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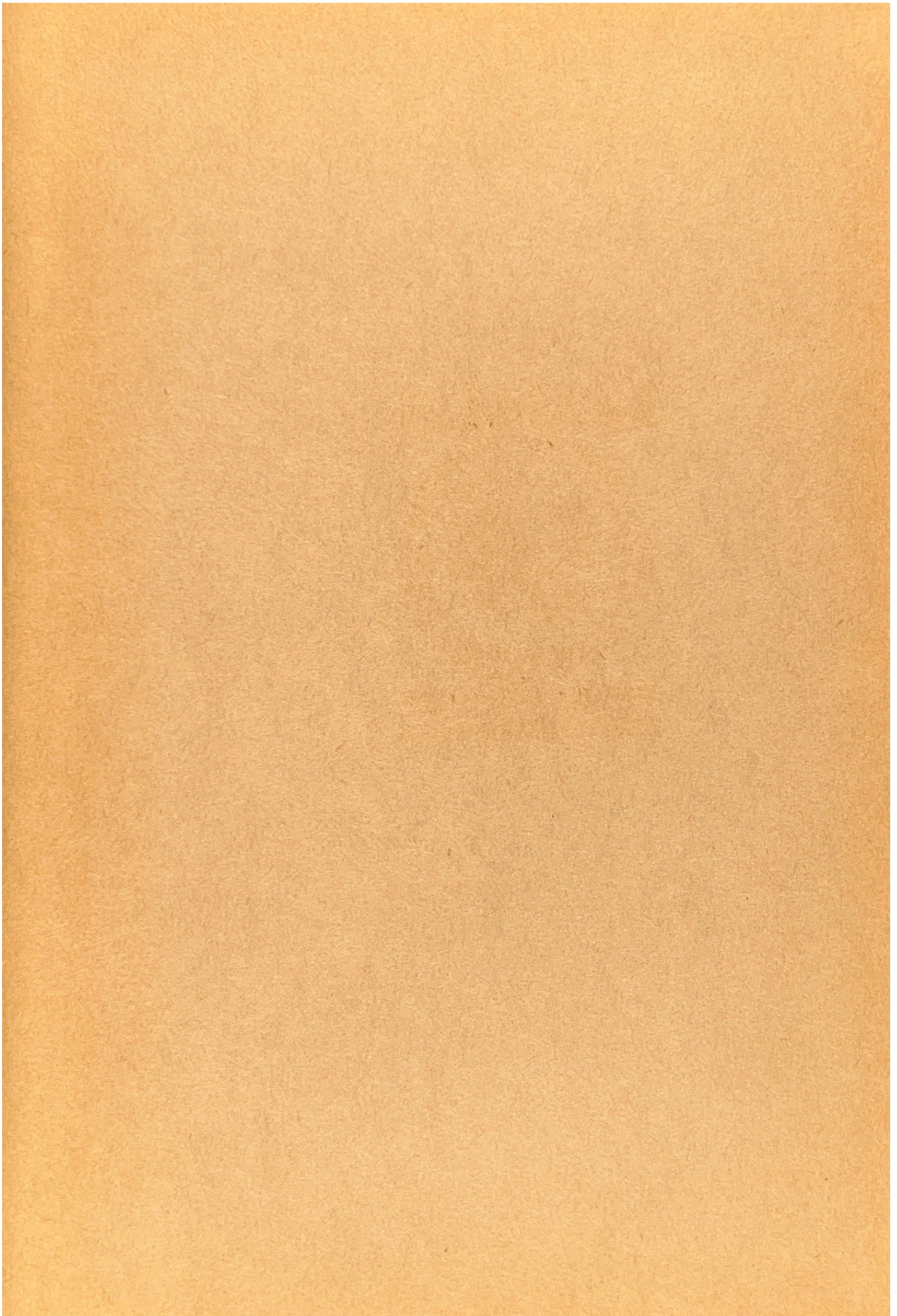
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