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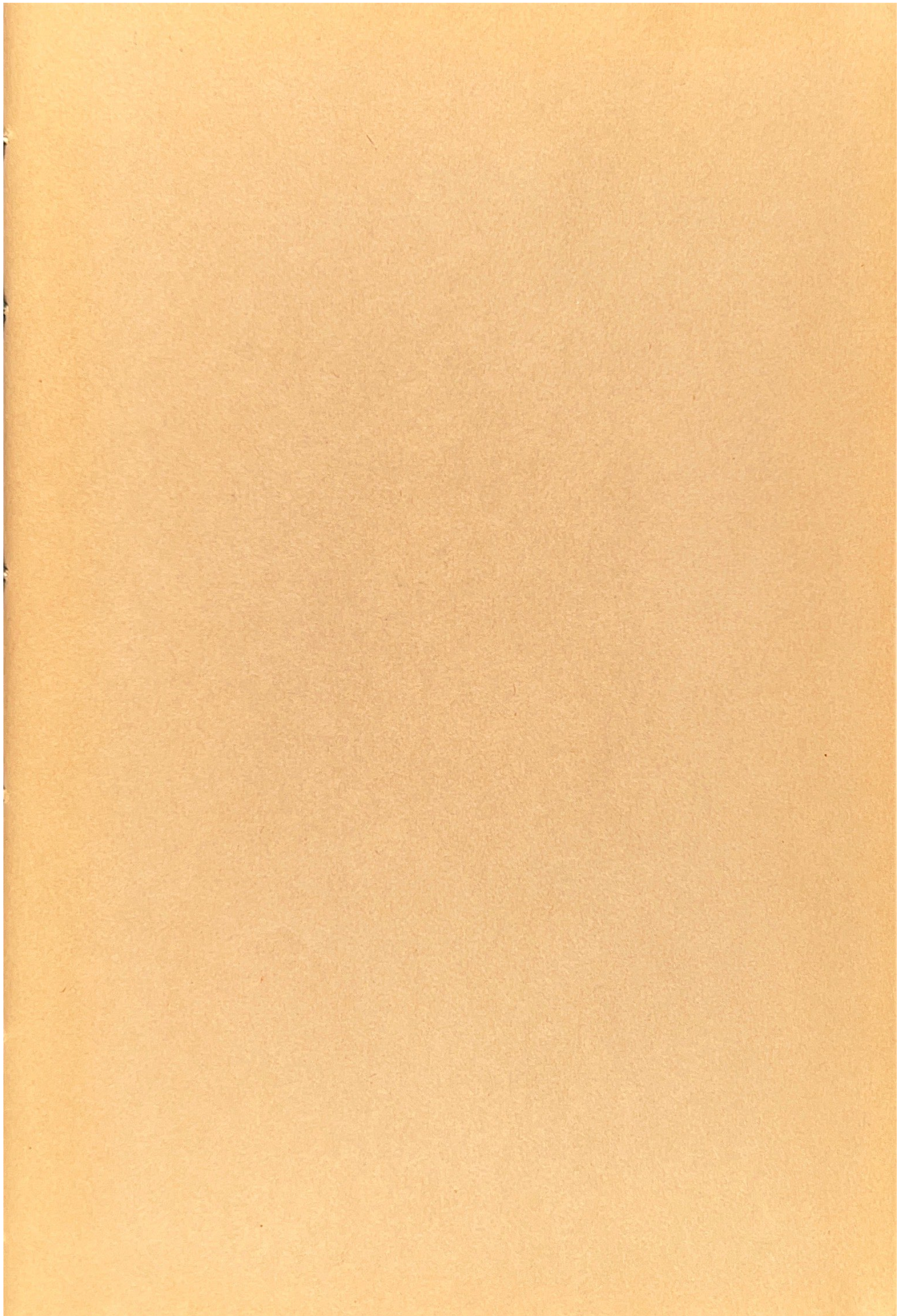
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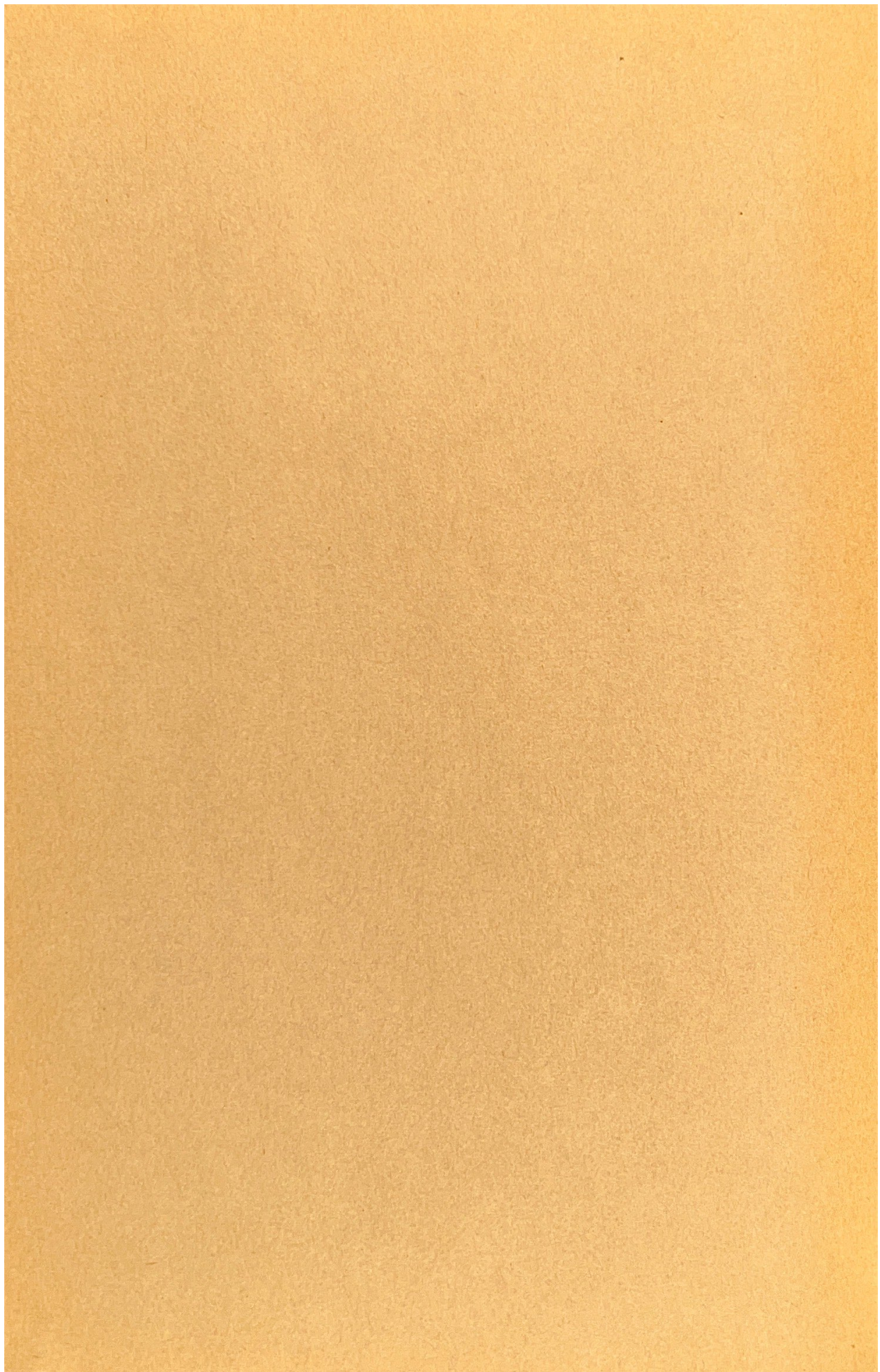


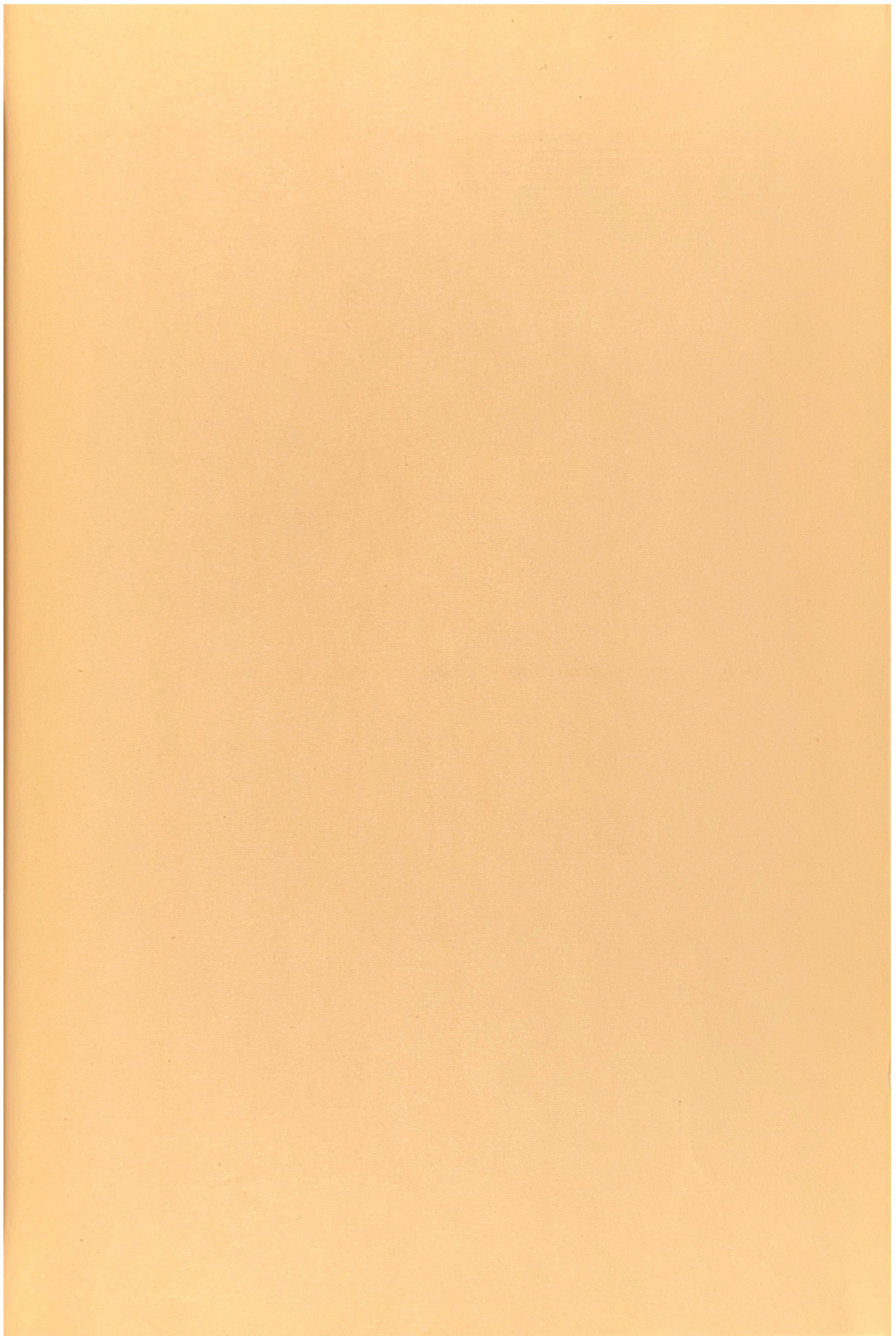
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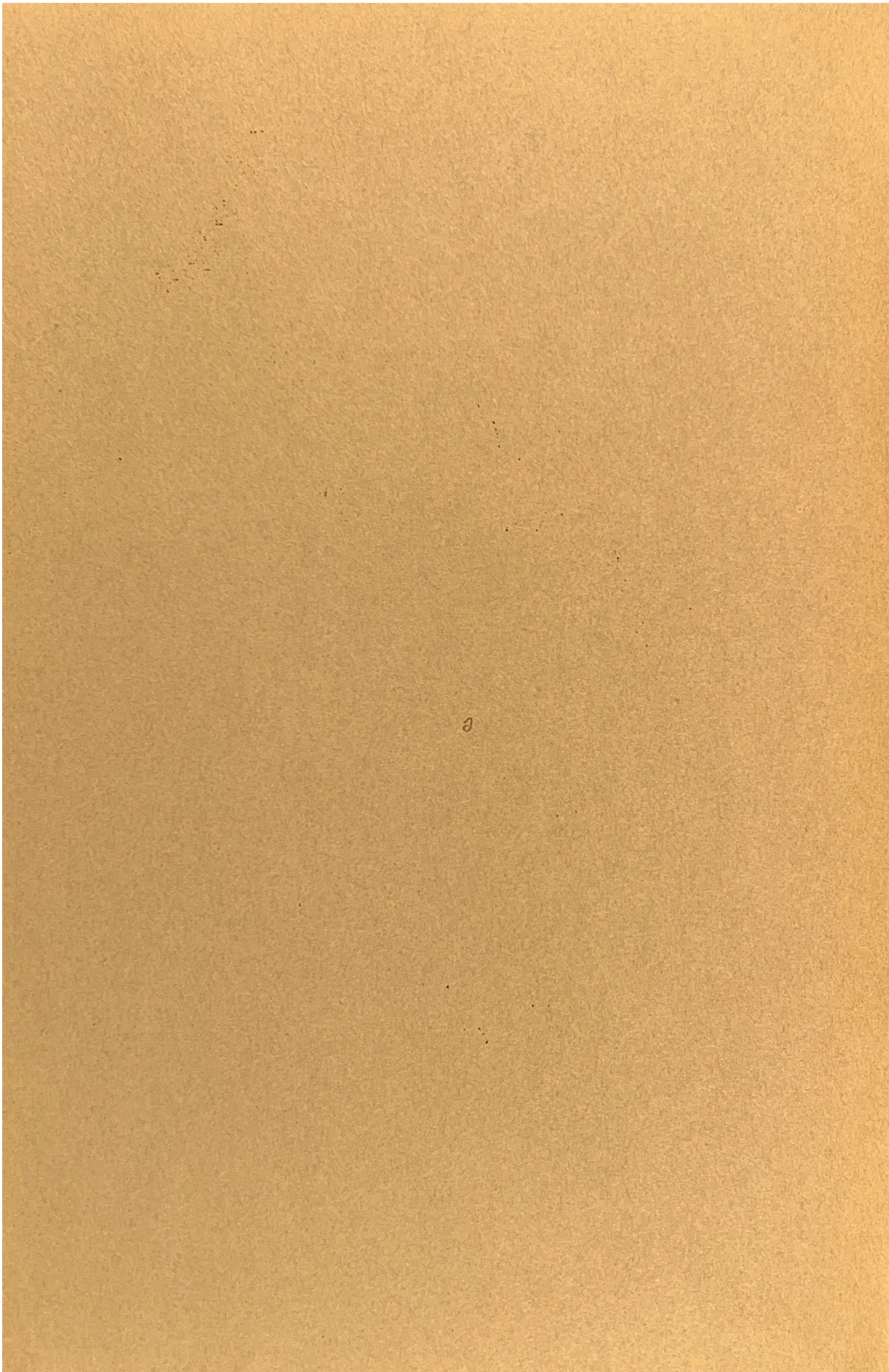








DARTMOUTH
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CLUB *Journal 1951*



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DARTMOUTH
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

JOURNAL
1951

THE DARTMOUTH MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

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THE D.M.C. JOURNAL

Editor.....Peter Robinson '54
Assistant Editor-Photography.....Percy Crosby '52
Publicity.....Robert Collins '54
Darkroom Crew.....Bill Briggs '54
.....Robert Collins '54
.....Bill Bryan '54
.....Tom Croft '53

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May 1952



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May 13, 1952

TO THE TOP OF MCKINLEY

by Jerry More '52

Wonder Lake lies 170 miles north of Anchorage, Alaska. There on June 20, 1951, I had just finished a letter home:

"It seems hard to realize that tomorrow we will leave civilization and start the last and most important leg of a trip that has been over a year in the planning. From the front of our cabin which is about 2,000 feet in elevation, the tundra stretches for 15 miles to the small hills which form the base of the mountain. These hills are about the size of the 14,000 foot peaks in Colorado. Behind these hills a gleaming white pyramid soars 20,290 feet above sea level in a fantastic jumble of ice crevasses and vertical glaciers. This is Mt. McKinley, rising higher above its base than any other mountain in the world. The northern face is almost vertical, and it is beyond belief and certainly beyond description to tell you how a 17,000 foot face of a mountain looks from only 30 miles away."

