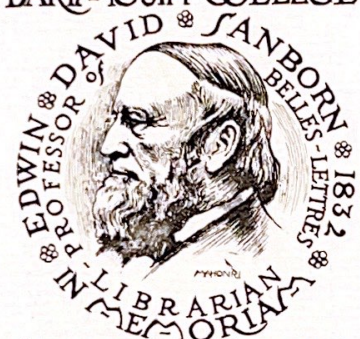


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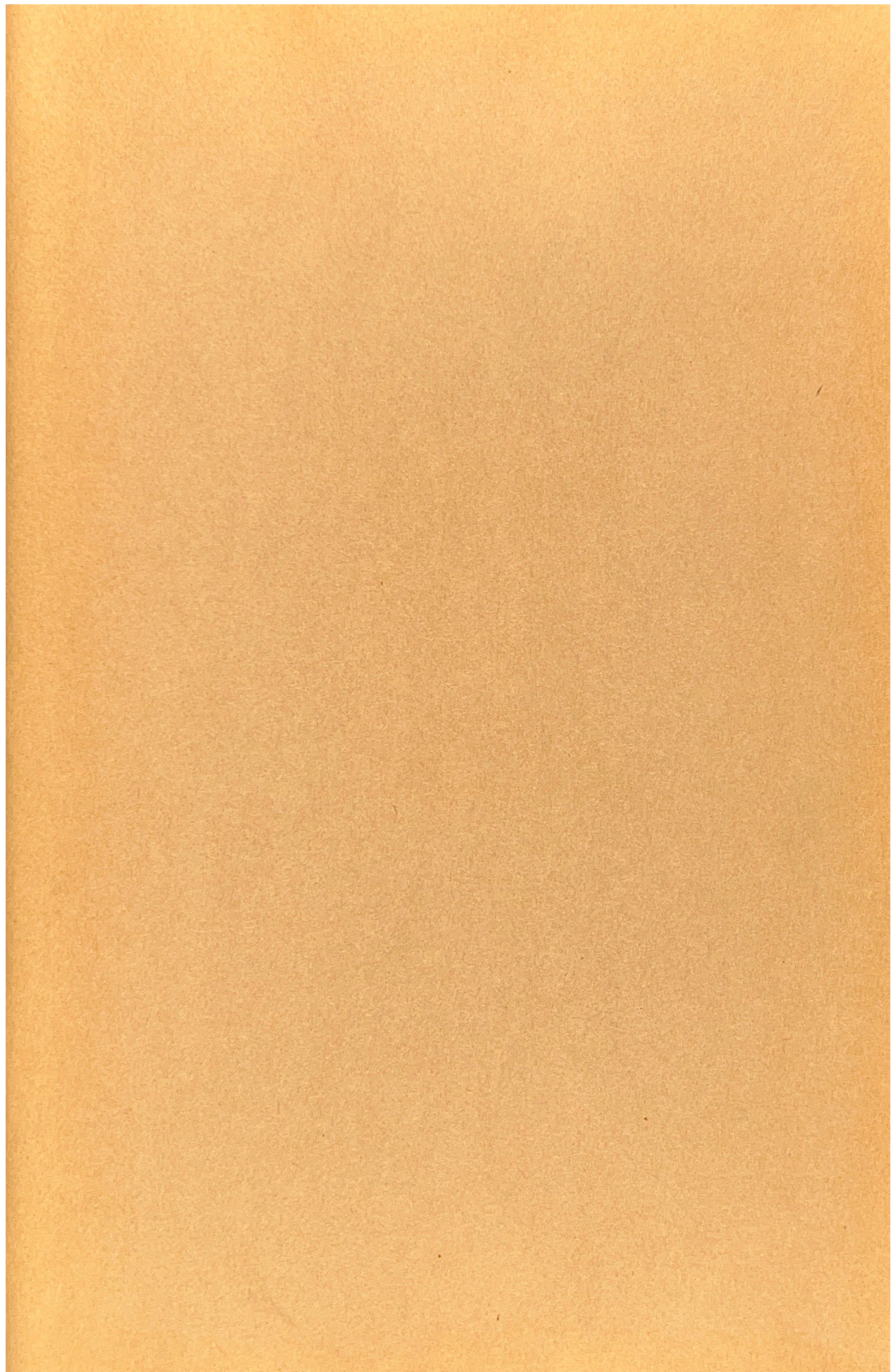
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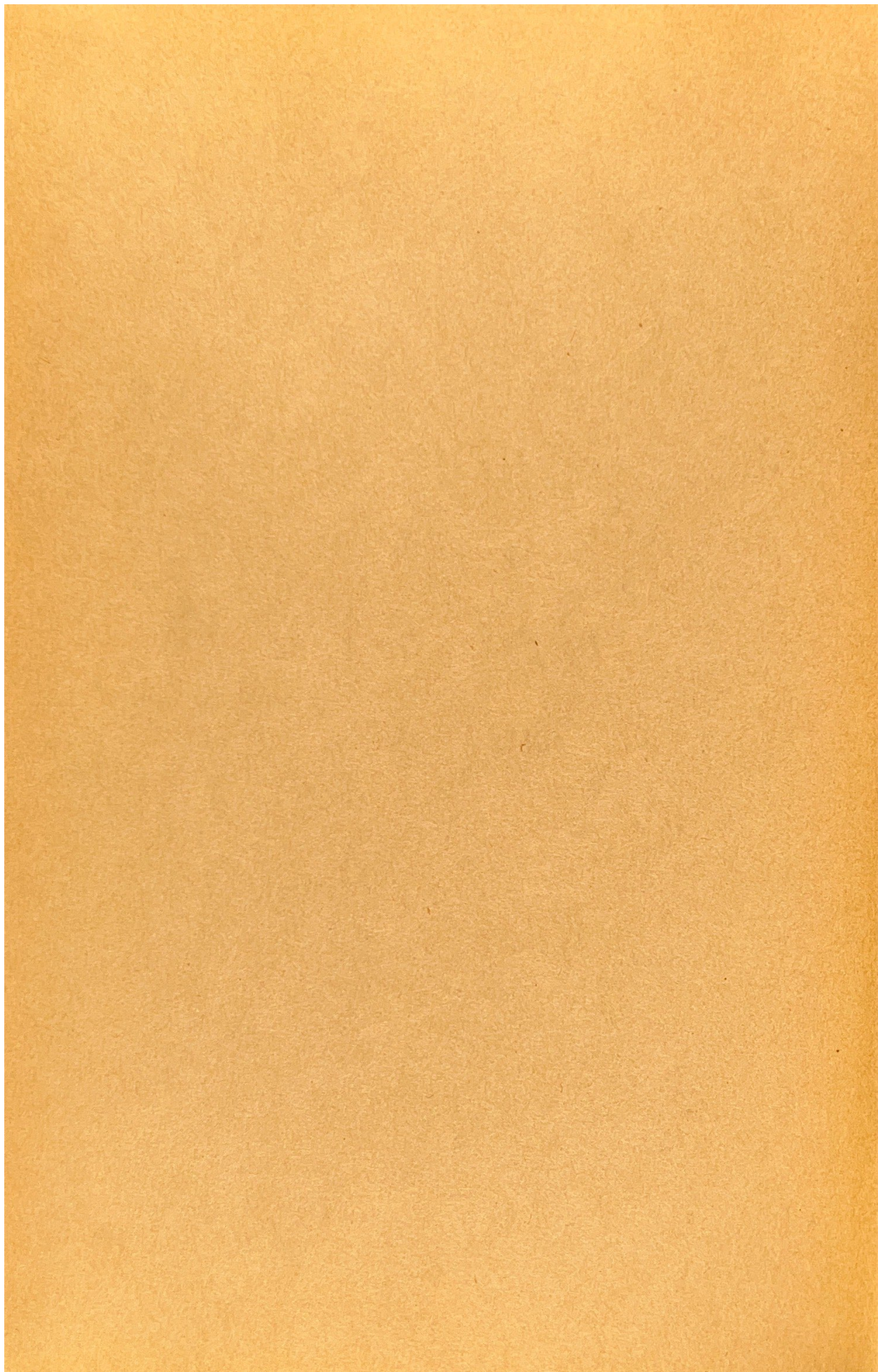
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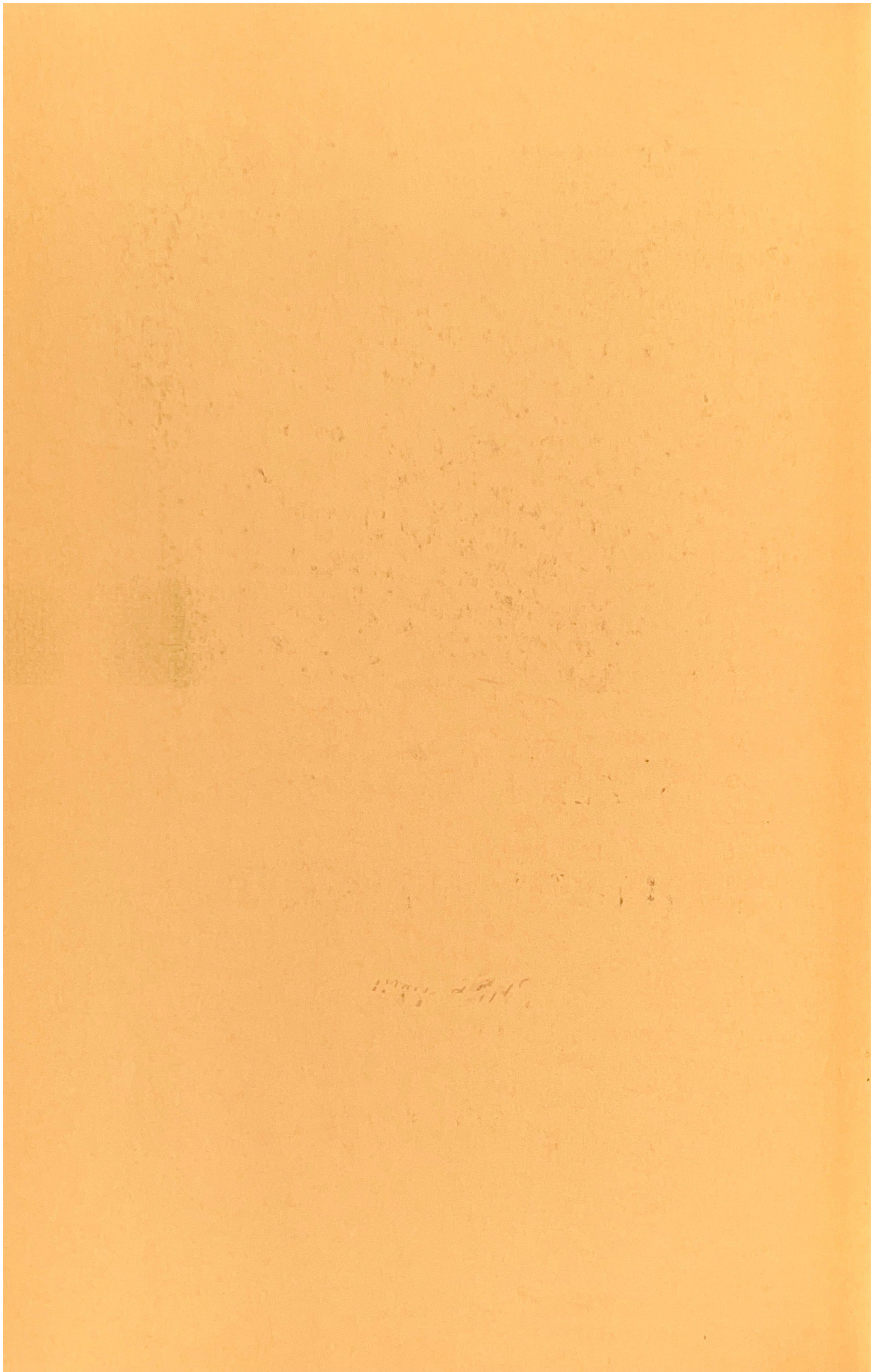


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ANNALS

The Annals of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences is a quarterly journal of research and scholarship in the humanities and social sciences. It is published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which was founded in 1812. The journal is known for its high quality and its focus on original research. It covers a wide range of subjects, including history, literature, philosophy, and the social sciences. The journal is read by scholars and students alike, and it is considered one of the most important journals in the field.

