, parka and finally, gloves and cap and goggles. All this was done in slow motion with a thick head, against wet tent walls. The person leaving was usually sharply reminded by someone to close the g...entrance before any more snow drifted in. Then he made the dash to the snow house. If it had been a bad night it would have to be shoveled out in order to find the necessary utensils. The stoves were pumped and lit with freezing hands and snow was put on to melt. All the water but a few gallons melted by the sun and dipped from depressions in the rocks had to be melted on the stoves. Our gas consumption was double the expected rate. Mush and bacon with cocoa or jello would be brought to each tent. The cook dished each item out before it cooled (nothing would stay hot for more than a few minutes) and thrust it through the entrance of the tent where it was snatched from the cook by unseen hands. It was like feeding the animals. Our diet was not much different than a regular back pack diet; therefore, great care was taken to devise some new dish from the potatoes, rice, spaghetti, or meat. Cheese held a central spot in the meals. We had dropped two large wheels of Tillamook and a smaller wheel of Jack cheese. Cheese was included in everything but the mush. Cooking became difficult. It was hard to find the food in the snow-covered cache outside, in the cold and the wind. The interior of the snow hut had not been finished properly and many drips developed which began as soon as anyone entered the hut and started the stoves. At the end of the meal the cook was soaked. The interior began to look like a cave as large cavities developed, particularly over the stoves, and long icicles reached down from the ceiling like stalagmites.

The weather cleared for five days, beginning on July 12, and we were able to carry out the attempt on Mt. Tiedemann. On the 14th we packed down the icefall of the Tello branch of the Radiant Glacier to the main Radiant Glacier which descends from the north face of Mt. Tiedemann. Our route of ascent lay up this ice face to a long summit ridge. Andy's knowledge of the area was invaluable. The route had been suggested to him by Henry Hall, who had entered the area 15 years before.

The tedium of the step-breath-step-breath rhythm filled my mind. Bob ahead was plunging his feet regularly into the steep slope, breaking trail. He was up to his knees in the soft snow. We were now entering the upper cirque which had been invisible to us below. The broad snow ridge that was the summit of Mt. Tiedemann was still far above us. A huge cliff of ice below the summit overhung the cirque. The sun was high and the heat was great in the bowl of white. Grease and beards and hats protected us partially from the glare. We would have been blind without our goggles. The tedium, heat, and deep snow were beginning to tire us. Our thirst was growing. We were climbing steadily and were on schedule, but our progress was slowing. The rests became more frequent.

We sat on our packs and sucked the wet snow. 3500 feet below us our camp was a dot on the dimpled lap of the glacier. The way ahead held only a few more of the deep rolling snow slopes, but behind each lay a large crevasse. Beyond them lay the bowl and the bergshrunn and the head-wall. Above that was a rocky saddle and the long final ridge. We moved on, the lead rope probing the path ahead up across the next crevasse. The second man sunk his ice axe in and passed the rope around it and belayed as the lead man stepped and poked his way across the bridge. Then the leader stopped on the other side and belayed the second man over. One by one in this way each rope crossed. Coming back when the sun was off the bridges would be safer. We all looked above us and thought about that final long ridge. In a few hours we would know. Bob's time was up and Gary took over the lead. The summit was reached at 5 PM.

* * *

We retraced our tracks on the following day. The base camp was in clouds high over the ridge, but there

was enough time to secure camp before the storm hit.

The storm increased in intensity as the days passed, and the deadline for the attempt on Mt. Waddington drew near. After the 23rd of July an attempt would be impossible, as we had to allow time to evacuate base camp and pack out to Dumbell Lake. On the night of the 22nd it cleared. The clouds filled the valleys below but it was clear above, with a moon. Now there was a decision before us: if we tried Waddington, Serra 4 would certainly be out of the question; and if we remained for Serra 4, Waddington would be impossible. Both peaks needed a strong climbing party and a strong supporting party. We decided to gamble and split the party on the morning of the 23rd. Gary, Bob, Gil and I prepared our loads for the pack over to Waddington, while Nick, Andy, and Dave remained at Camp Telloot.

* * *

At one, exhausted by the heavy packs and the deep snow, the four of us set up camp in the midst of the ice-fall. We had taken nine hours to ascend 2500 feet above the Tiedemann, plunging to our thighs in the deep snow. Above this headwall was the Bravo-Spearman col. One camp above the col would put us in position for the climb. On the ridge above our camp was deep, high angle snow and 4th class rock. We discussed the situation. Our one extra day was gone and there could be no more delays. The weather was beginning to deteriorate. We could not afford to be caught on the mountain in a storm with a minimum of time and food.

We woke at 1:00 AM and the weather was clear, but the snow crust was still too thin. It took two hours to reach the bergschrund. Gary and I put on crampons and scaled the headwall, climbing up into the orange light of dawn. The wind was blowing a plume off Spearman Peak and there were clouds to the south. Above the headwall the crust was wind-blown but still breakable. We stood in the sun and wind awhile and then turned to go. There was no alternative but to return.

On the 25th of July we returned to the turquoise lakes on the glacier, where we had camped before. The next day it rained and there were clouds on Waddington. The Serra Ridge far above was enveloped in mists. Serra 4 was invisible, but we wondered if our companions had made the climb. The

weather remained uncertain for two days. Then with two days remaining to us, we decided to try a night ascent of Mt. Munday. Night climbing proved to be the only way to overcome the difficulty of the soft snow. We reached the top of the Munday Ridge before dawn and waited an hour in the cold for light in order to see the way across the immense summit plateau. Shortly after dawn, we reached the summit. The descent to the lakes was rapid; we were off the upper slopes before the snow had softened. Early on the 29th we broke camp and packed back to the upper Tellet. Our food was almost gone.

Andy, Nick, and Dave were still in their sleeping bags when we arrived. They had climbed Serra 4! Andy and Dave had made the ascent on the 25th, four days before, in nineteen and a half hours; fourteen hours to the summit, and five and a half hours to return. They had climbed over the top of Serra 3 as originally planned. Returning along the long ridge, they had almost been caught by the storm. It was undoubtedly the finest ascent of the trip and we were all extremely pleased, particularly Andy and Dave. The ascent Andy had wanted most to make during the trip had been Serra 4.

On the 30th five of us climbed one last day on the Serra Ridge; Nick, Gary, and myself on Serra 2, and Bob and Gil on Serra 3. Andy and Dave remained to prepare the cache and the loads for the pack down the glacier to the lake. Packing out to the lake was more difficult than we had anticipated. The last day through the brush and Devil's club was long to be remembered. The final camp was made on a beautiful little island (named Serendipitous by the Hendricks party) at the northwest end of the lake. Then we had nothing to do but sit and wait for the plane.

* * *

It was 8:00 PM and the plane had not come. We had been packed and ready all day and it had not come. Periodically we heard it but each time it was just the wind. Dinner that evening was a gloomy affair. We waited for a time and then went to bed. In the tent Andy, next to me, took a second tablet and dozed off. Dave was almost asleep. Suddenly there was a faint noise over the wind. Andy yelled, "There they are!", and leaped up, cursing the second, and dashed out of the tent without his pants. The plane!

were on the water when we saw them. There were two of them. They had slipped over the ridge without our hearing them and now they were taxiing towards us. They were beautiful.

Our camp disappeared in a rush. Andy had the Dogan rolled up in five minutes. The change in the party was amazing. Nick, darkly cursing only moments ago, was talking with a catch in his voice. Andy was shouting. Gil said in deliberate tones to Bill and Munro, "Boy, we're goddam glad to see you." Dave and Gary and Bob were more silent, but they wore huge smiles.

Time was short. We had to get off before dark and before the overcast closed in. Gil, Gary, Bob and I loaded into the Norseman; the rest into the Beechcraft. Munro cast us off and then ran across the island to his plane. The engines coughed and roared and then we were taxiing away from the island towards the north end of the lake. Munro went first. We watched the Beechcraft wallow at first nose high, then spraying water as it picked up speed down the lake. The ridge at the south end of the lake is 400 or 500 feet high. Then we saw the yellow plane leave the water and climb slowly over the ridge. The Norseman lumbered and rocked and roared off behind it. Then we were over the ridge and flying down the long corridor of the Hamathko under grey skies, just as we had come.

MOUNT LA PEROUSE 1953

by Rowland Tabor

The pilot pulled back on the throttle and we were pressed by the acceleration against the soft seats. The blue and yellow Grumman Goose roared along the water in a flash of spray and finally rose smoothly into the grey sky. Juneau was behind us, and we were headed out for the last month in the field. This was the last chance. La Perouse had risen far above us for two months as we did reconnaissance geology on the peaks around its base.

We were constantly tantalized by the thought that we might one day be clambering onto its summit and now, after a brief sojourn in Juneau, we were on our way again.

Actually the original plans for the U.S. Geological Survey party included sampling and mapping of all possible rock exposures on the 10,750 foot peak. La Perouse was right in the center of the region being surveyed, and close examination of it and surrounding peaks was essential to completion of the project.

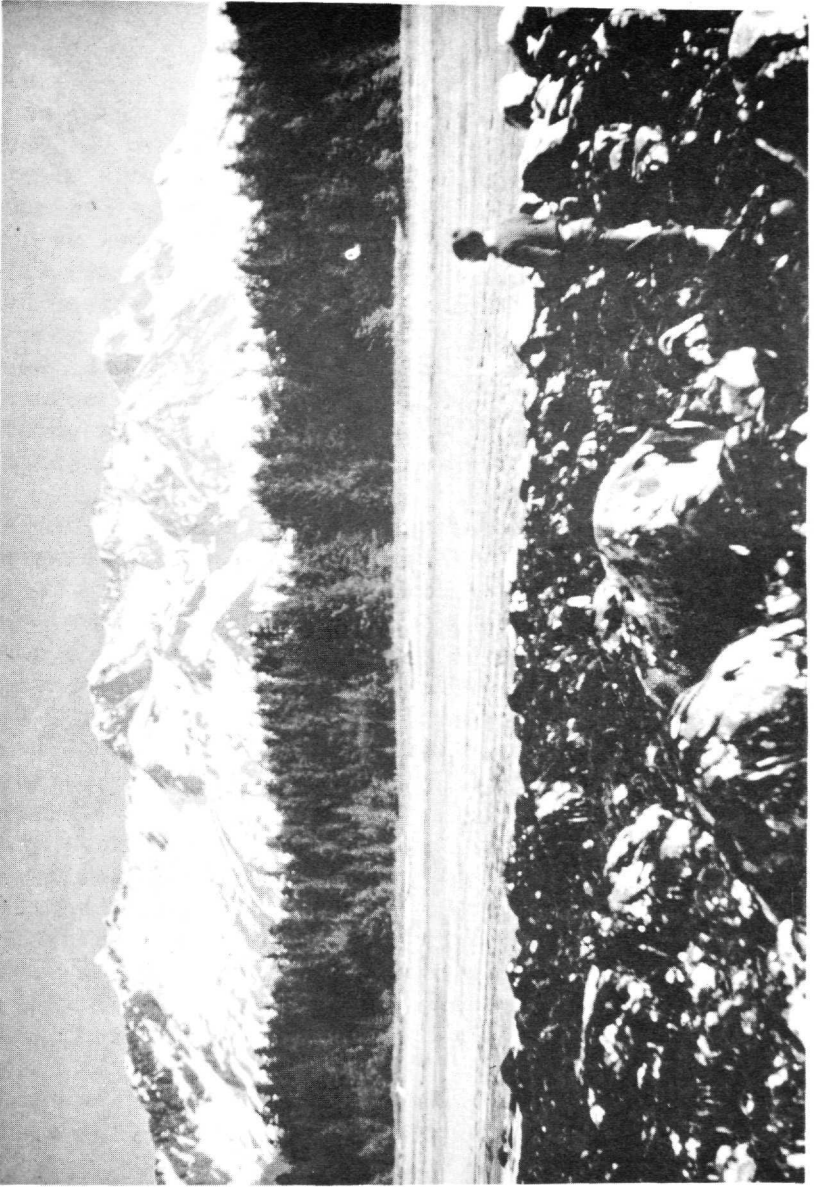
We were now headed for Crillon Lake, site of Bradford Washburn's base camp, when he climbed 12,726 foot Mount Crillon in 1934. Crillon on the north and La Perouse on the south rise from the same high plateau. Our earlier work during the summer had been around the southern reaches of the peak and routes from that side onto the high plateau or the peak itself were not to be found.

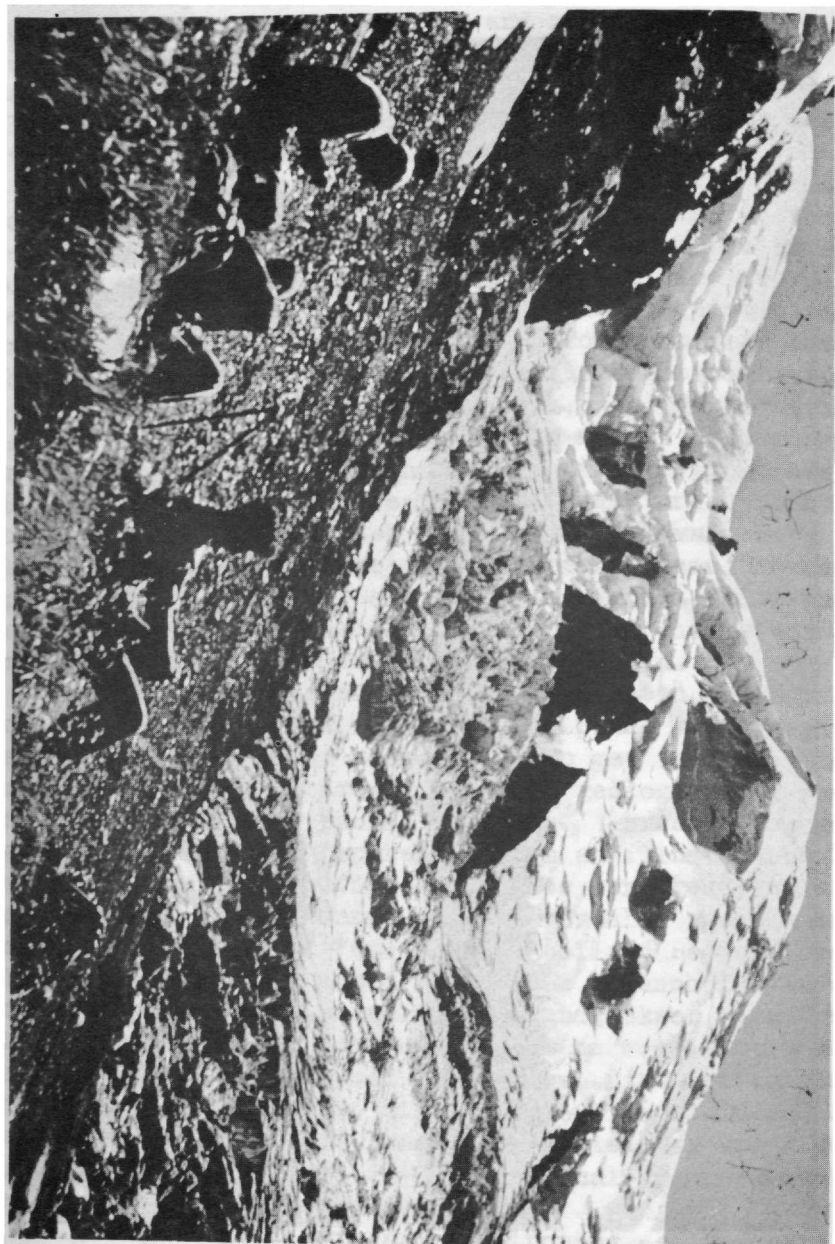
James Seitz and Darwin Rossman, geologists with the U.S.G.S., had worked in the area the summer before, approaching the critical high country from the southeast. They had not found a route there either, turned back by the great cliffs tormented perpetually by avalanches from the hanging glaciers of the upper plateau. We set up our camp on Crillon Lake not far from the old Washburn Camp, which we explored with all the enthusiasm of archeologists finding an ancient Mayan ruin.

After a few days of geologic mapping in the low country around Crillon Lake, we made plans for a high camp. The whole party was anxious to get into the high country. Darwin (Hardrock) Rossman, geologist and party chief, was busy with photos and maps. James Seitz, geologist, was in Hoonah recovering from an illness, but was eager to join us. We five assistants were readying equipment, cutting willow wands, and continually speculating on what we would find "up there". Holland Reid, University of Washington, played a last few melancholy tunes on his Juneau-bought Horner. Ian Hendrickson, Stanford, finished calculating how much weight he would not have to carry. Paul Bowen, San Jose State, finished writing another letter to one of his many feminine admirers. And Karl Stauffer, Stanford, and I terminated for the time being a summer-long pseudo-philosophical argument on the fate of mankind or something.

On August 10th we heard the droning of a small plane. Scanning the blue sky to the east, we spotted the Piper Cub that made our air drops. Hardrock was in the plane; he had sprained his ankle quite painfully a few days

Far R. Mt. La Perouse. Rowland Tabor in foreground.





before and was now handling the supply line. He made two drops that day, a large one at 7000 feet and a small one at 5000 feet. As it turned out, both drops were practically on the sites of Washburn's 1934 high camps.

Early the next morning we six set out. Seitz had recovered handsomely and was now setting a fast pace. In good spirits we made the first long hauls over unsure moraine and talus in fair time. Noon found us eating lunch on some black boulders with only a couple of thousand feet to go to the first air drop. We reached the shelf which separates summer snow and green heather from wet rock and blue ice early in the afternoon. Finding the barrel of food dropped by Rossman, we set up camp for the night. At this point we found the remains of a ski-sledge and bamboo pole that Washburn had used. We dined early on a splendid rocky platform overlooking icefalls which dropped away from us and gradually turned into great dirty glaciers, that stretched off toward the Pacific. Great peaks which shimmered ethereally in the late evening sun included Mont Edgecomb, 130 miles to the southeast, and Mont St. Elias, 170 miles to the northwest.

In the morning we plodded on, now zigzagging the yawning crevasses that sliced the dazzling snow. An endless succession of white waves stretched out in front of us. Surmounting the crest of one we saw another. Mount Crillon loomed up before us, as though to be touched, but as the hours passed, we seemed to draw no nearer. Finally the lead rope men gave a cry and began a hurried stumble towards the scattered dark objects that lay ahead. There were the food drums and cartons of gasoline, also a few bundles of stakes with which to set up the tents. We happily dropped our packs and, taking turns with the conveniently airborne shovel, began digging a large pit to set the tents in; a task that we soon found was no more fun than carrying the packs. Finally the camp was completed. The three tents were set in the hole. A large tarp, supported in the middle by Washburn's tent pole, was spread over the whole works. This gave good wind protection and allowed some comfort in our outdoor cooking.