Yes, we wanted to climb McKinley, but a thousand problems lay between this wish and the accomplishment.

Barry Bishop, '53, a former Dartmouth student from Cincinnati, and I began to plan during the summer of 1950. In Denver we talked with Dr. Henry Buchtel, '28, vice-president of the American Alpine Club. He told us that he had been thinking seriously of such a trip for some time and suggested that we also talk to Dr. John Ambler.

Such an expedition requires sponsorship, so we turned to Denver University. They were willing to serve in this capacity and sent Mel Griffiths, a geographer and geologist, who made number five in our group and also the fifth Colorado Mountain Club member of the expedition.

By Christmas, plans were fairly well developed, and we started the tremendous but extremely important task of selecting food and equipment.

During the spring I made several trips to Boston to visit Dr. Bradford Washburn, Director of the Boston Museum of Science, who had climbed McKinley twice before--a good record, for only six expeditions have reached the summit. He told us of the -30° temperatures which were common during the summer nights and of the terrible storms with winds of 100 miles per hour. For fifteen years Brad had believed that the mountain might be climbed from the Kahiltna Glacier on the western side. Aerial photographs were his only guide, for no human being had ever set foot on the head of the Kahiltna. All previous ascents had been made from the northeast, up the Muldrow Glacier to Karstens Ridge, which led to 18,150 foot Denali Pass separating the north and the south peaks. The new route, however, would be virgin territory, so a scientific

THE WEST FACE OF MOUNT MCKINLEY showing the route of the 1951 Expedition. (aerial photograph)



program was outlined to include work in geology, glaciology, mapping, and climatology.

Much to our delight, Brad was finally able to make the necessary arrangements so that he could accompany us. He then wrote to Capt. William Hackett, stationed in Alaska, who climbed McKinley in 1947. Bill is the only American ever to ascend the mighty Aconcagua, 22,829 feet, highest mountain in the western hemisphere. He had just returned from Africa, where he had climbed the highest mountains on that continent. Jim Gale formed the eighth member of our party. Jim had also reached the summit of McKinley in 1947 and is now a civilian consultant in arctic survival for the 10th Rescue Squadron.

Now our party was complete and seldom has there been an expedition with so many members with practical experience in the type of mountaineering that we expected to find.

We had high hopes of a successful trip. Contrary to common belief, a successful expedition is one that attains its scientific objectives and returns its members in good health. If the summit can be reached during the trip without undue danger to the climbers, then the expedition has achieved an extra. With most mountains, the climbers are fairly certain that they will reach the top, but with the mighty giants of the Himalayas, and the lofty snow-covered peaks of the Andes and Alaska, this is seldom the case. As in almost any sport there is danger, but these mountains confront the mountaineer with many unique problems. Just to stay alive at these great altitudes involves a constant battle with violent storms and sub-zero temperatures; the rarified atmosphere causes even the simplest movements to become exhausting work. Thundering avalanches and hidden crevasses are always present and can completely wipe out an expedition. Such mountains are usually situated at great distances from civilization, and this presents complex problems in transportation and communication. Expeditional mountaineering in such circumstances requires the best climbers that can be gathered, and safety must be paramount in the minds of all. Since few men in a lifetime are exposed to such conditions, the mountaineer who accompanies such an expedition usually feels that he must give his maximum, because of the party--and, especially, because of himself. There are few who can realize the tremendous driving force that pushes a climber on, even after his body has all but given up and his brain, so numbed by lack of oxygen, fails to warn him to turn back.

During the spring, we made list after list, trying to think of each and every item of equipment that would be needed. Spring vacation was spent in Ward, Colorado, with Gerry Cunningham, who supplied us with most of our equipment. Gerry had previously helped to equip the Harvard-Andean expedition and the 1950 expedition to Mt. Everest. Three hundred man-days of food were sealed and then packed in cartons to withstand free-fall air drop. Each meal, complete with vitamins, protein, salt, candy and over 5,000 calories was sealed in a polyethylene sack. Much of the food was pre-cooked and dehydrated, so that our food weighed less than 3 lbs. per man-day. This revolutionary method of food packaging greatly

reduced weight and made it extremely simple on the mountain to provide the party with light, easy-to prepare food which could be distributed with much greater efficiency than single items of food in bulk form. At the same time Gerry constructed special packboards of spring steel, nylon rucksacks, Byrdcloth parkas, sleeping bags, and many other items, some of which were to be tested for the first time.

In Denver, Henry Buchtel covered such important problems as finance and sponsorship while Brad Washburn made arrangements for the Air Force to drop all our food at the base camp.

At last the planning stage was completed, and by plane, train and automobile the various members converged on Seattle, the jumping-off place, where equipment and supplies had been gathered. Then we flew up the British Columbia coast past Mt. Fairweather, St. Elias, and Logan--1,400 air miles to Anchorage. Here the full party was assembled for the first time.

To carry out the scientific program the party split into two groups. Four members flew to Lake Chuliatna, and then on to the Kahiltna Glacier one by one. The other four traveled north by train to McKinley Park Station, then by truck to Wonder Lake.

At Wonder Lake, in the very shadow of McKinley, we wrote letters while awaiting the pack horses that were to take John, Mel, Barry and me to the west side of the mountain.

Just after dinner on June 21 we heard a plane and rushed out to see Dr. Terris Moore coming in for a landing. We were all so surprised that we stood there with cameras at our sides. He was using a bumpy, narrow, dirt road only 300 ft. long as a landing strip. His plane had skis that could be lowered when he wished to land on snow.

Terry Moore, president of Alaska University, acted as our pilot and gave us invaluable aid during the entire expedition. He is an unusual college president by any standards. Not only is he an excellent bush pilot, but he also climbed McKinley in 1942. Nor is this monarch of the north his highest ascent, for in 1932 he climbed Minya Konka, 24,500 foot peak in the Amni-Machen range of southeastern Tibet.

Terry, over a cup of tea, told us how he managed to fly Brad, Henry, Jim, and Bill from Lake Chuliatna to a point some 7,500 feet high on the Kahiltna Glacier where they set up a temporary camp. The next day he returned and moved the entire party up to about 9,000 feet and from there they carried all their equipment to 10,000 feet, arriving about midnight and establishing base camp. With this welcome news, Terry bounced along and off the dirt road, and headed for Fairbanks.

More winged visitors arrived next morning as a C-47 from the 10th Rescue passed overhead. We had hot tea waiting, but they seemed to feel that they needed 3,000 feet of airstrip and dropped us a message instead. This note stated that all our food and equipment had been successfully dropped at base camp that morning.

By noon of the 23rd we were on our way. The horses were prime examples of biting, kicking, Alaskan fury, and a drenching rain whipped across the tundra reducing our spirits to less than zero. For three days we battled rain, roaring glacial streams,

thawing tundra, and ferocious mosquitoes to reach the western flank of McKinley 70 miles from Wonder Lake.

At last the horses were left behind and we began the back-breaking job of relaying our equipment to base camp. Two days later we were established in the 8,200 foot Peter's Pass.

The next morning, Barry and I set out to place a survey marker on the unclimbed summit of Peter's Dome while Mel and John cached food and gasoline on the Pass. They were then to move half of our remaining camp to the head of Peter's Glacier where we would meet them that night. Peter's Dome is a rather gentle name for a peak that required the entire day to climb. We started on a gravel ridge which slid at every step and then on to a 50° knife edge of snow and ice. At noon we dug a small hole in the snow to gain partial protection from the savage wind while we sipped some warm tea which we had placed in our thermos bottles that morning. After a bite of lunch we continued, but the wind-driven snow now all but hid the mountain, and we sank up to our knees at every step. By mid-afternoon we reached the summit, which measured 10,550 feet, and placed a piece of yellow parachute silk on a pole which would later be used as a survey marker.* We reached camp about 9:30 that night and piled the remaining food and equipment on our packs for the trek to the next camp. Thoughtful John had carefully marked the trail by placing a precious "Tootsie Roll" every hundred feet. During the trip that evening, Barry and I truly believed that we were carrying much more than our half of the camp. I am certain that during most of the trip each member was convinced that he was struggling under "90 lbs. of rucksack" while the others were toting a camera and lunch. By midnight we found the others and gladly dropped our sleeping bags on the ice for the night.

July 1 found us united with the other party at base camp and planning the actual assault. It was decided to split into three groups, more easily to accomplish the objectives of the expedition. Brad, Bill, and Jim formed the advance party and set out to establish camps one day's journey apart. Henry and John relayed food to these upper camps, thus placing medical services within call of any member. Meanwhile Mel, Barry, and I formed a team and explored the Kahiltna Glacier, collecting rock specimens whenever they could be found and mapping the region geologically. The parties were in constant radio contact and the base camp usually made a call each day to one of the CAA stations in range of McKinley.

On July 10 we received word to come up, as the upper party had camps as high as 17,000 feet. For a week Henry and John had been relaying food and gasoline. Back and forth they went: 50, 60, 70-pound loads on the uphill trip, empty packs on the way down. Gasoline was indispensable, because it was used not only for cooking but also for melting snow for drinking water.

The trail to the camp at 13,000 ft. was almost level at first with a slight incline which led to a steep pitch. Here we changed our snowshoes for crampons. This wasn't the easiest thing to do with a heavy pack. We had usually negotiated this section early in

*As it was a first ascent, Barry and I, with solemn ceremony, claimed the peak for the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club.

the day when the snow was firm, but it was early evening this time and the snow was quite soft. Barry, being quite a bit lighter, did not break through as much and soon left us far behind. During the next two hours Mel and I played a little game trying to see how many steps we could take before breaking through the crust. When one of us would sink in, the other would stop and laugh very hard and then comment on the extraction technique of his floundering, swearing, snow-covered companion. At such times we would also ask each other why we climbed mountains and why we were on McKinley. At a little past midnight, Mel and I dumped our loads and crawled into the cook tent at 13,000. After a bit of soup we entered one of the two snow houses connected by a tunnel and hoped that morning would not come as soon as it should.

A bergschrund or crevasse in the 60° western buttress served as the camp at 15,500 feet. As we reached the "Schrund" camp the next afternoon, we met Brad, Bill and Jim who had just climbed the peak and were vacating the higher camps to make room for us. They had placed 700 feet of fixed rope on the steep pitch above the "Schrund" which was a great help with heavy loads at that altitude. Mel and I dumped our loads and accompanied them to the 13,000 foot camp, while Henry, John and Barry spent an uncomfortable night in the small snow house nestled under the towering lip of the crevasse.

The next morning Mel and I left 13,000 with another load of food and gasoline and skirted a hanging glacier, 700 feet thick, which sent tons of ice and snow crashing down to the Kahiltna. At the same time rock would often come bounding down the towering Western Buttress to our left, but we managed to keep a safe distance from this obvious danger. When either of us felt that he had surplus energy, he would take some movies. It was always necessary to wait several minutes to stop panting before we could hope to hold the camera steady, and Mel had to take off his pack to get out his 15-pound movie camera. Late in the afternoon we left our snowshoes by the trail, as the snow would be hard enough for crampons above 15,000. The evening was fully occupied trying to plug the many holes in the roof of the snowhouse in the "Schrund." The snow was very dry, and we soon gave up and watched the beautiful sunset reflected from spectacular, unclimbed Mt. Hunter to the south.

After a miserably cold night Mel and I climbed out of the "Schrund" while storm clouds formed below us. Slowly we pulled ourselves up the 62° slope to the crest of the 16,000 foot ridge of the West Buttress. The clouds were magnificent, and snow was constantly avalanching from the basin to Peter's Glacier 10,000 feet below. We had a bite to eat while we marveled at the black clouds which swirled around the base of the mountain. During the next four hours we did the only rock climbing of the trip. The route, following the ridge, provided an equal amount of ice, snow, and rock, which necessitated the constant use of crampons. We felt decidedly unbalanced with our crampons grating and slipping on the

BARRY BISHOP ON THE SUMMIT OF PETER'S DOME (10,550 ft.) North Peak of McKinley behind.



rock while our heavy packs shifted from side to side and hands tried unsuccessfully to separate rope and ice axe.

The 17,000 foot camp, located in a large snow basin just below Denali Pass, was reached late in the afternoon. Here we met Henry, John and Barry who had just returned from the summit and were on their way to the 15,500 foot camp so that there would be room for us.

It was -4° when Mel poked his head from the snow house early the next morning, July 14, to give us a weather report. By 9:30 we had topped Denali Pass where we inspected a cache left by the 1947 expedition. Henry had volunteered to climb as high as 19,000 feet with Mel and me, which was a great help to both of us. It was early afternoon when we reached this point, but we had no fear of darkness, as the sun did not set until ten P.M. and reappeared at two A.M.

At last, late in the afternoon, we reached the crest of the summit ridge. The highest point in North America was a scant 200 yards above our heads. The tremendous south face of McKinley plunged away at our feet, while 15,000 foot mountains were all but lost below us. At 20,000 feet heart and lungs labored to propel us upward. Each step was slowly and carefully taken to conserve energy. Mel and I followed the wands which the advance party had placed every hundred feet. These wands offered our only hope of reaching camp safely should a storm strike without warning. To spend a night in the open at this altitude would probably be fatal. A slope which would seem a mere nothing at lower elevations, now took every ounce of resolution to surmount. Over a huge cornice poised on the very edge of the south face and, then, the top of the continent! Only the mountaineer can know and understand the silent loneliness that crowns the summits of all great mountains.

As we descended, evening crept up to meet us from the cold glaciers 15,000 feet below. After a year of planning and days of exhausting work, the job was almost done. Memories had already begun to crowd out reality. They were big memories of a big mountain and a big moment.

Funny thing. You know, it isn't all memories after all ... there's Mt. Hunter. It hasn't been climbed.

AN OUTING IN THE CRESTONES

by Rodger Ewy '53

Toward the end of last summer two members of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club left Denver for the hills on a Labor Day outing with the Colorado Mountaineering Club. Jerry More, just returned from the McKinley expedition, and I were the lucky men. This CMC trip was destined for a weekend of wonderful climbing in the rugged Sangre de Cristo Range in southern Colorado. A portion of the thirty man party preceded us with the food and cooking gear, which they packed in on sturdy mountain horses. We slept Friday night at the little town of Crestone, then drove into the Luis Maria Baca Grant, a large ranch in the valley, for about ten miles to the foot of the range. After a five or six mile hike, about half of it spent wondering how the horses ahead ever made it, we arrived at the campsite, a beautiful spot sheltered by huge boulders. A clear, cold rivulet cascaded off the boulders into a pleasant stream nearby. After a delicious dinner cooked by Henry Buchtel, maitre de cuisine on the McKinley expedition, we wandered off to prepare for tomorrow and then sack out.