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ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS

by Peter G. Robinson '54

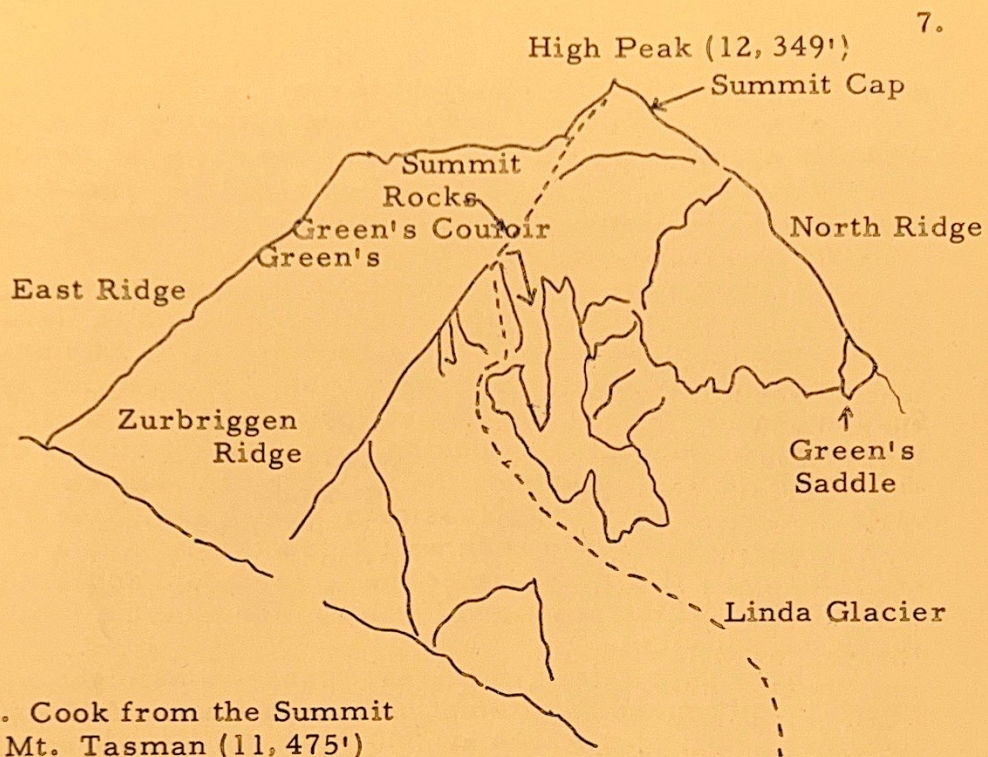
Strange isolated islands at the opposite end of the earth hold a fascination for the adventurous minded. As an undergraduate at Dartmouth I was wont to place New Zealand in this category. It seemed especially appealing when I read of the mountaineering which had been done there by W. S. Green, Conrad Kain, Arthur Harper, and Colin Wyatt, the first two having also done pioneer work in the interior ranges of British Columbia. Needless to say I was more than eager to accept a scholarship to study geology at the University of Otago in Dunedin, New Zealand. I have included in this story just three of the numerous episodes experienced in the New Zealand mountains. I hope the reader will excuse the abruptness with which I plunge into these stories, and the lack of description of my companions, who were most pleasant company and often not without a touch of color.

THE FOX GLACIER AND MOUNT TASMAN

On January 14th I arrived at Fox Glacier on the western side of the Southern Alps to meet Prof. A. R. Lillie, Andrew Packard, and Bernie Gunn for several weeks of combined mountaineering and geology. The next day Arnold, Andrew, and I carried heavy loads up the lower part of the Fox Glacier to Chancellor Hut at about 5000 feet. For me it was a day of surprises.

Early in the morning we picked up our packs from the sleeping place at the end of the road and trudged up a path through a dense tangle of vegetation most easily described as "jungle". From somewhere in the forest came the flutelike songs of the bell bird and the tui. In a short distance we came out onto the gravel flats of the Fox River. About three quarters of a mile above us the valley was blocked by the wall of moraine and blue ice, which forms the snout of the glacier, only 700 feet above sea level. On either side of the valley are steep rock walls, but even these are engulfed in dense forest growth. Straight ahead the summit of Mt. Tasman (11,475 feet) was just visible.

An hour later we scrambled up over the moraines, put on crampons, and started out up the irregular surface of blue ice. A mile up lay the mass of seracs composing



Mt. Cook from the Summit
of Mt. Tasman (11,475')
(from the north)
showing usual Linda Route.

the first icefall. It was necessary to bear over to the true left bank of the glacier, leave the ice with considerable difficulty, and by-pass the icefall up a very long gully choked with enormous boulders. There is no question of climbing these icefalls for they consist entirely of pointed seracs of blue ice surrounded by deep crevasses. A well equipped expedition might chop a way up the lower icefall in three or four days if they were not killed by falling seracs. The upper icefall is three or four times as high.

At the top of the icefall we were confronted by Paschendale, an evil looking crack between rock and ice which must be passed through to reach smoother ice between the icefalls. We crossed over to the north side of the glacier, and, after cramponing about amongst the crevasses, finally got off the ice. It was then necessary to climb straight up the valley wall for 1000 feet over bushes and loose rock in a groove known as "Purgatory Gully". A final long side in deep tussock brought us to the Chancellor Hut perched on a promontory hanging a thousand or more feet above the upper icefall. With our heavy loads the trip had taken twelve hours and had smashed forever my preconceived idea that where there is a hut there must be a trail. Nevertheless the local

guides make the trip in 3 1/2 hours!

At Chancellor Hut I had my first encounter with the rascally green parrot of the glaciers known as the Keah. Several were busy trying to break into the hut by pecking away one of the thresholds. They seemed to have the job nearly completed when we arrived.

After several days of geologic work, during which we were joined by Bernie, we moved on up the Fox Neve to the New Zealand Alpine Club's Pioneer Hut. With accommodation for eight in two wide bunks, Pioneer Hut is perched in an exposed position at 7800 feet on the west ridge of Mt. Douglas overlooking the upper snowfields of the Fox. As we approached the hut in the hot sun we were overtaken by glacier lassitude, the worst I have ever experienced. The rock wall below the hut was a great struggle to get up. Once there, we could appreciate to the full the position of this comfortable hut far above the snowline.

Three days later, with a hard frost in the night, we decided to make an attempt on Mt. Tasman. Andrew and I rolled out of the sack at 2:00 A.M. to begin breakfast. We strapped on crampons, roped up inside the hut, and left at 3:20. Bernie and I hurried on ahead over the frozen neve by the light of a head lamp, and Andrew and Arnold came later following our crampon marks. About fifteen minutes from the hut I found I had forgotten my camera, but there was no spare time to go back and get it.

Glacier navigation at night is not easy -- one sees the crevasses only when on the edge of them and the contours of the surface are impossible to comprehend. We sidled southward along the upper slope of the neve past the west ridge of Mt. Haast and the icefall from Marcel Col. A diagonal snow shelf runs back towards Marcel Col from the west base of Mt. Lendenfeld. Bernie cut steps up this in the earliest gray light before dawn. I led up over the final bergschrund and we reached the col just at the moment when the morning alpenglow on Cook and Tasman was at its most brilliant color. A southeast wind was blowing and all of the east side of the range, the Tasman Glacier and even the Grand Plateau, was submerged in low clouds. Conditions were perfect for an ascent from west of the divide.

In a minute or two Bernie and I started up the ridge of Lendenfeld (10,503 feet) with Andrew and Arnold close





behind. It was not difficult going, but numerous steps had to be cut because of an unreliable sastrugi crust. A large cornice on the east side had to be watched for. At 6:30 A.M. we assembled on the peaked-cap summit of Lendenfeld. It was Andrew's first real mountain ascent. It was decided that Arnold and Andrew should now return to Marcel Col while Bernie and I pushed on to Tasman.

The descent of the south ridge of Lendenfeld to Engineer Col proved to be the most difficult part of the day. We were in the shade and exposed to a cutting cold wind. On the steepest of three steps of hard ice, Bernie cut down while I belayed. Suddenly a loud cracking sound was heard in the ice nearby and gave us quite a scare. Nothing happened, however, and we reached Engineer Col at 7:30.

Beyond the col we were in the sun and more out of the wind. A sinuous snow arete led us up toward the great bosse of blue icicles called "The Shoulder". The final bit of this arete led off to the left of the ice cliffs and onto the steep face of the shoulder. Bernie cut several more lines of steps until the slope eased back and we cramponed straight up the slope to the domelike top. Up until this point Bernie had done most of the cutting and given me a marvelous exhibition. I now cut up several stretches onto the upper part of the shoulder, and we stopped for second breakfast at a point where the eastern cornice cut off most of the wind.

Never before have I eaten in such a thrilling position. There was little to be seen east of the divide except clouds and Mt. Malte Brun sticking up above them. All of the divide peaks were clear, but the passes between were filled with cloud streaming over from the east. To the west the eye led quickly down over jumbled glaciers, bare rock ridges, and jungle to where the great ocean rollers were breaking on the sunlit shore. Unbelievably far beyond lay the line of the horizon broken only by a few lowly clouds.

About 9:10 we turned our attention again toward the summit. A slight depression in the ridge guarded by two corniced bosses would bring us onto the final arete. In passing the two bosses on the west, we noticed a crack between them through which we could look straight down the east face. A short distance beyond the cornice disappeared and we climbed in a strong wind up the narrow crest of the arete itself. The arete broadened and flattened, and we walked a few feet southeast to the highest point at 9:45.

To the south we got a head on view of the Linda face of Mt. Cook. To the right Bernie pointed out Mt. Aspiring,

sticking up through a layer of clouds 90 miles to the southwest. Before coming to New Zealand I had hoped I would be fortunate enough to ascend one out of these three great peaks, and already my hope had been realized. With this ascent Bernie had now climbed all three.