The next few days were marvelously beautiful. The feeling is well known to those who have camped in high glacier country. The camp seemed to float on the glacier like a tiny boat on a great rolling, white ocean. We were in

Mont Blanc from the North. Summit is snow hump on far left.

a huge two-sided basin; it dropped off in a jumble of ice falls to the north and west, feeding the long, winding Crillon Glaciers. While to the south and east, the basin's ice flooring abutted huge brown cliffs. From this magnificent shelf a whole aggregate of rugged peaks rose up to the north, the rest of the Fairweather Range, most of them unclimbed and many perhaps unclimbable. Mt. Fairweather itself shoved up the white tooth of its summit in this vista.

We spent these days plodding off to this or that cliff, collecting specimens, taking pictures, and forever exclaiming as we peered into the black crevasses of the glacier. The days were sunny and long. We were, however, still 1500 feet below the high plateau and 2500 feet below the summit of La Perouse. Immediately behind the camp lay the lowest saddle in the great cirque wall which cut us off from the higher regions. This was the crux of the climb. The snow slope up to this col was steep and the warm summer sun had melted the snow bridges away from a large crevasse, thus separating the ice slopes of our basin from the ice of the glacier in the next basin.

Karl, Paul and I went up the first evening to have a look at the obstruction. When one stood on the lip of our side, he was not only faced with a great gaping hole, but also a 10 to 30 foot wall of ice which rose on the far side. Three possible routes confronted us (I say possible only because there was nothing else): one, a large tooth of blue ice sticking up on our side to meet the overhanging wall of the far lip; two, a snow bridge, hardly worthy of the name, that jutted out across the top; and three, a great crack on the left, which being perpendicular to the main crevasse led off to an unknown region. We ignored the crack for the time being, made a feeble joke about the snow bridge, and after scrutinizing the overhang and steep ice above the blue tooth for a possible route, dejectedly turned towards camp.

But of course back in camp after a hot meal, our memories lapsed somewhat and we once more began to talk of the possibilities. We had left our crampons behind, because they had proven unnecessary before during the summer, but we wanted them now. The next afternoon, Jim, Rolly, and Ian toiled up to the great crevasse while the rest of us cooked dinner. We saw Jim climb onto the blue tooth and begin to move along towards a less-steep

part of the ice wall. But he stopped, slowly turned, and came back. When the three of them returned to camp, Jim shook his head. "Even with crampons it would be pretty difficult."

The following day Karl, Paul, and I, having finished the geology on our side of the basin, once more clambered up to the impass. This was to be the last try. If we could not make it this time, tomorrow we would move down the valley to work in the lower regions. We first approached the great crack. "Once we're in it we may just walk right out the other end onto the top." That was what we said. The wall was 30 feet high at this point, but a good substantial snow bridge covered the crevasse. We still had to climb up the ice to the bottom of the crack. Paul belayed Karl to a large block in the center of the snow bridge and he belayed me as I worked up the projections and ice chimneys which led into the crack. Finally getting into the crack itself, now more like a deep canyon, I brought Karl and Paul up. Fully realizing that we could well be on a false bottom, we carefully belayed each other as we moved inward. This route was not the best. The crevasse branched one way into a huge blue cavern, icy water showering down from the covering snow bridge. The other branch narrowed; apparently we were on a false bottom, for here our shelf stopped and we could peer into a tremendous black hole. Way down, a bit of sun light somehow found its way to the depths illuminating the glistening ice of the narrowing walls, thus increasing the cold and fearful appearance of the abyss.

Anxious to leave this chilly spot, we hurriedly returned to the main cliff face. After much confusion and entanglement of rope and ice--it is impossible to pull a rappel rope around an ice block,--we stood again in the warm afternoon sun on the camp-side lip. Karl shrugged his shoulders and led off towards the "snow bridge."

With Paul perched on the edge of the main crevasse to belay Karl, and myself down the hill anchoring Paul, Karl very slowly felt his way across the snow bridge. When he reached the cliff he plunged one of the two ice axes he carried into the wall. Luckily the snow had been softened by the sun on this clear day. As he clung to this secure point we all began to breathe again. Then with a magnificent flurry of boots and ice axes he

chopped a steep stairway up the vertical snow. When he had made the gentler slope above, Paul and I cheered gleefully. Karl brought us up and we climbed up to the saddle to verify the route passable.

The rest was hard work, but easy from a technical standpoint. We left a fixed rope secured to an ice axe and descended to camp. All were happy at our success. We had one more day of food.

By seven the next morning, August 15th, we had all crossed the snow bridge and were starting across the higher basin. A 1500 foot drop from this basin put us on the upper La Perouse Glacier, and we were on a more or less clear road to the high plateau and the top. With only a few major detours around and through some extensive crevassed areas, we made good time on the hard snow and reached the western summit ridge of La Perouse about 2:30 PM. Ian Hendrickson elected to stay back in the shelter of the ridge cornice, and we left him stamping his feet as Jim began cutting steps up the sharp cornice of the ridge. To our right the mountain fell off 3000 to 4000 feet to a great glacial basin. As we gained altitude, the left side steepened into a smooth ice slab close to 60 or 70 degrees. Much to our good fortune, as the ice was getting steeper and the belays more precarious, we found that a slight platform of rock was melted free on the right side of the cornice ridge. Cutting steps off the cornice, down to this rockway, a veritable sidewalk in the sky, we moved on up the ridge with ease. This unexpected rock exposure enabled Jim to collect many samples from this critical area on our descent. But now the hitherto sunny day turned gray. The few scuds of cloud we had noticed in the early morning had grown into vast cloud blankets, fast moving in on us from the ocean. At 4:00 PM we climbed back on the cornice and trudged onto the summit. There was not much of the often described elation at the success of this first ascent, but we were all quite happy and for many of us this was a first "first".

The clouds swooped into the lower plateau and left us suddenly with no scenic view. Satisfied with a few pictures of the not-so-scenic conquerers, we headed back down the ridge, picked up shivering Ian, and dropped into the clouds. Our morning tracks were easy to follow through the mass of crevasses, but the soft snow began pulling at those tired muscles and the jauntiness left

our step. The clouds pressed thick around us until we reached 7500 feet, where the air was clear, and we were then able to see the red ball of sun suspended between cloud and ocean. Blackness closed around us as we came upon the fixed rope. A hurried descent of the wall with much complicated night belaying brought us stumbling into camp at 11 p.m. We tiredly crawled into our sleeping bags. The day was done.

THE ALPS: 1953

by David Sowles

Two years ago this spring, I was making up lists in great profusion. One detailed the clothes I would take east on the plane; another contained the climbing gear I would send on the train, to be put on the ship on July 20. The most fascinating list of all described the trip I hoped to take through the Alps and the peaks I wanted to climb. There were four goals: Mt. Blanc, the Matterhorn, the Aiguille Verte, and Grepon. It was an ambitious list, but at the time it seemed exciting and entirely possible.

About three months later I and my pack were on the night train to Zurich. The possibility had become a reality. Now the problem was to find a climbing companion. At Fritz and Co., I added to my load and then went on west, through the deep valleys of Lichtenstein and Western Austria, and arrived in Innsbruck. Somewhere on the train I had lost my ambition. After a few unsuccessful attempts at finding a rope partner, I sat contentedly in a biergarten looking up at the high wooded ridge above the town, drinking opfelsaft, and wishing a short stocky friend were there. But next day, the purchase of a new pair of boots brought back my eagerness, and I rode on into the Tirol and got off at St. Johann, where there is a famous ski resort. I had been invited to stay in a little village just up the road. It's name is Goring, and its main

attraction is a small isolated ridge of peaks called the Kaisergeberger. I had never seen a more spectacular sight than its grey walls jutting out of the green of the forest. To my keen disappointment, I seemed to be the only climber on this side of the ridge. Still, one day I hiked to the base and went on to the top of my first Alpine peak! Aside from the fact that a trail led to the summit, I enjoyed myself completely.

My list of places to visit led me on to the Grossglockner--the highest mountain in Austria--reached by the amazing High Alpine Highway from Zel-Am-See to Heiligenblut. At the Fran Josef Hotel--near the foot of the mountain--I asked if there were guides. I was that eager to climb! But they were not available, so I climbed alone. The Grossglockner was a long walk in perfect weather. I was happy to find that the climb to 12,530 wasn't too much after so much traveling and so little climbing..

The next stop was the Dolomites. The combination of missed buses, rain, and a decision to head straight for Zermatt made my stay in Italy a matter of four days. It was beautiful in the north. The green of the lakes and the orange of the limestone towers made an unforgettable picture. I was fairly sure there would be someone to climb with in Zermatt. The Matterhorn is the gathering spot for mountaineers of all nations. I wanted to meet one and climb the peak.

The Matterhorn is striking and perfect in its isolation and purity of form. The sight of it rising from the green meadows above Zermatt was sufficient to make my trip a success. I hiked up to the high hut (actually a small hotel) the afternoon of August 23, with two friends, one a soldier from Pennsylvania and the other his Swiss guide. I had hopes, but the next day I was still alone and in the middle of the morning, scrambled up to the Solvay hut. It is about half way on the climb. The feeling of isolation there was complete. The voices of the guided parties faded above, and the early morning wind was gone, leaving me in warm solitude to climb the ring of peaks in my imagination. The Dent Blanche, the Zinalrothern, the Weisshorn--most perfect of all--the Taschorn, Monte Rosa, Castor and Pollux, the Breithorn. It was a perfect late summer day. The glaciers were dry and the mountains stood in bare, brown cleanliness. I hiked down to Zermatt by noon, wandering through the quiet town in the afternoon. That night my luck finally changed.

I met a boy from Dartmouth--Alby Dixon--and we agreed to meet in Chamonix on the 26th of August to do some climbing. By train again, I found my way over the Alps and arrived in Chamonix-Mt. Blanc late on the 25th. Alby came early the next morning and we hiked down to a nearby village to buy crampons. Les Boissons is right at the base of Mt. Blanc and far away we thought we could see a last ripple of snow lift itself to the summit. I wanted to do the Grepon--we thought we could see its summit ridge as we sat on the edge of the road with our map--and back in Chamonix we discussed buying a guide book. The problem was solved a minute later.

Alby suddenly yelled, "Dunn!" and hurried across the street toward two people standing in front of the Thomas Cook & Son office. And so I met Dunn Idle and Pete Simonson. Dunn was on his way to Indonesia on a Fullbright scholarship and Pete was a senior at Middlebury College in Vermont. They had just bought both volumes of the Chamonix guide book and wanted to climb Mt. Blanc. We worked out a compromise. First we'd climb Mt. Blanc, then move to a hut below the Charmoz-Grepon ridge and climb the Grepon. We had just five days. The morning of the 27th we started hiking up through the forests and out across the talus. We'd bought two days food and started the 8000 foot climb to the Grand's Mulets hut at 10:00 a.m. Our plans had changed slightly--for the better we thought. We would spend a rest day in Chamonix after Mt. Blanc. This was the reason for our short supply of food. We stopped twice to rest in the hot summer air. We were working our way up the broad, deep north face of Mont Blanc, heading for the Glaciers des Boissons. The sun shone in a perfect sky and we perspired till we reached the open slopes and started traversing across an arm of a lateral moraine toward the ice and snow. We were at about 8000 feet and clouds were hiding the afternoon sun now. There was a small wind off the snow fields and putting on our crampons, we also rolled down our sleeves and put jackets handy in our packs. Moving through the crevasses was a new thrill for me, so the time and distance passed easily and at 5:00 we took our crampons in hand and scrambled the last few feet to the hut. It sits on an outcropping at about 10,000 feet and is undoubtedly the filthiest place I've seen.

We found a cataract near the hut for water, and with it Dunn served up some delicious soup. We had found one

table relatively free of garbage, and sitting around it we had the soup, french bread---carried up whole in Pete's pack- jello, hash, and cookies. It was the most satisfying meal I had ever had. As the light faded, clouds filled the valley, and by seven we were floating high on a grey sea. The sunset's fading glow outlined the Auquille a Bochard far to the northeast and then spread across the horizon, lasting far longer than it had a right to. The scene was nothing more or less than inspiring. In the last light I entered the day's events in my journal. We decided to leave at six in the morning--6000 feet to climb.

Upstairs, where the sleeping rooms were, we found one small room with two beds in it that could be pushed together. Handling the available blankets with care--shake one and the room was filled with dust--we covered the beds with five blankets on both, overlapped in the middle, and got in with all our clothes on. Boots were not allowed. An infinity away the lights of Chamonix twinkled and the temperature dropped noticeably.

We woke up an hour late. It was about 7:00 when we set off in single file, following a track up the slopes. A long period of good weather had allowed a stream of parties to **leave their steps in the form** of a thin trail. I might add that these parties were always on the descent, as far as we could discover. Our ascent directly from Chamonix, a rise of approximately 12,500 feet, was very seldom done. I must admit that fact added to the pleasure of the climb--we felt this was the "honest route". Our route had three steps in it. The first step was to the Petit Plateau; then to a second larger bench at 13,200. Now and then we could see a party outlined on the summit ridge. The actual summit seemed to be just above a cornice that cast a shadow. It came closer very slowly.

Actually we were going very well, and traversing west across the Grande Plateau and climbing up to the Vallot Hut at 14,345, we looked over the ridge into Italy. The summit ridge rose and fell in a seemingly endless pattern. Pete and Dun were a little ahead. Finally they stopped and looked around them. Alby and I joined them and a little unbelievably we decided this was the highest ripple of snow. We were at 15,865--the **summit of Europe**--and I felt a profound satisfaction I had not felt before. It was noon, so after a few pictures

we ate a small lunch. It was such a perfect day that the Matterhorn stood out clearly and so did the Gran Paradiso far away in Italy.

After a half hour we hurried off the summit, running and glissading by the Vallot Hut and down onto the Grande Plateau again. The snow was loose but safe and we made excellent time, regaining the Grands Mulets at a little after two. With all our gear, we took the descent to Chamonix a little more leisurely.

That night we spent in Chamonix and late the next afternoon, August 29, we bought more food and caught the last train to Montenvers. This is the last station on an old cog railway which crosses diagonally NE up the slopes above Chamonix and then turns the corner south into the glacial valley of the Mer de Glace. At Montenvers the sight of the Dru in full late afternoon sun held us spell-bound till the gathering cold reminded us of the need to arrange for beds for the night. With that done, we ate a vast dinner and asked a porter to wake us at three.

At three it was very dark, and with brutally strong coffee just downed, we followed Dunn's candle lantern off along the rocky trail. This took us south and east to the base of the Nantillons Glacier. Dunn's ankle troubled him a bit, so our pace was slow but steady. In the cold grey morning light we cramponed up the dry glacier. We took our crampons off to climb a rock outcropping in the middle of the glacier, known as the Rognon des Nantillons, and put them on again to traverse left to the base of the Charmoz-Grepon couloir. We found the couloir very rotten and were happy to reach the col between the two peaks. We had hoped to do a traverse of the ridge but it was too late, so we turned to the Grepon, looking eagerly for the famous Mummery Crack.

It began from a small snow-covered platform halfway down a large chimney. Alby and I sat in the sun while Dunn led it first. My impression watching him was that it hadn't been overrated. It hadn't. The very bottom bulges slightly and a clenched fist is very useful to get over it with. After ten feet or so there are more holds, but most of the way it is nothing but a good old jam crack with the right arm and leg in the crack. The lead is about 75 feet long and ends on a broad level block. From here we turned back to the south -- the main line of

the ridge is NNW-SSE--- and after an easy slab pitch, were forced to crawl through a hole in the ridge and come out on a small ledge providing an unexcelled view of the glacier directly below. The next two leads were along flake cracks with jam cracks at their far end. We all thought the second one had a section as good as anywhere on the Mummery Crack. After this the ridge narrowed to one three foot square block from which we pulled up onto a minor summit of the Grepon. This has a strange pyramidal point, which looks exactly like a loose rock sitting on the edge of the block. Using it as the anchor (it had many old rappel slings on it) we rappelled a cheval to another famous place on the Grepon, La Rue des Bicyclettes. Actually the rappel left us on the west side of the ridge, but one short lead over the ridge took us to the route and from there we walked to the end of the ledge. Alby and I pulled up onto a block and watched Dun and Pete disappear behind a flake and come out just below the summit pinnacle. At this point we encountered a guide and his client, a young woman, who had come up the south ridge. They passed us, climbed to the summit, and vanished. The last lead involved jamming a foot high in a crack and reaching for a flake edge. Then one last short jam crack and you were up. The pitch, exposed to a noticeable degree, was a perfect climax and we all climbed it well, gathering on the summit while the Virgin, a two-foot aluminum statue, looked out toward the summit of Mont Blanc, outlined by the blue sky.

For lunch we finished our store of cheese and sour bread and then Dunn and I took some pictures of each other, the Virgin, and the dark, icy north face of the Grande Jorasse. The first rappel down is particularly worth mentioning. One uses one of the four supports of the Virgin's statue for the anchor. It's bolted to the rock, but we were a little dubious. We continued NNW along the ridge for a way and then descended the west face to the Col des Nantillons. It was 4:45

Pete and I had hoped to make the last train for Chamonix, but it was leaving at 5:45. Still we could walk to Chamonix in time to get the 9:03 train for Paris. It was only 10 km. and 8000 feet away ... sure. We only had to pack our gear when we got there and buy a ticket. Certainly. Well, we could try! We said goodbye to Dunn

and Alby, who weren't in so much of a hurry, and moved off as fast as we could. I had forgotten to calculate the fact that Pete was six inches taller than I. He ran; I bounded. Off the glacier and back on the trail we kept up a pace I hope to never even come near again. We were at Montenvers in less than two hours; it was about 6:45 when we slung on our packs, decided that the railroad bed would be the best of all possible paths, and marched off in step on either side of the cog. As we strode along, it dropped evenly and slowly. The lights of Chamonix drew closer in the darkening light. Then we went through the first tunnel! It was easily the strangest experience of the summer. In the warm blackness we stumbled like blind men. Then we thought of using our ice axes as canes against the tunnel wall. By the third and last tunnel we were experts and we didn't slacken speed. The Club Alpin Francaise Refuge, where I had been staying for 25¢ per night, came into view at 8:00. Some English climbers shared their dinner with us -- a Finnish girl provided homemade cranberry sauce --- and helped carry our packs to the station. At 9:03 the train jerked, without warning as usual, and pulled away toward Paris.

SHIPROCK: SPRING AND FALL

by Nicholas Clinch

I gunned my low-slung convertible into a small arroyo. Bobbing up and down in front of us, at the end of the two parallel cowpaths which we were attempting to follow, was one of the most impressive rock formations in the country. For months Dave Sowles and I had dreamed and planned of climbing Shiprock, in northwestern New Mexico. We thought that Spring vacation would never arrive. Now Shiprock rose above our heads for 1800 feet into the sky. After some anxious moments we finally maneuvered the car into a position near the base of the rock. The horizontal distance from Stanford to the summit was behind us and only the verticle distance remained.