We woke up to the crowing of one of our more articulate mountain enthusiasts. After much of the usual grumbling, all hands rose to a very clear day. When the sun first touched the tips of the peaks, we were all happy that it had turned out so well. After fixing lunches, we split up into the parties agreed upon. There were six in my party--two girls, both good climbers, two other fellows, Jerry, and I. We chose to climb the more difficult of the two regular routes to Crestone Needle (14,130), our first objective. After a long scree slope and a large high meadow, we reached the foot of the climb. We were then happy to find the rock the same wonderful breccia we had seen on the hike the day before. The rock was solid, had a myriad of holds, and was very colorful. Every kind of rock was represented from greenish gabbro to pink granites. Since the climbing was easy we didn't rope up. After a while the exposure became interesting. We were climbing on rock slanting about sixty degrees. We found the girls keeping right up with us, with the result that we could hardly express ourselves profanely when we smashed our fingers or gouged our calves until we got a few choice "damns" and "hells" out of them; from then on we were a real climbing party. We pushed on up the slanting face and into a large chimney or couloir. Finding two big chockstones and the accompanying debris above them blocking the way, we decided to rope up to reduce the hazard of passing these overhanging boulders.

With a little more than usual strain on the seats of our pants (the girls came last for more than one reason) we made the stretch and grunted on our way. I, in my leather shorts, found little trouble stretching but just about contracted pneumonia in the sunless depths of the chimney, and was cheered on to greater heights with the promise of basking in the sun on top. We came out of the chimney into bright sunshine, still two hundred feet from the summit.

Here we had exposure on two sides to intrigue us. A sheer face came up from the other side to meet ours in a ridge. It was approximately one or two degrees away from being exactly vertical--which way I'm not sure! We tripped lightly up the knife edge to the top, all trying our luck at spitting in the lake some 2000 feet below.

Having "satiated our egos" as rough-and-ready Lucius Beebe, the champion of outdoorsman, says mountain climbers are wont to do, we rappelled back down to the top of the chimney where we departed in favor of a long, tricky traverse across and around the rock masses separating Crestone Needle and its 14,291 foot sister, Crestone Peak. Our party had by this time split, and Isabel, Eric (one of the first party), and I were left to pick our way across. Much of the traverse was exposed but consisted of beautiful rock. We enjoyed the challenges to our judgment offered by each short sprint. Early in the traverse we passed a big thumb which we decided was unclimbable (later we found everything short of an expansion bolt route had been tried, unsuccessfully).

We started up the steep, hematite-stained couloir leading to the summit of Crestone Peak at about two o'clock. This climbing was more grueling than the Needle chimney since it was long and yet not steep enough to use chimney technique effectively. After a few good exposed dashes close to the top, we came out on the ridge leading to the summit. Eric, Isabel, and I were the first up the Peak of the parties which had set out to do both, as we could see by the register. We were glad to see that Doc Buchtel's son Gus (age 8) had made it up--this climb was rated as "difficult".

We made our stumbling descent, feeling very rubbery about the knees. Our arrival at camp at five thirty was hailed with accusations and questionings as to where we had got hold of the "joy juice". After roundly denying that anything but the most ethereal spirits had passed through us, we settled down to one of Doc Buchtel's culinary masterpieces. Later a big campfire put us into a very relaxed mood--we sang everything from "Seven Old Ladies" to "Gory, Gory--". After a long enjoyable evening of such profound musings we retired--each to his own sack, as is proper in Victorian circles.

The next day we packed out, hating to end such a wonderful trip. As we left we were all thinking of the good climbing we had enjoyed in company with friends. Can anyone ask for more?

THE NORTH FACE OF ROCK OF AGES

by Peter Robinson '54

Thunder, lightning, and rain seemed incessant. A hundred yards away, like a river of rocks, a continuous landslide crashed down from the moraine of Teepee's Glacier on the Grand Teton to the level floor of Garnet Canyon. All night long Jim Cooke, "Skip" Crosby, and I lay under the meager shelter of Petzoldt's Caves, hoping the avalanche wouldn't change course. At 9:00 next morning the storm abated, and we started the descent to Jenny Lake. On the way down the trail we encountered the mountain guide, Bob Merriam, and his party, who told of "horizontal sheets" of rain which came across the Lower Saddle where they had spent the night.

At Jenny Lake Campground we set down our heavy packs and resolved to try "a good small peak with plenty of rock work." The choice was Rock of Ages (10,900), a peak near the head of Hanging Canyon in the St. John Group, which is on the western side of Jenny Lake opposite the campground. We knew very little about the peak except that the ordinary route led up the east ridge, and that the north face had been ascended at least once.

We made a late start at seven o'clock next morning (July 30), and parked at String Lake after a stop for photographs along the highway. We hiked silently along the northwest shore of Jenny Lake until we reached a point below the mouth of Hanging Canyon. Here, Jim led the bushwhacking through forest and sagebrush for a rise of 2500 feet above the level of Jenny Lake. A week before, while I climbed Teepee's Pillar with Nick Clinch of Stanford, Jim had passed this way, descending Mt. St. John (11,412) north of Hanging Canyon with Dick Irvin of the Sierra Club and John Mowat of Stanford.

At 10:15 we arrived at the burned-over grove on the eastern edge of Ramshead Lake, a beautiful mountain pool a hundred yards wide at the mouth of the canyon. All cameras were out as we gazed upon our intended goal. Rock of Ages is an abrupt rectangular block, whose major axis runs approximately west-northwest and east-south-east. On the northern side of the block is a five hundred foot nearly vertical face. The eastern end slopes very steeply, and consists of a rounded projecting ridge along the edge of the north face and an east face to the left of the ridge and separated from it by a chimney. The top of the block slopes gently toward the summit, which is three quarters of the way from the eastern end. I don't know the character of the other faces of the peak.

Skip, Jim, and I looked eagerly for possible routes on the north face. In the middle of the western half, directly below the summit, was a long black gash running down the face. This was ruled out because it was overhung at the base and looked very wet. On the eastern portion were two inconspicuous troughs which looked more feasible. A diagonal ledge rising from left to right seemed to connect with the bases of both of these.

Circling Ramshead Lake on the northern side, we walked up the snow-covered moraine which dams up Lake of the Craggs, a bow-shaped

lake about a quarter mile long. By noon we had tramped the length of the Lake of the Craggs along the north bank, and had climbed seven hundred feet of snow slopes to the base of the diagonal ledge on Rock of Ages.

By this time I had become dubious about the advisability of attempting the north face in view of the lateness of the hour and the small spongy clouds coming over, which might be warning of an approaching storm. I suggested climbing the east ridge, an easier but nevertheless enjoyable route. Skip and Jim, however, were determined to try the face. We left our ice axes and Skip changed into sneakers. Jim and I left our Bramanis on. We agreed that Skip, being the best balance climber, should take the lead. I came second, while Jim tied last so that he could take pictures. We used two full 120 foot ropes between us in case the leads became necessarily long.

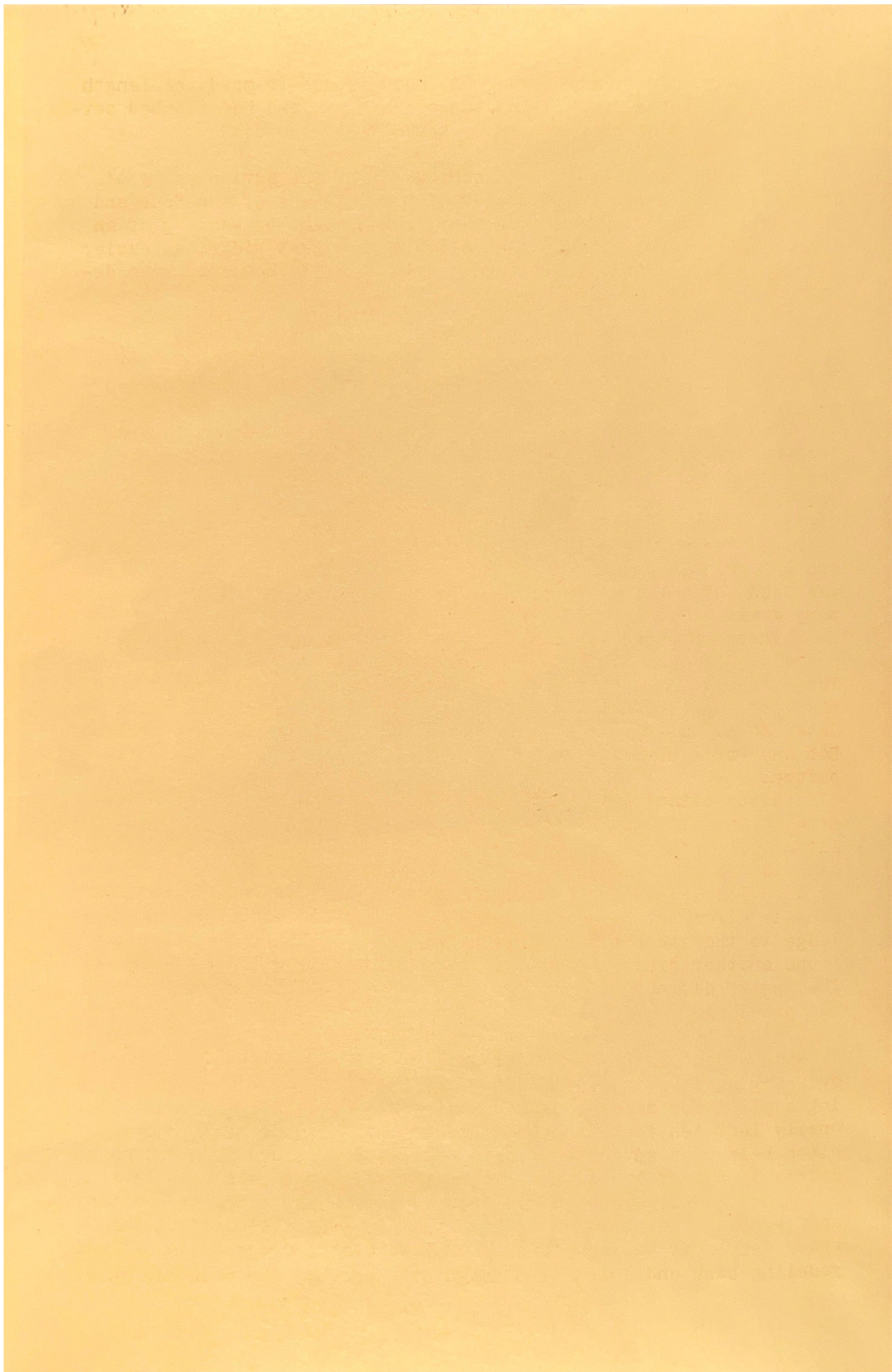
Two rope lengths of easy scrambling along the ledge toward the west brought us into a small, cold, muddy cave, which marked the end of the ledge. While I belayed him with a piton, Skip retreated about eight feet down the ledge, and, using a piton for tension and a shoulder from Jim, he got over an overhanging section of rock. From here, a lay-back to the right up a very steep slab brought us to a twenty by twenty foot pocket in the face. A piton was used for a belay because the floor of the pocket was steep slippery grass.

There appeared to be two possible routes of departure from the pocket. One went straight up the wall on the left, and out of sight. The other was a narrow diagonal ledge leading to the right. Because this ledge was covered with water, we chose the left-hand route. We later found out that the right-hand ledge was the probable route of Bob and Doris Merriam, when they had ascended the face some time before.

After climbing above the pocket, Skip made an undulating traverse to the left for twenty feet to a small grassy ledge. where a piton was again needed for the belay. Encouraging news was shouted back to us. "There's a sort of chimney up above. It looks like a walk." Below the ledge the face was vertical. With a "courte echelle" from me, Skip got over the short vertical pitch above the ledge to the steep slippery rock beyond. Thirty feet higher he found another grassy ledge and drove another piton for a belay. The "walk" did not materialize, but neither did the storm which I had predicted.

Above the second grass ledge, Skip climbed straight for another twenty feet of the same slippery rock to the base of a slightly overhanging five foot wall with very few holds on top. After driving a piton for safety, he negotiated this overhang and went diagonally left ten feet into the base of a sloping chimney, where a piton belay was advisable. Skip considers this overhang the most difficult bit of the climb. Being taller, I had less trouble.

During this time Jim had been industriously extracting pitons, and relaying them through me to Skip. He amused himself on the grass ledges by taking pictures of Lake of the Craggs below us, and yodeling back and forth with Leigh Ortenberger, the mountain guide,





whom he had noticed on the summit of Symmetry Spire (10,546), a mile to the east. We could look directly across the canyon to the wild irregular line of pinnacles, interrupted by one higher pyramidal summit, which formed the western ridge of Mt. St. John.

The first thirty feet of the chimney were wet and rotten, but fairly easy. The outer left-hand corner of the chimney overlapped the opening, making the going somewhat cramped. An excellent belay position was found above in a tiny cave formed by two chockstones. The second chockstone, which formed the roof of the cave, was very large and completely blocked the chimney.

The route above the chockstone was invisible to us. Three possibilities for getting beyond it were imaginable. On the left side of the chimney was a steep dirty wet ledge which sloped very steeply out of sight. Slightly to the right there seemed to be a possibility of getting directly over the chockstone. There was also a very steep face to the right of the chimney, which could be attempted.

First Skip tried to get over the chockstone. He was forced to retreat after only five very difficult feet. The general tension of the climb plus this extra strain on his fingers suddenly caused them to lock. They clamped painfully shut and could be opened only by force. I had to take over the lead.

At first I thought I might be able to get around by way of the wet ledge. A brief encounter convinced me that it would be very dangerous because it was so slick. I traversed about eight feet to the right onto a steep wall of sound rock. There was a fairly generous number of finger pull-holds, but there were few adequate footholds at all. Most of the time I was leaning outward with my feet against the wall, and working upward with my hands. At one point where I seemed to lack sufficient stability to move either hand, I discovered directly before my face a projection the size of an ink bottle. By clamping my teeth firmly on this, I was able to reach a higher hold and move on. Here was true "tooth and nail" climbing. This pitch seemed very difficult, but my judgment was probably warped at the time by the great exposure. The four hundred vertical feet below inspired me to unusual muscular efforts, because, once started, there was little turning back.

After thirty feet of climbing I was able to traverse back into the chimney, only to find myself below another chockstone. Failing to surmount this, I noticed that the wet ledge, which I had rejected before, actually continued less steeply upward to the left toward the east ridge. I traversed obliquely down and left until I intersected the ledge, above the level of the big chockstone. After two minutes of easy scrambling, I found myself on the crest of the east ridge.

With the help of a belay Skip and Jim made it over the wet left-hand ledge from below the big chockstone. Two easy rock pitches on the east ridge brought us to the summit plateau. We reached the small summit block after a five minute walk up some scrub slopes. As we stepped on the highest point, a startled ewe mountain

ROCK OF AGES from Ramshead Lake (telephoto).

sheep bounded down the steep western ledges and vanished. To the south stood the massif of the Grand and Owen, awesome in the yellowing light.

Our watches said a few minutes past six, so we had to carry out the proper ceremonies quickly. Comic relief was in order after the grueling climb. First we posed in mighty handshakes with the Grand Teton as a backdrop. Then we found the summit register, a rusty old tin can full of cards. We each selected a long-expired membership card from our wallets to add to the file. We all grabbed for sandwiches, while the lemonade bottle went the rounds. About this time my fingers also locked, painfully but harmlessly.

At 6:25 we left the summit. Jim drove a piton and set up a magnificent rappel down the chimney on the east face. As we scrambled down a series of ledges below the rappel, the yellow orange light of "alpenglow" lit up the western sides of the peaks. It was a sight never to be forgotten, but reminded us forcefully of the long struggle in the dark which was yet before us. An easy traverse across a wall with fifty feet exposure proved to be the key to a quick descent to the col east of Rock of Ages. The others refused to follow, however, and insisted on rappelling again. I descended below the col on the north side, then traversed under the north face to get the ice axes and Skip's boots. Returning to some rocks a hundred feet below the col, I waited for twenty minutes before Skip and Jim arrived. They had stopped for pictures of the "alpenglow" on Teewinot, Owen, and the Grand. In the approaching darkness we glissaded over the sun-cupped snow slopes to Lake of the Crags.