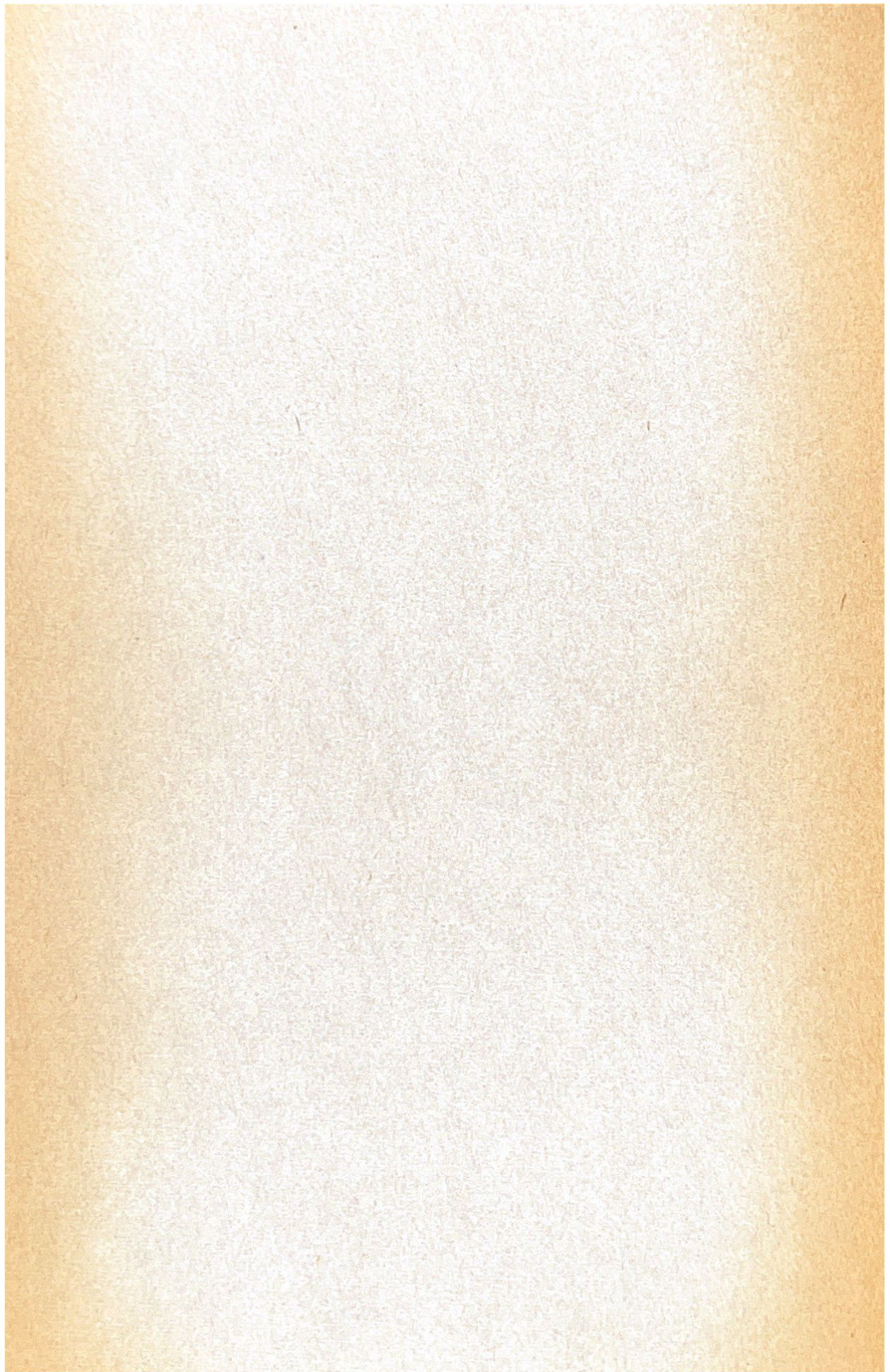
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