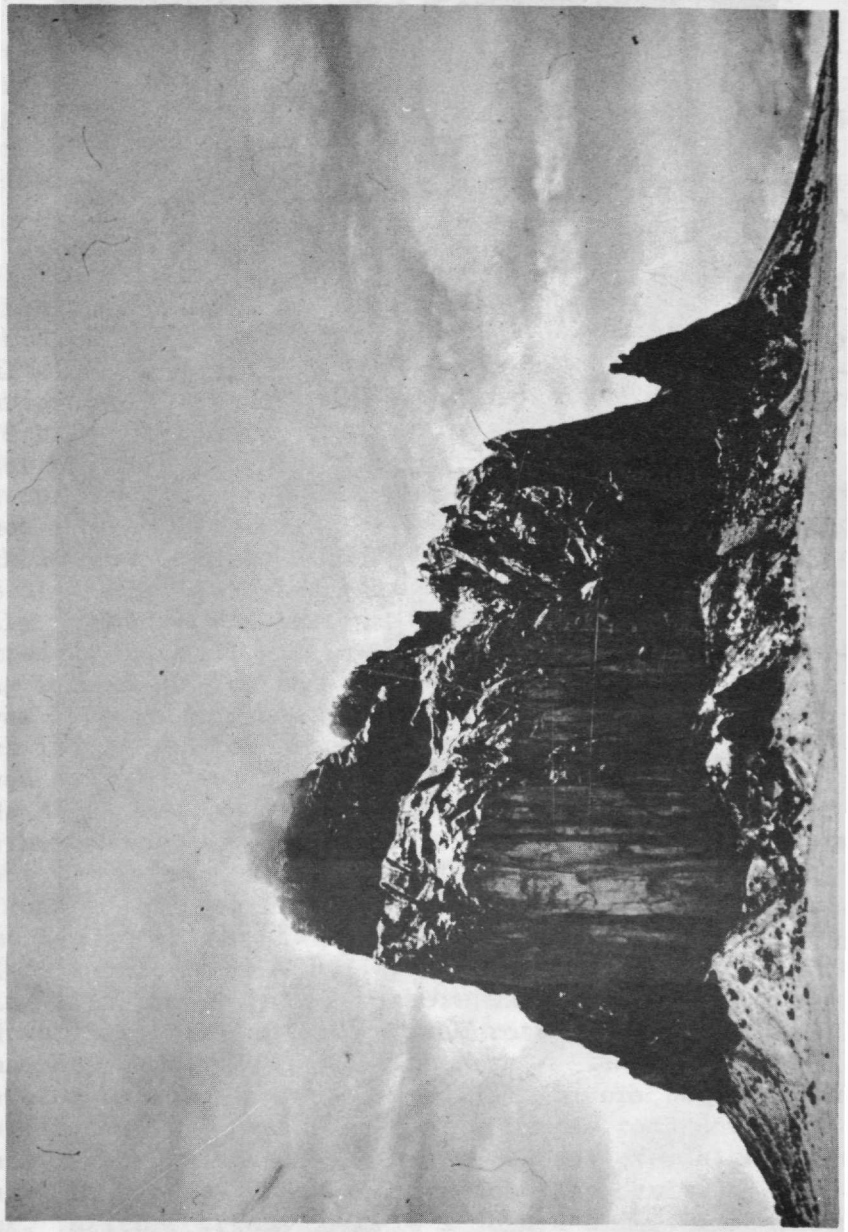
On the afternoon of our arrival Dave went exploring and located the large couloir on the west face which is

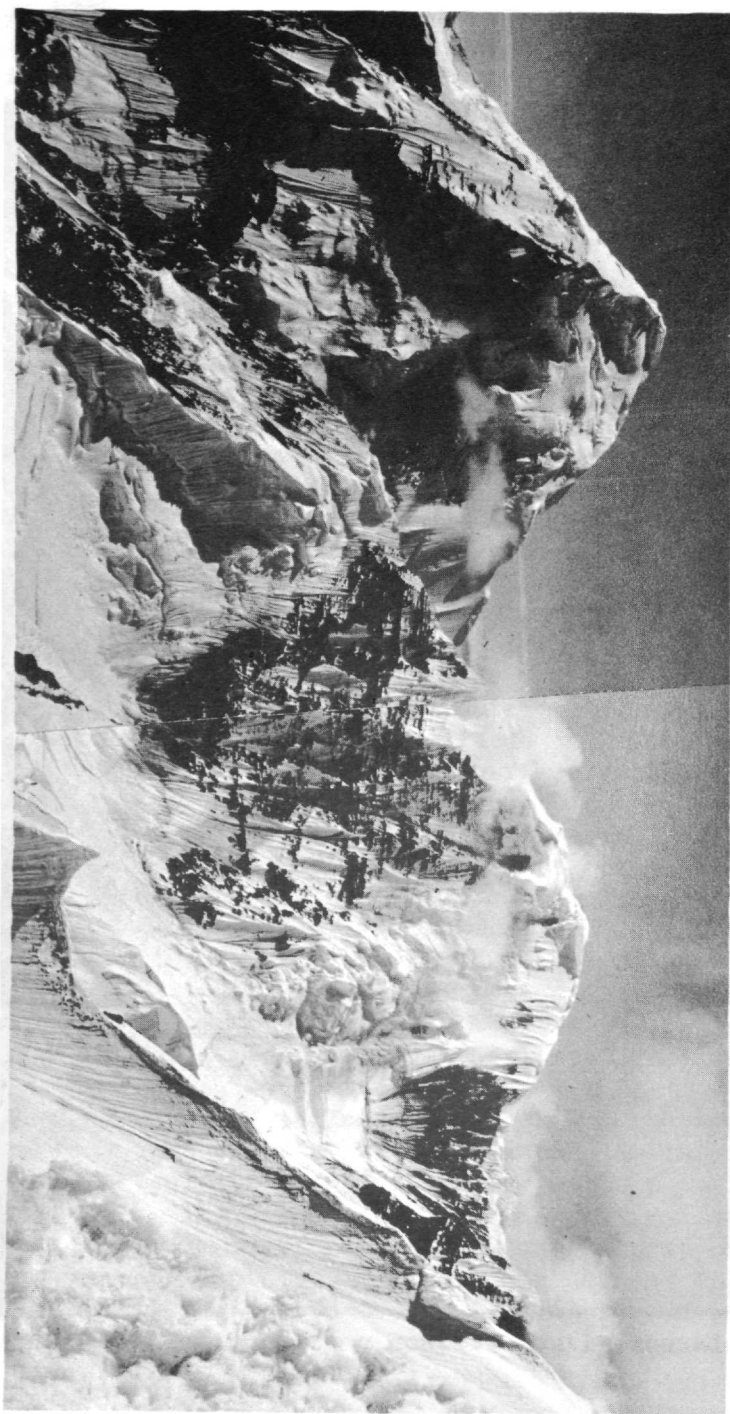
the route to the key notch on the ridge. That evening we pitched our little mountain tent beside the car. The rising wind forced us to anchor the windward corners of the tent to keep it from blowing away. Dave cooked dinner inside the tent and passed the delicacies out to me. Just before going to bed we walked to the top of a small ridge to the west of our camp. Here we could look out over the Monument Valley country and watch the weather bearing down on us. It was the start of a hallowed ritual and soon a trail was formed leading up to the top of C-S ridge.

We crawled into our sleeping bags. Now it started to rain and it continued to rain for twenty-six hours. It wasn't a hard rain but it was sufficient to dampen everything, including our hopes. We got up around noon and went to the car where we spent the rest of the day reading the literature that Dave had brought along. Fortunately he has good taste. While Dave prepared dinner in the car, I fiddled with the radio dial trying to get the Farmington station and the latest weather news. A bored voice ended every broadcast with, "Continued rain and cold with snowflurries in the Northwest and Northern mountains".

That night the rain stopped but started again at six the next morning. By some miracle it quit again at seven. We decided to place the two fixed ropes which are needed to make the climb. The route on Shiprock is somewhat circuitous. One must climb up a gully on the west side to a notch on the ridge. Here a forty foot tunnel through a piece of rock called the Fin would save a lot of climbing and a lot of time. Instead the climber must descend over 300 feet down a gully on the east side of the notch and then traverse around to the south in order to reach a large bowl just below the final summit towers. Two fixed ropes must be left in the eastern gully to facilitate the return.

Shouldering two manila ropes, we set off. Soon we were under a huge overhang at the base of the main gully. The overhang could be bypassed only by a short wall on the left side. The biggest problem was getting started. Standing on the remnants of a cairn for added height I gave Dave a shoulder stand. He quickly climbed to a belay spot thirty feet above me. It began to rain again. Dave, who was slowly getting soaked, gently coaxed me





out of my cozy lair. With the aid of a piton and a sling I joined him. Dave led off as we passed a cave formed by chockstones and traversed to the right over easy ledges into the main gully. Here the gully divided into two forks. The right fork ended in a headwall and the left fork went up a wall into a smaller gully. At this point we felt that we had been in the washing machine long enough. Caching the manilas under a rock, we climbed down to the top of the first pitch and roped off, leaving our nylon in place. We suspended the pack from a piton and returned to camp. Naturally the rain stopped and the clouds broke up.

That afternoon while I released my excess energy by taking a nap, Dave, taking pictures, circled the entire rock. That night we made preparations for an all out assault. We gathered together our gear and loaded up another pack with enough food, clothes, and gasoline for a cold bivouac. It was not raining the next morning and after collapsing the tent, we started off. Again Dave led up the first pitch using the nylon we had left in place for an upper belay. He hauled up our forty pound pack and then helped me up. We soon reached our previous high point. We had a brief discussion as to which gully to follow and decided to try the left one. Dave romped up the wall and into a shallow gully. After driving in a piton for an anchor he brought me up. I belayed Dave as he gingerly picked his way over the loose rock in the bed of the gully. In a short while we arrived at the first bivouac site of the party which had made the second ascent. We had now reached the base of the headwall below the notch. There was a polite debate about the various merits of different routes and again we managed to pick the right one. We mounted a ledge that led up and to the right on the headwall. At the end of the ledge we found a large block with rappel sling tied around it. From here Dave made a delicate fourth class lead up some of the rottenest rock to be found anywhere. He stopped on a small ledge. By now the wind was blowing quite hard and we were beginning to feel the cold. Three pitons were in the rock above our heads. They protected a traverse up and over high angle slabs and blocks. Dave went up and then hauled up the pack. After a brief struggle I joined him. Black clouds were bearing down on us from the west. With the rope paying out behind him, Dave made a short traverse into the notch. From there he could see the gully leading

down the east side. The notch was sheltered but my ledge was exposed to the full blast of the wind. Through chattering teeth I informed Dave that I was ready to call it a day. Returning from the notch, Dave agreed and we rappelled and scrambled back down to the base of the rock.

That evening the Farmington radio informed us that the maximum temperature for the day was 36 degrees. Our bivouac would have been a bit chilly. It was snowing when we woke up the next morning. Afraid that the snow would make the desert too muddy to drive on, we broke camp and threw the gear in the car. Eventually we got the car to the main highway and rapidly sped away leaving the snowcovered rock behind us. Our trip had been fun but it could not be termed even a qualified success.

Dave and I met for several days in the Tetons at the end of the summer and made plans for another attempt on Shiprock. Dave had talked with Norman Bishop from Colorado who had climbed Shiprock recently. Norm had given Dave a more accurate diagram than the one we had used previously. Dave and I parted and promised to meet each other at the base of Shiprock on September 25th, only three days before classes started at Stanford.

...a telegram arrived from Denver while I was at home in Dallas. It was from Dave. He would meet me on schedule and Rowland Tabor would be with him. I was quite happy over this, as Rowland would be a strong addition to our party.

Arriving at the town of Shiprock early on the morning of the 25th, I inquired at the local hotel if there were any messages for me. The landlady shook her head, "No message." I drove out and looked at the base of Shiprock through binoculars and saw no signs of life. I went back to the hotel and waited. Dave and Rowland did not show up. Around six o'clock I began to get a little worried as they are rather dependable. Finally I decided to drive out and see if there were any lights at the base of Shiprock. As I left I told the landlady that if a blond fellow with a beard and a beret showed up, tell him to wait. Her round face beamed with enlightenment. "Why a person that answers that description came in here yesterday and left a message," she replied. "Where is the message," I asked feebly. "I can't seem to find it," she said, rummaging through the little scraps of paper piled alongside the cash register. I dashed out the door

and rapidly drove to where I could see the campsite near Shiprock. There were lights. I blinked my car lights. Finally the lights in the distance blinked back. At least they knew I was around.

As recent rains had turned the desert into a quagmire and I didn't want to take a chance getting my car stuck, I drove back into town and persuaded a filling station operator into driving me out that night in his pickup. He claimed he knew every jeep track in the surrounding desert. He didn't. At 11 o'clock that night with shovels in hand, we were up to our ankles in caliche trying to extricate the truck. Two hours and many nasty works later we were out. Unfortunately we were on the same side that we had come in on. We went back to town. I drove back out and parked on the road near the dike that is an extension of C-S ridge.

At dawn I started walking and trotting the four miles from the road to the campsite. Reaching the door of Rowland's Nash, I discovered he and Dave still fast asleep inside. I woke them and poured out my sad tale of woe. They promptly cheered me by saying that yesterday they had climbed up to the notch and had placed the fixed ropes in the eastern gully. This made a one day ascent feasible although as far as we knew every previous party had bivouacked at least one night on the rock.

We drove Rowland's car back out to the road and I retrieved my machine and we went into the town of Shiprock. That afternoon we returned to the base of the climb. Despite a leaky radiator, Rowland's Nash negotiated the desert quite well with the aid of chains.

My wrist alarm went off at 3:00 A.M. There was no need to awake Dave, as he had heard it also. Rowland was getting up. After a light breakfast we started up the talus to the base of the gully by the beam of flashlights and a sputtering carbide lamp. We arrived at the base of the first pitch beside the big overhang. Dave tied into a quarter-inch nylon rope which he and Rowland had left there and began climbing. He had been up the pitch so often that he could lead it in the dark. This was fortunate as it was pitch black and our lights from below went into his eyes instead of illuminating the rock. I followed, groping my way up the wall. Dave went on ahead while I belayed Rowland. It was just beginning to get light. Dave led up the left hand gully with its headwall. Soon we were at the end of the ledge at the

base of the final wall leading up to the main notch. Rowland danced lightly over the loose blocks and then it was my turn. Readjusting my hardhat, I started up. At one spot I was forced to step on a rather big block. With misgivings, I lightly put my weight on it. The whole thing gave way. I grabbed two big handholds jutting out above my head. They broke out. I yelled, "Fall" and then swung back into the cliff at the end of the rope. Dave down below casually stepped to one side and let the debris roar by. Upon joining Rowland I discovered that he had used the identical block. With Rowland in the lead we went up the three piton pitch and swiftly traversed right into the notch. One by one we tumbled down the two fixed lines which had been previously set up. We were now on the eastern side of Shiprock and at the start of the friction traverse.

I anchored into the end of the second fixed rope to belay the traverse. An early morning fog obscured the desert, casting an eerie effect upon the entire procedure, as Dave led thirty feet out to a crack where there were several pitons. He climbed up the crack and across a face for another thirty feet and then followed a scree covered ledge over to a spot where it widened and there was an old bolt. Coming across second was easy until I got to the ledge. Because of a rotten overhanging wall above it the ledge could only be used for handholds and one's toes had to go into various holes in the rock. The hardhat got in the way. Dave's pleasant voice, which I could barely hear over my own mutterings, soothed me and I rapidly joined him. Rowland was soon beside us.

The ledge we were on ran out to a corner about 15 feet away. Dave went out to the corner and glanced up. The next pitch certainly looked as if it required direct aid. Placing a piton to protect the traverse, he returned. As I am a cowardly hammerswinger, I went out to the corner heavily laden with the tools of my trade. Upon looking up I felt distinctly unhappy. One extremely rotten crack led upward. There were no pitons in it and we knew that the double overhang pitch which we were expecting should be ironed up. Reaching into the crack I pulled out some loose chunks of rock and dropped them off the side. I looked at Dave and Rowland and then looked at the rock. I came back. Dave took the hardware and went out to the corner. He placed one direct aid piton. He gave it a test and the piton turned 60 degrees downward. He knocked it out. With his fingers he pulled

out the piton he had put in to protect the traverse, and then climbed back. It was now 8:30 in the morning and we had wasted almost a half hour on this. Dave and I exchanged glances with Rowland. We decided to look a little lower. We made a short rappel to a big ledge twenty feet below. Dave scampered down the ledge and around a corner. A minute later a yell informed Rowland and myself that Dave was at the base of the real double overhang pitch. Rowland and I hauled down the rappel rope and followed the ledge around the corner, went up a six foot wall, and joined Dave.

After looking at the previous off-route horror, I was relieved to see that the double overhang had no exposure and that all the iron was in the rock. I tied in to two ropes and started up the lower overhang happily snapping carabiners. From the top of the first overhang a short climb up into a shallow bowl enabled me to reach the old ring expansion bolt which had been left by the first ascent party. The traverse over to the base of the second overhang looked rough. Fortunately a recent expansion bolt further over to the right on the wall allowed me to do a rope traverse and I hastily clipped my spare rope into the bottom piton on the second overhang. Using double-rope technique up the iron ladder, I reached a broad ledge above the overhang. Rowland and Dave made up for my lack of efficiency by swarming up the pitch in ten minutes apiece.

From the top of the overhang pitch we walked up easy slabs into the big bowl below the two summit towers. Scrambling up we passed the little cave in the Fin where many previous parties had spent the night. There are better bivouac sites in the mountains. More easy scrambling led up to a short chimney just sixty feet below a notch between the main and the south summit. Rowland shot up the chimney and we were at the notch staring down the sheer western wall at our car, an insignificant foreign particle in the desert.

Consuming a little food, we gazed up at our next problem, a large horn of rock which was hanging over our heads. While I got myself tangled up in ropes and cameras, Rowland gave Dave a shoulder stand to help him get started on this pitch. Dave hooked into a piton and climbing up he traversed over to the west side of the ridge. He mounted up the side of the horn until he came to a little expansion bolt. Tying in, he pulled up the rope and tossed it over the horn. We retrieved the other

end and gave him an upper belay as he climbed the last ten feet and then stood on the horn itself. When it was my turn I discovered the reason for the rope trick. The last ten feet above the bolt was touchy and the holds seemed to be on a thin layer of sandstone which resembled the skin of an overripe orange. We were feeling quite elated by this time, so we may have done the next pitch the hard way. Using a shoulder stand to get over the wall in front of you at this point might be the better way. Instead we let Rowland traverse out to the right, and go up a short direct aid crack, which had the iron already in it. A mantleshelf above the last piton made me appreciate the rope from above. Now we were above a short chimney. Dave went up a short difficult crack and disappeared around to the west side of the ridge. The rope rapidly paid out. "I'm up", floated down and soon the three of us were sitting astride the narrow summit block. Dave crawled out to the end and set up his self-timing camera. He leaped back by my side and smiled. The resulting photograph turned out to be the ultimate in summit picture art.

There wasn't a cloud in the sky. To the east we could see the isolated town of Shiprock. Previous parties had left three different registers lying around. We followed what seemed to be the general custom and modestly signed all three. Depending upon which register you want to believe, we made the 14th recorded ascent.