It was pitch black as we passed Ramshead Lake and left the mouth of the canyon. The boulderfields and brook-beds seemed to go on and on. When we reached the sagebrush, we slithered down on our tails, using ice axes as probes and brakes. At 10:15 we reached a familiar boulder pile and stopped for rest under a starry sky, here and there encroached upon by the black outlines of the peaks. Then Jim led us on through the thickening vegetation. He turned on his little penlight to find a way through the wooded swamps near Jenny Lake. The smooth hollow of the trail felt wonderful under our feet, when we stumbled upon it, but the trudge to the car seemed like an eternity. At midnight we collapsed into the car, and drove back to Jenny Lake Campground.

In the record at the Teton Park Museum we called our route the East Chimney of the North Face, because, although the climb is not predominantly a chimney climb, the East Chimney locates the general course of the route. Further records must be checked to prove our climb a first ascent. It seems obvious, however, from Bob Merriam's description, that he turned right at the "pocket"; his account dovetails with ours up to that point.

The critical point of both Merriam's route and the East Chimney route is the overhang and lay-back below the pocket. Without Skip's excellent leading here, it is doubtful that we could have made the climb at all. According to Bob, his route requires no

pitons beyond the pocket, hence it is probably more enjoyable. The middle section of our route was very slippery and treacherous. My exposed face lead could have been avoided by climbing the dangerous wet ledge left of the chimney. If the upper chockstones could be overcome, the ascent of the entire chimney might be completed to the summit plateau.

If we had made an earlier start up the face in a drier summer, the climb could have been less of an ordeal. However, the thrill of putting a new route up this forbidding face made our attempt worth while.

FIRST ASCENT IN THE DOLOMITES
(Croda dell' Oregione)

by Karl Diener

(Translated by Professor Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy)

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: Karl Diener, who has written this account specially for the Journal, was encouraged to climb in the Alps at an early age, for his father and uncle were founders of the German and Austrian Alpine Club (DOAV). He undertook this climb when he was seventeen, in September 1908, together with A. Veit, who died on the Viennese Himalayan expedition in 1922. At the close of World War I, after four years of captivity as an Austrian officer in Siberia, Mr. Diener served with the commander of the American forces near Vladivostok. He fled from Budapest in 1945, and came to Hanover in 1949.

The beautiful but rainy days of the Alpine Club's annual meeting in Bozen (Bolzano) had passed away. Now the sun had driven the clouds from the sky, and a group of weatherbeaten climbers embarked on an expedition into the mountains which straddle the Austro-Italian frontier north of the Sappada Trench. In this range with its crenelated dolomite towers and bizarre pinnacles the highest, Monte Rinaldo, had been climbed before.

At dawn we walked from Sappada towards San Stefano to the mouth of the Rio Rinaldo. A rather obscure sheep trail climbs up the high gravel wall on the rivulet's right bank and then, flattening out, leads into the magnificent gorge, in which the waters fall down in white foaming cascades. Here where the sheep trail is a little more marked the bold panorama moved us to real admiration. At one point in particular, beneath an enormous overhanging boulder and above a vertical wall, the rocky scenery is startling in its grandeur. A series of narrow, steep gulleys descend from Monte Rinaldo and divide the northwest side of the valley.

Since the morning mist concealed the background of these gulleys and the rock formations above them, and since the gorges themselves looked forbidding, we stayed close to the Rio Rinaldo's bed even into its highest basin. As soon as we entered this black cirque of eroded marl which differs sharply from the white color of the dolomite pinnacles, we realized our mistake. By sticking to the bottom of the river bed, we were now too far east from Monte Rinaldo; even the two sharp rock spires east of the Croda dell' Oregione appeared to the west from where we stood. A faint hope persisted that we might cross the steep and eroded gulleys high up on the flank of the Croda, and thus might enter the couloir between the spires mentioned above and the main peak.

In the meantime our massif had pierced the mist. But across the valley on the Hinterkerl and the Terza Grande, and farther west on the Elferkofel, gray clouds forecast little comfort for the afternoon. We roped up, and there began a climb of which even the notorious Elferkofel and Zwölferkofel in the Sexten group had given

no foretaste. Across innumerable ribs, gulleys, and gorges, where the ice-axe manipulated the dolomite garble as though it were ice, we climbed for seven hours. Then we lost 600 feet, as we had to come down at the foot of the two rock spires into a deep gorge filled with snow, then up again onto the flank; it was our worst moment. A traverse across walls which could not be climbed finally landed us above the couloir below the summit which we had seen before. At one point a rappel to a lower level, using a projecting boulder, was necessary in order to continue the traverse. Now two chimneys took their toll from our muscles. They led us to the top of the rocky tower which forms the Croda dell' Oregione. We looked toward Monte Rinaldo - a jagged ridge led to it, so sharp in spots that a stone on it seemingly could keep its balance solely because it could not tell which way to fall. Across this we sighted not only the peak but a terrifying storm as well. We quickly built a cairn, in which we deposited the data concerning our first ascent, and tackled Monte Rinaldo in the midst of thunderclaps and cloudbursts.

A chamois fleeing before us regaled us with a hail of stones, and for a few minutes we cowered under a boulder. Soon, however, a torrent of water poured down on us from the very wall from which we had expected shelter. Hence we decided to brave the mountain, and at two o'clock, in the violent downpour, we stood on Monte Rinaldo. Now our ice-axes spoke up as we stood helplessly in impenetrable mist. They hummed ominously louder and louder, and their points showed the brush discharge of electricity feared as St. Elmo's fire.

This forced us to choose the lesser evil. We dived down the northern slope, and leaving the mountain-top were lost in the darkness of the storm. Then the first lightning struck. We seemed surrounded by fire. This was serious, and the critical situation became all the clearer to us when the tremendous storm incessantly brushed down projectiles of stone from the ridge. Yet it was a majestic spectacle. The roar of the thunder was rendered more terrible because it was echoed from the walls and the fantastic rock cones of the ridge. Around the ridge lightning seemed to describe tangents of sparkling flame. We heard the storm bark loudly between the wild spires of the ridge. Broad avalanches came down the walls in rapid sequence, throwing dark clouds of dust high in the air. All nature seemed in rebellion. Everything shook and trembled. We had unroped already on the ridge to facilitate freer movement. Everyone was on his own, trying what he thought was the best way down. Caution was necessary, and numerous detours were made around overhangs. Perhaps the outstanding impression of the height of the storm made everything else appear simpler. Leaping and sliding we reached the bottom, and on the march to the Albergo alle Alpi in Sappada the sun did its best to dry our soaked clothing.

The next day we walked across the Tiliach Saddle and reached Sillian, whence the railroad took us to Vienna.

FOUR CLIMBS IN THE BUGABOOS

by Percy Crosby '52

The Bugaboos! Until last spring that forbidding name conjured up for me only vague images of fearsome pinnacles notorious for difficulty and disaster. Now that I look back upon our trip in the summer of 1951, I find they have perhaps lost some of their mystery but none of their charm and attraction for a confirmed rock climber.

I recall very well the feverish preparations last June when equipment and dehydrated foods had to be bought, the alpine journals ransacked for information, and correspondence carried on with the authority on the region, J. Monroe Thorington. Originally three of us were to set out on the expedition, but late in the spring one felt obliged to drop out, leaving Tim Mutch '52 of Princeton and myself still resolved to go. Although both of us were variously occupied the first half of the summer, our plans coincided to the extent that we could devote August and early September to the endeavor. The first of August, accordingly, saw us united in the Tetons where, previously, I had been undergoing a preliminary workout with Jim Cooke and Peter Robinson of the DMC in tackling such "practice" cliffs as the north face of Rock of Ages. After a savage campaign in bad weather on the Exum ridge of the Grand had convinced us that we had decidedly outworn our welcome in the Tetons, we decided to see if the Bugaboos could show us a worse time.

Two days after leaving Jenny Lake we were hospitably received at the Canadian Alpine Clubhouse in Banff, and the following morning were off across the Rockies to Golden, B.C. From Golden it was but a short drive to Spillimacheen, our jumping off point. At this sequestered hamlet we made the acquaintance of Dick McClain, a jovial, hearty Scotsman and big game guide who regaled us with his "b'ar" stories. McClain because of his extensive local knowledge, was the man to see, we had been told, about transportation into the all but inaccessible spires of the Bugaboo. The 27 mile long tote road into the forks of Bugaboo Creek, long famous for its $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours of concentrated misery, was, we were informed, in even worse repair than it was when our predecessors had been there. Told flatly that our 1940 Chevie station wagon would not suffice for the journey, we had no alternative but to hire Mr. McClain's truck to haul us in.

At eight o'clock next morning we were stationed in the rear of the truck and ready to leave. The weather, unfortunately, was all we had feared, and within an hour of taking our leave of Spillimacheen we found ourselves sitting in glum silence under leaky tarps and cursing the harshness of a cruel fate. During the brief respites from the downpour we looked around us. The rolling, wooded foothills here certainly gave us no indication of the vertiginous heights to which we were bound. Meanwhile the Dodge bulldozed resourcefully through alder thickets, quaking swamps, and rocky

ravines as we jounced from one end of the truck to the other along with ice axes, nylon ropes, chains of karabiners and pitons, and food cartons.

Three or four hours later a surprised exclamation escaped from both of us as the truck rounded a sharp bend and there, peering out of the clouds, were gaunt, steeple-like, granitic spires partially submerged in a tidal wave of ice splashing down from the heights in great, foaming billows.

Excited by this prospect, we clambered from the truck in front of an old mining company cabin near the south fork of Bugaboo Creek, and finding it in very good condition, decided to make this our base camp. Quickly we unloaded our supplies, bade McClain farewell for three weeks, and after a short lunch were off on a reconnaissance trip toward Bugaboo Glacier. Striding over the trail soon loosened the aching and cramped muscles acquired on the trip in and we were heartened by the lifting of the clouds from those incredibly awe-inspiring summits suspended almost directly over us. Mentally we recited once more Thorington's terse accounts of the ascents, but when it came to tracing tentative routes up the flanks and ridges of the sheer giants confronting us, doubt and distrust of our climbing abilities assailed us; just then we would probably have settled for considerably less than our ambitious advance plans had called for.

These speculations were interrupted by the necessity of bending our entire attention on a barely distinguishable rut, which, although ostensibly a path, led us across rickety limbs bridging rushing mountain torrents, through mud sloughs, and dense thickets that stubbornly resisted our advance. Every branch of the latter exhibited a remarkable propensity for shedding its entire moisture content liberally over us. Despite these trials we succeeded in reaching the open moraine where, in a clearing among the boulders, we found a makeshift table and seat, presumably built during the Canadian Alpine Club encampment in 1946. This would serve as a temporary advance camp for future reconnoitering.

After an arduous trudge next morning we established Camp II here 3 miles upstream from the base camp. Shedding our monstrous packs, we climbed that afternoon over morainal rubble and boulder fields to the snout of Bugaboo Glacier, and there, in a light drizzle, climbed its lower reaches to a point about 500 feet above the valley. Returning to our fly camp, we enjoyed a hearty supper while a voracious band of mosquitos, gnats, and other indigenous insect life feasted on us. The night ahead was to hold disagreeable surprises. We were to renew acquaintance with an old friend of the New Hampshire hills, namely the porky. Oblivious of Mr. Porky's whereabouts we had left our food outside the entrance to our two-man mountain tent, and were sleeping soundly when he paid his midnight visit. The porky signified his uninvited presence by an unseemly racket as he tore apart our food packages with gusto. Lighting the carbide lamp gave our visitor enough time to make good his escape, but the damage had been done. Transferring what was left of our food inside the tent, we went back to sleep--only to be aroused again at three in the morning. Out of patience by now, we

endeavored to get rid of our porky friend for good. This time, however, he seemed openly resentful of our inhospitable behavior and it was only after many horrendous bellows, handclaps, and a small conflagration (the mosquito netting at the entrance was ignited by the carbide lamp) that he waddled disgruntledly off. Upon arising we learned the real extent of our losses. One of our prize possessions--an imported goatskin water bag--was ripped to shreds. Three pairs of wool socks were gone and my boot laces chewed through. Tim's jaunty new felt hat had acquired a sort of disreputable distinction by the addition of several great rents. Worst of all, however, was the discovery that the best of our three nylon ropes had been nearly chewed through in two places (although this last fact didn't become known to us until we were ready to rope up on Pigeon Spire).

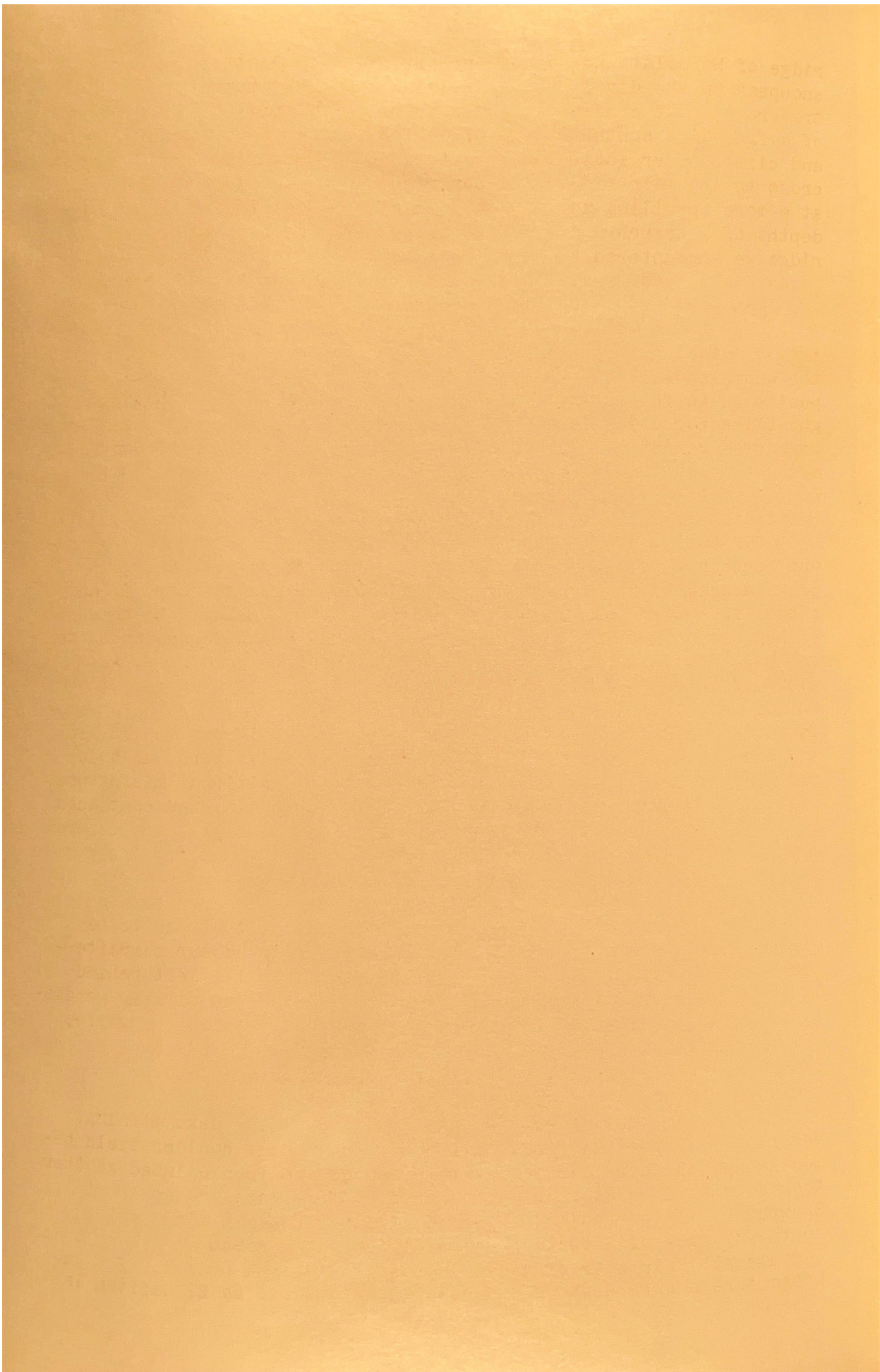
After an enforced skimpy breakfast (our oatmeal supply had been decimated) we started off to explore the Bugaboo neve. Our progress was rapid up the lower tongue of Bugaboo Glacier, although climbing was very laborious with the heavy crampons. The ice leveled off and then became steeper under the precipitous south face of Marmolata. Here a wrong turn brought us face to face with a chaotic icefall replete with seracs, knife edges, and yawning abysses. As we unknowingly pushed further into this sea of shattered ice further progress called increasingly for ice climbing of a very high order. We continued, however, until all forward progress was blocked by overhanging crevasses. Having lost over two hours by this detour, we retraced our steps and finally found a feasible route to the left, although it did lead over some rather tenuous snowbridges and several great chasms.