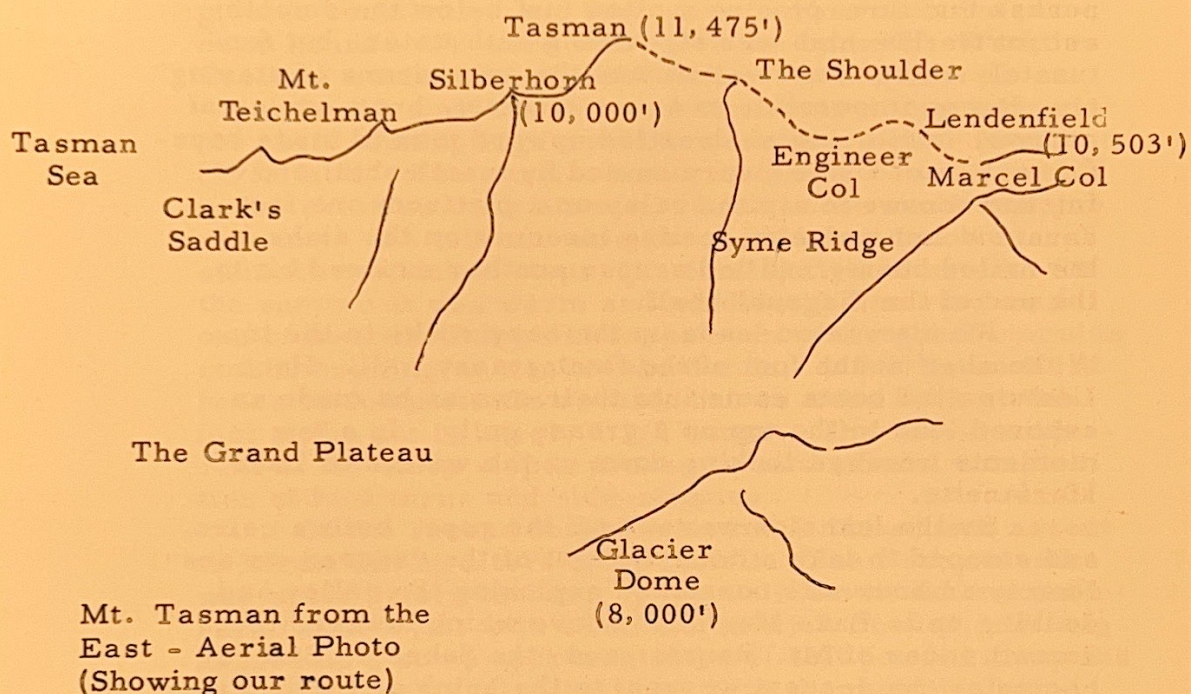
Turning now, back toward Marcel Col, we could distinctly see the figures of Arnold and Andrew looking at some rock formations. They too, it seems, could see us on the summit. Our steps proved a great help in descending and the descent was made without incident, although care had to be taken with the softening snow. We joined the others back at Pioneer Hut at 1:30, and an hour later Bernie was sound asleep like a true mountain guide.

THE FIRST ASCENT OF TWO LAKES

For the holiday at Easter time I joined two fellow students, Len Kitson and Ray Sherwood, for some climbing in the Darran Mountains near Milford Sound. Leaving Invercargill in a borrowed truck we drove north past Lake Te Anau, up the Eglinton Valley, and eventually to the Southland Section's hut near the eastern portal of Homer Tunnel at about 2000 feet. During the night, the weather cleared, and the next day we made the long, easy ascent of Mt. Barrier (7000 feet).

In my opinion, the Darran Mountains are the most beautiful mountains in New Zealand, and I believe their character is probably unique in the world. The conventional shapes and barren valleys of the Mt. Cook district cannot stand comparison with the close juxtaposition of so many scenic features in the Darrans. From Mt. Barrier we could look down to the waters of Milford Sound, a fiord enclosed by sheer rock precipices. Deep bush-choked valleys lead upward from the sea and above these rise the sheer valley walls, often with grass slopes at angles of 70 degrees or more. Above 5000 feet hanging glaciers are found wherever they can cling to the walls of the peaks. Many of the culminating peaks are rock pyramids or jagged crests rising above the ice to six, seven, or eight thousand feet. Mt. Tutoko (9042 feet) is the monarch of the region and a difficult mountain to conquer. It is a great massive of snow, ice, and rock, protected below by sheer walls and hanging glaciers.

There is only one fly in the ointment in the Darrans; it rains about 300 inches per year. Fortunately we were blessed by perfect weather the whole of our stay. It is also worth noting that one party, now famous in the annals



of the Southland Section, was turned back on an expedition by lack of water!!

On Easter Sunday morning we set out on a project Len and I had been cooking up for some weeks. In the extreme upper reaches of the Marian Valley on the east side of the Darrans, above the large Lake Marian, are two small lakes far above timberline. These were first seen in 1924 from Mt. Barrier and named Lake Marianette and Lake Mariana. Several attempts had been made to reach them, but all had failed on the sheer precipice below Lake Marianette, over which plunges Lyttle Falls.

In 1 1/2 hours we pushed up through the bush from the Hollyford River to Lake Marian. The color of the lake is a turquoise green not unlike the lakes of the Canadian Rockies, but the peaks and walls surrounding it are composed of dark, smooth diorite. We traversed the shores of Lake Marian and pushed on up to the foot of Lyttle Falls at 2:00 P.M. Here Ray generously offered to stay behind to allow Len and me more time on the difficult pitches ahead. Already the valley was in shadow.

The only hope for a route lay to the extreme left of the wall. We scrambled up 70 degree grass slopes, slabs, and ledges until we were level with the top of the falls.

A steep, smooth, and exposed slab cut us off from the lower end of a diagonal shelf leading toward the top of the wall. Len got into a firm belay and I moved out across the slab, placing a piton just below the smoothest part. The slab was streaming with water, but fortunately clean, for friction was the only means of staying on. It was impossible to cross directly, but a series of narrow, outsloping shelves led upward toward more hopeful terrain. These I surmounted by mantleshelf and friction moves to a piton belay on a platform one foot square. Len came up feeling insecure on the slabs in his nailed boots, and led across another exposed bit to the end of the diagonal shelf.

We alternated leads up the easy rocks to the top of the shelf at the foot of the final grassy wall. Here Len's nailed boots came into their own as he made an exposed lead to the top up a greasy gully. In a few moments we were looking down on the waters of Lake Mariannette.

By the lakeside we took off the rope, built a cairn, and stooped to take a deep draught of the "sacred waters". Nearly an hour was consumed exploring the valley and walking up to Lake Mariana, above which towered the smooth faces of Mt. Barrier and "the Sabre". Before beginning the descent we went to the brink of Lyttle Falls and looked down for Ray. One piton was left behind to aid the ticklish descent and we rejoined our friend at 6:15.

We pushed on in twilight and darkness to where some other Otago students were camped beside Lake Marian. After a cold night huddled beside the fire, we headed back for the Hollyford in the first light of another perfect day.

WINTER ON THE TASMAN GLACIER

In the August (spring) vacation I joined Dr. Roland Rodda for a week of ski-mountaineering on the upper Tasman Glacier. We skied from the end of the road at Ball Hut eight miles up the glacier to Malte Brun Hut at 5,600 feet. The weather was comparatively magnificent throughout our trip, but strong southeast winds on the summits kept us in on several days. Considering I'm not much of a skier by Dartmouth standards, I was truly amazed at what could be done, and am now completely sold on ski-mountaineering. One drawback was that we had to rise about 2:30 every morning in order to be on

our way up the glacier by 5:30, what with the steep slope between the hut and the glacier, and the job of putting on climbing skins. A cold wind blew down the glacier constantly, and kept us on the move in the pre-dawn hours. We were well up in the upper basin of the Darwin, a tributary of the Tasman, by sunrise.

On the first occasion we turned up a long irregular ice shelf running high onto the west face of Mt. Hamilton (9915 feet). The surface was crusty and I swore I could never ski down such a slope. Once in the sun it became very hot. We left our skis about 1000 feet below the summit and kicked steps up a final gully and arete. On the summit it was warm and windless. The view was one of overwhelming whiteness even to the great cumulus clouds building up west of the divide. It had taken 9 1/2 hours to complete the ascent, but we were back at the foot of the hut in barely 2 1/2 hours. The secret to descent of the steep slopes proves to be a careful combination of kick turns and side-slipping.

On the second occasion we made the second ascent to Annan Col up a terrifying icefall. The first ascent was made before the war by the well known ski mountaineer, Colin Wyatt with Chief Guide Mick Bowie*. We zig-zagged up a steep approach slope of soft powder snow and across a fresh avalanche track onto the main icefall. For the next thousand feet we were winding up steep slopes, and around and over enormous seracs and crevasses. Without skis, the climb would have been impossible because of the cold, loose, powder snow. The entire ascent was made in the frigid shadow of the mountain. Not until noon did we emerge into the sun on the col, and there a howling wind prevented us from going on to Mt. Annan.

Descending while roped was awkward but proved much easier than expected. Once below the avalanche track, it was one long glorious side-slip in deep powder into the upper basin of the Darwin. The run down the Darwin and Tasman to the hut was sheer delight and I have never enjoyed skiing so much. On the upper part we took broad diagonal sweeps back and forth across the glacier. Down on the Tasman it was a straight run of almost imperceptible gradient -- one felt motionless while the mountains paraded by on either side.

The last day we poled down the great avenue of ice back to the Ball Hut, on the way photographing every mountain in sight. I felt a touch of pity for the people skiing there with the tow, for now I knew what skis were really meant for.

* Colin Wyatt "Call of the Mountains."