It was one in the afternoon when we started down. We scrambled down to a point where we could make one rappel down past the horn on its east side. It was a full 120 foot rope down, overhanging and hot. After making a short rappel down the chimney below the notch, Dave went on ahead and set up the next short rappel over the double overhang, while Rowland and I lazily followed. Below the overhang we jumped down the short wall to the ledge which led back around to the left.

At the end of the ledge we found some more expansion bolts. In fact the whole climb was studded with them. Since Dave and I had left a good nylon sling behind, Dave led up twenty feet to the higher ledge where we had gotten off route in the morning. We decided with slight qualms that a 120 foot rappel would reach a huge scree ledge below from which we could walk up to the base of the gully. By doing this we would avoid climbing back across the friction traverse. Dave rigged the rope to

the bolts on the top ledge as they seemed to be more securely fastened to the rock. We sailed off and quickly climbed up to the end of the second fixed line in the gully. Hauling ourselves hand over hand up the rope we emerged from a chimney at the top. One by one we prusiked up the first line which led over a forty foot wall.

Rowland set up the first rappel down the western side of the notch. There was considerable danger from falling rock and at the bottom one had to pendulum over to a ledge. Rowland, who was holding onto the ends of the rope, hauled me in as if I were a tuna. Dave had the unenviable job of coming down last. In order that the rope would run, Dave had to reset the rappel but this meant that he really had to be fished in. The next rope down was straight forward but the mountainside always threatened to come down on top of you at any moment. While I coiled ropes and Rowland located a carabiner which had been dropped, Dave went ahead and fixed up the last long rappel. Some scrambling and the final short rope down over the first pitch brought us to the beginning of the climb.

We reached the car at 5:00 PM, 13½ hours after we had left it. Since there was still light, we started to drive out for the highway immediately. It was a close race with a leaky radiator, but we reached the town of Shiprock despite our using a new route out. We were never able to follow the same tracks in the desert twice anyway.

Rowland started driving back to Denver and got as far as Durango before the engine fell out. Meanwhile, Dave and I pushed my car straight through to Stanford in time to make our first classes.

Editor's note: The editor feels that two things should be commented on that, for reasons of brevity and story continuity, Mr. Clinch has not mentioned: 1) In both March and September, arrangements were made in Shiprock, N.M. to have the Mountain Rescue Group at Los Alamos, N.M. contacted in case of an accident. This aid is available at all times and it is especially advised that any parties on the climb, especially those as small as two or three, avail themselves of it. 2) Though it is essentially a climb on less-than-solid rock, Shiprock may possibly impress the climber as far less rotten than he had expected. That is so only to a certain extent, and it is advised that hardhats be worn and that the headwall of the west gully be considered the section especially dangerous.

STANFORD KLUTLAN EXPEDITION 1951

by Jon Lindbergh

For a hundred miles north of the Pacific, astride the Alaska-Canada boundary, lies a range of mountains known as the St. Elias. Mount Logan, a long massive ridge of rock and ice, approaches 20,000 feet in altitude. To the southwest of Mount Logan is 18,000 foot Mt. St. Elias. Around these two great peaks are hundreds of lesser ones drained by numberless glaciers.

Near the turn of the century a joint Canadian-American boundary commission surveyed the one-hundred and forty first meridian, which separates Alaska from the Yukon Territory. They made detailed maps of a strip of land extending five miles on either side of the boundary. Beyond that five mile strip large sections of the range still remain unsurveyed. Mt. Bear, an unclimbed 14,850 foot peak which was the objective of the "Stanford Klutlan Expedition" in 1951, is located in such a section.

In mid-June, after a month of intensive preparation, the expedition rolled out of San Francisco. It consisted of Fritz Lippmann, Al Baxter, Bud Gates, and myself; and was mobilized by a brand new three-quarter ton Ford truck. This luxury was available to us only through the generous aid of "Horsetrader Ed" Shapiro.

The basic plan of the expedition was to drive up the Alaska Highway to Whitehorse, Y.T. There we would secure an airdrop for our gear, onto the Klutlan Glacier. The distance from the highway to the airdrop location was about 70 miles and, we estimated, six days of backpacking. Mt. Bear was our first objective. If and when we climbed that we planned to tackle other interesting peaks in the area. There were several promising possibilities.

Our route lay east to Nevada and then northward through Montana to Calgary, then Edmonton, Dawson Creek, and the Alaska Highway. On the morning of June 22 we reached Glacier National Park, Montana. About two inches of snow lay on the ground. As we climbed higher into the park, more appeared. Pretty soon the snow was about two feet thick, more than we were to see fall again all summer.

One of our first stops in Calgary was the Ford agency. Several miles back the engine had given out ominous

grinding and banging noises. After stripping down the transmission, the mechanic removed fragments of a large stray nut. Our next stop in Calgary was the Hudson's Bay Company, where we bought most of our food supplies. These were packed on the spot into double thickness, one foot square boxes and securely banded. We spent two nights camped on the company's loading platform. As I recall, it snowed both nights.

Our first real contact with the wilds came near the shores of Lake Athabaska, between Edmonton and Dawson Creek. We pulled off the main road and began to set up camp for the night. A very determined attack by mosquitoes, thousands of them, interrupted the proceedings. Our headnets and repellent were buried. We beat a quick retreat, jumped into the truck, and drove all night.

The next morning in Dawson City, Fritz was sick. He felt steadily worse, so we drove him to the hospital. Two hours later he was operated on for acute appendicitis. When we talked with him the following day he was out of danger, but obviously he could do no climbing that summer. The expedition had lost a valuable man. We could only be thankful that he had not been stricken a month later when we were many days away from medical aid. With Fritz gone there was some question as to whether we should continue the expedition with only three men. Attempts to find another member met with failure, but our hearts were set on the St. Elias and we continued.

In Whitehorse we began investigating possibilities for our air^{drop}. A bush pilot said he could do the job, but his services cost several hundred dollars which we were reluctant to part with. On a visit to the Whitehorse airfield we made the acquaintance of the USAF liason officer. He said that if a plane from the Tenth Rescue Squadron in Fairbanks were available, it might be able to help us out. An exchange of dispatches confirmed the fact that a C-47 was available and our problem on that score was over. The plane arrived the next day with a crew of one major, two captains, two lieutenants, a sergeant, and a corporal. Some twelve hundred pounds of gear and supplies were soon loaded aboard and lashed down in preparation for an early morning departure.

Owing to a series of minor troubles with the plane, it was noon of July 4 before we got off. We followed the highway to the White River before turning and paralleling its path south toward the mountains. The river itself was a complicated net of channels intertwining over a series

of gravel bars two to three miles wide. On either side were gentle hills covered mostly with dense spruce forests. Ahead the looming white bulk of the St. Elias drew ever closer. Twenty miles from the highway the White River veered west. We kept flying south, following the tributary Klutlan. A batch of glaring white appeared ahead. Ice! The mouth of the Klutlan Glacier. In ten minutes we were surrounded by great walls of rock and ice. Below was a solid three mile wide river -- more ice. Our proposed drop zone lay near a three way split in the glacier at an altitude of about 7500 feet. We circled the area, picked a likely spot, and notified the pilot.

The C-47 turned into the final leg of the first drop run. Air whistled through the open hatch. A buzzer sounded. Whoosh! Half a dozen boxes and a small toboggan shot out and vanished into the slipstream. A glance back revealed little dots rolling along the ice. More runs, and more loads went out. Two groups of bundles were lashed in chain with old rappel rope. The first caught in the tail and threw the plane temporarily out of control. The Air Force people were not too happy. We cut the lines on the second group in a hurry.

The plane landed us at Snag, Y.T., and we bummed a ride to the White River bridge. By this time it was 7:30 PM, but it never gets dark in the summer at that latitude. We were eager to start and struck out into the brush. And brush it was. Dense thickets of willow and alder intermixed with spruce. Mosquitoes were thick. Our 65 pound packs got heavier and heavier. By 11:00 we had covered something less than two miles. At that rate we would never reach our air drop. We remembered the river. Gravel bars had begun three miles from the highway and looked like much easier walking than this brush. By midnight we reached the river bank, exhausted. Sleeping bags were quickly rolled out on the bar just beyond.

We managed to get under way around noon the next day. The bar was broad and flat for a few hundred yards. Then it was pinched off by a deep channel. Back to the bush. Swamps, muskeg, hillsides covered with deadfalls, and more brush kept appearing. After a few miles of this the network of channels would swing back to the other side of the valley and the going would be easy for a while. But invariably they would swing back again.

Days passed. At one place it took us eight hours to traverse a mile and a half of steep gullys covered with deep moss and spruce deadfalls. Attempts to cross the river to take advantage of bars on the other side failed.

On the fifth day we reached a fork in the Klutlan River. After considerable difficulty we crossed the left branch and our last major obstacle was passed. The remaining thirty-five miles were relatively easy. Gravel bars soon gave way to moraine, which had some interesting peculiarities. Mud, unable to drain because of stagnant ice beneath, accumulated in considerable amounts. A sun dried crust an inch or two thick generally covered the surface. But and I, being light, could generally negotiate this surface, but Al was not always so fortunate. On one occasion we had to chop him out with an ice axe. After a few miles the moraine gave way to living ice and we had a broad highway to follow. We reached the air drop on the afternoon of the ninth day. None too soon at that, for our food supply had dwindled to some oatmeal and three cans of pemmican.

Our supplies were spread over about two hundred yards of hard white ice. Most of the boxes were still intact. Some were atop little pedestals, having shaded and protected their own little patch of ice while the glacier melted down around them. A few of the heavier boxes had broken open, scattering cans, margarine, chunks of meat, nuts and lemon drops all over the place. It must have been like a small child's dream: goodies from heaven! However, our actual losses were small and mostly caused by melt water rather than impact. We gathered everything together and hauled it to a suitable spot on the two toboggans. By evening our basecamp was set up.

The route to Mt. Bear seemed to follow the south fork of the glacier for about ten miles. Beyond that we could see little. But there appeared to be good possibilities of passable tributary glaciers, snowfields, and ridges. The total distance to the summit looked to be about fifteen miles. Our plan of attack was to establish a series of camps up to a vantage point somewhere on the northeast face. From there, taking advantage of the long daylight hours of the arctic summer, we would launch our final assault.

The three of us left basecamp dragging most of our gear on a toboggan, two pulling and one pushing. We breezed along for about a mile over smooth ice. Then there was a pressure ridge: an area of crevassed and hummocked ice where the glacier flowed over uneven terrain. The toboggan became much less of a blessing. Above the pressure ridge there was snow on the ice and things were

easier for a little while. But before long someone's boot broke unexpectedly far through the snow. In fact one could see about twenty-five feet down the hole. The disadvantage of being grouped around a toboggan became all too apparent. We abandoned it, put all the gear in our packs, and roped up, wearing Bearpaw snowshoes.

Camp I was set on a fifty foot square area surrounded on three sides by crevasses. It consisted of a four man mountain tent with two of us sleeping on one side and one plus gear and stove on the other. It was a quite comfortable arrangement, all in all.

It was a crevasse, too, which brought the first attempt on Mt. Bear to an abrupt end. A couple of miles above Camp I we were advancing slowly across deep snow. Al was in front, probing the way with his ice axe, when suddenly he yelled and disappeared. I was jerked from my belay position headfirst through the snow. The friction of the rope in the snow and the drag of my weight soon stopped his fall. But went up and found him dangling twenty feet beneath a hole in the snow some two feet in diameter. The crevasse, almost invisible from above, could be seen extending underneath for a great distance in either direction. Al was out in thirty minutes, none the worse for wear. His pack, lodged ninety feet down, was another matter. It contained some vital equipment which we needed to continue the climb. We left a cache near the crevasse and started back to basecamp to get additional rope, which was necessary to retrieve the pack.

Three days later we returned with sufficient rope. It took the better part of two hours to get that pack out. We rappelled down and pried it with ice axes. In the end it was necessary to tear loose the top and remove some of the contents. The lower regions of a crevasse are rather forbidding. It was too narrow to turn one's head or feet and the ice walls pressed hard on one's chest. Occasionally icicles crashed down nearby. One was glad to get out.

As it was only noon when we rescued the pack, we continued on our second attempt to establish Camp II. Snow conditions became increasingly bad. A crust had formed which allowed a man to lift most of his weight on it before it broke and dropped him, snowshoes and all, knee deep again. After a while this became pretty tiresome. Camp II was located at about 11,000 feet in a valley between Mt. Bear and a sub peak. In the morning we found bird tracks near the tent. There was no sign of the bird.

Above Camp II the snow became cold and powdery and

much easier to travel over. We moved slowly upward to establish Camp III at about 13,000 feet on a slanting wind-swept ledge. At last we were actually on our mountain. Most of the surrounding peaks were below us. To the north Mt. Natazhat stood out in sharp contrast against the dull green lowlands many miles beyond. As the sunlight slowly faded from the ridge above us we contemplated a final dash on the following day. The summit was close enough, we hoped, to give us a good chance. It was very cold that night and none of us slept too well.

We pulled on stiff clothes and frozen boots after a breakfast of hot jello and oatmeal. It is always necessary to eat both breakfast and dinner in the sack under such conditions, because while outside one must keep moving. Our packs were light, only about twenty pounds apiece. It was a wonderful feeling to have shed all that weight. We zigzagged slowly up the face toward a high ridge. It was this sort of place that would make a skier's paradise. It was a vast expanse of steep slope with no trees or rocks or other obstructions. As soon as the sun was up the glare was terrific. It was painful to remove goggles even for a minute. We smeared our faces with zinc ointment to try to reduce sunburn.

At about noon we neared the crest of the ridge. As we came up over it, the entire southern St. Elias range appeared before us. Fifty miles in front: the great ridge of Mt. Logan; beyond to the right, the sharp cone of Mt. St. Elias, and beyond that, clouds over the coast glaciers and the Pacific.

We stopped for half an hour to eat our lunch of pemmican and sardines. A nylon tarpaulin was spread in a sunny spot and our accompanying drink, "tarp water", was soon dripping into a can. Making "tarp water" is a ritual and an art at high altitude when one has no stove. The tarp must be spread in a suitable place. Direct sunlight is essential and not much wind can be tolerated. Just the right amount of snow of the right kind must be spread on. Chunks don't melt. Neither does a thick layer. Too thin a layer -- no water. How does the stuff taste? To be truthful it is pretty strong. We tried adding lemon powder until we discovered that it merely accentuated the tarp taste. Orange powder was a little better. At any rate the concoction gave us some liquid.

From our position it was difficult to tell the exact whereabouts of the summit of Mt. Bear. The ridge we were on rose up on either side. Optical conditions

were such that it was impossible to tell which side was the higher or which was farther away. We investigated. The rise to the east was a nubbin a hundred yards away. The one to the west was the true summit, and about two miles away. It turned out to be a big wide place, almost big enough to enable a good pilot to land a small plane. The rewards of such a climb are not so much in spectacular summits as in mountaineering. We were not disappointed.

Having successfully climbed Mt. Bear, we turned our attention to other peaks in the area. Next in line was once climbed, 16,000 foot M. Bona. It offered much the same problems as Mt. Bear. We backpacked enough supplies to set up four camps. The highest at 14,000 feet, was quite spectacular. The summit itself was much sharper than Mt. Bear and corniced at the top. Crampons were necessary for the last half mile. It was bitterly cold; ice formed in our cups when water was poured in from a canteen. On the following day we climbed a 15,000 foot sub summit which we called, Mt. Lippmann, after Fritz.

Our next climb was a 13,000 foot peak at the head of the center fork of the Klutlan, which we named Mt. Jordan. Bud and I tackled this one alone because Al was having trouble with his ankles. We put up one camp and struck out for the summit the second day. The weather was rather uncertain so it was necessary to leave a complete trail of willow wands in case of a storm. After negotiating an intricate icefall we worked up the North Ridge. The summit was attained by following that ridge, taking care to stay clear of the 3000 foot drop off a few feet to the west. We completed the climb in the midst of a snowsquall. I didn't even have time to eat my customary dried fish before we started down. We needed those willow wands.

After Mt. Jordan the weather took a turn for the worse. Several inches of snow fell on successive nights. In view of this and the recent loss of some equipment we decided to leave the area.

Our route out was somewhat different from our route in. We backpacked twenty-five miles directly north to the White River. On its banks we built a raft out of logs and climbing rope, lashed our gear to her center, and shoved off. It was a wild ride. When things got really rough we all grabbed hold of the gear and hung on. At other times we attempted to navigate with push poles.

Twenty miles down river the raft became trapped in a large whirlpool and we were unable to free her. Still twenty-five miles to go! So we broke her up, relayed our now thoroughly soaked gear to a point two miles downstream, and built another raft. Five hours after launching raft no. 2 we reached the Alaska Highway.