The upper snowfield or neve some 3000 feet above the valley was reached by one o'clock, but our disappointment was keen upon finding only swirling mists to greet us. Ahead several snowpeaks were sporadically revealed while to our right the walls of Marmolata received a savage buffeting from the northeast winds. A chilling rain began to fall, forcing us to retire. Continuing past our fly camp, we spent the night at the base cabin. A bold plan was born for the morrow: we were to proceed directly to our highest point of the day before and from there climb either Marmolata, the prominent cleaver peak in the midst of the ice-fields, or one of the snowpeaks along the divide.

At 5:30 next morning the weather seemed propitious and we were ready to start. The valley lay in frigid shadow while the peaks above, hit by the first rays of the sun, burned with an ethereal fire. As we pushed up the glacier the sky remained clear, but to the north past the towering precipices of Snowpatch Spire high circus clouds began to form. By the time we reached the level snowfield and had had lunch it was completely clouded over. In view of the weather and the unpromising appearance of the west

THE BUGABOO GROUP from the Forks of Bugaboo Creek. Left to right: Flat-top Peak (9,600 ft.), Marmolata (9,500 ft.), Pigeon Spire (10,250 ft.), Snowpatch Spire (9,700 ft.), Eastpost Spire, Bugaboo Spire (10,250 ft.).





ridge of Marmolata we turned our attention to Flattop, a prominent snowpeak on the divide with a culminating rocky summit ridge. We traversed about a mile of rather mushy snow, arrived at the base of a fractured southern spur of our objective, removed our crampons, and climbed over loose boulders to a sharp snow ridge leading across to the main ridge. To our right the snow slope dropped away at a more appalling angle than I imagined possible into the murky depths of a berschrund 300 feet below. At the base of the rock ridge we encountered the only real rock climbing of the day--an interesting 25 foot vertical chimney. Fifteen minutes after surmounting this we found ourselves lounging on the flat, table-like summit. Around us thick white mists swirled and eddied, occasionally parting to reveal glimpses of far off Bugaboo and Snowpatch Spires, and the unbroken walls of the South Tower of Howser Spire directly opposite us to the north, truly an awesome sight in the flitting, ghostlike fog. The country to the west was a jumble of rugged and uncharted ranges, and brought home a sharp realization of our remoteness here 10,000 feet up in the clouds and 35 miles from the nearest habitation. What insignificant intruders we were in this everlasting domain of rock, ice, and clouds! We started down.

Our survey of the Bugaboos from Flattop had convinced us that our route up Bugaboo Glacier was too far south to make the main peaks accessible, and we therefore decided to abandon Camp II and establish a high camp on the north side of the valley. We knew such a campsite existed at treeline directly below Snowpatch Spire and were determined to find it. Next morning, accordingly, we packed a second installment of supplies to Camp II and there found to our chagrin that our sworn enemy, the porky, had, in our absence, outwitted us again by ripping to shreds the front door to the tent and once inside, finding no food, had sadistically torn holes in our vinylite air mattresses. Accepting this additional misfortune stoically, we dismantled the camp, remade our packs, and continued up a faintly blazed trail along the crest of the right hand lateral moraine. This had evidently been little used for the footing was at best precarious where the path skirted the very brink of the 300 foot bank, which in spots had become undermined by erosion and in others was overhung by densely matted scrub pine that had to be circumvented on the outside. Just at dusk we found our campsite--readily identified by the litter of cooking utensils left behind by the ill-starred Sierra party of 1948. Over a pot of stew we discussed tomorrow's climb of Pigeon Spire. Shadows slowly engulfed the valley far below until finally only the highest peaks were tinged by the rosy alpenglow. An after-dinner cigarette and we were ready to hit the sack after a fatiguing day.

A filling bowl of oatmeal got us off by 7 the next morning. Our route lay for the first half hour over a huge boulder field below Snowpatch Spire. Changing to crampons, we then climbed another tongue of Bugaboo Glacier lying north of Marmolata and south of Snowpatch. At one point we passed directly beneath the appalling southwest face of Snowpatch--a precipice so unbroken and sheer that I could not help staring at it in fascination and wonder. Its immense facets were hewn on the same titanic scale as El Capitan in

Yosemite.

Beyond Snowpatch our route proceeded up steep snowfields below the beetling east face of Pigeon Spire. We gave a sigh of relief that it was not necessary to assail these gargantuan slabs, but that a somewhat less severe route was to be found on the other side of the mountain. Following the standard route up the southwest ridge over what resembled great boiler plates we arrived without much difficulty at the southwest summit where the more interesting portion of the climbing begins. From the southwest summit a deep cleft between it and the main summit is reached by descending a vertical chimney. We now ventured out on the north face over a series of fairly wide snowy ledges. Here Tim insisted on trying a variation on the regular route which continued up a broad couloir to our left. Above our heads was a sinuous layback crack, overhanging in the central portion. It was on this overhanging section that Tim met his match, and the ominous scraping of clothing on rock as he repeatedly slipped back finally forced him to desist. Still bound to improve on the standard route, we picked a narrow jam crack that widened upwards into a chimney. The start on this presented some genuinely difficult problems due to a paucity of holds. Once above the chimney, however, we saw the layback referred to in Thorington's guide--a short ten foot pitch of no great difficulty. Beyond this the route lay across a smooth 45° slab with a finger crack along its upper margin to facilitate a traverse. Another ropelength and we were on the summit.

A magnificent panorama rewarded us. We perched ourselves on a massive ledge of sun-warmed granite overhanging the southeast face and devoured our meager lunch of cheese and crackers. Bugaboos surrounded us on all sides. Especially impressive were the dark battlemented towers of the Howser group to the west, which rose sheer above the Bugaboo névé and were separated from it by an enormous bergschrund. This, our first perfect day, was to usher in over a week of brilliantly clear weather. It seemed as if the fates were smiling on us at last.

Reluctantly we quit the summit and started the descent. On the way down the snowfield we noticed with a start that a snow-bridge we had used that morning had since collapsed. After leaving the glacier, my bramani soles gave me a large advantage over Tim's nailed boots in scrambling down the boulder field we had crossed that morning and before I knew it he was nowhere in sight. As I hurried on I became less and less sure of my whereabouts, and finally came to a confused halt in the midst of stony wastes, discouragingly alike in all directions. Stumbling over boulders and through scrub, I could not for the life of me locate our camp, and thought of Tim, probably already sitting in camp laughing at my trail-finding talents. After half an hour I conquered my pride and hailed him. To my surprise he answered me from close at hand. He was as lost as I! At least our shouts had the effect of flushing a mountain goat which flashed across our path in consternation. By pooling our resources we managed to reach camp before dusk. The best we could do by way of celebrating the climb of our first real Bugaboo, in lieu of some of Jim Cooke's Cointreau, was a can of

fruit cocktail. Anything, however, even fruit cocktail, would have tasted like the sweetest ambrosia at that moment.

Next morning, after amusing ourselves with the audacious ground squirrels that swarmed over our high camp, we started down to the base cabin for a welcome day of relaxation and more solid fare than the familiar dehydrated foods. These off days were some of our most pleasant in the Bugaboos. In the shadow of the great peaks we sunbathed, read, washed clothes, took pictures, or just loafed.

Encouraged by our success on Pigeon Spire we determined to try our hand at Bugaboo Spire, which, we were well aware, might be quite another proposition. Bugaboo Spire, a great, thumblike obelisk rising 3000 feet above the snowfields at its base, was first climbed in 1916 by the celebrated Austrian guide, Conrad Kain, and was termed by him his most difficult Canadian ascent. The southern arête, the only practicable route to the summit, presents interesting fourth class climbing throughout, but is interrupted a short distance below the summit by the real pièce de resistance of the climb, a gendarme which requires balance climbing of a high degree of nicety to negotiate. Such then was our next objective.

The next day we started up the now familiar trail to the upper camp, packing more provisions. That night our talk revolved around one topic--would the gendarme go or not? We had read so much about the delicate nature of this pitch that I think we may be excused if beforehand we felt a little anxiety as to its outcome. We would have to see.

At seven the next morning we were ready to set off. We climbed steadily to the lower limit of ice, donned crampons, and continued across snowfields under the crushing presence of Snowpatch's mighty east wall. Climbing up a very steep, narrow snowfield, apparently raked continually by falling rocks, we reached the Bugaboo-Snowpatch col, where sneakers were put on and ropes unlimbered for the climb ahead. The lower portion of the ridge provided a succession of short, interesting scrambles over ledges with a good deal of loose rock. The two of us climbed simultaneously without finding the rope necessary until reaching a broad platform under a long shallow chimney, which looked as if it might present moderate difficulties. The chimney, which was actually a series of adjacent cracks separated by rock ribs which yielded few direct holds but could be climbed by opposed pressure, led back to the main ridge. Already we could see the gendarme looming 500 feet above us. Ropelength after ropelength fell behind us along the splintered ridge and we were finally in a position to examine the gendarme at close range.

The prospect was far from reassuring. The gendarme, a grotesque tower entirely blocking the ridge, seemed to lean forward as if to catapult us into space should we dare to proceed. Its hostile flanks, dropping away in sheer slabs to the gleaming snowfields over 2000 feet below gave not the slightest hint of holds, even when viewed through six power binoculars. Lunch was consumed while we debated the possibilities. Finally no more delay was permissible, and Tim, being the more optimistic member of our party, was unanimously acclaimed leader.

Between us and the actual start of the friction or balance traverse across the left face of the gendarme was about 100 vertical feet of strenuous and shin-scraping climbing up interconnecting jam cracks on the right side of the ridge. About 20 feet below the summit of the gendarme Tim stopped and brought me up. We were reunited on an outward sloping ledge barely adequate for a belay stance. I stationed myself as best I could on this while Tim climbed over the ridge ten feet above my head and disappeared from sight. I was left alone in communion with the tremendous precipices of the East face until the clink of hammer on piton broke into my reverie. Silence again! Then a sudden violent tug on the rope informed me that there had been a slight miscalculation on the other side of the gendarme. Hailing Tim, I learned that he had fallen about four feet in attempting the second slab too fast and too high up but that now everything was under control. On the second attempt success was assured and soon after I heard a triumphant shout. Now it was my turn to address myself to the formidable difficulties Tim had just overcome.

From the belaying stance I climbed to the ridge, and, peering over, saw what lay ahead, a prospect that gave me new respect for Kain, who, despite the handicap of nailed boots, had first conquered these holdless slabs! The face was broken into two parts by a short overhanging crack or niche into which Tim had driven an angle piton which is probably unnecessary but gives a little additional protection for the route beyond. Between me and the crack lay a smooth face about eight feet wide lying at an angle of 70 to 80 degrees. After much hesitation I managed to bridge the gap by leaning far over towards the crack, and by gripping its underedge with my hands, and using whatever adhesion I could get on the face with my sneakers, gradually pulled myself across. Jamming myself in the base of the crack, I endeavored to remove the piton but was forced to give up by the precarious and cramped nature of my position. To describe the exposure at this point as thrilling would be an understatement. The crack can be climbed for about two feet to a point where one has the option of crossing a slab even more terrible than the first or continuing along a very narrow diagonal crack barely affording footing to a point, where by dint of a very delicate balance maneuver, one can drop down to a broad couloir and safety. I chose this latter route since I had no desire to emulate Tim in his fall on the slab. Soon it was all over, and both of us shook hands in token of hard-won achievement.

This level spot just above the gendarme had a particular interest for us in view of the somber tragedy enacted here in 1948. A party of four Sierra climbers had bivouaced on this ledge to wait out a thunderstorm when lightning struck. One, paralyzed, toppled over the West face immediately after the bolt hit while another was completely immobilized and had to be tied to the rock as his companions, rappelling on third degree burns, went for assistance. Delayed for days by bad weather, his rescuers returned to find the third member apparently lifeless. Cutting the ropes that bound him to the rock, they did not anticipate that his body, sliding down the slippery incline, would follow his comrade in a

plunge over the precipice before they could stop him. As we climbed on toward the southwest summit we were all too glad to forget these ghastly details, and concentrate on the beauty of the mountain landscape around us.

From the southwest summit a sharp descent and a traverse along a broken arête is necessary to arrive at the true summit. In descending the southwest peak a slightly overhanging, holdless 20 foot wall is encountered on which it is necessary to leave a doubled rope for the return. We had almost pulled the rope down before we realized the plight we would be in if we had no fixed rope to help us back up. Our return via the south arête might well have been cut off unless we could have regained the southwest summit by a desperate courte échelle with a platform of icy snow to stand on. At one point the arête between the summits becomes spectacularly narrow and offers an uninterrupted view down the unbroken expanse of the East face, a drop nearly equivalent to the height of three Empire State Buildings!

The summit register revealed that we were the first to make the climb since 1948, and that only a total of 15 persons had climbed the peak since 1941, despite the huge Canadian Alpine Club encampment in 1946. It seems a pity that this superb climbing area does not receive the attention it deserves.

The gigantic polished spine of Snowpatch Spire piercing the sky to the south dominated the view from the summit. From our eyrie Snowpatch presented such a formidable aspect that its ascent would appear impossible had not the impossible been accomplished in 1940 through the use of 23 pitons on the face above the prominent snowpatch. To the north lay the rugged spires of the little visited Bobby Burns group. On the farther horizons stretched the misty Rockies, the glacier-clad Selkirks, and the tumultuous array of the southern Purcells.

After half an hour on the summit we retraced our route down the south arête, setting up two rappels on the way, including one down the opposite side of the gendarme. Arriving at camp at six, we made short work of dinner, and were shortly thereafter in the sack.

The next two days followed the pattern set previously, and we were back in high camp for the climb of our last Bugaboo on the evening of the second. The weather showed signs of breaking its protracted clear spell that evening, and by next morning it was apparent we were not mistaken. We determined to climb the East ridge of Marmolata despite the elements, however, and 7 o'clock saw us ready to start. The climb was short and we were on the summit a little after 11. The rock was consistently interesting, although rotten in spots, especially on a nasty 40 foot vertical wall forming the first step of the ridge. On the summit the wind increased and low gray clouds scudding over the western divide soon brought us flurries of snow so we were quick to depart. By 2 o'clock we were back in camp and had already made the decision to pack down everything to the cabin. In the steady downpour with overloaded packs we stumbled more often than walked down the steep path, and were infinitely grateful upon finally reaching the dry snugness of

the cabin.