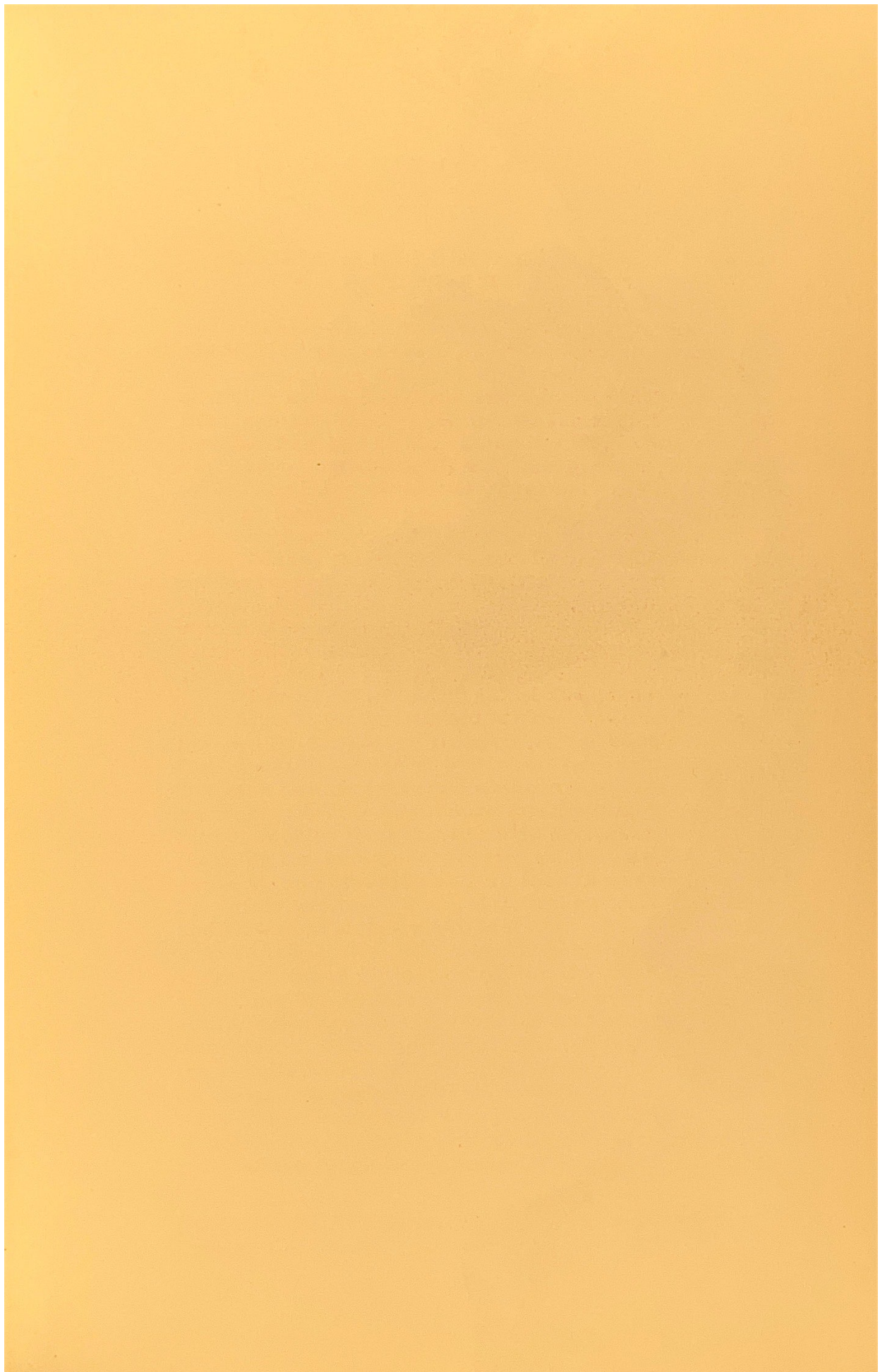
MOUNTAINEER'S PLEA

There's a saying for which
I do not care;
I don't climb a mountain
Just "Because it is There."

I incessantly fear
That my grave will bear;
"He went to the summit
Because it was there."

Far better it be said
That the two were there;
A relation developed
Between the pair.

And the two became one
And sealed the affair;
He climbed for the union,
Not "Because it was There!"





BRITISH COLUMBIA

I

BUGABOOS AND EASTERN BOBBIE BURNS

By Richard Morden

Leaving Spillimacheen on July 18th, Peter Robinson and Bill Briggs of the D.M.C., Virgil Day from St. Louis, and myself from London, England, set out for three weeks climbing in the Bugaboos and the eastern part of the Bobbie Burns Group. Ralph Wass, a local chap, took us into the Bugaboo Cabin, using his farm tractor with an open wagon attached. It was late next day when we arrived, for most of the twenty-seven miles had been over a rough lumber road and due to washouts we had to build two small temporary bridges.

During the mixed weather of the following two days we carried up all our equipment and supplies to Boulder Camp. There, on top of two huge flat boulders covered with turf we established a very comfortable site for the tents; underneath was a small cave which we used as a kitchen and storeroom.

For our first climb in the Bugaboos we decided to have a go at the unclimbed Middle Tower of Howser Spire. By 8:30 a.m. we were at the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col, looking across at our mountain and plotting a route to cross the bergschrund which ran across its entire north east face. Two hours later we were having a closer look at the bergschrund, and after some light treading out on an overhanging part of its lower lip and some steep snow climbing up the other side, we were all safely across. The col between the Middle Tower and Howser Spire lay 400 feet above us, up a snow slope with an angle of a little over 50° , which required step kicking. Some 50 feet below the col the snow thinned out revealing ice-covered rocks, while huge masses of unstable snow lay poised above us on the steep walls to either side. The ridge from the col to the summit of the Middle Tower glistened with ice crystals and frost feathers. We tried several routes to reach the col, but were halted each time at a point some 20 feet below it. With the time nearing 5:00 p.m. and seeing the difficulty of the ridge ahead under the existing conditions,

HOWSER SPIRES in the northern Purcell Range of British Columbia.

we retreated. In spite of that it gave us the best climbing of the trip.

Two days later we established ourselves at Shaft No. 7, which is a cave underneath a large boulder, looking something like a miniature Matterhorn, and overlooking Malloy Creek. From there we climbed Mt. Conrad, a magnificent viewpoint and well worth the long snow slog to reach the summit. Seven miles north of Mt. Conrad lie two fine peaks which we have called West and East Mt. Thorington respectively. The east peak, being the higher, was our objective and climbing its south east ridge we made a first ascent. Next day began as a rest day, but at noon as we were all feeling keen, we decided to climb the rather shattered looking mountain at the eastern head of Malloy Creek and about one mile northeast of Shaft No. 7. It was a scramble all the way, and on reaching the summit we disturbed an osprey which circled excitedly before flying away. With a notable lack of originality we named the mountain Osprey Peak.

Wishing to climb a virgin peak some seven miles southwest of Mt. Conrad, we moved camp to East Creek, which brought us within nine miles of it. Though there were no climbing problems involved, the continual up and down over rough terrain, along with soft snow and a hot sun, resulted in us taking 8 hours on the ascent from camp to summit. We named the mountain Mt. MacCarthy in honour of Captain A. H. MacCarthy, a well-known climber in the Purcells and a friend of the late Conrad Kain. It was dark when we returned to camp that evening. East Creek was such a mountain paradise of untouched country, and having a crystal-clear, ice-cool hydrostatic fountain with a 12 inch head only a few feet from the tent, we decided to spend a rest day there, though short of food. Next day we walked back to Boulder Camp, arriving just before the rain, the first that we had seen for several days.

The next four days were of unsettled weather, but we managed to get one good day when we climbed Bugaboo Spire. A tour of the base of Pigeon Spire in a snow storm, followed by an ascent of Crescent Spire occupied another day. The third day we "bagged" a first ascent of the small peak east of Crescent Spire and overlooking Blue Lake. As there is a North Post and an East Post Spire nearby, we called ours Whipping Post Spire. Our final day was spent doing boulder problems.

With the food supply low and the knowledge that the tractor was coming in any day with another party, and thinking how nice it would be to hitch a ride out with it,

we descended to the Bugaboo Cabin to await its arrival. Two days later it came and that evening we arrived back in Spillimacheen, where after a first-class dinner, we retired to the swim pool at Radium Hot Springs. Lying back in the warm water under the stars, recalling events of the previous weeks, life seemed pretty good.

THE BEAR WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN

By Bill Briggs, '54

Richard Morden, recently from England and now residing in Montreal, Peter Robinson, mountaineer and geologist of the DMC and AAC, and myself backpacked for four days (one spent resting in the Vermont Creek Cabin) and in this peaceful valley built our lean-to, only to have the saturated boughs drip more heavily in our damp new home than the ceaseless drizzle did outside. But late the next afternoon the sun broke through in beautiful brilliance, giving us our first look at this mystical valley so far from the common world and its hypocritical confusion. For the following two days we had perfect weather for our climbs and now, due to lack of supplies, we are hurrying back. Near the top of the pass leading out of our valley, we again notice a set of bear tracks which cause us to stop and wonder. Looking back we can see where he tried to climb over the steep snow ridge on our left. Beyond rises the majestic snow-covered Wedge Peak with its glacier below where we first spotted our friend's tracks. Arcing around to the right, minor peaks soon join Sugar Plum Spire, a fantastic granite castlelike spire topped with a "sugar cone" of snow. Further to the right the smaller peaks form a chain of ridge-peak-ridge combinations disappearing into the chaotic mass of endless mountains.

We remember our surprise when, struggling up the vast glacier toward the col to the left of Wedge Peak, we suddenly came upon bear tracks in the rain-potted snow. The prints seemed to appear from nowhere and wound on up toward the col. For convenience and curiosity we used them until they turned left up the unreasonable ridge wall of the valley. The bear, however, must have decided it would not go, for he slid back down. Then, discovering that this was fun, he climbed back up to do the same again and again. But we chose our own route to the col. Where he had travelled on to explore the other side of the mountain, we set out to attack the snow ridge of the 10,000 foot Wedge Peak.

We moved steadily on coils avoiding the cornices on our right, which we would skirt when the glacier-blue light showed in our deep steps. We easily reached the small wind-blown plateau below the threatening cornice, overhanging some 75 feet above and becoming worse as it swept around to the right over the North face. The leader traversed diagonally upward to skirt the cornice to the left, but 120 feet of rope was used before he gained the end of the cornice, leaving him in a miserable place for a belay. Still, a platform was kicked out, the ice-axe driven in at chin level, and the second man brought up. The leader, with but 20 feet to go, slowly made those last precarious moves. I say precarious because less than half of the steps held for the other two climbers. Yet once over the cornice, the top was easily gained and the others were brought up on a welcomed strong rope. From here we could easily spot the Bugaboos to the south in the Purcells, Mt. Sir Donald to the north in the Selkirks, and even Mt. Victoria to the east in the Rockies. But I think that the most fascinating sight was the view west to the Beaver-Duncan Trench winding around the rugged mountain ridges a mile or more below.

We built a cairn and then descended to the col. Since the day was yet young, we scrambled up the peak in front of us, whose long ridge formed a barrier between the col and our camp. Having christened it with a cairn, we named it Barrier Peak. The view back of Wedge Peak was most spectacular, for our route was very clearly marked on the apparently impossible snow ridge. We then descended the long Barrier Ridge to a col and again happened upon some animal tracks. Our friend, the bear, had been here too. Since we knew he had made his way down to the glacier and since we hadn't been able to spot an easy way down, we jolly well decided to follow him again. And we did for a short way, until he slipped on some steep snow-coated rocks. Still, we found his sitzmark a little farther down, and again we tried to follow, but his foot-prints ended about as soon as they started. Although he lacked no courage, we did prefer to glissade the snowfield, rather than falling on the rocks. As we approached the glacier, we noticed a curious opening in the well-covered bergschrund, with our friend's tracks casually wending their way toward the col after climbing out of the crevasse. Dick mumbled, "A playful little rogue, what?"