MT. WHITNEY 1955

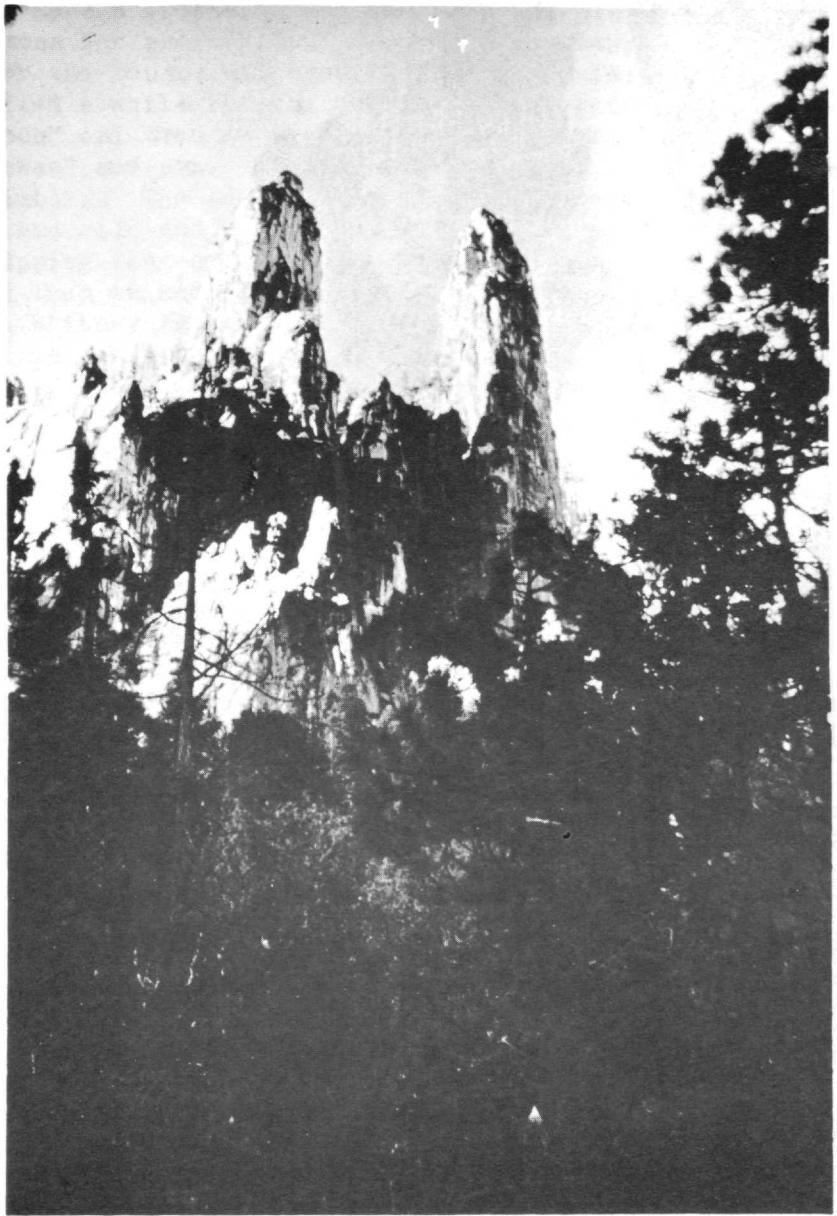
by David Sowles

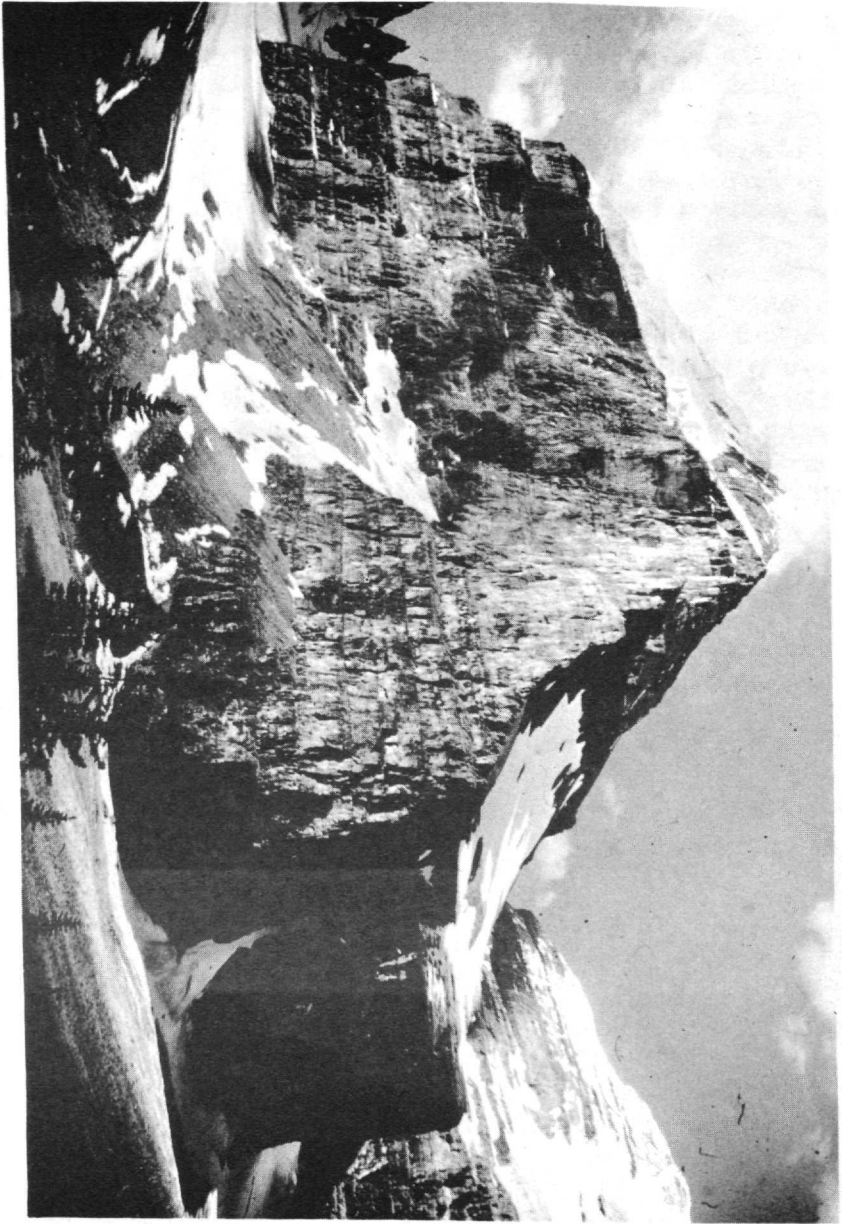
I think this note will serve two purposes. First, it will describe the fine climb four of us were able to do this March. And secondly it will indicate that this journal is up to date. Gil Roberts suggested a winter ascent of the East Buttress last fall and by February the party had resolved itself into a foursome. Three of us live at the local office of the Perrilan Foundation for Alpine Research, Bob Brooke, Tom McCormack and myself. Gil, the fourth, lives in Palo Alto. While sitting on the lawn at Union Court, we planned to drive to Lone Pine, Calif. on Saturday, the 19th of March, hike into East Face Lake in two days, climb the buttress in a day, and hike back out the next day. The amazing thing is that that is exactly what we did. The weather was perfect; it hadn't snowed for several days. Leaving Tom's car at Whitney Portal (the road had been thoughtfully plowed clean by Hollywood) we followed the trail till we had gained two-hundred feet or so and then traversed down to and across the north fork of Lone Pine Creek. The immediate plan was to reach Clyde's Meadow, at about 11,500, and if it was early enough, to move on to the top of the next bench and camp. Going up the north fork we hiked on foot most of the way, though Bob and I did try out our snow-shoes for a few hundred feet and found them easier to handle than we had thought. We were not moving very fast and when we reached the Meadow at two-thirty and looked at the slope leading to the next bench, we decided - after a great deal of idle talk - to spend the night here. Till the sun went down the scene was distinctly enjoyable, not too cold, with the

snow and the pine trees and even our thirst satisfying for the moment, because they were all so far removed from classrooms, professors, and exams.

Monday, the 21st: We were all up and packing by 7:30. The long night had passed with little sleep for anyone. With the tents down, we had a last sip of hot jello, and started up the slope. It was 8:10. Using snowshoes most of the time, we pulled up the first hill and hiked up a long incline toward a set of trees atop the bench. Part way there, Bob, sans snowshoes for the moment, fell navel-deep into a hole and had to climb out the down-hill side. Reaching the trees, we found we had another steep slope directly to the south to negotiate before we were actually on the top of the whole bench. The snow conditions were not good, but by using the uncovered rocks we safely passed the slope and went slowly toward a col on the skyline. Our lack of conditioning was pretty evident and when we reached a large level slab just past the col, we stopped for a long rest and some lunch. It was a little past 11:00. The East Face of Whitney was almost directly west of us now, beautifully outlined against the clear and deep blue sky. When we moved off again at 12:30 the lunch had removed much of the weariness and we moved at a good pace. An hour later, by reverting to kicking steps - up a steep snow couloir - and climbing up a small buttress and a short scree slope above it, we made the remainder to the necessary altitude. Though we had only gone for six hours, the last few yards were long and I felt somewhat akin to Evans returning to the South Col. Our camp was on a wind-swept, sandy col, above East Face Lake, which was frozen and covered deeply with snow. In the clear sharp air the buttress seemed very close and the distance to the top nothing like 1800 feet. Our last camp was at something over 12,700. We put up the tents carefully, protecting them from the strong gusty wind as we could, and prepared a small supper. The soup was good, but the stew nearly unpalatable. A cup of tea and brandy was the last provision for sleep as we lay down. We could get up at six or as soon as the light touched our camp.

The night was not cold and for once we were all warm - but we didn't sleep. It was a relief to pull on stiff boots at six and crawl out into the chill morning air. It was Tuesday the 22nd. and a small slip of a cloud over Keeler Needle was so out of place we felt a little uneasy. At 7:15 we were moving up the last talus slopes to the East Buttress, wading across the last





heavy snow patches, and at about 13,300 we roped up. Gil led up a series of slanted ledges while I belayed and Tom and Bob waited their turn on a small ledge. Alternating the leads, Gil and I moved up a ridge and into the sun. Gil made a fine lead on the "friction pitch" with two pitons for protection. A sharp wind played off and on over the route, and even in the sun we felt chilled. We waited a while for the others to get past the "friction pitch" and then as they caught up, we passed under the "pewee" and came out into the sun again, beyond the hard climbing. The last five-hundred feet went very slowly. It was cold and the wind blew steadily and very hard. A whipping flag came into view and at 2:00 we stood by it and then walked a few feet and read the plaque which says: Mt. Whitney 14,496.81. Highest point in the United States. All we could think of was to get out of the wind for awhile. We walked over to the stone hut and finding one room drifted full with snow, tried the other door and found a small room dry and calm. Gil and I waited there and as soon as Bob and Tom came we drank the water, ate a little, signed the register, let Tom take a hurried summit picture, and started down.

It quickly became obvious that the Mountaineer's Route would be too icy for a descent, so we traversed further north and descended the first talus slope that seemed reasonably safe. It led toward the basin just south of the Mt. Russell col. We finally chose the more southerly of two minor cols and kicked down its high-angled snow slope and began another long traverse south, above the East Face Lake to our camp. It was nearly dusk before we finished this last section and I don't think any one of us had ever felt so tired before in his life. The altitude, the wind, the long day - all these had helped to tire us. We reached camp at 7:00 - 12 hours had passed. For some time we just sat. The the primus was started and we drank several cups of water, altered by various additives, but always essentially ... water. Then we tried to go to sleep. We were very tired and so ... we slept perhaps two hours.

In the morning we took our time about getting up, packing, starting off, but we were off at 9:30. Snowshoes going down were not as good as we'd hoped. Still we had an early lunch at Clyde's Meadow about 11:00. We drank several gallons of water from the stream there and rested for an hour or so. The last pull - down the steep-sided canyon of the North Fork - was hard on knees and shoulders but we made excellent time. At 3:30 we dropped the packs

by the car, and a few minutes later drove off for Lone Pine, with thoughts of chocolate sodas and root beer floats uppermost in our minds.

STANFORD IN THE TETONS

by Robert C. Brooke, Jr.

It was in the Tetons in 1953 that I first became aware of the existence of the Stanford Alpine Club. Our party was crowded in the check out shack late on afternoon, idly messing up the climbing records and distracting the ranger from his duties. Somebody mentioned that we would like to climb Symmetry the next day. The ranger fumbled for the forms.

"Durrance Ridge? Oh yes, those girls climbed it last year."

"Girls? Who with?"

"Nobody. Four girls from Stanford. They were pretty good. They climbed the north ridge of Middle and the CMC route on Moran."

Bea Vogel's manless party of 1952 has thus become one of the legends of Jenny Lake. This Stanford party will be remembered in the area long after others are forgotten, and it was in fact a revelation to me to discover, after digging through the older members of the club, how much Stanford climbing has been done in the Tetons.

It was in the club's first year, 1946, that Fritz Lippmann and Robin Hansen electrified mountaineering circles throughout the length and breadth of the Jenny Lake Store. They made the first ascent of Templeton's Crack, one of the finest rock climbs in the range. Future generations of Stanford mountaineers, as they wriggle through the slimy recesses of the green chimney, and dodge the cascade of falling rock below the Harvey pitch, will recall with veneration the achievements of the founders.

As the Alpine Club developed through the years, and increasing numbers of Stanford mountaineers sought relief from the overhangs and finger holds of Yosemite Valley, the Tetons became a popular target for summer trips. Baxter and Ericson romped through Garnet Canyon in 1948. One observer, seeking solace in the R.&J., confided to the

bartender: "Two men climbing solo together."

Every year since the club's formation, parties from Stanford have climbed in the Tetons. The effect of these trips is often painfully evident in the conversation at Union Court the following September. The experience gained, however, does much to supplement Yosemite climbing, and often leads the rock climber to an understanding of true mountaineering. Most of these parties climb regular routes, but now and then a significant climb has managed to bury itself in the Teton summit registers.

John Mowat, Nick Clinch, and Dick Irvin took a wrong turn in Berkeley in 1951, and stopped for gas at Jenny Lake. Here they encountered Leigh Ortenburger, Holder of a long time record for non-dues-paying participation in Stanford activities. In his company they struggled up the east ridge of the Grand, reaching the Lower Saddle 21 hours later. On this climb, the earliest seasonal ascent of the ridge, they encountered a great deal of ice and snow, and also climbed the second tower. The date of this epic was July 16. The next year Gary Driggs and Dave Sowles climbed this route by way of the summit of the first tower. Thus both towers of the East Ridge, which most climbers are able to avoid, were climbed within a year by Stanford parties.

Flushed with victory, Clinch, Mowat, and Irvin set out for the north face of Teewinot. The crux of this climb is a chimney which Dick Emerson has twice led fifth class. The Stanford group, unconvinced, nailed their way up a crack to the left, while the ranger chuckled quietly and thumbed his accident report.

Toward the end of the summer of 1954, members of the Stanford Coast Range expedition straggled into Jackson Hole. Beards and down jackets became familiar sights all the way from the Silver Dollar to the R. & J. When Brooke and Sowles met on the corner by Jackson Drag, mothers hustled their children indoors, and barred the shutters. In the mountains, Sowles and Clinch, with Buckingham and McCormack, spent a day on Symmetry. Results of this day were a general condemnation of Teton weather, and the greatest rock rolling contest ever seen in western Wyoming.

Prior to these festivities, McCormack and Brooke had discovered the most enjoyable route on the south face of the Grand Teton. The climbing begins at the dike, at the base of the Petzoldt ridge, and finishes on the upper portions of the Exum route. This climb avoids most of the disagreeable talus which sours tourists on the regular routes. The same party found an enjoyable climb on the north face of Rock of Ages. This climb is as difficult as the popular routes on

Symmetry, and after struggling over the four hour approach Tom and I still agreed that Hanging Canyon is one of the most beautiful spots in the range.

It is unfortunate that the sybaritic luxuries of the Tetons overshadow those of another fine area to the east, the Wind River Range. Looking through the Gannet Peak summit register in 1954, I could find only three other Stanford names: Logan and Trefezger in 1951, and Gary Driggs in 1953. Perhaps the twenty mile approach hike is the decisive factor when compared to the accessibility of the Teton peaks. Any well trained Yosemite climber would rather rope up on the roof of the car. The Wind Rivers offer more extended mountaineering problems than the Tetons, and the Teton rangers fervently echo my hope that more Stanford parties will visit this area in the future.

SNOWPATCH SPIRE

by Nicholas Clinch

It was another miserable day in the Canadian Rockies. The only mail I had at the ACC club house in Banff was a postcard from Dave Sowles in Paris, informing me about his travels in Europe. But his last sentence mentioned that Gary Driggs was going into the Bugaboos with the Iowa Mountaineers. One thought came to my mind, Snowpatch.

A few days later Gary and I were packing up to Boulder Camp together with other members of the Iowa Mountaineer party. The climbing committee of the expedition had given us permission to attempt the climb and Gary and I were both eager to give it a try. After a day in the high camp we started up the rock. The immense quantity of hardware dangling from our belts made us clank like two knights whose armour needed oiling. With Gary in the lead we started right from the notch between Snowpatch and the little spire to the east. Once in a slimy chimney my feet slipped as I was knocking out a piton. I fell two inches before the rope went taut. Five pitches from the notch we reached the base of the overhanging traverse

and discovered that we had missed the regular route. Gary and I took turns pounding iron into the overhang and by noon we were at the snowpatch.

From the base of the snowpatch the upper wall looked terrible. Every possible line of attack seemed topped by overhangs. We decided to try a more broken up wall to the left of the snowpatch. Approaching black clouds and the fact that we were hopelessly off route forced us to retreat. Retrieving old pitons left in place, we came off in 150 foot rope downs.

I slogged down the muddy Bugaboos road to keep a previous engagement. Fortunately I was able to return and a week later I was back in Boulder Camp. Arriving in high camp, I found that Gary was out on the west face of Snowpatch with Freddy Fuchs. They returned to camp that night a bit tired after driving in over 60 pitons. Darkness and a freezing wind had compelled them to turn back within 150 feet of the top. I wanted to try the east face of Snowpatch the next day and to my surprise Gary said he would do it. The next morning after a late start we stumbled up the moraine to the base of the climb. A high wind threatened to blow us off our feet, but the east face was sheltered and the rock was dry. We rapidly climbed up what we then knew to be the regular route to the start of the overhanging traverse. I hurriedly snapped my way up the overhang and we were at the snowpatch again.

Now the ever threatening clouds closed in on us and we couldn't see over thirty feet ahead. Scampering around the slabs to the left of the snowpatch we found ourselves at the base of a chimney which was the start of the difficult climbing. The chimney prepared us for the pitches that followed. From the top of the chimney Gary led up a wet slab to a platform. After trying several lines of exit he spotted the quartz vein running up the rock to the base of an overhang. Gary, in a brilliant display of piton technique, mounted the minute nubbins. After doing a hand traverse to the left he pulled himself up over a chockstone. I joined him on top of the chockstone. Disappearing into the fog, Gary went up a sixty foot chimney and then traversed to the left using several pitons for direct aid. Carrying the pack, I climbed up and was soon beside him in a narrow crack. Wedged in the crack up to my shoulders I belayed Gary as he paced back and forth on a small ledge looking for a way up the apparent blank wall above his head. He

finally drove in a piton and balanced his way up for about fifteen feet to a small ledge that went to the right to the start of the crack. After climbing up the crack for about sixty feet, Gary stopped and belayed me up. After executing a hand traverse to get into the crack, I thought it was relatively easy.

One more 120 foot lead up the crack brought us to the summit ridge. As we couldn't see more than five feet ahead of us, the problem was to find the summit. We correctly guessed that it was to our right and after one more rope length we were on top. Gary copied down the names in the old register into the new one we had brought up while I tried to take some pictures.

It was the fourth ascent of the spire. I couldn't help but remember that it was one year from the day that a car in which I had been riding came to rest on my chest.

We were exposed to the full fury of the elements. Rime began to form on our parkas. Scrambling down the first pitch off the ridge we set up a 150 rappel. Gary hopped on the rope and faded into the mist. He pulled down the safety rope and I sailed off. Two 150 foot rappels brought us below the chimney where the difficult climbing had begun. The clouds lifted and the sight of the cooking fire at Boulder Camp spurred us on as we slithered down the slabs around the snowpatch. It began to drizzle as we started the series of rappels below the snowpatch. Reaching the notch we changed into our boots and picked up our ice axes. We groped our way toward camp by the flickering beam of a flashlight, which hadn't read the EverReady advertisements. I dropped the waning light in some huge talus blocks and we crawled the rest of the way in wet darkness. Arriving at camp we quietly devoured a kettle of warm soup left on the fire. The finest climb I have ever done in the mountains was over.