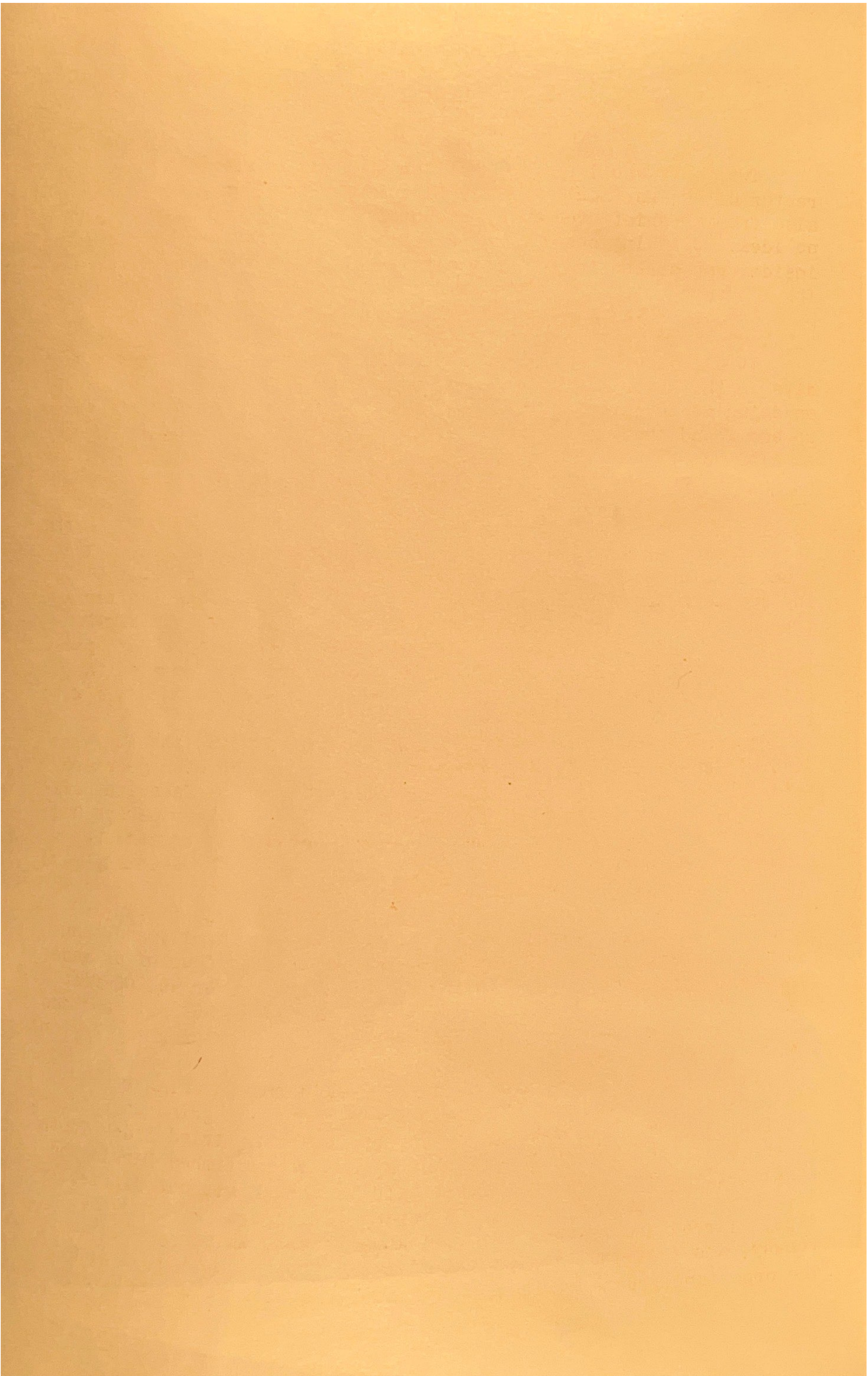
To our surprise we found McClain and a French Canadian friend had returned to stake some mining claims on the south fork during our absence, and were planning to leave the following morning. Having accomplished all we had planned upon in the Bugaboos and fearing that we had seen the best of the weather (which, as it turned out, we had) we made plans to leave with him a week earlier than originally intended.

Next morning everything beyond 100 yards was enveloped in fog and light drizzling rain, and as we prepared to leave just two hours short of 12 days after our arrival, not a trace of the great peaks we had lived with so constantly over this period could be seen. Perhaps now was the best time to make a farewell; a cycle was now complete.

Yet I left with the conviction that there will be a next time. Snowpatch Spire and the South Tower of Howser Spire still beckon compellingly.

BUGABOO SPIRE from the west base of Pigeon Spire. Ridge of ascent on the right.





CLIMBING AFTER FORTY

by Nathaniel L. Goodrich

Two years ago I retired, at the age of 70, from my job as Director of the Dartmouth College Library. When I am going to retire also from my chief avocations, mountain climbing and skiing, I have no idea. Climbing seems to be a sport which, provided one is sound inside, can be continued indefinitely, at least the kind of climbing I have done. This article, a brief account of my mountain experience, is likely to sound like blowing my own horn, but after all it is only a tin trumpet.

It all started because I spent the long vacations of my school days in the White Mountains, climbed everything in sight, and kept on doing it in later years. Recently, in an idle moment, I checked up and found that, counting every peak and hump which has a name or an altitude figure on the maps, I had, between 1895 and 1950, climbed 65 summits over 4000 feet in New Hampshire, and 29 more in the rest of the eastern mountains, from the Gaspé to North Carolina. But I was 43 before I ever saw a "real" mountain. I collected books about them, and had longings. In 1923 I went with an Appalachian Mountain Club party to the Canadian Rockies. It was chiefly a riding and pack-train trip, but a little climbing was done. After a try-out or two on easy peaks, several of us were taken up Sir Donald in the Selkirks by a professional guide. It is a rather spectacular peak. I was terrified the night before, not much on the climb, and very content afterward. As a result I was infected with the climbing fever.

The cheapest way to cure it seemed to be to join the Alpine Club of Canada and attend their annual camps, which each year are held for two weeks at some good climbing spot in the Canadian Rockies. This I did six times between 1925 and 1939. They always had a couple of Swiss guides in camp, and I managed to get taken up some handsome peaks - Assiniboine, Victoria, Brazeau, Columbia, and a lot of others. Columbia was a frightful grind. From a fly camp at 10,000 feet on the edge of the 100 square mile ice-field, we plodded eight miles across it, 2,000 feet to the summit, and then all the way back. From the camp in the upper Yoho four of us made the first ascent of Mt. Olive, a dark tooth just over 10,000 feet sticking out of the Wapta ice-field. We picked a bad route and had some close shaves with loose rock, but made it, to our great content - then found there was a way down which was just a scramble.

But I wanted to see other ranges beside the Canadian Rockies, and several times went elsewhere. I made the long grind up Rainier; got Paul Petzoldt to take me up the Grand Teton; tried Black Tooth in the Big Horns but failed; in the High Sierra climbed Darwin and Langille, the latter also a first ascent, though without difficulty. Even all this was not enough. Climbing as a sport began in the Alps. I read and re-read the well-known books, Whympfer, Stephan, Conway, and felt that at least I must see those famous mountains. The opportunity came at last, and what I did with it was not very

impressive, but to me immensely satisfying. I climbed three spectacular and historic peaks, Jungfrau, Mont Blanc, Matterhorn, then called it a day and spent the rest of my time just happily wandering about the Alps and looking at them. Another summer I spent two weeks on the French side of the Pyrenees, mostly just walking about in their lovely green foothills. But I did persuade a guide to take me up the highest, Nèthou, a pleasant glacier walk, ending in a short airy knife-edge of rock. Over at the eastern end of the range I walked up the Canigou, a 10,000 foot mass overlooking the Mediterranean, by road and footpath. There was an odd circumstance about that climb. When I got back to the hotel I was surprisingly exhausted. But a careful study of the map and guide book, which I had neglected to make before starting, disclosed that I had climbed, and descended again, 8000 vertical feet, and walked 24 miles. Of course, if I had known that I probably would never have started at all, and if I had would never have made it. Such is psychology.

As I was at Dartmouth all this time, of course I had been skiing as well as mountain climbing. Actually I went to Switzerland to ski several years before I went there to climb. That winter I skied the slopes at Murren and Wengen, did the gorgeous five miles of the Parsenn, and with a guide crossed the 10,000 foot glacier passes from Klosters to St. Anton, three perfect days with perfect snow. I skied a little in our west, before the resorts were developed - at Donner Pass, on Mt. Rainier, at Skoki in the Canadian Rockies, where one of our party was killed in an avalanche. And, although - believe me, please - I was a very poor skier, I had a perfectly grand time.

In 1941, two young friends, Landon Rockwell, '35, and his wife, asked me to join them for a month in the Canadian Rockies. It was a perfect trip. They had their car, and we went where we pleased. We did easy climbs, guideless, when we felt like it, but spent much time wandering about the alplands, photographing and just looking. For Victoria and Athabaska we had a guide, likewise for Edith Cavell, which was the climax of the trip. That steep and airy east arête, with loose rock and a skim of snow, proved to be the most difficult climb I had ever made. The descent was by the easy west slopes, followed by an endless plod all along the north side to the starting point. We were out sixteen hours, and very weary. But I was happy that at 61 I still could take it.

Then came the war. In 1946, I spent two weeks with an A.M.C. party in the Sangre de Cristo range in Colorado, where, among other things, we climbed Crestone Needle, 14191 feet. In 1949, during an Arizona trip on which we got to Monument Valley, Rainbow Bridge, and the Havasu Canyon, I made the top of Humphreys, 12,611 feet, in the San Francisco group. And that is the last to date.

Why did I do all that? Well, as I said, I had always been interested in mountains. Then, when I found I could get to the top of an impressive peak without damage to myself or embarrassment to my companions, there was lifted from me the burden of an old inferiority. I had never been able to do a thing in any form of school or college athletics. Now I had found a game I could play not too badly. Moreover, it was one played by few, and regarded by many as a sport for supermen only, so that one got more admiration than

he deserved. It is pleasant to show a picture of a spectacular mountain, admit that you had climbed it, and accept the ensuing admiration. I always say that I went up by the easy way on the back side, but it never seems to spoil the effect. Actually, of course, I climb because I have an urge to get to the top of any hill in sight, the higher the better, and get a big kick out of it. It is a sort of built-in obsession, quite inexplicable. My chief desire has been to get to the top, so I have almost always picked the easiest route. Really difficult rock or ice work never attracted me. I have never seen a piton in use, nor used the rap-pel, except once on a practice cliff. I have almost always climbed behind a leader, with the moral help of the rope - I insist I have never been hauled up - just a tight rope, never a pull - well, almost never. From all this the expert will readily place me as a very indifferent climber, which is correct. But I got to the top of a lot of fine peaks, and had a wonderful time doing it.

TALUS

Last summer's crop of Dartmouth mountaineering ventures, the largest since the war, brought back to Hanover an inspiration for the Club to attempt new and bigger things. It was demonstrated by several parties that big mountaineering in the U. S., Canada, and Alaska is not beyond the reach and means of the average Dartmouth student. With next summer's prospects in view, it appears that the D.M.C. is again approaching the level of activity which it reached previous to 1941.

Summer 1951....

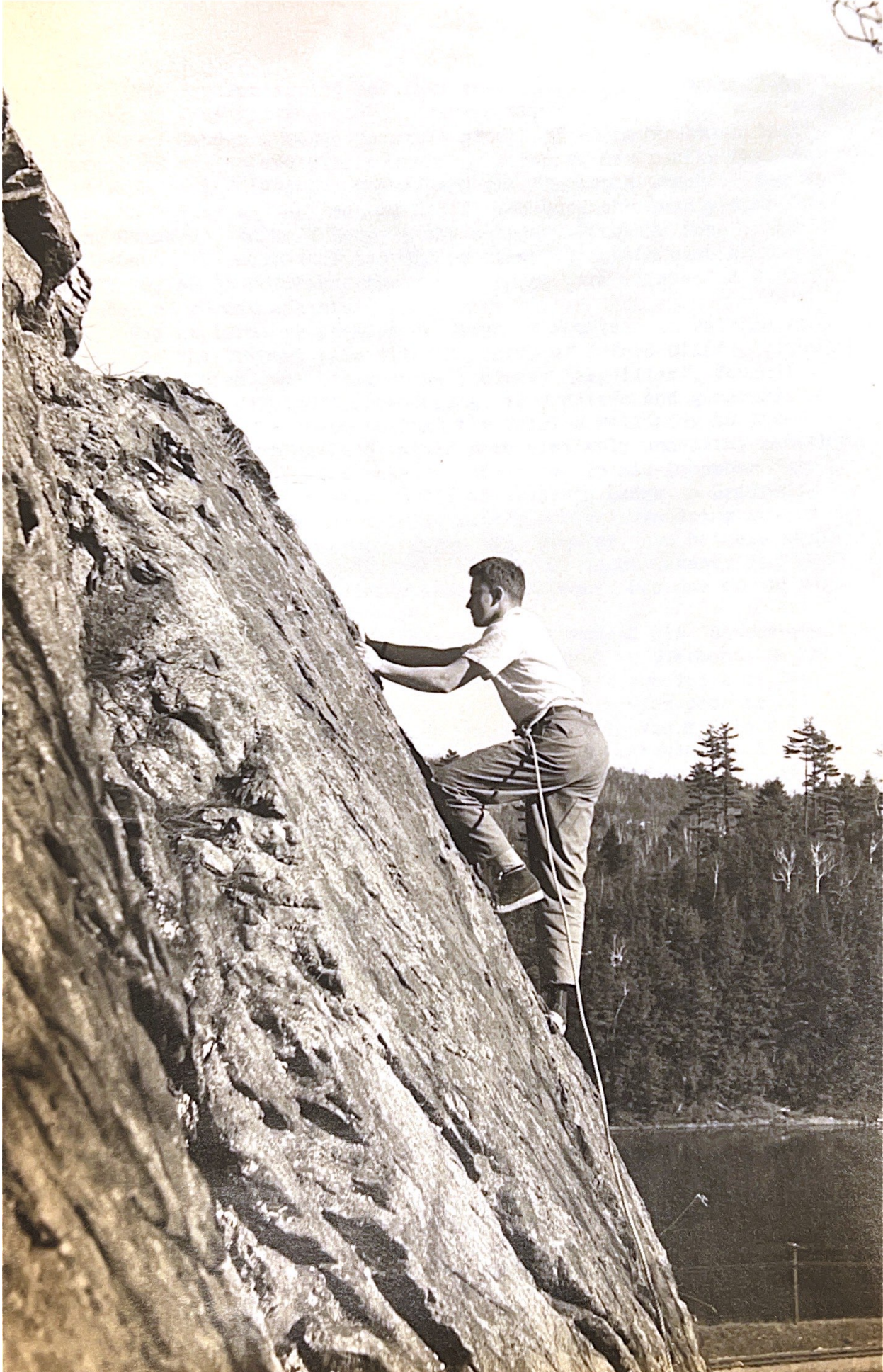
The outstanding mountaineering event of last summer, the ascent of Mount McKinley from the west, was instigated and planned by Jerry More '52 and Barry Bishop '53, and carried out through the participation of America's leading Alaska mountaineers. Movies of the climb taken by Jerry brought much excitement to a Hanover lecture audience in crowded Webster Hall. Jerry has now climbed North America's first, third, fifth, and sixth peaks (McKinley, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, and Ixtaccihuatl), and is now thinking about trying Aconcagua, the Western Hemisphere's highest.