The following day we set out for Sugar Plum Spire, crossing the Wedge Peak Glacier and climbing the steep glacier to the col between Sugar Plum and the similar



granite spires to the right, or north. This north ridge of Sugar Plum furnished the only feasible route on this side of the mountain, other than a stiff rock climb up the snow-coated front buttress. Our route began around on the back side in the first gulley and made its way to the ridge. There Dick led a fine 100 foot snow slope, above which Peter found fine rock pitches to the top of this first snow-capped tower. After a short traverse, he led a tricky pitch using the two cracks of the smooth granite face. As he retabled onto the rib of the next

tower, he let out a gasp, for he was looking straight down some 1000 feet or so off this overhanging ridge. With a bit more work we stood surveying our final problem, the "sugar-coated" dome, but with no apparent route. Peter descended toward the easy knife-edge and found a mean notch, just too wide to jump and sharply overhanging on our side. A Tyrolean traverse was the decent way to cross this gap, but, alas, we were poor Easterners, not cowboys, and miserably inept at lassoing a huge projection with our 7/16 nylon rope. Peter lowered himself down without footholds, broke off the icicles under the dripping overhang, and found a loose rock that he could not dislodge, but which furnished an excellent handhold. Wedging the rock tighter by twisting his wrist, he swung under with a crash of falling ice as his feet found verglased holds. A ticklish maneuver for Dick, the last man, with no belay from above. After crossing the knife-edge, Peter traversed the dome about 50 feet, and led up to the snow platform above. His final lead followed the snow around to the left and up a small gulley to a horizontal fracture of the granite, which formed the same type of narrow ledge as one finds on many buildings. Once out of the gulley, the rock was easily ascended to the snow cap, which was just a walk for Dick and me, whereas Peter, who was just heavy enough to sink in to his waist, crawled. From the top we realized the advantageous position of our "happen-chance" lean-to. It was near the bottom of the little cirque on the east side of the Wedge Peak Glacier, and on a contour level which offered the only easy access to the glacier from that side. For right below the cirque began the sheer rock walls abruptly falling away from the peaceful timberlands to the ever-steepening glacier, whose tongue we never did see.

We built our cairn and performed the various photographic ceremonies. Descending the dome via the route of ascent, we then headed left down the gulley to a snowfield which let us down the back of the mountain. This would have been a far easier route, but far less sporty. And speaking of sport, if we had had our skis we could have used them between Vermont Creek and our valley, as well as transportation to and from climbs.

"Let's get weaving," says Dick. We shoulder our packs, and trudge into the Valley of the Lakes, which we will traverse at a high level to Cold Shiver Col, and then on into Vermont Creek valley.





IMPRESSIONS OF A SOLO CLIMB

by Peter Robinson '54

One of the first things any climber learns is that the mountains are no place to be alone. This is impressed upon him by the stories of misfortunes attributed to solo climbing. Nevertheless, throughout mountaineering literature one may read about the virtues and pleasures of climbing alone in the mountains.

At the end of August 1954, I was staying in the Yoho Valley on the British Columbia side of the Canadian Rockies. For the previous two weeks the weather had been continuously bad and I was by this time quite eager for a climb. All of my climbing friends were unfortunately elsewhere, so that I began to think in terms of a solo climb. On a hike over the Skyline Trail my attention centered on Mt. Daly (10342 feet), a peak just north of Kickinghorse Pass at the south edge of the Waputik Icefield. Daly was fairly near my starting point at Takakaw Falls, and it had no outstanding difficulties or dangers such as crevasses or bergschrunds.

On September 1st, after a night of violent storm, the sky was clearing, and I seized the opportunity to try Mt. Daly. By the time breakfast had been finished, and the most helpful warden informed of my route, it was 11:30 A.M., a late hour to be starting out. Crossing the bridge over Yoho River (5000 feet), I scrambled across some rocks beneath the falls and entered the forest on the south side. An hour was wasted searching for an alleged trail to Niles Pass. When the trail failed to show up, I climbed straight up a talus slide just south of the falls. This led to a gully which brought me to a col overlooking the stream which issues from the snout of Daly Glacier. The stream flows only a few hundred yards from the glacier snout before dropping 1200 feet over Takakaw Falls. A half hour of scrambling brought me to the glacier itself about 2:30 P.M.

There was a clear choice of route here, between a long N. W. snow slope and the west ridge which is broken by a short cliff band. The latter route appealed to me and I climbed up a talus cone to the cliff band, the real crux of the route. At points such as this the solo climber feels his solitude intensely, and his movements are much more deliberate and painstaking than would otherwise be

WEDGE PEAK on the left and SUGAR PLUM SPIRE on the right.

the case. A ten foot rock pitch, fortunately, brought me to easy talus and ledges of the upper ridge, up which I scrambled for hundreds of feet to the main south ridge of the mountain. To the northeast lay the peak at the end of a broad ridge covered with new-fallen snow into which I sank ankle deep. On the east side a cornice hung over the vertical limestone wall of the east face. This last stretch was frustratingly slow, but my patience was tempered by fine views, handfuls of raisins, and a warming sun to combat the chilly northwest breeze. At 5:30 P.M. a corniced double summit was reached. Several hundred yards beyond, along a jagged ridge, was a point which appeared to be about five feet higher. I was satisfied with the lower peak and settled down on a rock to polish off lunch and sort out my thoughts.

The view was outstanding. To the north, beyond the peaks of the Wapta Icefield rose the snowy Freshfield Group. To the south across Kickinghorse Pass was the Lake Louise area, crowned by Mts. Temple and Victoria, each showing the monotonously horizontal bedding typical of the Canadian Rockies. In the southwest were Chancellor, the towers of Mt. Goodsir, and, to the left of them, Mt. Conrad in the Purcell Range.

It occurred to me that the pleasures of mountaineering could be divided into three portions. First, the feeling of accomplishment and physical exhilaration of climbing. Of these I could partake to the full. Second, the enjoyment of the surrounding scenery; the skies, peaks, and valleys as well as the geology, botany, etc. Third, the companionship, the sharing of adventure, and the teamwork with other climbers. This portion was, of course, completely absent and I felt it keenly. I had read of some climbers who feel mountains can only be enjoyed fully while alone. In the absence of companions, the other two portions of pleasure are intensified perhaps, but, in my opinion, not enough to compensate for the absence.

At 6:00 P.M. I ceased my contemplation, eating, and photographing, and commenced the descent, choosing the northwest face as a route. I soon found myself thigh deep in soft snow, but fortunately it was steep enough to provide an easy descent. From the base I turned southward in order to descend to Kickinghorse Pass via Sherbrooke Lake. For the next ninety minutes I worked down through a series of cliffs, waterfalls, gorges, thickets, and swamps until reaching the trail rather unexpectedly about 8:00 P.M.

From here on I put on the steam. A mile further down I was circling the shores of Sherbrooke Lake. The red sunset glow on the Cathedral Crags was perfectly

reflected on the placid surface and I paused momentarily for a photograph. As darkness settled in I reached the highway near the pass, after covering the six miles of downhill trail in one hour. I was glad to be safely back after a most interesting day.

MOUNT HOOD FROM THE WEST

Barry Corbet '58

Last August 23, at 3:00 A. M., Pete Searl ('57), Don Manville (Portland University), and I were struggling about Timberline Lodge preparing equipment for a climb of the west side of Mount Hood, which is 60 miles east of Portland, Oregon, is 11,245 feet high, and has the doubtful distinction of being the most often climbed major peak in the country. Each year sees some 2000 more names on the summit register, most having arrived via the very easy South Side or Cooper's Spur route. The west side, however, is much more formidable than these mentioned, and is seldom climbed.

With this goal in mind, we started up the south side on the extensive Palmer Snowfield, climbing through light fog which always seemed about to dissipate, but never did. In reality, the clouds closed in at about 7000 feet, and snow began filtering down through the mists. We were annoyed at having our trip marred by poor weather, but felt no worries as to safety. We knew that a miscalculation in direction wouldn't have very serious results, so we pushed upwards secure in the belief that we knew what we were doing. Our faith in ourselves, however, was somewhat shattered when found that our blind flying had put us on the edge of the White River Glacier. This placed us on the eastern extremity of the south side, a rather unfortunate position for climbers who wished to swing over to the west side at the same altitude. After shaking off this blow to our morale, we quickly traversed westward and soon arrived at Illumination-Saddle, which had been our original destination.

From the saddle, we planned to simply cross the heavily-crevassed Reid Glacier to its farthest enclosing wall (Yokum Ridge), and proceed up the snowslopes above the glacier to the summit. It didn't quite happen that way.

Because of the inclement weather (the snow and fog were making climbing increasingly difficult) we held council on the wisdom of going on. We were warmly dressed; we all knew the mountain well; we were fully equipped. We decided to proceed. This, by the way, is a decision which we never regretted. Because some people have criticized it, I might say that each phase of the climb justified our going on, and at no time did we get into anything which we couldn't have gotten out of.

Our plans for an easy climb disintegrated when we saw the bergschrund, which was a masterpiece of impossibility. We did, however, manage to circumvent the crevasse via a partial snowbridge. After threading the needle through, over, and around several big and small crevasses, we headed up the steep snow slopes adjacent to a spur which we mistakenly thought was Yokum Ridge.

Although akin to the Tower of Pisa in slope, the snow was firm and crampons held well, aided by the occasional "coup de piolet". By the time we came to a 25 foot rock chimney, after having risen about 800 feet, we recognized our mistake. We hadn't crossed the glacier far enough, so we would just have to force a new route.

Thus suddenly in the role of pioneers, we managed to climb the chimney, which although by no means vertical, was ice filled, and had quite a touchy maneuver at the top.

Here the route followed a sickle-shaped snow slope, parabolically steepening to its highest point, about 200 feet above us. The slope was centered laterally by a strikingly beautiful avalanche gulley, which took some spectacular (at least to us) acrobatics to cross. Proceeding, we were forced to use our ice-axes constantly for either step-cutting or belays, but a little of this concentrated effort finally brought us to a tributary spur of the summit ridge. A short 200 foot hump of slab-rock covered with loose snow separated us from the ridge.

Having removed our crampons, we began the attack. We didn't take too long to discover that it wouldn't "go". Strategists-superb, we outwitted the spur by deciding to make a concave dip and gain the ridge from below. So proud were we of our strategy that we disdained putting our crampons back on. For this reason we spent 2 hours negotiating the ice slope, which was too steep to allow us to correct our mistake.

We did, however, finally reach the summit ridge, where we threw as much of a celebration as was possible in the heavy wind and hail. Having thus satisfied our nutritional interests, we got up and started the stroll to the summit, along the ridge which was here almost level. Understandably, we were rather horrified to find each other starting off in different directions. We all knew exactly which way to go, so we thought, so a hot debate ensued, resulting in our following Pete's plan. Fortunately, he was right, his veracity soon being born out by the appearance of sun-cups, those sure signs of a southern exposure.

The source of our confusion was the fact that Hood's summit ridge is semi-circular, so we disagreed as to whether we were on the inside or the outside of the circumference.

Once going in the right direction, we spent half an hour switching back to the south side, crossing the crevasse on the south side route, and literally being blown up onto the summit.

Because of the driving hail, the summit was a most uncomfortable place to be, so we immediately started down the south side.