DEVIL'S TOWER

by Thomas McCormack

On the evening of September 4th, Dave Sowles and I arrived at Devil's Tower National Monument. After seeing the ranger, we found that a mountaineering group was planning a mass ascent of the tower the following day. The next day we decided to go to the base of the climb and, if the opportunity arose, follow the group of eleven up. It was a rather threatening day, windy and cold, and we were not too comfortable. When we saw a Rumpelstiltskin-like figure approach the top of the second pitch after several hours of waiting, Dave and I decided to climb the next day. We waved goodbye to Norm Bishop and Don Spaulding, two Colorado climbers, and scrambled back to camp. The rest of the day was spent drinking jello and reading Esquire. By evening we were two abnormal cases of manic excitement.

The next morning, September 6th, was beautiful: it was an ideal day. We ate a hurried breakfast and hurried up the talus. A half hour later we started on the leaning column, the first pitch on the tower. The sun was well on the rock when I led off. The pitch was a jam crack and then a chimney between the leaning column and the tower proper. The going became a little tricky at the end of the jam crack but after that the remainder of the pitch was strenuous but not difficult. From the top of the leaning column I belayed Dave up. He gave me the pack and started up the 80 foot jam crack. He used "spider" technique as he had been told to do by Joe Stettner. This pitch was very strenuous and as Dave progressed farther, I began to get a little anxious upon hearing dissonant grunts coming from him, but he made it eventually. Finally he called for me to come up. I had decided to carry the pack and extra rope instead of having them hauled up. After trying for five minutes to get started, I tied them on the rope and had Dave haul them up. The climbing was quite a bit easier without the pack and rope but still very strenuous. At 6:30 AM we were both on top of the second pitch. It was my turn to lead so I started up a 75° chimney which I hardly noticed, after the last pitch, and came up on a ledge.

The next pitch was another crack and chimney but it was short and we passed it quickly. At this point we found we had a problem. We had to cross two columns and there was no apparent way to cross it except by a sixth class piton. As we didn't want to climb it that way, Dave decided to try and JUMP across to a ledge about five feet away, only he forgot to tell me about it. I looked up as he was in midair and hoped that the slack would reach. He made it and then it was my turn. It was a tricky leap because you had to start off balance, but I managed to make it. From here we were only a scramble from the top, and we went up in coils, arriving on top at 8:10 a.m.

For an hour we fooled around on top: we took pictures and played some chess. At 9:00 we started scrambling down. When we came to the space between the two columns we found that we could climb back over it from this direction. From there we made three rappels down, generally following the same route we had climbed. At 10:00 we were at the base of the leaning column and in camp a few minutes later. It had been a fine climb and we were well satisfied with the Tower and ourselves.

NEEDLES: 1954

by Thomas McCormack

At 3:00 in the afternoon of September 6, Dave Sowles started out on the first pitch of Aquarium Rock in the Needles of South Dakota. That morning we had climbed Devil's Tower in Wyoming and now we were going to spend a week in the Needles. Dave had become interested in them after talking to Herb and Jan Conn earlier in the summer. They had developed the area and were enthusiastically interested in seeing other climbers learn of it.

Aquarium Rock turned out to be a very enjoyable climb. It was only two pitches in length but of sufficient complexity to make it interesting. It included everything from a jam crack to a layback. The rock of the Needles, essentially porphoritic granite, appears rotten from a distance, but actually is extremely solid. Having had experience in Pinnacles National Monument, Dave and I were

rather apprehensive at first, but much to our amazement, the rock turned out to be as solid as any we had ever seen. We climbed down off Aquarium and turned to setting up camp. Our tent stood in a grassy meadow near Sylvan Lake, just off the road. On September 7 we didn't climb. We went into the town of Custer which is seven miles away and bought some groceries. The service wasn't too good in the store, and I tended to blame it on Dave's beard. Refugees from old Viking expeditions are seldom seen in South Dakota. When we arrived back at Sylvan Lake, Dave and I went on a hot jello Jag. The results were that he spent the rest of the day reading Esquire and I tried to trap chipmunks with overcooked minute rice, but to no avail.

At 10:00 in the morning of September 8, two eager young men got out of the sack. After an enduring breakfast they headed for the climbs. After a long drive -- 500 yards--we roped up at the top of the talus, closed the car door, and began climbing. We climbed four pinnacles that day, including: Icehouse Rock, Photographers Rock (by a new route on the road side), Finger Peak, and The Side Issue. None of these pinnacles were very difficult but it was enjoyable climbing. On September 9 we decided to try something a little more difficult. Our first climb that morning was the Exclamation Point. The route follows generally a chimney on the northeast side and then up a face of the left summit block. Dave led the climb, which is only one pitch in length, and it was a fine job. The face of the summit block is slightly rotten, and the climbing delicate. Two pitons were used for protection.

From there we went to climb the Holey Terror, which is a ninety foot pinnacle. The one and only pitch is an overhanging chimney of some difficulty. I led off, and after climbing half way up, I decided that I felt insecure and came down. Dave had the climb and we made a rappel back down the chimney. After that, we climbed two other short pinnacles and went back to camp for lunch. Later in the afternoon we went over behind Sylvan Lake to climb Inner Outlet Rock. It was one of the biggest pinnacles we had climbed up to then. I started up a deep chimney on the northeast side of the rock and after about fifteen minutes I called for Dave to climb. He came up and led on. Soon he was "on belay" and I started. I came to a chockstone separated from the right side of the chimney by about three feet. Once on top of this

block you have a jam crack just in reach, and to the right of the jam crack there is an overhanging narrow chimney. I found it quite a tiring pitch. I had to jam my fist in the jam crack and then do sort of a lay back until I was high enough to get in the chimney. The remaining distance was even more tiring but not as difficult. After signing the register, Dave and I rappelled down. We did one other short climb and went back to camp.

The next day we decided to try the Cathedral Spires area of the Needles. Spire Two was about the best climb we did that day. It involved a long chimney with a very tricky step from a ledge into another chimney. Windy Perch and Paup's Hat were two interesting climbs. They were both sharp pointed pinnacles with about 60 feet of exposed climbing to the summit. On Paup's Hat we ran into some difficulty. Once Dave and I were on top, what little there was of it, we found there was no rappel point, so we had to climb down. I went first and found it extremely tricky. Dave wanted some sort of a belay so he strung some parachute cord through the eyelet of a one-eighth inch bolt on top (the bolt had been put there by the Conns to hold the summit register and probably would hold about one-hundred and forty-six lbs.) and then put the climbing rope through and I belayed him down. After fiddling around on some other things we drove home and had dinner. The next morning we were at it again. Since this was our last day we wanted to do some of the better climbs.

We headed over to the area of the Gnomon, with plans to do it. After doing several smaller climbs, we came to the Gnomon. We looked at it for a long while and took some pictures. Then we walked around it. We looked at it again, and the longer we looked, the harder it looked; and the harder it looked the less we wanted to do it. Finally one of us volunteered: "Let us go away," so we did. It now holds a more significant place in my memory than any of the climbs we made and some day I would like to go back and try it.

About 4:15 that afternoon we started the most difficult and longest climb we did in the Needles: Outer Outlet Rock. As all the other climbs we had done in this area had only taken a short time, we assumed Outer Outlet would also; this was a mistake. On the northwest side of this rock I could vaguely get the hint of a route. Dave

seemed a little more certain of it and started out. He climbed straight up a verticle broken face for about 30 feet and then started up a flake, which headed diagonally up to the right for about 120 feet. It was divided into smaller separate flakes and reaching a gap in the main flake, Dave brought me up to have a close belay. Most of the time I climbed the flakes a cheval with one leg hanging some verticle feet above the ground. Dave went to the end of the flake and then straight up for twenty feet over delicate holds to a sloping ledge. He belayed me to there and I tied into a piton. From there the route traverses to the right, for about 40 feet via a hand traverse over large blocks to a sloping gully-chimney. Dave crossed the traverse and I followed. It was very exposed with a straight verticle distance for 100 feet to the ground.

After we reached the gully, we went up it for a way. When we were at the end of the gully we looked up to a large crack wide enough to get into. I started up and once inside the crack I could hardly move. But after about 15 feet it widened and then I went on to the top. After signing the register, we decided to rappel off the side opposite to our ascent, as quickly as possible, since the sun was just down. I went off first and ended in a wide chimney, from which I could climb down, but it was slightly exposed. Dave needed protection from rappel burns, so I sent up the one and only shirt I had. Now I was beginning to wonder what would happen next. It was starting to get dark and I was in an insecure position with no shirt on. Finally Dave rappeled down and landed on a ledge, to pull the rope down more easily. It wouldn't come, so he moved further to the right and, swearing softly, pulled again. It came. We made another short rappel and we were down. When we arrived at camp that night we were very tired, but contented after an enjoyable week of climbing. We both owed the Conns many thanks for their guiding article, their instruction for the climbs, and their advice to come and see the Needles.

Note: The topography of this area is so complex that the author has not bothered to give directions. He advises anyone who is especially interested to write Herb Conn, c/o Conn Leathercraft, Custer, South Dakota.

CLUB ACTIVITIES IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

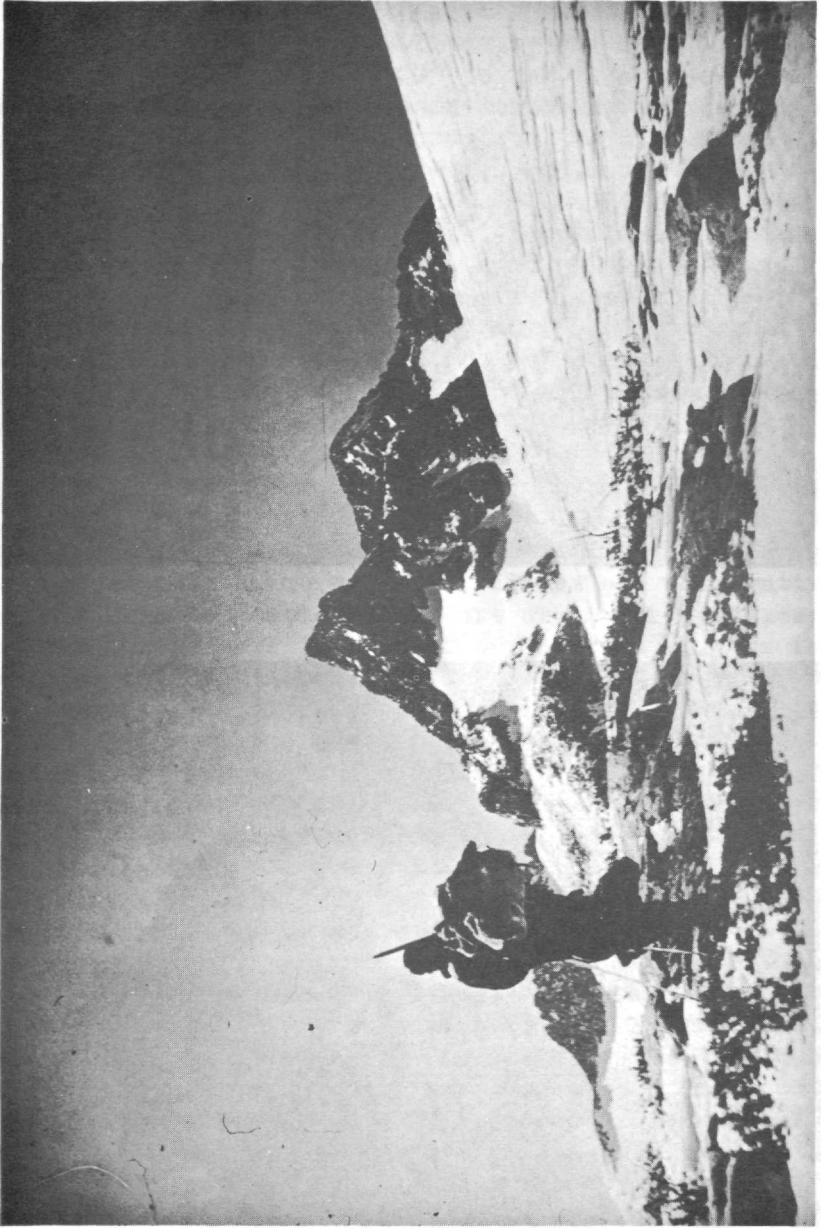
by Paul Revak

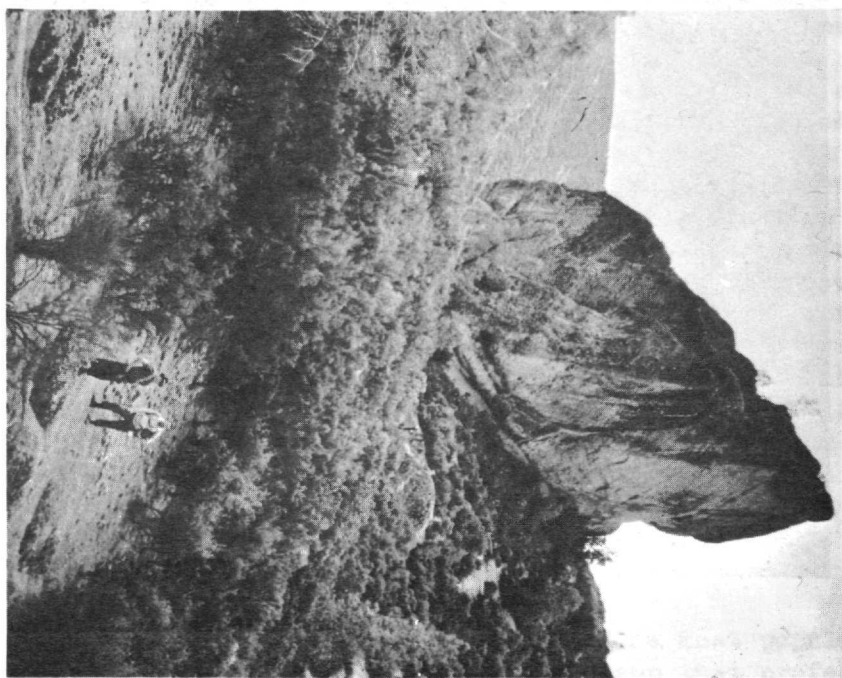
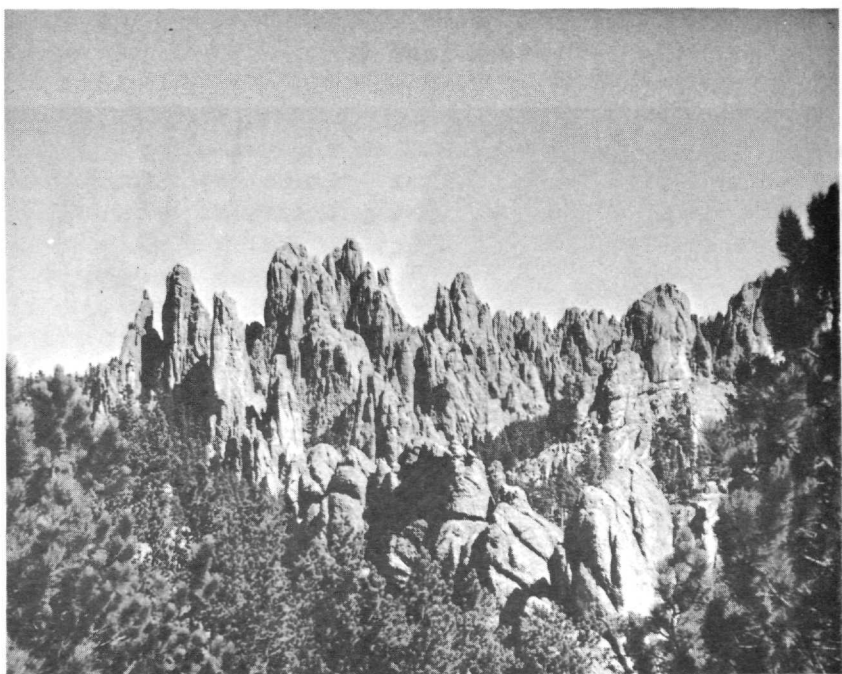
The trips made by some of the club's more fortunate members during the summer vacation may be extremely exciting, and make interesting reading, but the fact remains that the club's primary purpose is to provide relaxation for its members during the course of the regular school year. While Stanford is in session, the Alpine Club's sphere of activity is limited by the demands of studies and the shortness of the weekend to areas of climbing which lie within 400 miles of the campus. Fortunately for the quality and quantity of climbing at Stanford, one of the two best rock climbing areas of the United States is within this limit. Yosemite Valley, with its scores of standard routes and limitless possibilities for exploration, is a mere four hour drive away, for the club's more daring drivers. In addition to the Mecca of rock climbing to be found in Yosemite, there are two other major climbing areas within a reasonable driving distance of Stanford. The nearest of these is Pinnacles National Monument. Although Pinnacles offers a variety of climbing which is not as thrilling as that to be found in Yosemite, it is only 100 miles from the campus. It is also usually free from the hazards of weather during the winter months, when Yosemite is inaccessible. Farther from Stanford, and requiring a longer weekend is the relatively undeveloped area of Castle Crags. An excellent area, it offers all degrees of climbing on sound rock, with hundreds of possibilities for minor first ascents. Castle Crags is visited annually at Thanksgiving by the Alpine Club. Due to the effect of a weekend trip on studies, the club does not usually make more than three trips per quarter. For those experienced members who feel the need of activity every Sunday, and especially for the training and qualification of new members, the club holds regular practice climbs to nearby rocks, wether permitting. There are seven or eight areas close enough to campus to be visited in one day, and the club attempts to use as varied a selection as possible each ten week quarter.

YOSEMITE

Without a doubt, Yosemite Valley is the most popular stamping ground in California for any group that professes

Ski-touring in the Sierra Nevada: Mt. Banner.





to have rock climbing as his main interest. This is not difficult to understand, for nowhere else in the State, and possibly nowhere else in the country, can one find an area possessing so many advantages and so few disadvantages for the sport of pure rock climbing. The 79 routes above class four difficulty as listed in the Sierra Club's "Climber's Guide" to the High Sierra make up a list of climbs which is awe-inspiring in its variety. Yet this list is by no means complete. Although the majority of obvious routes have been climbed, any experienced climber with a little ingenuity and some hardware can find new routes of his own. This has been illustrated by several members of the Alpine Club. Don Currey and Dave Sowles found such a route on El Capitan. This, incidentally, was the first summit route on El Capitan to be accomplished without the need of direct aid. That such possibilities for new climbs still exist in Yosemite after almost thirty years of intensive rock climbing is a better indication of the fantastic variety of climbs available in the Valley than any number of superlatives could give. The granite of Yosemite is extremely solid on most climbs, and even where badly weathered, is usually safe for cautious climbing. The climbs are comparatively long, but can be completed in one day, with few exceptions. Help from the rangers in case of accident is only as far away as a run down the talus, and on the Valley floor with those rangers lie all the other comforts of civilization.