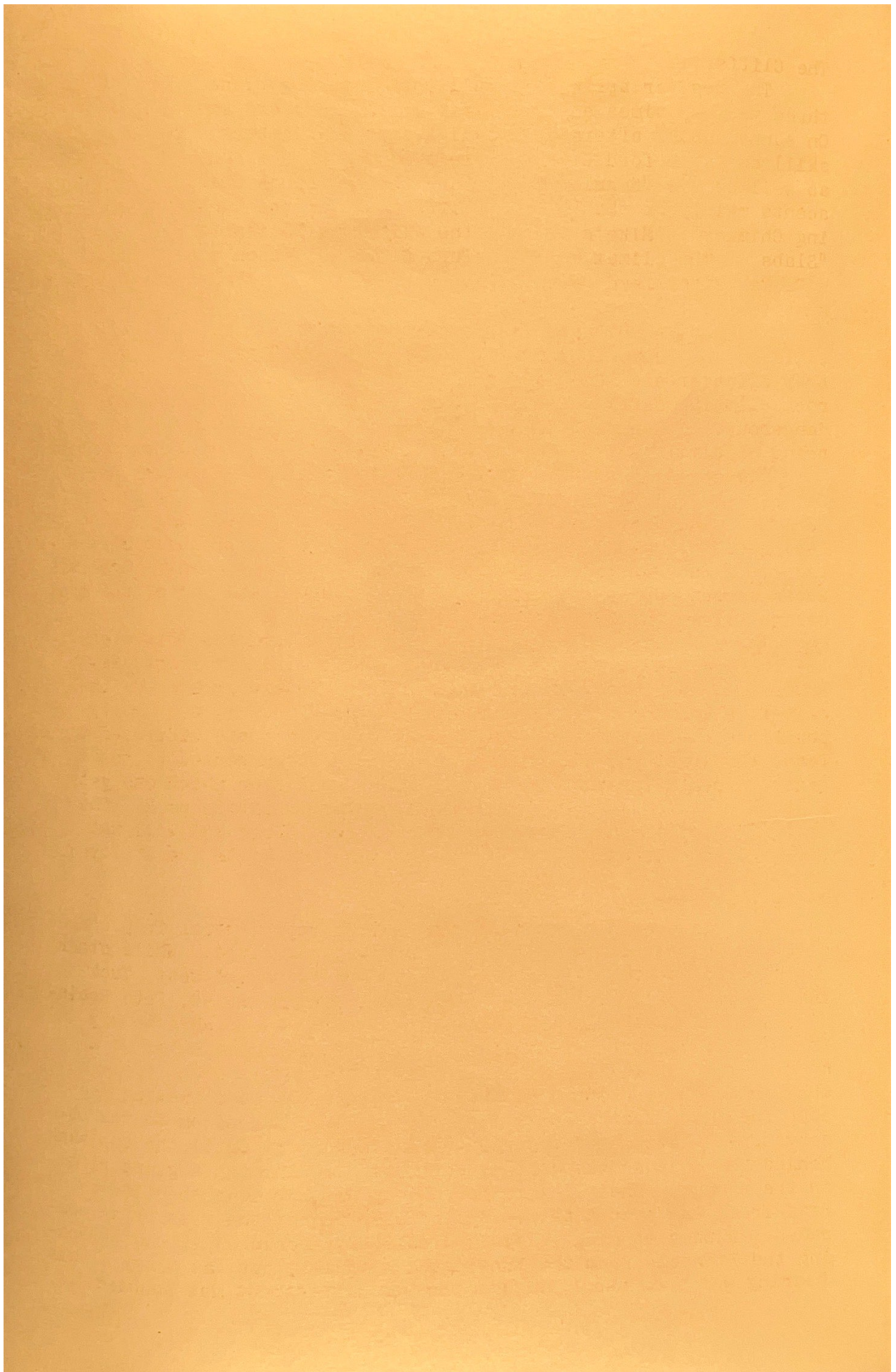
Back in Colorado in August, Jerry, and Rodg Ewy '53 gained a favorable impression of the conglomerate Crestone peaks. Bob Collins '54 could be found at a Scout Camp in Ward introducing the younger set to "high adventure", making lots of ascents in the Front Range, and getting plenty of that back-packing he "eats up".

On June 30th Jim Cooke '52 and Pete Robinson '54 set out from the East in Jim's "Old Unfaithful" '49 Studebaker for two months of climbing in the West. After a brief sojourn in the Colorado Rockies highlighted by an early season snow ascent of Longs Peak, and a "Friday the Thirteenth" ascent of Navajo Peak (13,406 ft.) with Bob Collins, they spent a month in the Tetons climbing all the major peaks except Mount Owen. On various ascents they were joined by Skip Crosby '52, Lefty Leavens '53, Phil Cooke '54, and other scholar mountaineers from Stanford and Oregon State. Later when they were denied the privilege of climbing Mount Rainier unguided, Jim and Phil tried some skiing on Paradise Glacier while Lefty and Pete spent a pleasant afternoon traversing Pinnacle and Castle Peaks in the Tatoosh Range, both of which are little higher than Mount Washington.

Percy Crosby, Club Vice-President, came back to Hanover in the fall with perhaps the finest set of photographs ever taken in the Bugaboo Region. These together with his descriptions of this collection of beetling spires and crags has so excited Club members that an extensive expedition into the area is planned for 1952. By breaking the ice last summer possibly Percy has created an interest which will make the Bugaboos, like the Tetons, a favorite stamping ground of Dartmouth mountaineers for many years to come.

PRACTICE CLIMBING ON NORWICH CLIFF.





The Cliffs....

The regular spring and fall rock climbing classes were held three to four times a week; first at the Bema and later at Norwich. On sunny Sunday afternoons small groups of climbers tried their skill on the Orford Cliffs where a number of new routes were done as well as the "Regular Route" and the "Durrance Crack". New ascents mainly on the "Second Cliff" included the twenty-foot "Swinging Chimney", "Mike's Ledge", the slippery "Indian's Nose", and the "Slabs". The climax of the Orford Climbing season came at the D. M.C. Day steak feed when three new routes were climbed as well as a number of second ascents.

Two exploratory parties on Sawyer's Mountain in Fairlee (the cliff on the Vermont side slightly north of Orford Cliff), although they discovered some picturesquely minute "aiguilles", found the rock climbing difficult, outsloping, very rotten and generally dangerous. It was inferred that the Fairlee Palisades to the south, being of similar structure, would have similarly unhealthy climbing.

One especially warm Saturday afternoon in mid-December three climbers tested the possibilities of Sawyer's Ledge in Bradford, Vermont. The cliff proved to be mainly rotten outsloping schist offering no hope of climbing. There was, however, one notable exception in a two hundred foot slab, sloping at about seventy degrees, whose ascent, while requiring exacting balance, was one of the most delightful in the Hanover area.

Three days later Ralph Miller '55 introduced his "discovery", Peaked Mountain, a miniature wedge shaped peak in Piermont, New Hampshire. An ascent of the three hundred foot precipice of the east face was made in a bitterly cold wind with very poor belay positions. After a hair-raising traverse across the middle of the face, the worst part of the upper face was circumvented to the right to reach the small meadow on the summit from which one gets a striking impression of the isolation of this little peak. The upper part of the big face was examined from above and will not yield to many lines of attack unless expansion bolts are employed.

White Mountains....

For the annual Harvard Weekend D.O.C. Presidential Trip a special D.M.C. rock climbing party of six was organized. While other Outing Club men tackled the range from the north and west, Tuck Knight '52, Percy Crosby, Lefty Leavens, Mike Marx '54, Pete Robinson, and Phil Cooke camped at Hermit Lake for two nights to try their skill on Huntington Pinnacle, and incidentally make two ascents of Mount Washington. Saturday the standard ridge route on the Pinnacle was climbed with slight variations in a blowing pea soup fog. The weather opened up as the party pushed on to the Observatory. Lefty, Mike, and Pete remained aloft until the sun sank behind the Adirondacks as they were revealed through a giant rift in the clouds. Their reward for a long slither down the Lion's Head Trail was a cold pot of "glop" prepared by their snoozing comrades. Sunday morning, clear and cold, was occupied in photographing the Pinnacle from the Huntington Headwall, but, as heavy clouds bearing wet snow swept in from the west, a retreat was sounded.

At Thanksgiving two D.M.C. men joined Chubbers in a trip to Chimney Pond on Mount Katahdin. Due to wind and rain, only Pamola Peak (4,902 ft.) was reached, and this in a powerful gale laden with searing sand-like snow. A view of the great Knife Edge (which could be had only through goggles) brought about a unanimous decision to retreat. On the descent an indefatigable rock man tried the Great Layback Route of Index Rock -- solo! Time: fifteen seconds.

The weekend before Christmas vacation Bill Briggs '54, Larry Taylor '54, and Bill Bryan '54 set out to reach the "Pemigiwasset Wilderness" from the north. Although failing in their ultimate objective, they climbed South Twin (4,926 ft.) and brought back tales of life in thirty below zero cold.

December 28th Ed Horton '54 (D.O.C.), Pete Robinson, and Kay Amsden of Sweet Briar (all Hanoverites) snowshoed from Franconia Notch to Greenleaf Hut in forty-six degrees of frost. With perfect, windless, sunny weather Ed and Pete pushed on to the summit of Mount Lafayette (5,249 ft.) a mile further on where they got a flawless view of the great white dome of Mount Washington arching upward into the azure sky. Having enjoyed some hot coffee back at the Hut, the three hurried down, reaching the Notch just at dark.

After a spell of warm, rainy weather in mid-January, there were hopes that there might be good ice climbing in the gullies of Huntington Ravine. Accordingly Lefty Leavens, Skip Crosby, Bill Bryan, and Pete Robinson set out in the D.O.C. truck with four Cabin and Trail men for Pinkham Notch where the two groups were to separate. At the lodge at Pinkham the Mount Washington forecast for Saturday the 19th was "very cold with winds up to ninety-three miles per hour." Without a second thought the D.M.C.'ers started out on snowshoe in the stormy night for the upper Hermit Lake Shelter which, at quarter to eleven, they found well furnished with snowdrifts.

Saturday dawned clear and cold, and the majority called for an ascent of Mount Washington via Tuckerman's Headwall. Icy winds chilled them until they reached the headwall itself, where the sun and the calm made the atmosphere almost balmy. Crampons were used from there to the summit without interruption. The headwall, on which steps were kicked, carried much less snow than in springtime, but at the top, when the thin crust supported by treetops gave way, one found oneself dangling up to the armpits in a bottomless abyss. At the observatory about 2:00 the climbers found that they had made the first non-business ascent in 1952. The view was peerless the compass round.

The descent of the headwall was made entirely on crampon points by way of the icy North Gully. After a delicious supper of "glop" (as usual), a rousing game of tag was played on the frozen surface of Hermit Lake to speed up body circulation before sacking in.

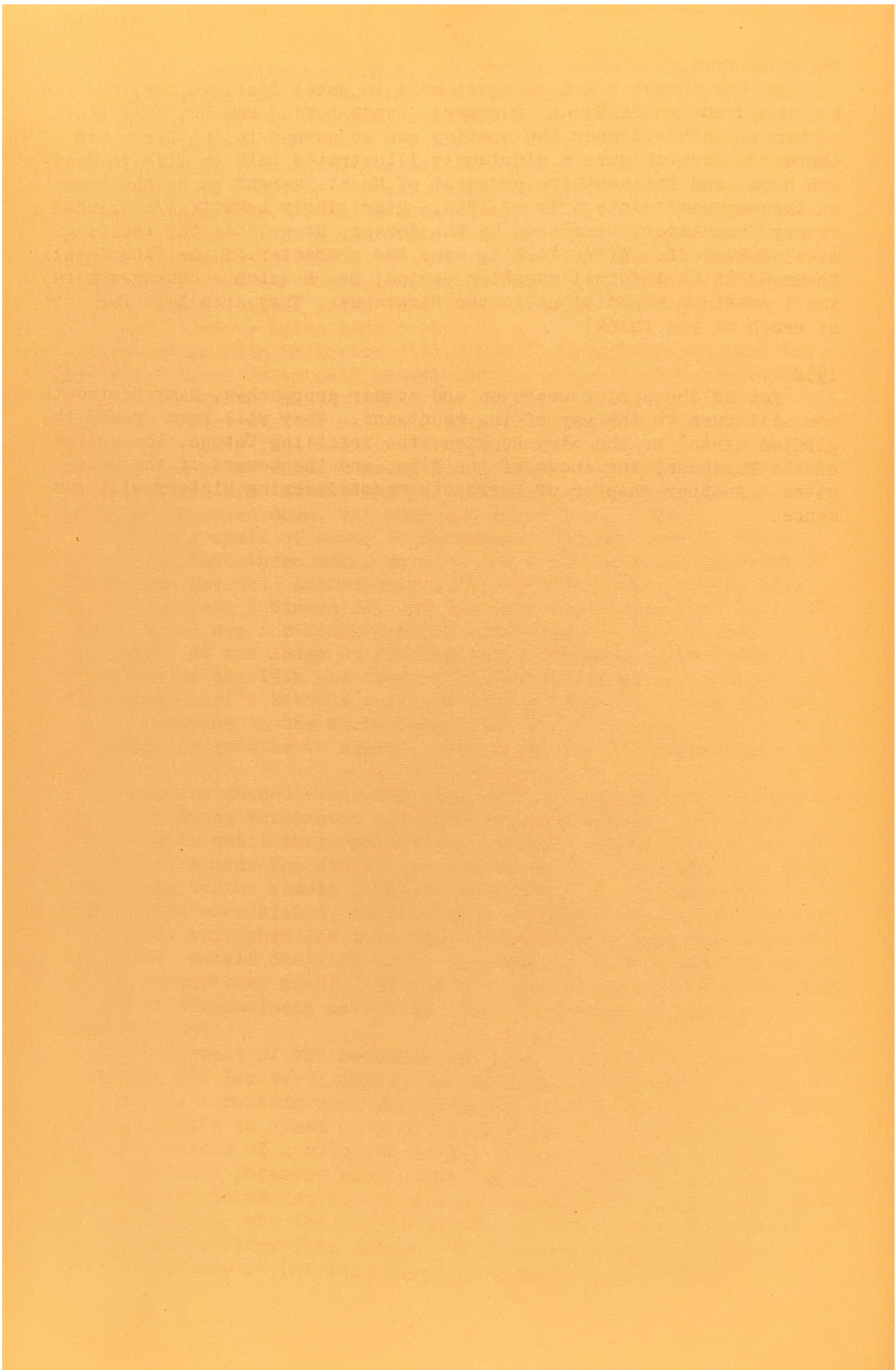
Regardless of a blizzard Sunday, before descending Lefty and Bill spent the forenoon reconnoitering Huntington Ravine while Percy and Pete lay in sodden sleeping bags discussing the merits of Bugaboo, Snowpatch, and the Howser Spires. Back at Pinkham it was found that King, Hollingworth, Hooke, and Mackay had climbed Mount High and Carter Dome (4,860 ft.) under more arduous conditions.