Aside from the fact that our goggles were frozen so that we couldn't see, we managed to find our way through the dense fog (which was interspersed with sulphur fumes from the fumaroles) onto the Palmer Snowfield without difficulty. We had yet to find the lodge, which was two miles of featureless snow away. With the aid of our knowledge of the westward-sloping fall-line, our experience of that morning, a zig-zag route that looked like a slalom course, and a great deal of luck, we hit the lodge square on.

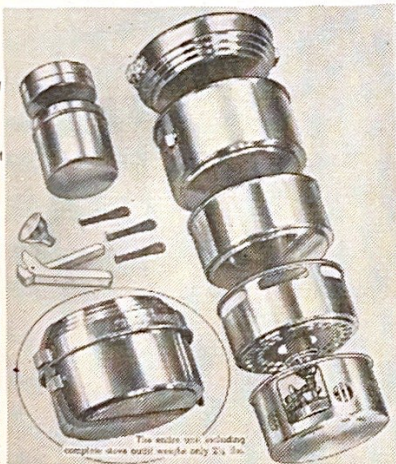
In eleven hours, we had made what the forest service later termed as the third ascent of the west side (this is doubtful) and most certainly the first ascent of our own variation, which is considerably harder than the correct route. In good weather, I think the climb would be most enjoyable. Under late summer conditions, it combines snow, ice, crevasse, and rock work. There is some avalanche danger, with a little dash thrown in by the occasional falling rocks and ice chunks. There is considerable exposure, and the rope is needed throughout the climb, yet it is not an inherently dangerous ascent. Probably the route's greatest attraction lies in the variety of techniques required; it is mountaineering in the all-inclusive sense of the word.

Because of their relative inaccessability, the west and northwest sides of Hood hide many routes which have never been climbed. Yokum Ridge on the west and the steep central rock bluffs on the northwest have never been attempted, let alone ascended. Twisting through these ramparts must lie many routes waiting to be opened to climbers. Although Hood figured heavily in the introduction of climbing to America, the mountain will still provide highly skilled and engaging ascents long after most "newer" mountains have lost their attraction to that piquant pursuit we call mountaineering.

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MOUNT MCKINLEY FROM THE SOUTH

by Les Viereck '51

About the author

The following article is an excerpt from a letter sent to John Rand, Executive Director of the Dartmouth Outing Club, by Les Viereck after the fatal accident occurred. In it he noted that he hoped this explanation would "give some idea of what actually happened." Viereck also said that by hearing a first hand account of the details of the climb and the ensuing accident others might be able to "profit by our error."

Viereck was a member of the Class of 1951 at Dartmouth and an active member of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club. He was also Chairman of the Cabin and Trail Division of the Outing Club. After his working with the Air Force as a Botanist, he returned to the United States. At the present, Viereck is at the University of Colorado.

SUCCESS AND TRAGEDY

Dear Johnny:

We went in from Curry on April 17th. It seemed early but proved to be the best time of year as we had good weather and lost only 4 days because of bad weather. The temperatures up high ranged from 0° to -20° but as long as it was cold we were not bothered by wetness. We snowshoed in about 20 miles to the Ruth Glacier and then 20 miles up it to what was called the Great Basin. It was terrific country and most of it had not been entered since 1910, the date of the last expedition to try McKinley from the south. We received an air drop of food and equipment in the Great Basin and then relayed a double load about 10 more miles up the glacier where we established base camp at 10,000 feet.

It was here that we encountered our first step face of about 2,000 feet. From that point on we packed our snow shoes and used crampons. Thus first slope wasn't too bad although it was steep. The slope was such that we

THE WEST FACE OF MT. MCKINLEY. Route follows ridge in foreground from left to right and then up skyline ridge.





could kick steps in most of it and only had to cut steps and use a fixed rope over a 300 foot section. It took three days to relay our packs up the slope and establish camp on the ridge above it.

From there we moved a short distance across a very narrow ridge and established camp 2 in a plateau below the south buttress. This buttress is a tremendous ridge that runs off the main mass of the mountain and extends for about 5 miles at an elevation of from 15000 to 16000 feet. The slope up onto the buttress was the most difficult one that we encountered. We camped 8 days beneath the slope going up each day and cutting steps and returning at night. Here we encountered our only bad weather and had to stay in the tent for three days. In all, we cut over 1000 steps (actual count - 1038) and used all our pitons and fixed rope.

The going on the buttress wasn't as easy as we had figured and it took us two days to make the five miles even tho we had stopped relaying at this point. From the buttress we dropped down to 14,000 feet into the Traleika Cirque. Another bad slope and steep ridge brought us up to an extension of Karstens Ridge. From this point we knew that we could descend the mountain by the conventional climbing route rather than having to retrace our steps. We figured that it would be safer to do this even tho it meant going down over a route that we hand't climbed. Woody had been over the route in 1947 so it wasn't completely strange to all of us.

We established our high camp at 17,350 feet and climbed to the summit and back the next day. Our route had brought us up so gradually that we had no altitude sickness at all and had no trouble reaching the top.

The next day was our tragic one. We started down the Harper Glacier to Karsten's ridge early in the morning. By noon we were on the ridge and having no difficulty. The snow conditions got worse and worse. There was about a foot of very soft snow on a very uncertain surface. It was too hard to get an ice axe shaft belay but not good enough to put in pitons. We came to a very steep point in the ridge that was almost a cliff. We decided to go out on the slope and traverse out and back and thus bypass the steep part of the ridge. We were climbing one at a time with Argus leading, Woody next, then me and Thayer last. We were all out on the slope except Thayer. We all had pick belays but I didn't think that it was enough so I had the fixed rope passed to me. This was tied in above to a wicket that had been left by a previous climb and tested by us. I tied this rope around my ice axe for

further safety. When Thayer slipped he started a snow avalanche. He got going so fast that my belay didn't even slow him down. He pulled us all off before we knew what had happened. We fell about 1000 feet altogether - sometimes falling along the slope and other times falling free. It was a rather horrible experience, there was no way of stopping ourselves. I fought with my pack most of the way and finally got it off. We were stopped in our fall by my falling into a crevass on the slope while the rest went out over it. Thayer was caught on the side of a vertical cliff and killed instantly, George was down below pretty much in a daze and with a badly dislocated hip and quite badly banged up in his face. Woody was O.K. but had difficulty getting out of the rope as it was tight between Thayer and Argus and because he had lost his knife. I was out of sight of the rest of them and considered myself the only one left alive. I was in a daze and couldn't get my breath. This condition along with coughing up blood lasted for a couple of days and I presume was caused by severe bruising of the chest cavity - there were no broken ribs. Woody and I managed to level out a spot and find the big tent and three sleeping bags - all the packs except mine had burst open, mine was whole but I lost my sleeping bag as it was lashed on the outside of my pack. We dragged George down to the tent and got him on an air mattress and wrapped in a down quilt. I got in the sack also as my hands were frost-bitten - I had lost my mittens - and I was in pretty poor shape to help much. Woody managed to gather up all the stuff that hadn't been buried under the snow. We managed to get most of the essential things including two air mattresses, 2 pair of snowshoes, both tents and some of all our food except tea and cheese. We were extremely lucky in saving 3 out of the 4 quart cans of gas that we had with us.

We stayed with Argus in this camp for 6 days. It was a hell of a place to be camped as we were still on a steep avalanche slope. We figured that we would just have to take a chance on the weather as we were in no condition to move Argus down the 2000 foot slope to the glacier and Argus was in no condition to be moved. We had codeine and morphine for George and used up all our codeine but never had to use the morphine.

For the whole week that we were there Woody and I tried to figure out just what had caused our fall but concluded that it was just a series of circumstances that just seemed to build up against us. In the first place we probably should not have tried to come down a route that we had not come up. In our case it was safer than going back the way we came but the fault is still there. We probably

should never have tried the route in the first place but on the other hand we knew that we were burning our bridges behind us from the start. We were climbing with heavy packs as we had to pack all our equipment including snowshoes to the 17,000 foot level. Per usual when accidents happen it was getting on in the afternoon and we were tired as we had come down all the way from 17,000 feet and had gone over a difficult stretch of Karstens ridge where there was 600 feet of fixed rope left from other years. We were using pick belays with our ice axes as the under surface was too hard for a shaft belay. I think we all realize now the fallacy of depending on an uncertain belay. The wicket that we had the fixed rope to broke off or pulled out as the fixed rope was still tied to my ice axe when I found it in the snow where we stopped. We had tested it but perhaps not enough. The wicket was of good strong hickory and about 1 and 1/2 in. in diameter so it shoudn't have broken. Thayer had had trouble with his crampons turning on his foot as he had soft felt boots while the rest of us had hard soles on our felts. It may have turned on him when he slipped but it was a hairy spot anyway. That is we may have got a little careless in that we were only 200 yards from being down to good safe going on the ridge. We had been on much steeper slopes and perhaps were a little overconfident. About all I can say about the accident is that it was one of those things that you have to expect in climbing but never really do. I consider myself lucky to be alive but I wish that we could all have been as lucky.

At the end of six days, 3 of which were clear, Woody and I decided that there was small chance of search planes even though we were a week overdue. Actually there were three private planes looking for us each day including Woody's wife but the mountain is so tremendous that they never saw us or we them during that time. At 04:00, Woody and I explored a route down to the glacier over the 2000 feet of slope. It was a hell of a steep avalanche slope and we didn't like it a bit. At one time we almost decided to dig a cave and leave George where he was. A lot of the slope had real deep snow all ready to go. We made a wide trough in this. In other places the snow had slid off the slope and we had to cut a groove for the little that we made. We returned to the tent from the glacier about noon and wrapped George in 2 air mattresses, all the sleeping bags, and both tents. We wrapped him up in rope and then ran the climbing rope through all the loops of rope and then to Woody up front and me behind. It was lousy to have the responsibility of a helpless man but we had little choice. We managed to get him down O. K. but

it took us until 10:30 that night. We kept a good belay on him at all times but we had some pretty hairy moments. Both Woody and I feel that getting him down to the glacier was more of an accomplishment than climbing the mountain.

The next morning Woody's wife flew right over the tent without seeing us. She was looking for tracks on the ridge and missed our tent as we were in the shade. We decided right then to start out rather than wait another day. By now George could sit up and cook and he wasn't in too much pain unless he moved. We only had a week's supply of food for one man and less gas so we figured that we couldn't wait out a rescue for much longer. Woody and I left at noon of that day with a couple of Logan biscuits and some chocolate. The glacier was in terrible shape - the warming of the northern climate coupled with rain up to 12,000 feet last summer and very little snow this winter made going extremely hazardous. This was the main thing that held up the rescue party later on. It took Woody and I about 12 hours to get down over the Great Serac and down to the smooth glacier. By then we were both nervous wrecks and shaking from too many close calls. About every ten steps we would go into a crevasse with one foot or another. We made McGonnagal Pass at about 03:00 the next morning and stopped for about 3 hours sleep. From there we headed down Cache Creek and into the tundra country. We hiked all the next day going slower and slower as the lack of food took affect. We hiked all the following night and crossed the Mc Kinley River at about 06:00 the next day and found a Park cabin with a little food. We stopped there for two hours sleep and then went on to Wonder Lake Ranger Station. We found much to our dismay that the Park road wasn't open yet for the summer. We then hiked down to a trappers cabin where we hoped to get word out over a radio - his batteries turned out to be dead. Luckily they got the radio open that very day and we were able to give the whole story to the Superintendent of the part, Grant Pearson, an old climber himself. He took over completely from feeding us to tearing in with us over the 100 mile road to headquarters where he could call the 10th Air rescue. Things really worked fast and we briefed the first of the rescue team at 04:00 the next morning and they were in on the glacier by 06:00. It was a wonderful feeling to know that the rescue was taken over by men far more capable than ourselves and that we could only be in the way if we tried to go back in with them.