The Alpine Club's access to Yosemite Valley has contributed more than any other single factor to the club's success and to the competence of its members in general. The first real climb of many of the club's new members takes place in "the Valley", and the graduated difficulty of climbs to be found there has been responsible for the development of many of those members into very fine rock-climbers. But in spite of our gratitude to Yosemite, we of the club can still see some distinct disadvantages in our dependence upon her. The greatest of these disadvantages is the tendency for people trained in Yosemite to become one-sided in their climbing interests. Although many of the members find opportunity for snow and ice climbs at some time during their school career, the majority of them receive little or no experience in winter climbing and wind up as "pure" rock-climbers. By some, this may not be considered a disadvantage of Yosemite. But many factors, including the lack of ice and snow climbs in the Valley, the shortness of the

Cathedral Spires; L. to R.: Spire One, Two, etc.
The Hand. Gary Driggs; Paul Revak.

climbs, the comparative freedom from weather hazards, and the feeling of security resulting from the nearness of help, result in a general lack of what might be called "mountain sense" in some of our members. This is due only to a lack of experience in real "alpine" type surroundings. It does not, however, affect the club's affinity for Yosemite.

As stated before, Yosemite can be used for the training of rank beginners. Of course, the beginner is tested on the basic skills required in rock-climbing before being qualified for valley climbs. These skills include the rappel, the prusic, knots, rope management, safety, basic first aid, and the dynamic belay. The fourth class and easier fifth class routes of Yosemite are ideal for the training of rock-climbers. Climbs such as Lower Yosemite Falls, Lunch Ledge on Washington Column, Church Tower, the east face of the Arrowhead, and most of the routes on Lower Brother, offer climbs that are not too dangerous, or difficult, yet not too easy for beginners. These climbs teach most of the types of technique required on rock, and are enjoyable in addition to their instructiveness.

The most popular routes climbed by the more experienced members are the long, moderately difficult climbs such as the Royal Arches, Lower Cathedral Rock, various traverses of the Brothers, Panorama Cliffs, and Glacier Point Terraces. However, there has been a striking increase in the number of climbs completed on the much more difficult routes in the past few years, which perhaps indicates an increase in the general ability of the club as a whole. It is now a relatively common thing for a party to sign out for either Cathedral Spire, the direct route on Washington Column, or other climbs considered rather difficult even for people of great experience.

Aside from standard route climbing, the club has two other occupations in the Valley. The first of these is the exploration for new routes. The route already mentioned on El Capitan is an example. It leads from the top of the small buttress near Eagle Creek diagonally upwards to the left, following a double crack which is apparent from the Valley floor, but which looks like it would require a great deal of direct aid. This crack can be climbed fifth class and reaches the large ledge which runs down the southeast face of El Capitan. The ledge can be followed to the summit, or left part way up for a return via Eagle Creek Canyon. Another interesting route discovered by a member of the club is the route to Eagle Peak from Camp Four. First climbed by Jon Lindbergh, this route is described in the

Climbers Guide. Sherman Lehman put through another new route, which is an excellent climb for training purposes. The route begins at the base of the west face of Lower Brother and traverses diagonally upward to the right, to arrive at the summit near the Southwest Arête. Other routes are in the process of being given a critical eye while would-be explorers climb the standard routes. The other activity is a source of much amusement during the preparation of Saturday night dinner of the Valley trips. It is the attempted ascents of "Columbia Rock" in Camp Four. The entire climb consists of one very delicate step on a small rounded friction hold, and yet some people have not made it in several trips to Yosemite. In spite of their crushing defeat, however, even those who fail to reach the inspiring summit of Columbia Rock come away from Yosemite with pleasant memories of climbing and a desire to return at the next opportunity.

PINNACLES

Pinnacles National Monument was first used extensively as a rock-climbing area by the Sierra Club in the 1930's, and since then has proved to be an extremely entertaining place for anyone with a rope. The Monument consists of volcanic breccia which extend over several square miles and has been weathered into pinnacles of wierd and beautiful shapes. For many years the Stanford Alpine Club has utilized Pinnacles as a rock-climbing retreat from the difficulties caused by winter in Yosemite. It is considered by most to be a poor substitute for the high quality climbing to be found in "the Valley", for the rock at Pinnacles is often rotten, the holds are small and unsure, and the climbs are very seldom more than two pitches in length. This shortness of climbs is thought to be the greatest disadvantage of the area. However, their very shortness makes many of the Pinnacles climbs excellent for purposes of training beginners. Although lacking in length, most routes require considerable technique for the ascent, mostly the use of small holds on a high angle face, and often including various types of chimney technique. For instance, take the Condor. This rock is perhaps the most climbed of all the pinnacles, and makes an excellent "first climb" for beginners. The first pitch is a 25 foot high angle face which is extremely difficult and usually results in at least one fall for the leader. Fortunately the difficult portion is only about six to ten feet above the trail, so that the falls rarely

result in an injury. Once the leader has surmounted the pitch and reached the large alcove above it, the rest of the party is usually dragged up on tension. The remaining pitch is an easy, enjoyable chimney, which is good experience for the novice. Once, when more difficult climbs were rendered impossible by rain, a rope of about 15 was hauled up the first pitch after the leader, Sherman Lehman, had managed to climb it by almost swimming upstream in a small waterfall. Another unusual climb for training is the Monolith. This rock is climbed by ascending about 60 feet in an oak tree before climbing out onto the rock. Anchoring the second man to a bolt, the leader then proceeds around a corner to the left, along a ledge for about 30 feet, then straight upward for another 30 or 40 feet using three bolts for protection. This climb not only gives the beginner experience with exposure, but teaches him fifth class technique, gives him an excellent rappel of over 100 feet with an overhang at the bottom, and makes him hate tree climbing. For the more experienced climbers, there is plenty of excitement at Pinnacles. Climbs such as the Hand, the Yak, Long's Folly, the direct route on the Monolith, and others give them the unforgettable thrill of climbing high angle, exposed, technically difficult rock where the prospect of the next hold coming out must be thought of in terms of probability, rather than possibility. There have been many club ascents of these rocks, but the majority of the club's leaders are more rational, and confine themselves to safer climbs such as North Finger, Tuffdome, the Hatchet, the Flatiron, the Machete, and the alternate or righthand traverse on the Monolith.

Perhaps the most pleasant thing about a Pinnacles trip is the spirit of conviviality and *Gemütlichkeit* that reigns around the campfire after the day's climbing. There is usually a large group, mostly inclined to sing climbing songs, often aided in their feelings of good fellowship by a moderate amount of wine, and almost invariably warmed by a spectacular "tire fire", made with worn-out tires brought along for the purpose. The evening is usually climaxed by a lightless grope through the talus caves above the campground, after which the group retires to their sleeping bags with skinned shins and bruised foreheads for a few hours of sleep before dawn and the next climb.

CASTLE CRAGS

Castle Crags is one of the most unsung, underrated, and undeveloped climbing areas of its quality in the country. The first known serious exploration of this State Park for purposes of intensive rock-climbing was made in about 1949 to '50 by a party including, again, Stanford's Sherman Lehman. Since then, almost every party to enter the area has chalked up at least one first ascent. The Stanford Alpine Club accounted for four first ascents during its trip at Thanksgiving in 1953, and in 1954 the Club put through two new routes. Castle Crags is a large area of intrusive granite rock between Mount Shasta and the Trinity Alps. The rock is sound for the most part, and almost never rotten enough to hinder climbing. Piton cracks are plentiful, although sixth class is usually unnecessary on the routes so far explored. The peaks range from 50 to 500 feet in height, as far as the climbing is concerned, but many places on the larger peaks can boast of nearly 1,000 feet of exposure.

It might be a source of curiosity that the Alpine Club visits this area so seldom, since it is such a paradise of mountaineering. The reason for this unfortunate fact is that the distance involved makes more than one trip a year too expensive in terms of study time. A tradition seems to have developed of holding the trip to Castle Crags each year during the four day weekend at Thanksgiving. The usual camping area, which is surrounded by some of the most popular climbs, lies on a saddle between Castle Rock Dome and Hubris, about three miles up a good trail from the ranger station on Highway 99. A large oven was constructed on this site by the 1953 expedition.

The most popular climb at Castle Crags is a large pinnacle southwest of the camp known as Hubris (insolence to the gods). The standard route on this rock has not yet been established, as each of the three well known routes have shared almost equally in the number of ascents that have been made. The easiest route is the long fourth class ascent of the southwest corner, which begins on the long, low angle slopes south of the main massif. The route leads up the south edge of the peak, as seen from these slopes, and offers an interesting variety of fourth class faces and chimneys. Hubris can also be climbed from the notch between it and the Neighbor, the

large peak lying to the north. The route consists of only one long fifth class 85 degree face about 120 feet high. From the top of this pitch, the three summits of Hubris can be reached by very exposed fourth class climbing. In 1953, a party led by Roland Tabor attempted a route directly up the east face of Hubris. After five pitches and 13 fifth class pitons, the party reached a small pinnacle near the main summit and was forced to rappel for lack of time. Tabor's group didn't reach camp till 10:00 that night, but all members of the party felt that they had had an enjoyable climb. In 1954 John Harlin discovered a route directly up the north face of Hubris (nearest the camp). The route follows a distinct but shallow gully which appears unclimbable from the camp, and presents the climber with the prospect of a 130 foot fifth class lead on a nearly vertical face. The route leads to the base of the south summit, which can be attained by a short fourth class pitch.

Another very popular climb is the pinnacle called Powder Puff. The insipid name was given to it out of spite, by the members of the party that made the second ascent, because the first ascent party, on the day before, had neglected to name it. Don Currey, Fred Hadden, and the writer made up the first party to climb Powder Puff Pinnacle. The route leads generally up the fluted east face, and any number of possible routes can be found amid the many gullies by which the face is scored. The Neighbor is also a popular ascent. It can be climbed either up the northeast face above the camp, or from the notch between it and Hubris. The latter route involves a short sixth class overhang.

The range of pinnacles containing the above mentioned climbs extends for many miles behind the first range of crags visible from the camp. With a little hiking, a huge number of unclimbed peaks can be reached, only a very few of which have even been named.

If the night is fair, there is often an exodus of the climbers to the top of Castle Rock Dome after dark, similar in mood to the nocturnal caving done at Pinnacles, and usually someone brings a volume of Saki stories to be read aloud at the campfire after all have returned. All things considered, the trip to Castle Crags is the most enjoyable trip made by the Club as a group during the year.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Every Sunday, when a weekend trip is not scheduled, and when the rain does not exceed a deluge, the club holds a practice climb at one of the many nearby rock outcrops. It is at these practice climbs that the new member learns the skills he needs to qualify for Yosemite-type climbing. The majority of practice climbs have been in use for many years. Hunters Hill, Miraloma, Mount Tamalpais, and Cragmont in Berkley have been used as practice rocks since the need for practice in climbing was first recognized. However, the Alpine Club has not become static or ritualistic in its use of these standard rocks. Several new and excellent practice climbing locations have been developed in the last few years. "Skyline" is the nearest of these to the campus. Just a short walk from Skyline Boulevard above Stanford is a 300 foot sandstone face which offers one of the few opportunities for roped consecutive climbing in a practice situation to be found within 50 miles of the campus. Another recent discovery of the club is the interesting outcrop at the summit of Mariposa Peak, near Hollister. This cliff makes a climb that is enjoyable for its own sake, aside from its value as a practice climb. Club members have visited the peak only three or four times, and never as an organized practice climb for the entire club, but it is hoped that soon we will be able to bring a larger number of people into the area.

One last activity of the club to be mentioned is the annual ski-tour into Ostrander or Pear Lake. The success of this trip is dependent upon the number of people that bother to qualify for ski-touring under the new system of ski-mountaineering rules set up in 1954. A party went to Pear Lake in perfect weather this winter and felt the five mile pull was the perfect effort for the short vacation.

THE PRAYING MONK

by David Sowles

The three best high-angle rotten rock climbs that I have done are: The Hand, in Pinnacles National Monument;

the Yak Tower, also in Pinnacles; and the Praying Monk, which is 12 miles outside of Phoenix, Arizona. Rotten rock is loosely cemented volcanic breccia, from which hand holds tend to pull easily. Each of these climbs is approximately one rope length long, but in that short distance there are sufficient obstacles to make you wish it were even shorter. Once, attempting to compare the three, I rashly said the Hand needed the most technique, the Yak was the most strenuous, and the Monk was the most dangerous. Considering it now, I think those impressions are as valid as any.

The Praying Monk is a detached section of Camelback Mountain, near Phoenix, and since it takes a full rappel to descend, I hesitate to call it a boulder. Gary Driggs, a Phoenician as I am, had made the first ascent of this huge talus block before coming to Stanford and wasn't very eager to do it again. Still in June of 1953 I managed to lure him out to Camelback to belay me on the thing.

It is the inadequate protection for the last 50 feet that gives the Monk its reputation and warranted Gary's hesitancy. The face on which you climb is 100 feet high with an angle of nearly 80 degrees. Luckily a smaller boulder leans against the climb on the east side, and on a ledge between the two you can walk out to a point on the side of the face about 20 feet off the ground.

In the early morning light of June 19, this face looked as if it had a green mold growing on it, and I looked up at it apprehensively as Gary briefed me on the route. It is fairly simple. From the ledge end move out onto the face and follow the solution pockets as far as you can, Gary said. On the ledge we tied in, and I worked out onto the face. Thirty feet up I snapped into a bolt, and a few feet further snapped into another one. From that point to the top there is only one bolt and no feasible piton cracks. You are then about 60 feet off the ground. Using the strange large solution pockets and protruding rocks dotting the face, I moved up slowly to the last bolt. This still left about 40 feet of the lead. This bolt had been put in by Dick Irvin and Bob Swift who had made the second ascent of the Monk in January. I snapped in and moved up and left, out along a thin ledge. To go up now you have to reach far to the right and get your fingers on a good solid block. I could reach it; on the first ascent Gary had had to jump slightly for it. Hoping my left foot would stay on the ledge, I pulled on the block and moved my right foot out and shifted my weight.

I found more solution pockets quickly and went on. The angle lessened and I was up in a minute. The whole lead had taken ten minutes. Gary climbed very quickly and half an hour after I started to lead we were down and had the ropes coiled. It was hot in the desert sun and nearing the car, a rattlesnake warned us he was sunning himself. Later Gary admitted my rock had killed the snake, and so I have the rattles. They are a fine souvenir of a short, steep and once-is-enough climb.

FIVE WEEKS IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

by John Mowat

The summer of '51 when we were still young, carefree and not yet care-hardened by the harsh realities of life, was an ideal time to throw all serious things aside and drive headlong to a fine range like the Rockies where great peaks waited, cliff-guarded and snow-capped.

Our party consisted of Nick Clinch, Dick Irvin, George Mowat, and myself. We might have been any young climbers - hotshots on solid rock, ignorant of anything else; but delighted by the grandeur of the mountains and eager to climb them. The first morning after we arrived at the Canadian Rockies, only my brother and Nick Clinch had enough sense to remain in the sack. Dick and I went to climb Mt. Louis. Standing at its base, we took a long, deliberate look at Mt. Louis, rising beautiful and sheer for many thousands of feet, and then returned to Banff. After we described Mt. Louis succinctly to our companions, the party moved on to Lake Louise. Lake Louise is world famous, but beautiful nevertheless. Its light blue-green waters are surrounded by an array of glacial peaks, talus slopes, moraines, and forests which combine to make the ultimate in scenery and atmosphere.

As we wound our way one afternoon past this lake and up into the glacial basin beyond, we should have enjoyed the scenery and atmosphere. Instead, we were distracted by some mosquitoes which buzzed about our ears and some moraine which seemed to be devised to illustrate the concept of instability. At length, however, as dusk turned

tonight, we stood on the glacier, free of mosquitoes and free of moraine; and looked up at the massive cliffs of Mt. Victoria surmounted by gleaming icefalls shining in the moonlight. As we mounted the long, high glacier which led to the Abbott Pass hut, we yearned for rest and sleep.

The next morning was cold. Un daunted, we arose -- cheery enough. We ate hurriedly a few cold scraps and, invigorated by them, rushed forth to begin a joyous ascent of Mt. Victoria. What a day! A long, shambly cliff caused us to detour back and forth as we climbed it; then a ridge with breathtaking edge led us onward - onto some exposed snow. It was soft - so soft that the possibility of a rapid and unexpected descent entered my mind. A solid belay was reassuring and the slush held pretty well. After we made it across easily, we assured ourselves hollowly that it had been perfectly safe the whole time. We reached the snow crowned summit at last, where we relaxed and surveyed the vast panorama about us. Looking out over the majestic scenery I wondered how it came to be. What am I, I thought, that this scene should stir me so deeply. How did I come to be here and why should I feel awe at a landscape fashioned by the inevitable processes of nature. The city fashioned by man surely evoked other feelings. On the mountain all is peace and we confront a different reality. Our concerns here are more fundamental, less shallow, simple yet profound.

Victoria was our first climb. After it came others no less satisfying. We moved up to Jasper where the party divided temporarily. Nick had his heart set on trying Mt. Robson. When some mountaineering friends from Kansas invited him to join their expedition, he could not resist. The remaining three of us hiked to the Canadian Alpine Club hut at the Ramparts, lugging large, and heavy packs full of food and climbing equipment. A gloomy morning found us floundering about on some slimy, lichen covered talus more from a sense of duty than from any expectation that the coming storm would hold off. We climbed to a col where we could see Amethyst Lake and the incredible Ramparts close at hand; and since it still was not raining, we started up the east ridge of a peak that the man said was Mt. Paragon. The first part of this ridge was a long steep snowfield. As we kicked our way up the mist raised somewhat from the surrounding peaks and the sky was less dour. The snow ran out into easy but interesting rock, and we were soon close to the summit. At this point it looked as though one could traverse over to the col between Paragon and the next peak, Oubliette. We kept this in mind; and

after spending some time on Paragon's summit, we returned to the traverse point where we held a vociferous discussion about the prudence of attempting Oubliette so late in the day. We decided to try it. The col was reached by some airy unroped scrambling, and we began to climb Oubliette. The rock was steep and solid with adequate holds but we were soon using the rope. After a simple pitch or two, we suddenly came out on a ledge with a high sheer overhang above. We searched along this cliff for a weak point, but there was none. Dick, whose spirit burned brightly that day, decided to try a place where the overhang was less pronounced and where the cliff was slightly broken up. Plainly, the going wouldn't be easy. At such times a climbing party feels to the full its isolation. We were thousands of feet up a great precipice, the base of which was considerably removed from civilization. Under these circumstances one must have confidence in one's own strength and that of one's party.

I fixed up a solid anchor and put on my thick mittens. Then Dick began to climb. He worked diagonally up the verticle rock until the tiny supporting ledges gave out. At this time he put in a piton and started up a tricky bit. I shifted to a dynamic belay. The climbing became easier and soon Dick was thirty or forty feet above his piton where a very tricky bit was in the offing. This was a final overhang where holds were scarce and awkward shifts of position would have to be made in perfect balance. There was no place to put a piton so Dick decided to try without one. Suddenly there was a gasp from Dick. As he clung to a chock-stone jammed within an overhanging crack, it had suddenly come loose with practically all of his weight upon it. Luckily it had rejammed again after slipping a few inches. It is hard to imagine what Dick thought at this time; but whatever it was, it did not bother his climbing and he eased up the remainder of the strenuous pitch smoothly.