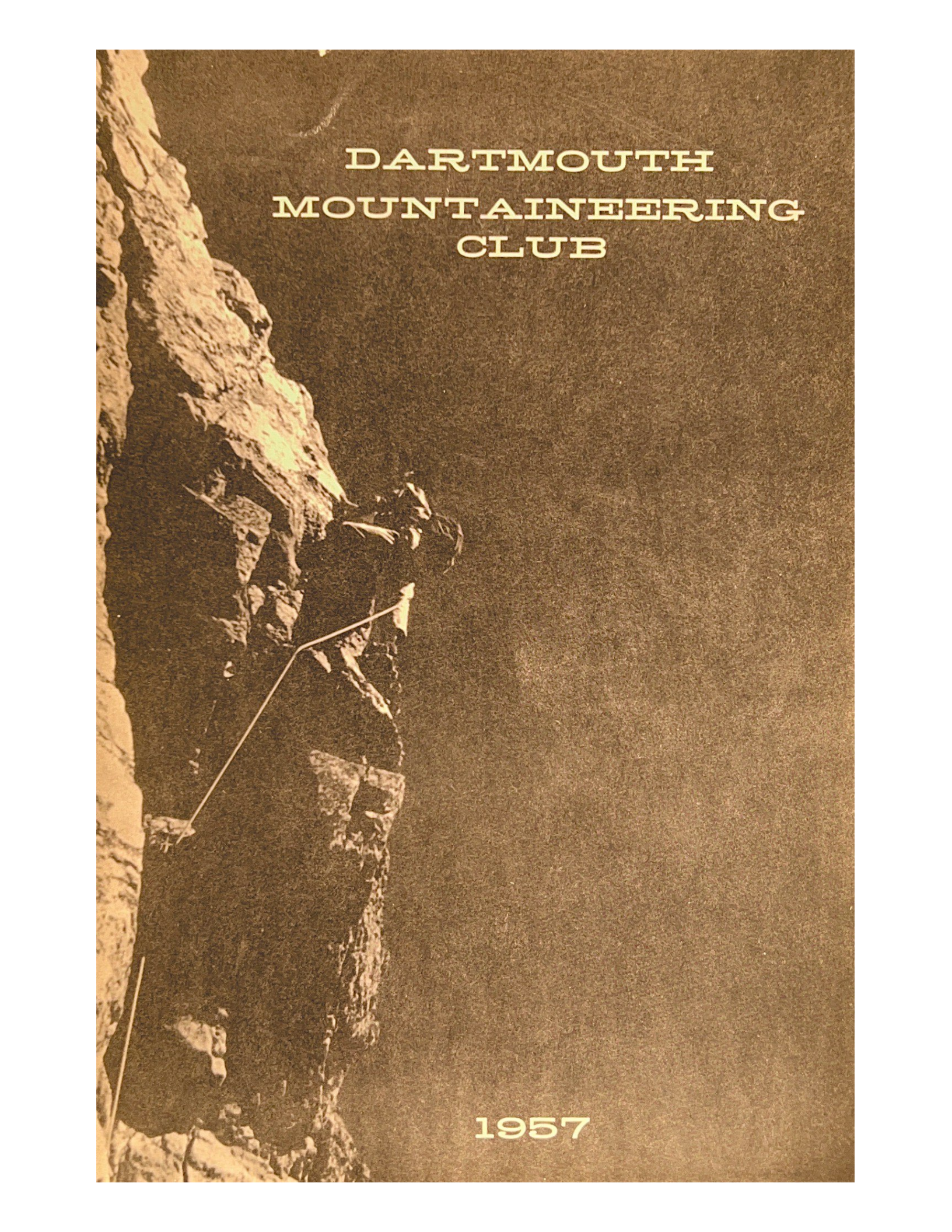
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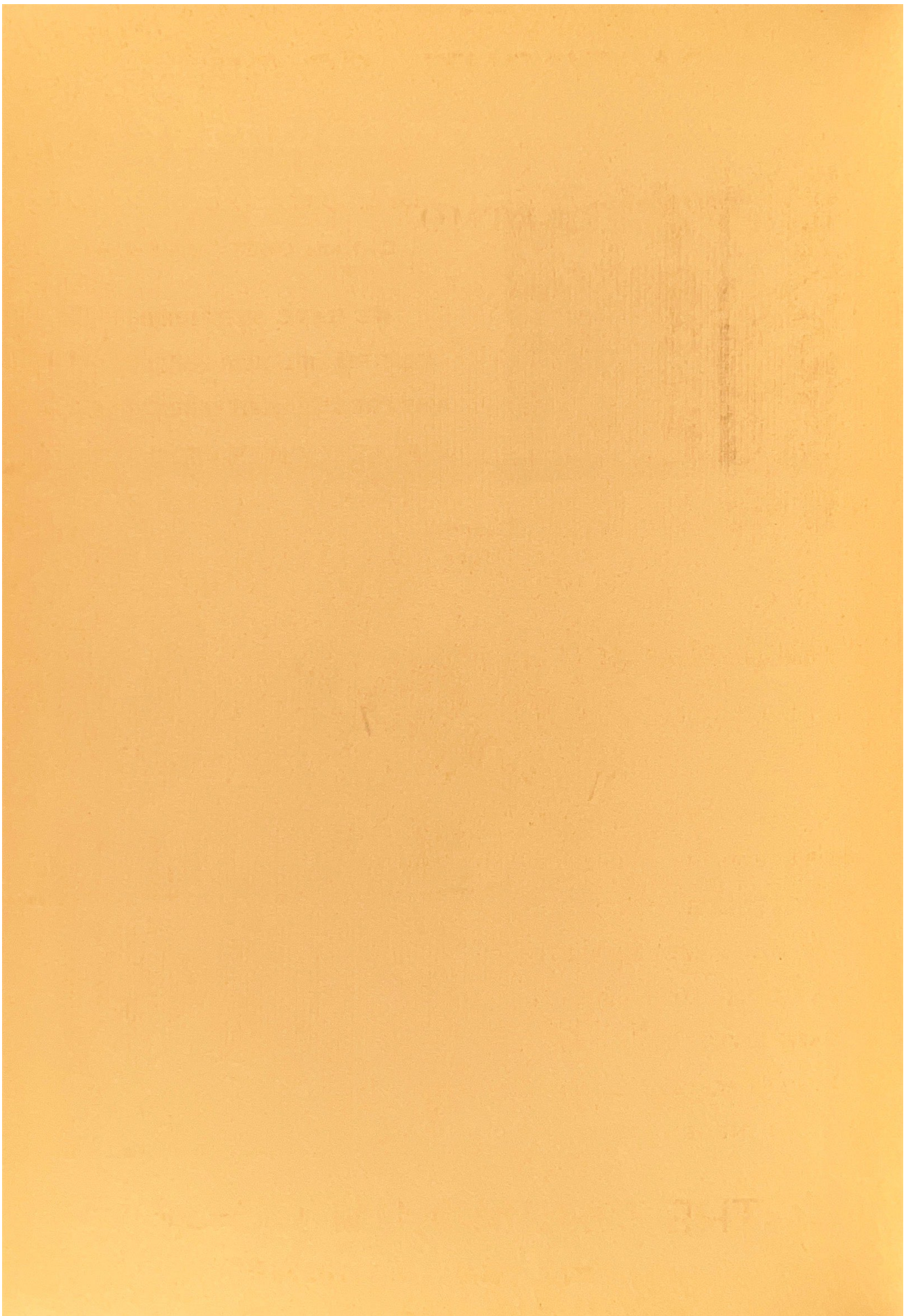