It took the rescue party 4 and 1/2 days to get in to George making it a week that he was alone. He had been very saving on gas and food and still had 4 day's supply of both. His hip was dislocated, not broken, and we are hoping that there will be no complications.

THOSE TETONS

by Barry Corbet '58

I obtained my first impressive view of the Tetons as I came into Jenny Lake last September first. Here I was delighted to find that Jack Breitenbach (of Dartmouth) was there and looking for someone to climb with. Jack was off hiking somewhere when I arrived, so I spent the afternoon walking up to the floor of Garnet Canyon and back. Jack was waiting for me when I returned, so we ate dinner and took just long enough to dream up a quick trip on the Grand to allow the Ranger to close up shop. Thus frustrated, we watched grouse stomping about on the Jenny Lake outdoor movie screen for a while, then turned in.

Next morning we stood watch at the Ranger's door until he came along to sign us out. We decided on a one-day trip up the south-west ridge of Symmetry Spire. The climb was of no special interest - fourth class climbing on good luck. On the way down, we deviated from our ascent route by way of Hanging Canyon and the Lake of the Craggs. The only hitch was that we found out later that we had actually done the Durrance Ridge, mistaking it for the south-west ridge.

As prearranged, we met Wayne Hamilton of Dartmouth and George Mattson of the Montana State College that night. We availed ourselves once again of Jenny Lake's limited movie facilities, and spent the rest of the night meditating on what was to be the main part of our week in the Tetons.

That morning we set out for the Petzoldt caves at the head of Garnet Canyon, collapsing at our destination early in the afternoon. While Wayne and George tried some nearby cliffs and cleaned the picas et. al. from the caves, Jack and I headed up toward Teepee's Pillar to spy on the sanctum of the Grand. We reached the base of the Kraus route, and were surprised to see some nasty looking rotten rock. I led off up a difficult looking pitch which was actually ridiculously easy. I couldn't talk myself out of the idea that the next move was always going to be difficult, so I proceeded with undue caution. Jack romped up and took over the lead at the next pitch. About four easy leads brought us to the summit. We were disappointed to find that we couldn't see the Exum

ON THE RIDGE, MT. MCKINLEY. In the background is MT. FORAKER.





Ridge, and that only part of the Petzoldt Ridge was visible. As a reconnaissance trip it was a failure. We descended in a series of 120' rappels to the talus, where we commenced sliding our way back to the caves in the dark.

The next morning was the big day, so we celebrated by rising at three-thirty. Two hours later we were shivering in the wind at the lower saddle, ready to traverse across the scree to the base of the Petzoldt Ridge of the Grand. This ridge is probably the most solid rock in the park, and has the added advantage that it eliminates much of the talus slope characteristic of the other south-side routes.

Once at the ridge, we separated into two ropes, Jack and I on the first and Wayne and George on the second. Jack led off up some easy slabs for a rope length. From this point, we could traverse to the right to some more moderate rock, or stay on the center of the ridge on a pretty evil-looking crack. We took the crack because it seemed a little more sporting to keep to the ridge.

I led up to the base of the crack only to decide that this definitely wasn't my day at all today, so I surrendered the lead to Jack. Three pitons and a little tension brought him to a modified version of a chockstone at the top of the chimney. This rock, which we expected to be our worst problem, actually made the pitch possible, and landed us in a cleft slightly to the left side of the ridge. Again Jack took the initiative in a difficult lead up the cleft, up a short friction pitch under an overhang, back across the top of the overhang, and up a ten-foot vertical wall onto a large pitted slab. With various juggling in belays, we all managed to reach the slab and continue straight up for several leads on steep but moderate rock. This series of leads brought us to a spectacular point which can best be described as a window rock. A big boulder which looked as if it was only momentarily pausing on its way down the mountain leaned precariously against the main cliff, leaving an opening which disclosed various aspects of the local scenery, all of which were a disconcerting distance straight down. Jack led up over the rock to a break in the ridge, where we ate lunch.

Two more leads after lunch brought us to the pyramid which terminates the Petzoldt Ridge. A short rappel left us on the main mountain. We walked up easy ledges which intersected the Exum Ridge, and followed the remainder of the relatively uninteresting Exum Route to the top of the mountain. There was nothing left to do but sign the summit register. At this point a little history should

be injected.

On Symmetry, there was no register. On Teepee's Pillar, there was no pencil. This time we had brought our own pencil - we saw that the cylinder for the book was there - everything was perfect. Inside the cylinder, we found a note to the effect that Willi Unsoeld had taken the book down the day before. After abandoning rash plans calling for blood, we wept a few bitter tears and consoled ourselves by playing "On Top of Old Smokey" on an automatic ukelele that someone had kindly left there. The pathos was touching.

After this jolt, we pulled ourselves together and headed down the Owen Route. We managed to get off route below the upper saddle, and so ran into a little rock which we climbed down without much difficulty.

We reached the caves that evening feeling as if we had done a pretty hard day's work, so we hit our bedrolls right away without making any plans for an early start next morning.

The following day found Jack and I persuading ourselves that we felt like climbing, so we set off to go "somewhere" on the east side of the Middle Teton, planning to follow a route just to the left of the big cleft that runs from top to bottom of the face. We quickly crossed the talus at the base of the mountain and scrambled several hundred feet up a small gully. We needed to traverse right, so we decided to leave the gully by way of an eight foot hummock that leveled off onto easy going. The hummock surprised us by its difficulty, and was climbed finally by use of a courte echelle. Two hundred feet of traversing brought us to an easy looking chimney which was also misleading. It required direct aid. The face then began to present its more formidable defenses. The whole upper part of the face consisted of long, not-too-difficult friction pitches, separated by short, almost impossible overhangs. Jack took the first two overhangs, using hardware and tension. I took the next one which was tricky but required no pitons.

The final friction pitch led to an imposing wall, whose only breach was on its far south side where it was only about six to eight feet high. Jack resolutely grasped his iron and started plying his trade while I played sidewalk superintendent. The final pitch took almost an hour, but once surmounted, it left us on an easy boulder field. We ate a hurried lunch there.

We saw what appeared to be the summit ahead of us, so scrambled to the peak in an hour's time. We were preparing to whip out pencil and paper (we wanted to be

sure of signing this time), when we saw the true summit, separated from us by a saddle with a pinnacle midway. Worse yet, we didn't have the time to try for the top. We vowed that we now knew how Evans and Bourdillon felt on Everest, then started figuring a route down. We knew that we couldn't go down the way we had come up, and that the easy north side could not be reached. We picked a route on the south side, on which we thought we could see grass slopes all the way to the bottom. The only fallacy in our reasoning developed to be a matter of several hundred feet of cliff at the halfway point. Some climbing and a long rappel put us beyond this barrier, leaving us with an enjoyable hike back to the caves, where we picked up our packs and hurried back to Jenny Lake.

Wayne and George left that night to return to their jobs, so the lazy remnant of the crew settled down for a long sleep. The next morning was declared as a rest period, to be followed by an afternoon packing up to the campsite below the South Horn on Moran. Planned on our agenda were the CMC route on Moran and traverses of the knife-edges of both Horns.

Aside from the fact that the trip across Leigh Lake was like rowing a water-logged battleship with two tooth-picks, the afternoon's activities were uneventful. We reached the campsite before dark, spent half the night engaged in various intellectual pursuits, and still got in a few hours of sleep.

The next day we did the CMC route. Having read the glowing guidebook description of the route, we were anticipating "an excellent climb on solid rock". Above the Falling Ice Glacier, we traversed clear over to the dike in search of the "delicate forty foot slab traverse" mentioned in the book, but found only a one hundred and twenty foot extremely delicate slab traverse which had no route above it and was not in the right place anyway. We re-crossed the slab with difficulty and headed straight up over rocks which were decidedly not solid and were very easy. We plodded up the rest of the mountain in disgust and eventually came to the top, which revealed the only commendable item of the day. There was a summit register, complete with pencil. Another interesting find was some water dripping out of a crack just a few feet from the top. There hadn't been any water at the campsite, three thousand feet lower.

We came down unroped to the notch just above the glacier, climbed up "dribblepuss", the cliff joining the notch to the ridge to the south of the Horn, and walked back to camp.

Included in the menu that night was something which obviously didn't agree with us, for the following morning we didn't feel altogether in the peak of health. We made a feeble stab at following out our program and walked up toward the South Horn for a half hour, but then both our bodies and the weather deteriorated simultaneously, so we headed back and packed down.

We found our cached rowboat and crossed the lake, almost being sunk en route by a tornado which came spinning out of Leigh Canyon, then walked and hitchhiked back to Jenny Lake.

So ended our week in the Tetons. Our only noteworthy accomplishment was the route on the Middle, which contained no previously-placed pitons and had no other signs of wear. The rangers had not heard of the route being done before, so it may be a first.

Yet, in spite of the lack of spectacular ascents, the week stands out as the best mountaineering trip I have yet experienced. Perhaps this is on account of the range itself. The Tetons do have something which is all their own. As Mallory said of Everest, "No end is visible or even conceivable to this kingdom of adventure."

POPOCATEPETL

by Gene White '55

In the summer of 1954 two Colorado University students, Val Thompson and John Brainerd, and I decided to climb Popocatepetl (17,883 feet), the fifth highest summit in North America. After a fruitless day and a half search for an Alpine Club office in downtown Mexico City, we hoped to obtain crampons and maps of the Popocatepetl region. We decided to make an attempt without either.

We drove to Ameca Ameca, a small peasant village at the foot of the lofty volcano, and from there to a lodge situated at about 13,000 feet, just below the Mexican timberline. Here we encountered two Californians and a Kentuckian who had been working and climbing in Peru and were delighted to have the opportunity of joining us in the climb.

A seventeen year old Indian guide who lived at the lodge barely was able to tell us in a broken half Spanish, half English confusion of words that the slopes above would be icy, that we would need crampons; and, moreover, that he had crampons which he would let us use. So with preparations well under way, the fellow allowed us to spend the night at the lodge.

We rose at four the next morning and were on the trail at five, although it was still dark at that hour. All had been able to obtain ice axes, crampons and ropes and we set out at a slow pace hoping to continue building speed and thus make the long climb in only one day.