Above the cliff there was but a scramble to the summit. On this summit there was exploring to be done as we desired to find a different route of descent. Nothing promising appeared, however, as we prepared to retreat down our ascent route. This mountain top was not one upon which one could relax luxuriously in the sun, contemplating existence while preparing for a leisurely descent. We had only a brief time in which to look over at Mt. Geikie's enthralling ice-covered form before we started to clamber down over the boulders and the cliffs. At the overhang we fixed a rappel which gave us a spectacular descent in free air for most of its length. After this we descended rapidly. We glissaded

snow slopes, ran down talus, did rapid rock climbing, and reached the cabin just before dark. How far away the peaks seemed. How cozy and secure the cabin--its warm stove cooking our dinner, while outside, the cold wind soon brought rain and storm over the wild glaciers and precipice.

Our hike back to Jasper was a memorably miserable trip. A drenching downpour soon had our clothing soaked, but the exercise kept us warm. We sogged alone in the slop straight across any streams we met, rather than detour to find a bridge or ford. At Jasper our tent was beginning to drip, and all our belongings were damp. Thank heaven for the cooking huts. The next few days were a time of enforced idleness during which we concentrated on gustatory efforts. Our appetites were tremendous from the sustained exercise and we indulged them by cooking up great quantities of delicious stews, rice, vegetables, salads, ready mix cakes, and all other items we could lay our hands on. It was usually warm enough in the afternoons to have cleansing dip in the Jasper pool and try a few suicide dives.

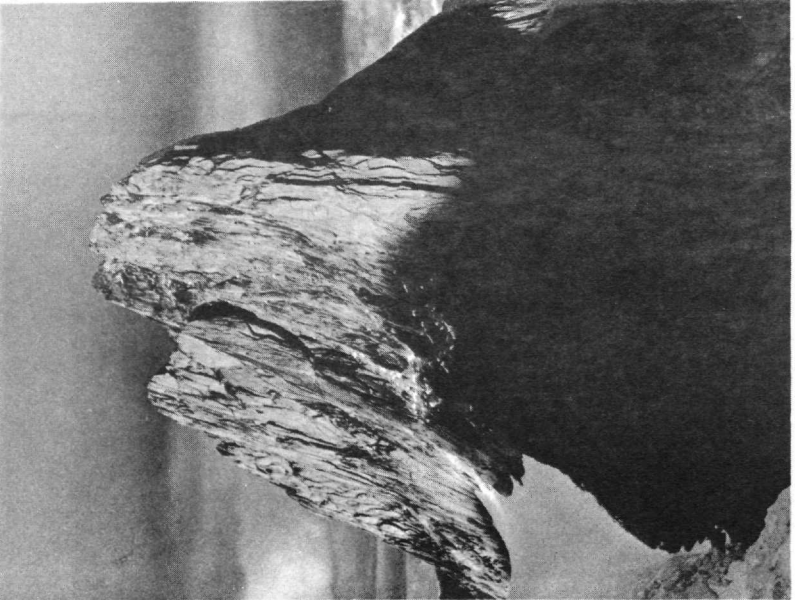
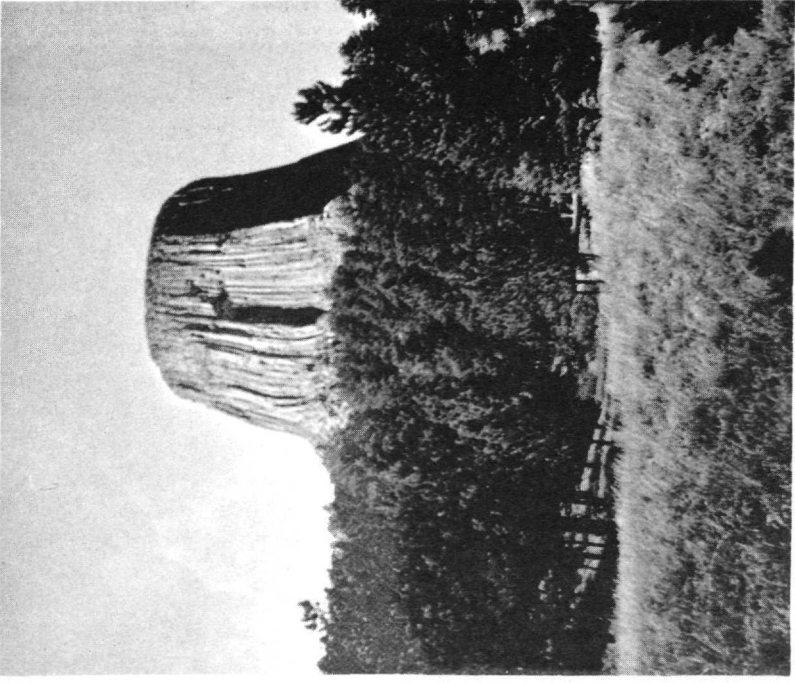
One day the weather was a little less wretched so we prepared to try the north ridge of Mt. Colin. Dick and I had already spent one epic day in attempting this peak and in retreating from its vicinity. As we drove on the Edmonton Road towards Cold Sulphur Springs, I recollected this former day with its rain and lightning which drove us from the peak. We descended a sheer walled canyon towards the Athabaska River, jumping down short drops in the stream bed or climbing around them on the glassy limestone slabs. We had expected to have our advance cut off at any moment while retreat seemed uncertain at best. After reaching the river, we had hiked fifteen miles back to Jasper, arriving worn out and hungry.

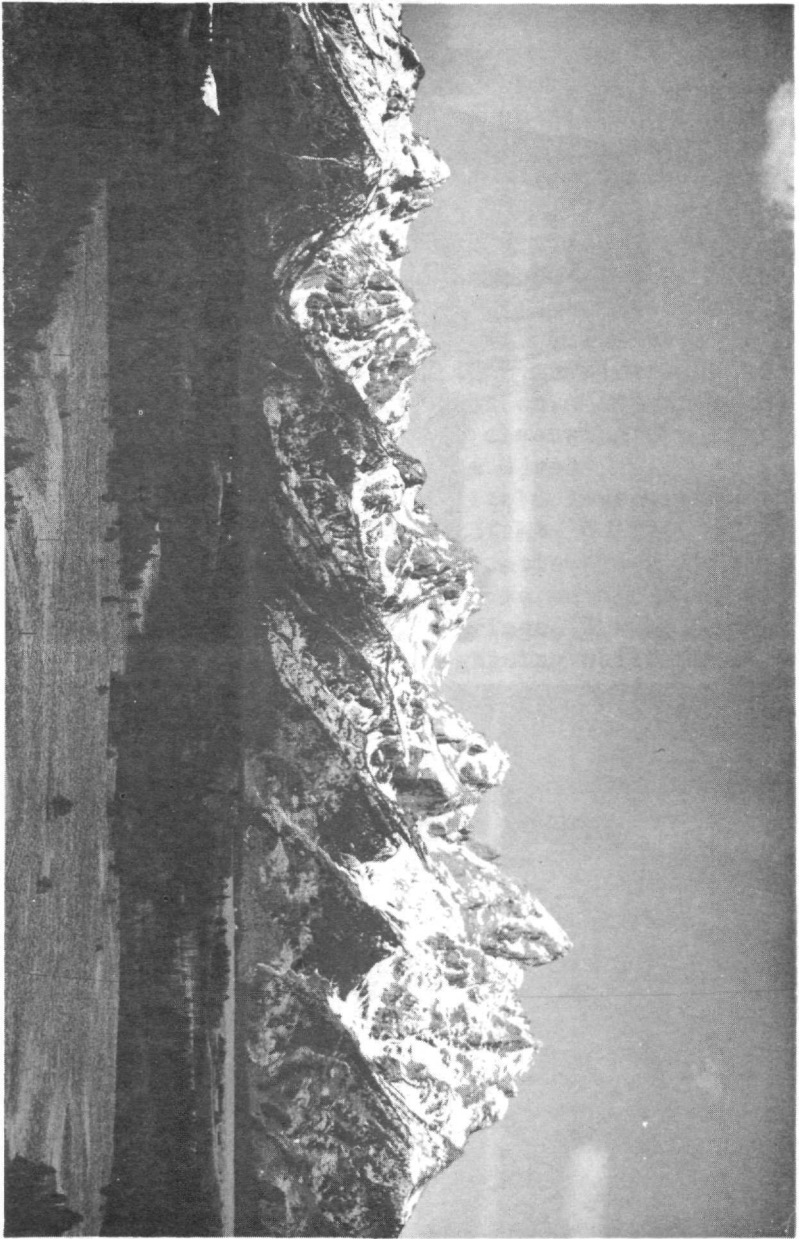
It was nine in the morning when we reached the springs so we could waste no time. In short order we were sweating up the scree and brush of Hawk Peak, which we had to traverse to reach Mr. Colin. The weather began to deteriorate but we continued. After what seemed a long time we topped Hawk Peak and viewed Mr. Colin, close at hand, forbidding and inspiring with its steep, crumbling East face, jagged North ridge, and mighty west face, whose plane-like slabs dropped away into a cosmic void. At the Col we noticed that the time was one in the afternoon and that the weather not yet coming down, so we decided to try the peak.

Under leaden skies we scrambled up the ridge gradually slipping into that rhythm which carries the rock climber over holds too small to support him while still. The rock

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Top: Devils Tower. Bottom: West Face of Snowpatch Spire





was easy, but all the time the great west face was right below us with its exposure giving an effect of tension and exhilaration. Towards the summit the final rise of three great steps appeared before us. Dick anchored and I walked out upon a little ledge on the West face. About ten feet out a shallow crack led up the face towards the top of the first step sixty feet above. I committed myself to this crack and rose easily up it feeling no insecurity from the lack of hand holds. Forty feet up it ran out into the seventy degree holdless limestone. My first thought was one of retreat. Would it be possible? I put it out of my mind. A long search yielded a piton crack, and I put in a solid horizontal, then relaxed. Now I could think of advance. Out to the left there was a nick. Leaning far out of the crack I put my free foot on it and delicately shifted weight. What a delicious feeling. Perfect balance kept me poised in space while the sense of rhythm promised advance and the smooth slabs seemed infinitely secure. Nonetheless it was exultation and relief that I felt when a bucket hold finally appeared and ended the pitch.

After this step the others were no problem and all at once we came out upon the summit where a dreamlike stillness held sway over everything. In the distance the coming storm poured rain upon Jasper while towards the west the sky was black with clouds. Around us and the rest of the Colin Range, however, a silvery light played its fantastic patterns over the intricate limestone masses of the peaks.

After two more climbs in the Rockies, it was time to leave. No longer were we novices to mountaineering. We had learned to ignore bad weather until it became too bad to ignore; and to force difficult issues with resolution and strength when we met them on a mountain. We learned something even more important. The deep beauty of the mountains with their wild glaciers and lonely forests had been revealed to us intimately. We had seen about us and felt stir within us the mighty currents of our surroundings, for we have within us some of the same wild spirit which animates all great creations. When man stands high upon a peak and looks about at precipice and icefall, he sees more than just the awesome scene.

* * *

Grand Tetons From East. Grand Teton on right.

THE PROBLEM OF THE COLLEGE MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

By Robert C. Brooke, Jr.

In the pages of this journal can be found a partial record of the Stanford Alpine Club. The accounts are varied, but each has this in common: it describes climbing by members of a college mountaineering organization. The accomplishments must speak for themselves, but it is felt that the record would be incomplete without some discussion of the common base, which is the nature and problems of the college mountaineering club.

The increase in popularity of mountaineering in America can be traced in large part to the stimulus given by climbers of college age. Newcomers to the sport are drawn largely from the college age group, and the four years of university life offer enough time for the interested beginner to develop from a hiker to a trained and competent mountaineer. It is natural that students with an interest in climbing should form clubs. As the influence of the college club spreads, increasing numbers of American mountaineers will owe their initial development to a student organization. It is the purpose of this article to examine the role of the organization in this development, and to consider the problems of the club in relation to those of the sport in general and those of the interested individual.

The college club is different from any other aggregation of mountaineers. A review of the characteristics of the student group will clarify many of its problems. Many of the difficulties of such a society, as well as many of its virtues, can be summarized in one word, youth. A college club rarely keeps its members more than four years. The few who do remain in the vicinity are seldom able to maintain an active, participating interest after graduation. As a result the influence of long term members is sorely needed.

Mention of youth brings to mind another characteristic. This is that in general the college club lacks the cumulative experience found in other organizations. The present situation at Stanford, with a high percentage of older experienced members, is unusual in this respect. In general a college club is largely composed of complete beginners, who must be trained, both in attitude and technique with no previous background whatsoever. The present writer can remember the early days of an eastern club, when the

advent of an individual with a record of one guided climb was hailed as a significant strengthening of the club. It is, however, in the process of development of the inexperienced climber that the university organization makes its most significant contribution to the sport. The steady growth, in judgement and proficiency, of the climber through the college years is a major source of satisfaction to all who work with such a group. This is more fundamental than the record of climbs; it is the only standard for evaluation of a college mountaineering club.

Another characteristic, shared of course with any association of mountaineers, is enthusiasm. Students generally have the time and the money for mountain excursions, and they want to climb. This enthusiasm is a vital factor in any club; for the college club it is its reason for existence. It can, if misdirected, lead to problems.

The Stanford Alpine Club will begin its tenth year of activity in the coming year. This period of time has been sufficient to bring out a characteristic which stems from all of the above, and which is general enough to be considered by any group of college mountaineers. The record points to the fact that the progress of the club follows a cyclic development, and that due to the rapid turnover of leaders and members the cycle is necessarily short. Many factors contribute to this cycle, but primarily it owes its existence to fluctuations in the attitude of the leaders of the group. The result of this cycle is a variation, through the years, of the mountaineering accomplishments and also of the safety record, of the club.

The club was founded by a group of experienced mountaineers who felt that an organization was the best way for them to benefit from their common interest in the sport. The club attracted beginners and new members, but the nucleus continued to climb for the sake of climbing, and those who were not able to climb to the standards of the nucleus were left to achieve salvation for themselves. The beginners had the enthusiasm, and Yosemite was an ever present challenge. Two years after the club's formation a series of accidents occurred, primarily due to the fact that the new members had absorbed the climbing spirit of the nucleus without absorbing its technical proficiency.

Thus ended the first cycle. It was followed by a swing in the direction of rigid control and education of the novice climber. Under the leadership of Dave Harrah the dominant spirit became one of devotion, not to climbing for its own sake, but to climbing with a purpose: the perpetuation

of the club and development of its future leaders. This attitude persisted for several years, and was characterized by a perfect safety record and the full development of all phases of the club's activity.

The old leaders gradually left, however, and as the climbs in Yosemite became increasingly familiar there came a swing back to the old spirit: "climb for the sake of climbing, and devil take the hindmost." This change in the cycle was stimulated by a new influx of previously trained mountaineers, who had the desire and competence for the harder climbs, but lacked the spirit of working for and with the club. The attitude had changed again, and the change was emphasized by accidents in the autumn of 1953 and the spring of 1955. It is significant that these were not technical climbing blunders; they resulted solely from attitude. The first was due to the lack of cooperation of a previously trained mountaineer; the second resulted from a disregard of Yosemite climbing standards.

The question of attitude will always be paramount for leaders of an undergraduate climbing society. At Stanford the immediate question is: Will a new spirit develop in line with the old ideals? If such a spirit is re-evolved, with a new turnover in membership, the other problems can be handled in an atmosphere of safe climbing and cooperation. Among these problems will be found those of control and maintenance of an interested membership.

Any club composed largely of inexperienced climbers must be responsible for adequate control of its members. The college climber is, as a rule, ambitious and impetuous. When he joins the university climbing club he is soon introduced to rock climbing requiring a high degree of skill and judgement. It is the duty of the club to regulate his climbing until he has learned the techniques and attitudes necessary for safe mountaineering. The multiplication of rules and by laws will not accomplish this double purpose; it must be accomplished through experience and instruction. It is natural for the leaders to concentrate on the development of the outstanding beginner, but it is a proven fact that an unpromising beginner may develop in time into the more reliable and competent mountaineer.

To decide whether a climber has developed sufficiently to lead a party requires discriminating judgement. It is evident that a climber can only develop the necessary self reliance and judgement by assuming the responsibilities of a leader. If, however, the young talented climber is found to be climbing to prove himself, or climbing with a

spirit of competition, it is likely that he needs more time to develop judgment. This is generally true regardless of his technical qualifications or previous climbing record. Control of this type of person is delicate. His interest must be sustained, but he will inevitably want to lead before he is ready, and resent control. There are two classes of members who must be controlled with tact. The first is referred to above. This group must be educated to understand its own development, and held to the club by an atmosphere of friendly interest.

The second group is made up of climbers who come to the university with considerable previous experience. These people are among the most difficult to handle, but if they can be drawn into the club their contributions can be invaluable. In general they do not want to work with beginners, but if the atmosphere is agreeable they can find in the club the best outlet for their interest in the sport.

The problems of membership can best be solved by restricting the activities to mountaineering. All of the available talent and interest in the sport will then be concentrated in the club. The broadening of club activities to include social and other events would seem to have the effect of attracting people not essentially interested in climbing. The inclusion of these people in climbing parties invariably lessens the value of the mountaineering experience, and occasionally dampens the ardor of the faithful.

One difficulty faced by all university clubs is the fact that during the academic year there is little opportunity for 'big mountain' experience. At Stanford the Yosemite climbing has developed rock technique to a high level, but without summer experience in the big ranges, the Yosemite climber remains only partly a mountaineer. The Stanford club has sponsored occasional summer expeditions, but these have been for the benefit of the experienced members. Informal trips to areas such as the Tetons, Wind Rivers, and Rockies have aided greatly in providing this experience. During the school year, however, the best service of the college organization will be to instill in its members, in addition to basic technique, a spirit of respect and good judgment which will lead them to the big mountains with a desire to learn and understand. The development from climber to mountaineer can be achieved only through individual experience; the college organization can at least point the way.

The cyclic nature of college life is reflected in a fluctuation of attitude in the college mountaineering club.

Stability of attitude can be maintained if and only if the club makes a conscious effort to perpetuate the spirit of club participation. If this spirit is maintained then the college club will continue to hold its worthy position as the chief center of development of American mountaineers. Its contribution to the sport in general will be to increase the number of competent mountaineers, and also raise the level of proficiency and safety throughout the country.

"To the Climber"

by Adriano Garsia

Scalator , al pavido
 mortal , celati sono
 sconfinati orizzonti
 e paurosi abissi ...
 Questi serbati son
 per te , che a superar
 immani conflitti
 interni e sofferenze
 d'ogni sorta riesci .
 Ed orgoglioso ascendi
 ardue , rocciose cime
 bianchi monti nevosi ,
 ghiacciai millenari ...
 Sanguinano le dita
 e geme il corpo afflitto ,
 talvolta in dure imprese ,
 la mente sola esulta :
 ch ' entro senti una voce :
 " tu sei de' pochi a veder
 ed a sentir cotanto ..."