DARTMOUTH
MOUNTAINEERING
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1957



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CLIMBING AROUND ZERMATT

by

Roberts W. French

I've heard it said -- and it may be true -- that when mountaineers die they go to Zermatt. Why not? If a mountaineer were, by some strange quirk of fate, given an unlimited supply of money and a hand-picked crew of engineers and laborers for the purpose of building a mountaineer's paradise, he would probably point in the direction of Zermatt, shrug his shoulders, and ask, "Why build another?"

Imagine a small town, high in a green valley, encircled by the giants of the Swiss Alps and dominated by the world's best-known mountain, the lofty and spectacular Matterhorn; a town of chalets, of yodeling, of herds of goats wandering up the main street, returning home after a day in their alpine meadows; a town where no cars can be found, for they are not allowed, and even if they were there is only one street large enough to drive on, and that street is filled with laughing and suntanned climbers and hikers, strolling past the hotels and restaurants and past the shops, their windows filled with ice-axes, crampons, ropes, pitons, karabiners, rucksacks, bright wool sweaters, knickers, and gaudy sox. This is a town where nothing is more important than the mountains in which it nestles. This is Zermatt.

It is here that the history of modern mountaineering began with the ascent via the Hornli Ridge in 1865 of the supposedly invincible Matterhorn, a climb which promoted interest in the sport of mountaineering even though four of the seven people who made the first ascent were killed on the way down. Three of the bodies rest in the famous Zermatt Cemetery; the fourth, never recovered, remains on the mountain. Unfortunately, the climb of the Matterhorn has become "the thing to do"; when one is in Paris, one sees Notre Dame; in London, one sees Buckingham Palace and Picadilly Circus; in Copenhagen, one spends an evening at Tivoli; in Venice, one cruises the Grand Canal in a gondola; and in Zermatt, one climbs the Matterhorn. The result is that all too often the Hornli Ridge is clogged with climbers in a line reminiscent of the lengthy, never-ending string of people waiting to ride the chairlift at Stowe on the busiest Sunday of the year, and many of them are climbers of little or no experience whose climbing career will begin and end with the Matterhorn; their guides will coax and haul them up and down this route on which they know every handhold and foothold by heart. I am sorry that this climb has become so commercialized, for it can be a most enjoyable climb when conditions are right; that is, when your concern is with climbing the mountain and not battling the tourists above and below you who insist on using you for a handhold. But let the



masses have this climb; it is not the only climb around Zermatt, nor is it the best. There are others.

Using Zermatt as a base camp, a number of celebrated summits can be reached. There is Monte Rosa, the highest point in Switzerland; and next to it the Lyskamm, both close to 15,000 feet; and the Dom (or Mischabel), the highest mountain entirely within Switzerland (part of Monte Rosa is in Italy, but do not take the native Zermatters seriously when they say you will have to go through customs and present your passport at the summit, which is also the border); and the Weisshorn, fourth highest peak in Switzerland; and the Zmutt Ridge of the Matterhorn, a route seldom traveled by any but experts; and the Teschhorn, the smallest of the peaks I have mentioned so far, a mere 14,700 feet; and the jagged Ober-gablehorn, shaped like an equilateral triangle; and the Zinal Rothorn, whose south ridge, the Rotgrat, is justifiably known as one of the world's finest rock climbs, and the Alphubel, Alinalhorn, Rimpfischorn, and a score more.

Let's suppose that you are about to climb one of these mountains; they are all marvelous climbs, and all should be done some day, if possible, but let's pick the Zinal Rothorn. How would you go about it?

The climb is a two day proposition. On the morning of the first day you are in Zermatt, having risen late and having had a leisurely breakfast, and are packing your rucksack. There is no hurry, for your job today is to reach the hut near the base of the mountain, in this case the Rothornhutte. Zermatt is at an elevation of approximately 5000 feet above sea level; the hut will be about 5000 feet higher. The Swiss Alpine Club maintains a string of huts all through the Swiss Alps; the ones around Zermatt are miles from the town and anything else high up in the mountains, and usually located in places where only Swiss ingenuity and skill could build a hut. They are of stone construction, with pine paneling inside, as neat and clean as grandma's kitchen, and are run by a caretaker and one or two assistants, who, among other things, cook for you the food you bring (by unwritten agreement everyone brings about the same thing for simplicity's sake, usually spaghetti, thick condensed soup, and several pieces of an easy-to-cook meat) and supply certain items like wine, which is packed to the huts by donkeys. The Rothornhutte will accommodate about eighty; sleeping quarters are in four rooms, and consist of mattresses placed side by side on top of a room-length wooden stand. Blankets and one rather small pillow are provided for you. Needless to say, running water is unheard of and other conveniences are located some distance from the hut; I hasten to add, though, that the Rothornhutte has a natural refrigerator -- a snowfield extends to the back of the dining room (the only heated room) and covers the hut right up to the roof. If you want to keep anything cold, you just open a window, place your food in the snow, and close the window.

THE ROCK CLIMBING FARMERS OF UTAH

by

Peter Farquhar '60

The New England farmer is mighty particular about these young college fellers trespassin' on his land, and he's even more wary of those damn fools who climb all over his cliffs up in the north pasture. Well, sir, last summer I ran across a different kind of farmer out in Utah who showed me a few things about rock climbing, and quite an experience it was.

I met these four Mormon farmers, Dan, Dave, Bruce and Rass, out on the Green River in Utah where we were all working for Hatch River Expeditions in the canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers. When they found out that I had done some rock climbing, they showed great interest and soon asked me if I would give them a bit of assistance in climbing one of the canyon walls next time down the river. I agreed, but said that if it were a difficult cliff we would need a rope and pitons. They said that they would provide the equipment, and I soon forgot about the matter.