Heeding the advice that we had been given we contoured the mountain and kept off the false peak and rock faces which were coated with ice at this time of year; for this was the winter season in Mexico.

Up to 15,800 feet the climb was a long ascent in volcanic ash. We would climb two feet and slip back one. The Kentuckian and the two Californians found the going rougher than they expected and turned back, leaving John, Val and I to go the rest of the way alone.

The snow slope became steeper and harder and we had to kick steps and exercise extreme caution as we had not roped up yet. After chopping steps for the last 800 feet, we reached the eastern rim of the volcano at 17,200. Sulfur fumes rose about us as we rested for a few moments before setting out for the higher western side of the cone.

From our vantage point we could barely see the giant Peak Orizaba (18,696), another Mexican volcano and the third highest peak in North America through the clouds to the east. Directly across from us was Popocatepetl's twin, Ixtaccihuatl.

The summit itself had no register or Cairn as we had hoped but only a metal image of the Virgin. By this time the clouds had completely shrouded the area and the view, which in clear weather must be spectacular, was nonexistent.

So with nothing holding us on top and the hour drawing late, we started down. The descent was most enjoyable because it consisted of 5000 feet of glissading and heeling down, first in soft snow and then in the rubbery volcanic ash.

Arriving at the lodge at five we drove to Cornivaca that night and the next day were water skiing at Acapulco in the Pacific Ocean. The water was very warm and the memories of snow and cold at 18,000 feet seemed far behind us.

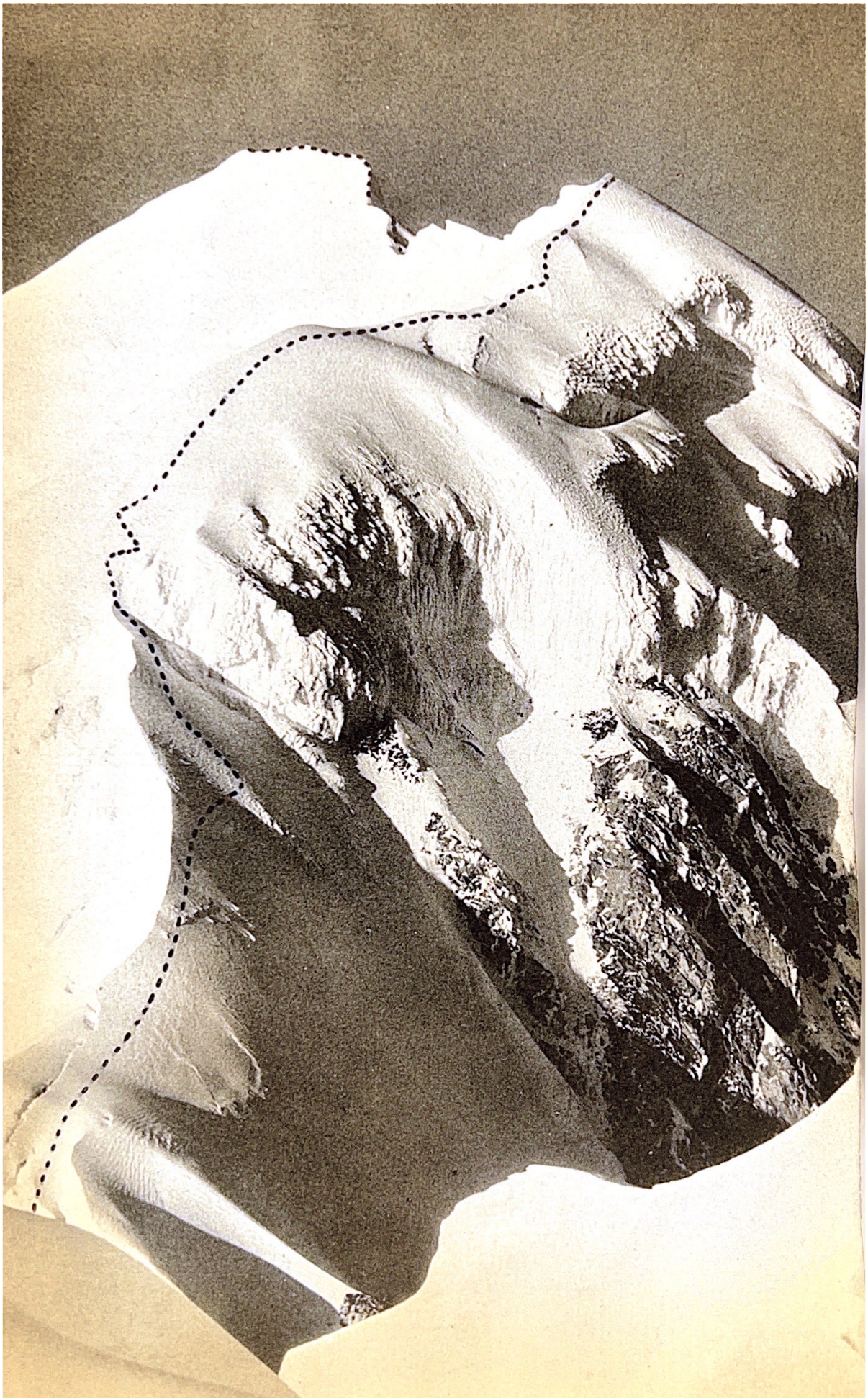
TALUS

Big mountaineering is the object of all our efforts and we plan and scheme all year long for the summer expeditions to the west and higher, more challenging peaks. But the short rock and ice climbs that we make during the course of the year keep us in shape for the greater efforts of the summer months. Below are recorded the ascents, both large and small, made by the Club during the past year in the New England area.

Owl's Head - - -

As in the past years, the cliff 40 miles north of Hanover known as Owl's Head has given College craig rats excellent opportunity to practice all types of rock technique. The friction traverse is of special attraction, and for the newcomers to climbing it provides an opportunity to learn to rely on their feet and not on "bucket" type hand holds found so frequently around Hanover. Last fall numerous climbs were made on the 600 foot cliff face, most notable of these being Barry Corbet and Sam Silverstein's variation on a theme of Charlie's Route named affectionately the "B-S" route.





White Mountains - - -

Thanksgiving Vacation found Wayne Hamilton, Fred Fitch and Barry Corbet on Mt. Lafayette for three days of cold weather survival training and climbing on the peak. Mt. Washington has also provided excellent ice climbing, especially in Huntington Ravine. Ski mountaineering has become increasingly popular and with the exceptionally heavy snows this spring the trails on Mt. Washington have provided fine sport.

Mt. Katahdin - - -

Making the first winter traverse of the knife edge from Pamola to Baxter peak, Hamilton, Fitch and Corbet proved their winter experiences on Lafayette to be of great use. The trio packed into the wilderness area amidst freezing rains and extraordinarily poor conditions underfoot.

The traverse itself was on solid snow and ice with high winds hampering the climbers all the way. In the descent Hamilton's boots froze and he snowshoed the twelve miles out wearing only a number of pairs of wool socks.

Eagle Ledges - - -

A new climbing area about 15 miles north of the College has been explored and three routes have been climbed so far. The rock is fairly solid and makes for enjoyable climbing. One particularly "hairy" ascent on a nearly vertical face was made this fall by Barry Corbet and Jack Breitenbach.

Laurentians - - -

Solid rock and interesting cliffs characterize the softly rolling hills of the Laurentian Mountains, north of Montreal, Quebec. Always a favorite with Hanover rock climbers, the Ste. Marguerite chimneys and the Condor pinnacle and cliff make for some fine ascents. The chimneys are giant slots running as much as 60 feet back into the cliff and in some cases require reptilian movements rather than ordinary chimney climbing.

MT. TASMAN from the north, showing route.

42.

Condor Pinnacle near the town of Val David offers a fine, very delicate lead. Both these areas were visited last fall by Barry Corbet and Sam Silverstein. They had some trouble finding the chimneys and describe them as hidden behind Mt. Baldy, overlooking a bowl-shaped lake near Ste. Marguerite.

Climbing Classes and the Hanover Scene - - -

More men will be introduced to rock climbing this spring as the D. M. C. again runs its weekday climbing classes. Norwich, the Bema and Bartlett tower, provide the practice areas. Orford Cliff, north of Hanover, is also visited often on the weekends for a few short hours of climbing.

Summer - - -

Plans are underway to return to British Columbia, the Tetons and other favorite western areas.

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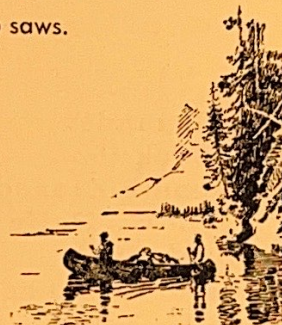
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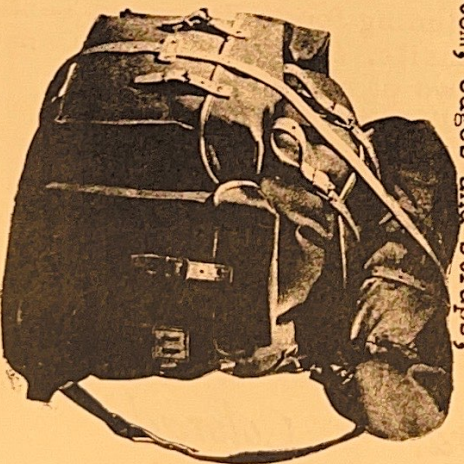


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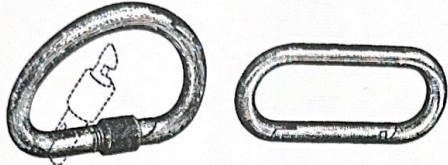
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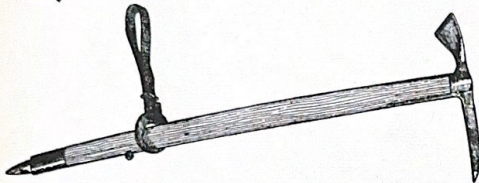
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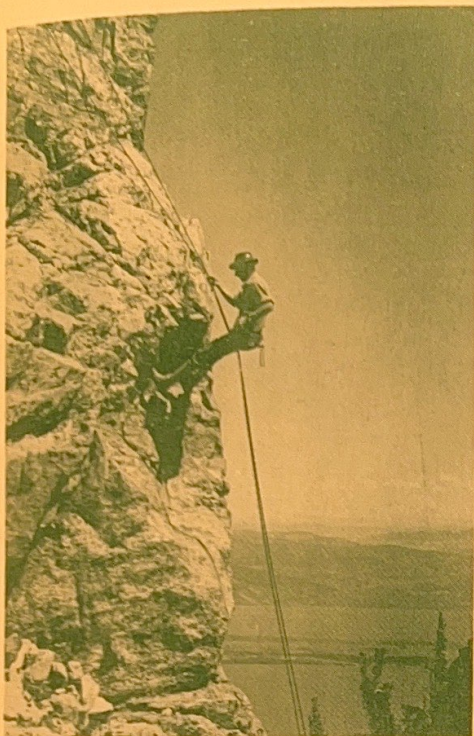
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