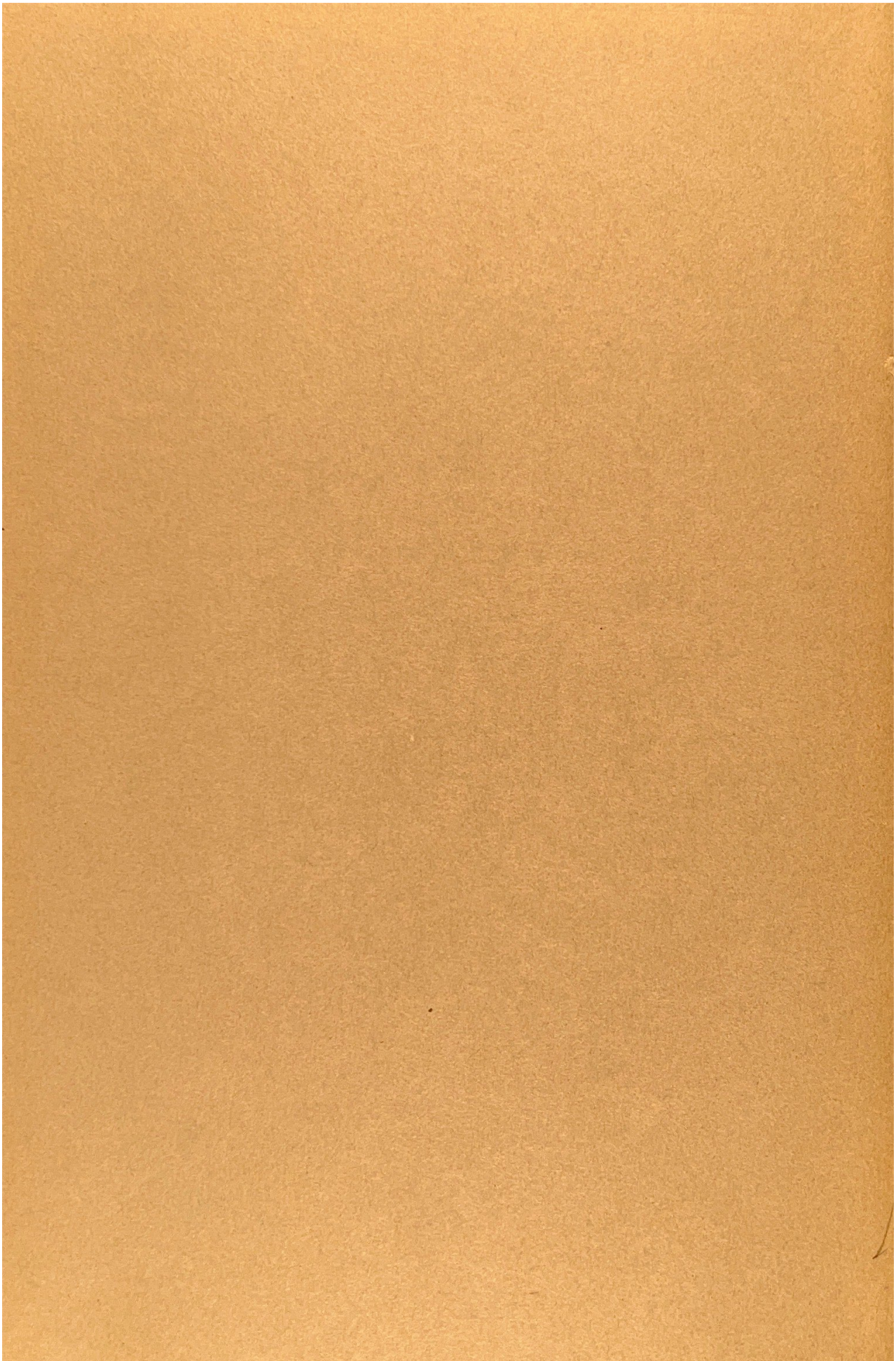
The Himalayas....

At the annual D.M.C. Banquet held in Hotel Coolidge, Dr. Charles Houston, veteran of Mount Foraker, Nanda Devi, and K2, was guest of honor. After dinner the meeting was adjourned to 105 Dartmouth where Dr. Houston gave a gloriously illustrated talk on life in Eastern Nepal and the southern prospect of Mount Everest as he saw them on the reconnaissance trip of 1950. Startlingly beautiful unclimbed twenty thousanders were seen by the dozens, as well as the towering mass of Everest. After talking over the character of the "Abominable Snowman" in an informal question period, Dr. Houston encouraged more small American expeditions to the Himalayas. They aren't so far out of reach as you think!

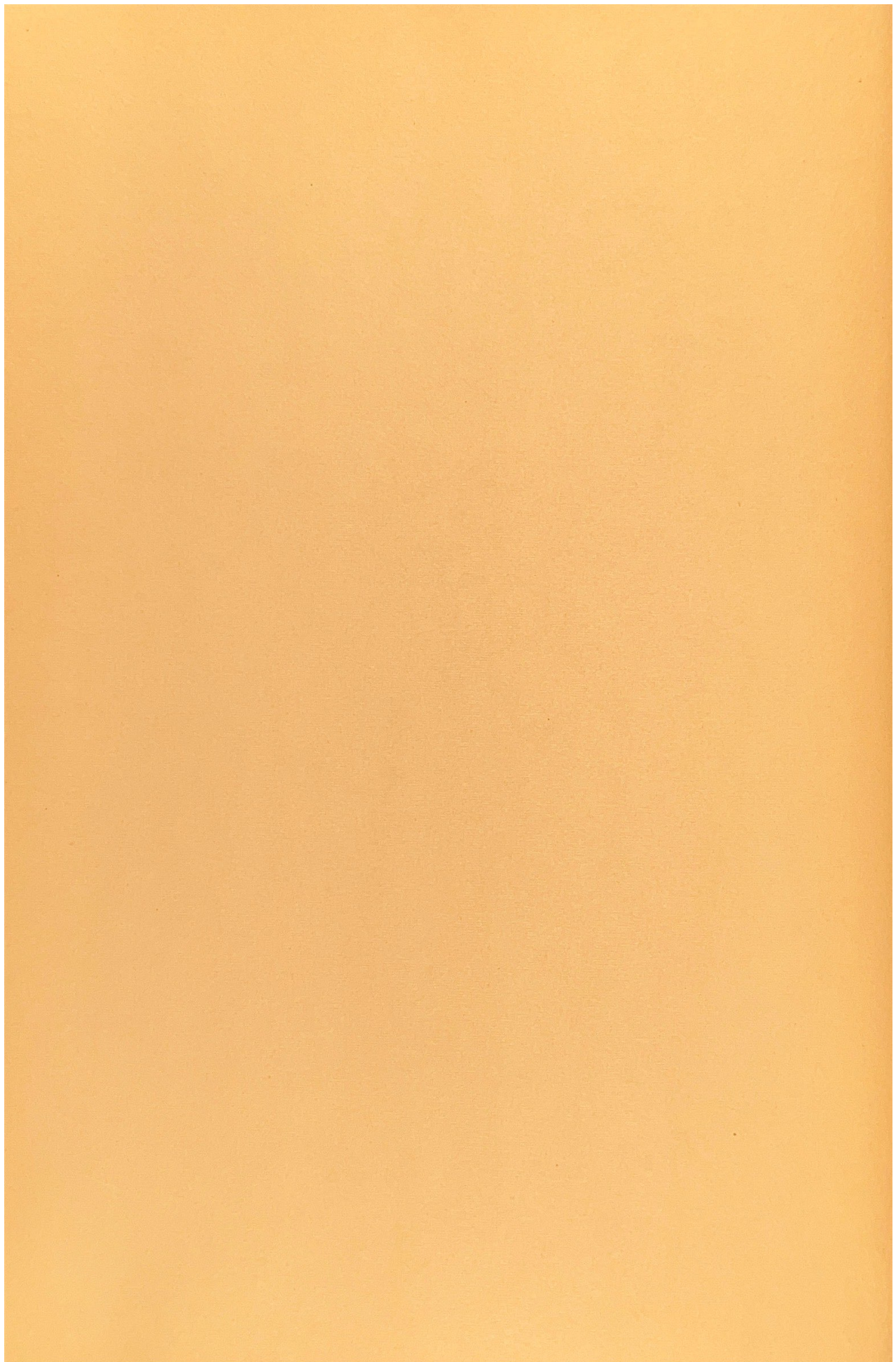
1952....

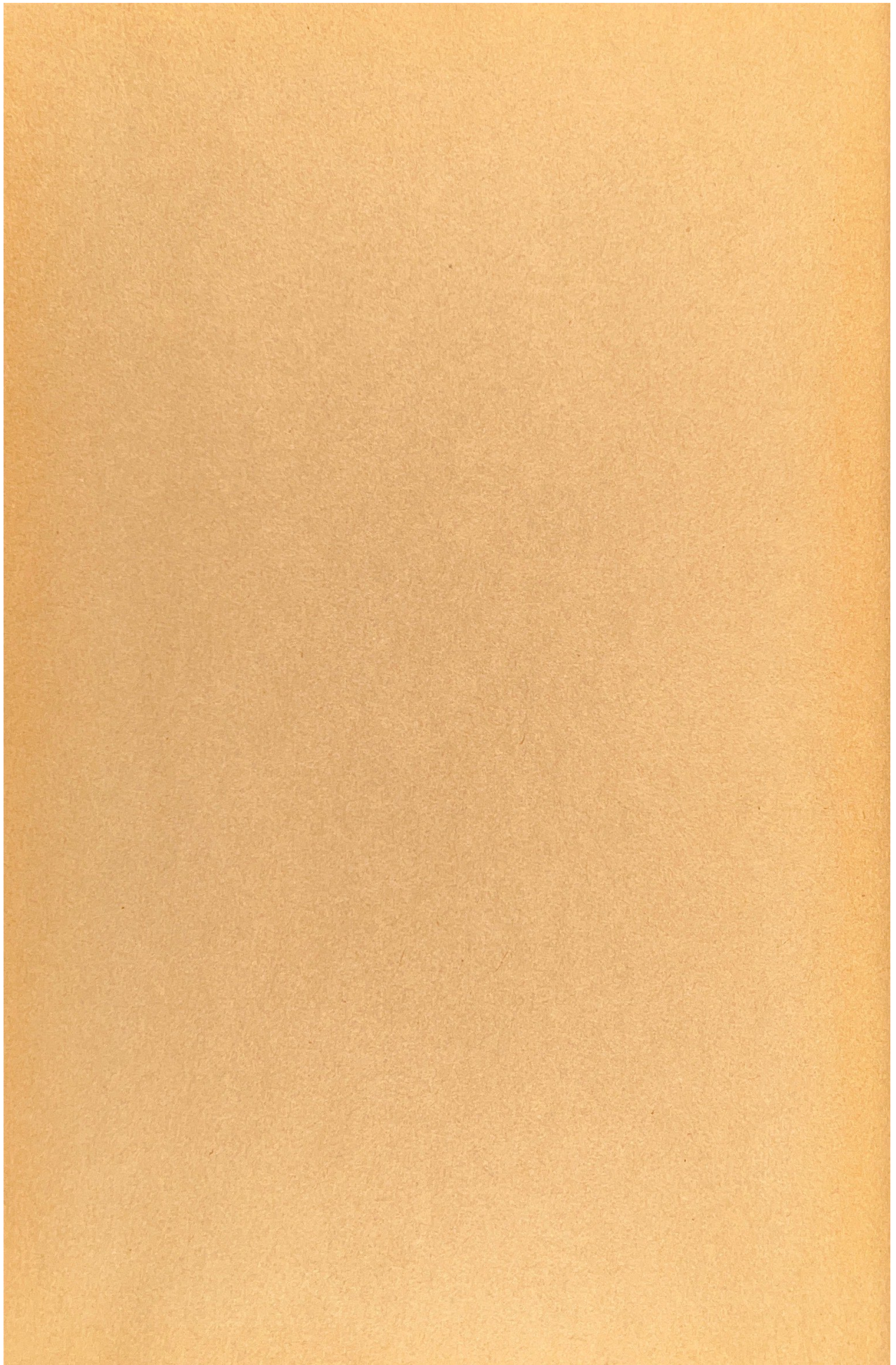
Now as the spring wears on and summer approaches, many Dartmouth men will turn to the way of the mountains. They will roam "round the girdled earth" to the airy Rockies, the bristling Tetons, the spires of the Bugaboos, the snows of the Alps, and the towers of the Dolomites. Another chapter of Dartmouth mountaineering history will commence.

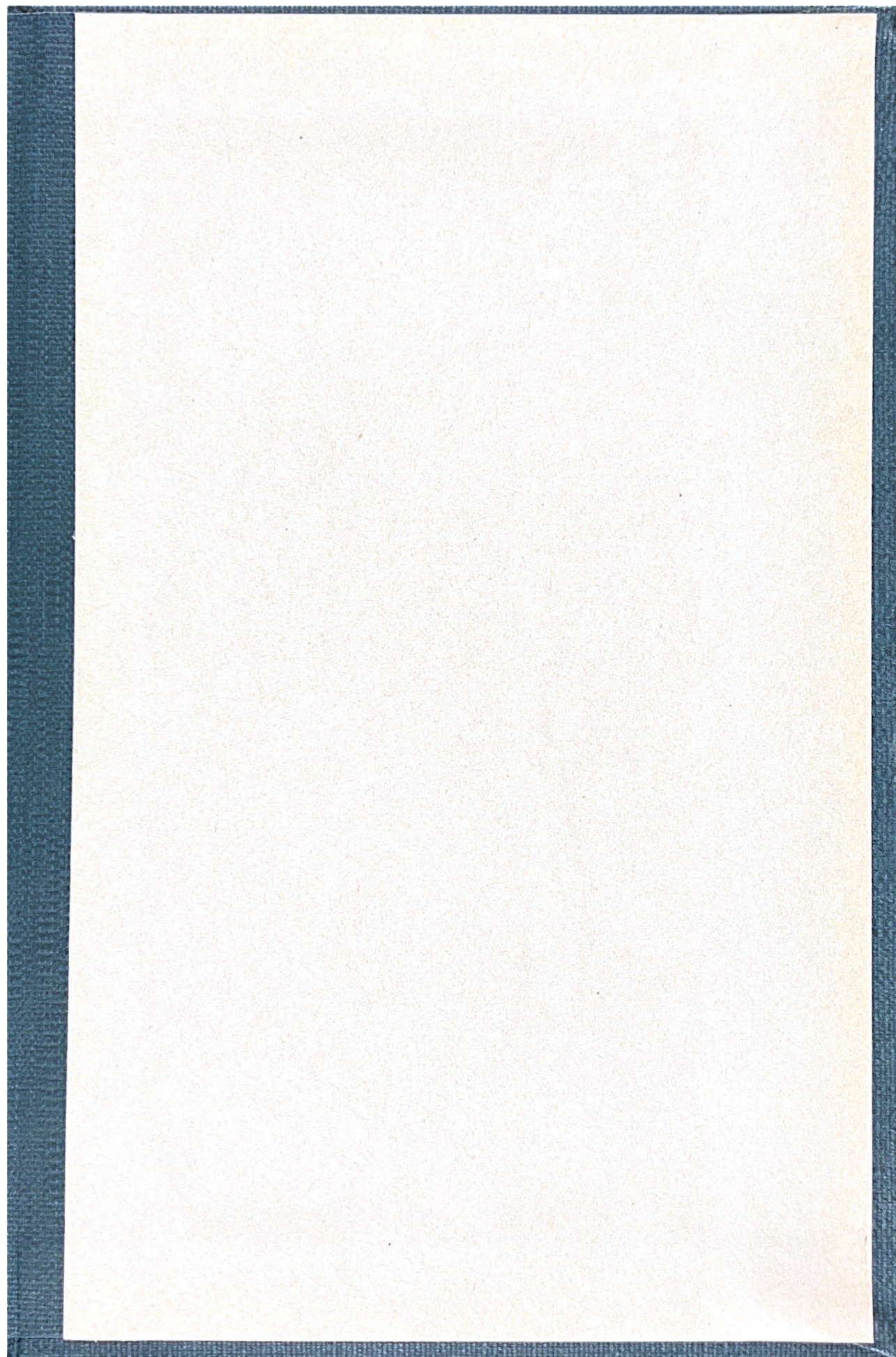












DARTMOUTH MOUNTAIN