A week later, after camp was set up for the night, Dave came up to me and asked if I was ready.

"Ready for what?" I replied.

"To climb the cliff," said Dave, pointing to a sheer canyon wall across the river, hundreds of feet high.

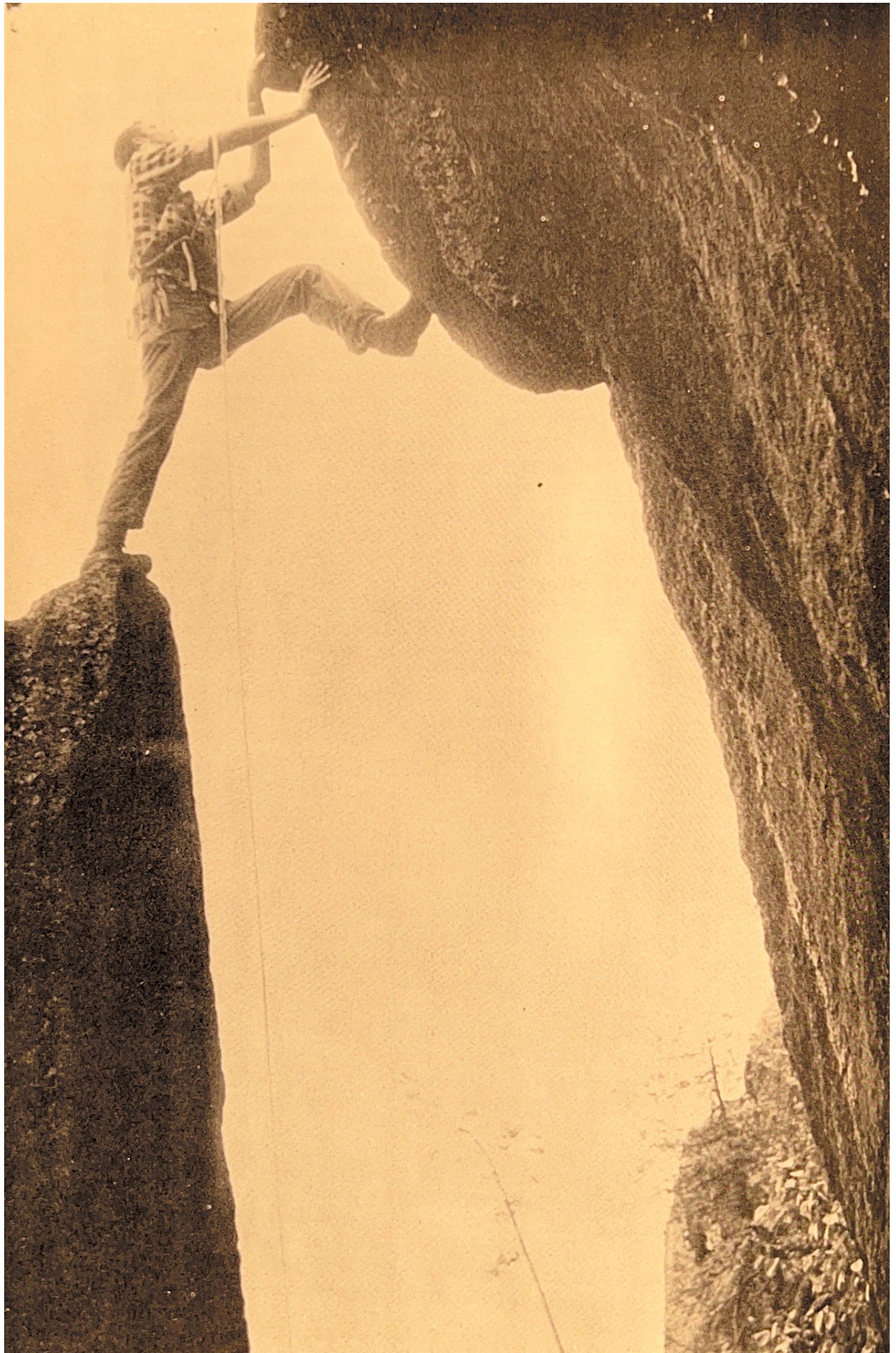
"Is THAT what you want to climb?" I asked in horror.

"That's it. I have the rope right here," and he produced a sixty foot hemp rope, which I had noticed lying in the bilge water for the past two days.

I began to protest strongly, saying that the cliff was impossible and that we didn't even have pitons. However, Dan ran up to say that he had the pitons and that there was an easy chimney around the side -- so, doubting our sanity, we started off.

After a few rock scrambles and several hundred feet of friction pitches on sandstone, which I swear provided no friction at all, we arrived at the foot of the chimney, four feet wide on the face of the cliff and narrowing down to a few inches some twenty feet inside the rock wall.

I tied in and began to jam my way up, planning to belay the four Mormon farmers at the first practicable chock stone. I had almost reached the end of my rope (in more ways than one) when I felt as if there was a shadow hanging over me. Turning around I saw Dan and Rass spread-eagled across the chimney, smiling benevolently down upon me, oblivious to the three hundred feet of exposure below them.



THE ROCK CLIMBING FARMERS OF UTAH (continued)

"But you can't do that," I said.

"Why not?" asked Dan, "it's easy."

I tried to explain that one simply did not climb like that unroped, but they just couldn't understand why and continued climbing toward the top, while Dave and Bruce followed. Spread-eagled across the chimney, all four were inching their way onward; there was nothing I could do but follow, and after half an hour we emerged at the top.

Realizing that if these boys could be taught proper technique, they would make good climbers, I asked them if they would like to learn some good climbing methods and how they enjoyed the climb.

"Oh, we didn't come here for the climb," said Dave as we walked over to the side of the cliff which overhung the river. Then Bruce pulled a stopwatch from his pocket. "We had an argument last week as to exactly how high this cliff really was," he said, producing a large sack and filling it with rocks. "You see, if we time the fall of this sack of rocks, we can find out the height of the cliff," and he pulled out a chart with some equations written on it. Then Bruce clicked the stopwatch as Dan and Rass dropped the sack of rocks over the edge; five point three seconds later the sack hit the river, and computations were made.

I have often thought about the rock climbing farmers of Utah and have come to believe that I would rather be shot at by a New England farmer than climb with one from Utah. By the way, if you're interested, the height of the cliff turned out to be eight hundred and ten feet, which might be useful information if you want to know how long you have to live if you should ever fall from that height.

THE SOUTHWEST RIDGE OF NAZOMI,
SOUTHERN ALPS, NEW ZEALAND

by

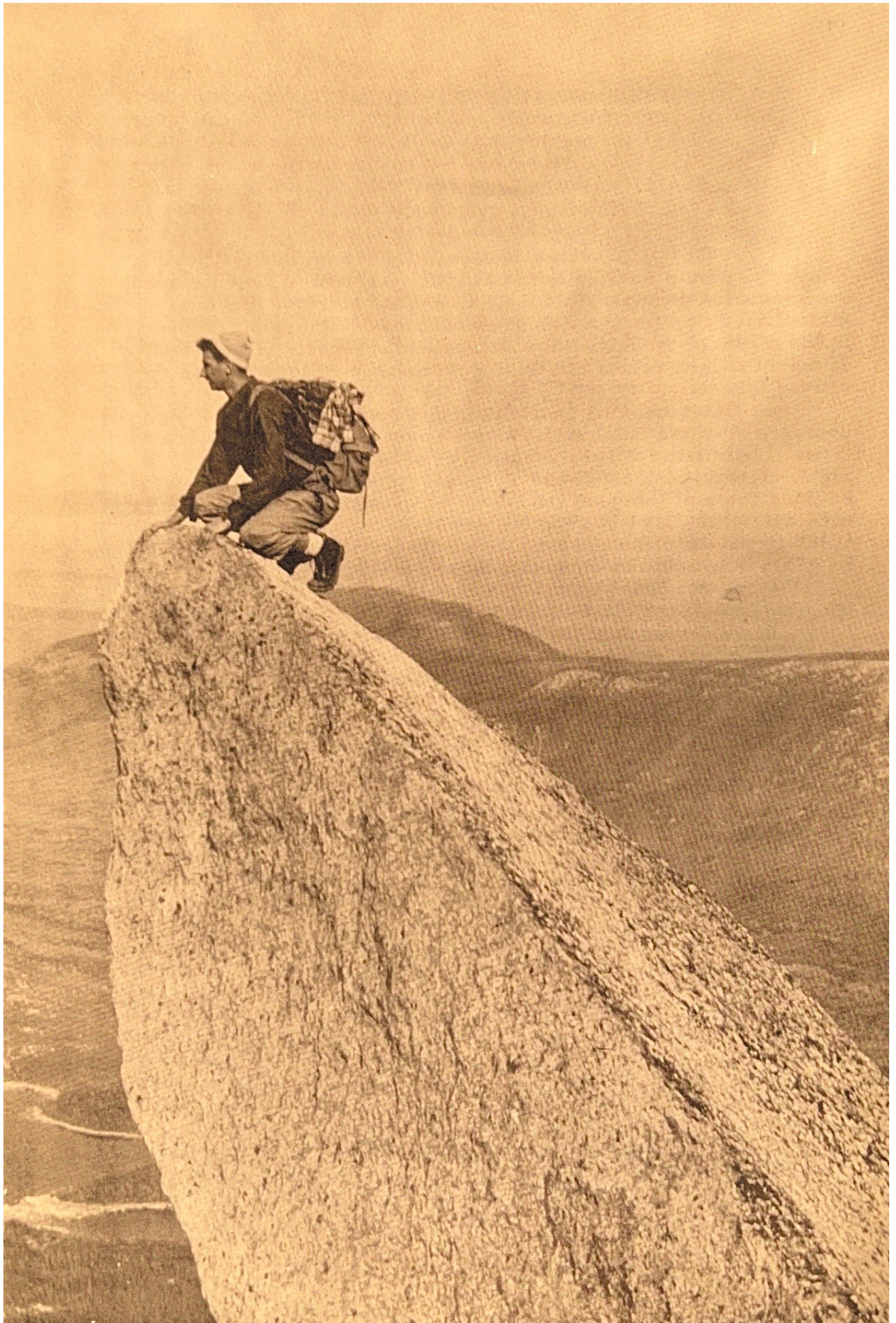
Peter Robinson '54

On February 19, 1955, I set out with a new companion for the Hooker Hut. I had come to know Hamish MacInnes during a period of bad weather. We had done some practice rock climbing, and I agreed to join him in attempting the unclimbed southwest ridge of Nazomi, the peak which lies just to the south of Mount Cook. The next day we were confined to the Hooker Hut by rain, but on the third day it began to clear up. We got away for the base of the ridge at 2 a.m. complete with sleeping bags, food, and plenty of hardware. Forty-eight and one-half hours later we were back at the hut after one of the most arduous rock climbs I have experienced.

The ridge commences at the Hooker Glacier at less than 4,000 feet and rises to the main west ridge of Nazomi at over 9,000 feet. By nightfall of the first day we had climbed the two lower buttresses of the ridge, each over 1,000 feet. It was warm and sunny for the most part, and the upper portion of the second buttress gave us some interesting and exposed fourth class pitches. The sunset views from our bivouac at the top of the second buttress were unexcelled for beauty, but we found the place too windy to get much sleep.

In the morning we worked up the less steep but more serrated portion above the second buttress. One enormous gendarme required a frontal attack with three difficult leads, including an icy overhang led by Hamish where a piton was needed for direct aid. Further along we came upon the most spectacular knife-edge either of us had ever seen. It seemed to be practically overhanging on both sides for hundreds of feet. Traversing over a small peak dominating the middle portion of the ridge, which we named "The Gnome," we attacked the upper 2,000 foot face. The rock was rotten and coated with ice and snow. The piton hammer was used to clean out holds and even to cut ice steps. The angle of the face averaged about sixty degrees, but below us it broke into a precipice of thousands of feet above the Mona Glacier. With 18 leads, continuously belaying, we got up the face onto the main west ridge. No time was left to go up this ridge to the very summit (9,700 feet).

(continued on page 37)



THE SOUTHEAST RIDGE OF MOUNT TUTOKO

by

Peter Robinson '54

Tuoko! Monarch of the Darrans! Jewel of the South! The name meant nothing to me as a new arrival in New Zealand, but gradually through photographs, books, stories, and one distant view, an impression grew of a towering mountain lost in the mist, of massive snow domes and cataracts of ice, and of smooth black rock walls rising from deep valleys of lush, sodden forest.

One winter evening Len Kitson and I were admiring a photograph of the Southland Party's route on the southern ice face. I pointed to a spectacular dige of buttresses to the right. Had it been climbed? "No," replied Kitson. Thus began a train of thought, the result of which was that seven men with eight days of supplies were moving up the rough track in the Tutoko Valley on the afternoon of January 2, 1956, in weather which was obviously deteriorating.

We called ourselves the International Tutoko Expedition. My old friend Dick Irvin of Berkeley, California, could, I knew, be relied upon to force the issue with the three great rock buttresses of the ridge should the technical standard pass beyond a certain point. Gerry Hall-Jones and Lloyd Warburton of the Southland section were old hands with the Darrans and knew something of our route to high camp. Steve Espie of New York, N. Y., Niel Wales of Dunedin, and Norman Griffiths of Dunedin and formerly England were of varying lesser degrees of experience but all keen to see the heart of the Darrans and make our enterprise a success.

From the dark hummocky forest the party assembled on the first gravel flat, but was soon forced onward by sandflies through the beginnings of rain. Tutoko Creek was folded directly opposite the second dry creek bed above Leader Creek, which flows down from the Age Glacier under the south face of Tutoko. A tent campsite was selected at 4 p.m., 4 1/2 hours from the Milford road.

The next morning those whose sleeping bags had been dampened during the night, not wishing to remain in sodden beds, rustled up breakfast, and then set out a foray up the dry creek bed to Leader Creek. Leader Creek was found impassable but the great news was of an enormous bivouac cave a short distance up the creek bed from our present camp. By noon the entire party, baggage and all, was installed under the rock's sheltering eaves before a roaring fire. "Dave's Cave," as we named it, remained dry despite all that the weather god "Hughie" could send down on January 3rd, 4th, 5th and part of the 6th. Our fears that

nearby "Limerick Creek," augmented by overflow from the swollen Leader Creek, would rise and wash us out, proved unfounded, but occupied our thoughts during the black nights when the sound of water was all around us.

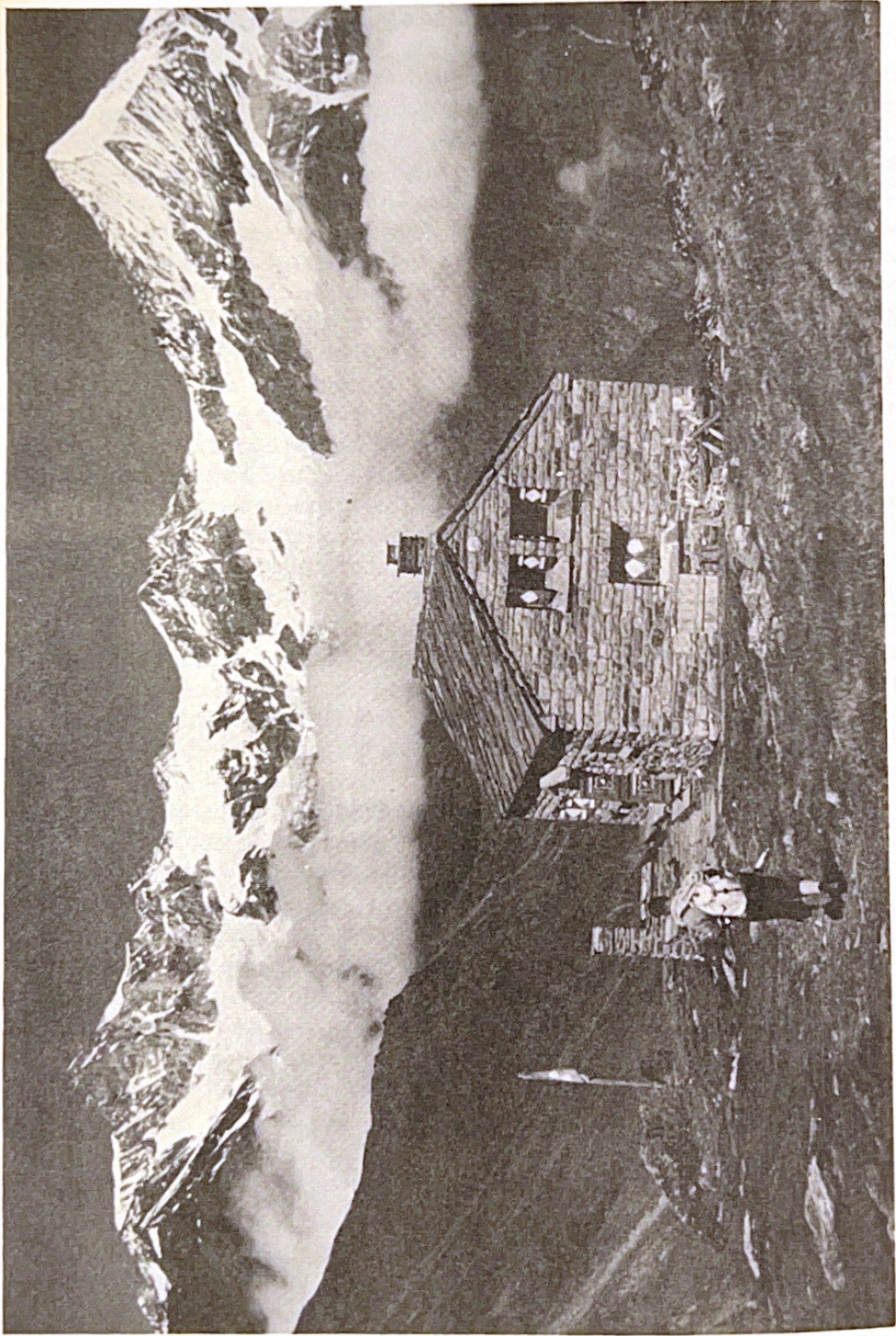
On the afternoon of the 6th the sun came out and Lloyd and I were sent up with one tent and light loads to get a head start on the main party which would follow the next morning. We crossed Leader Creek, roping the packs across from a big rock, and disappeared into the thick bush on the south bank. A steep trail, requiring much blazing, led us past the falls to more open going beside the stream. An old tin or two showed us that humans had been there before. At a point just below the Age Glacier we studied the weather more closely and decided on full retreat back to the cave, packs and all, lest we be cut off by Leader Creek in the impending shower. Cries of shame greeted our return to the sheltered place, but our consciences were fully relieved in the night by a stupendous downpour accompanied by great claps of thunder. "Hughie" was doing his worst.

I was up before dawn on the 7th to find that we had a perfect day on our hands. Lloyd and I were away at 6:30. We now easily waded Leader Creek and reached the point of our previous retreat. From here the route goes diagonally left up some fierce bluffs of rock and scrub. The worst of this really required a rope and became known to us as the "Great Bush Wall." A wet, cold fight through the shadows brought us to easier, sunny snowgrass above, whence the route marked by a cairns left by the Southland Party the previous year was easily followed for three hours to Turner's Rock Bivouac.

After an hour for lunch, we worked out a route along the lower edge of the Madeline Ice Plateau and around the head of the valley on steep snow as far as a prominent rock rib directly beneath the minor peak, immediately south of Tutoko. The problems of the ridge occupied our thoughts. The first buttress directly above the col, although vertical on the right, would surely go. The second, a smooth pillar of several hundred feet, looked nearly hopeless, unless, as we suspected, there was a way on the far side. The third buttress looked short but very steep with several possibilities, none of them inviting.

Back with the others at Turner Rock, heavy clouds again darkened our horizons, but it was a false alarm, for the morning of the 8th was perfect. Gerry, Lloyd, Dick and I started at 4:45 a.m. With excellent crampon conditions we quickly proceeded unroped around the steep slopes and up to the col at the base of the ridge arriving at 7:40 a.m.

Some discussion ensued as to the best means of attacking the first pitch. Lloyd and I roped together and I crawled into the moat between snow and rock. To cross this entailed



EUROPEAN CLIMBS 1956

by

Peter Robinson '54

Having stretched my limbs on one of the pyramids in Cairo, and St. Peter's in Rome, I met Stephe Espie, an American friend from New Zealand, in Zermatt, Switzerland, in late July. For training, we hiked up the Oberrothorn on the east side of the valley. Then, after discussing plans with an old friend, guide Charlie Furrer, we went up to the Rothorn Hut at 10,000 feet.

Our first climb was the pleasant southern ridge of the Trifhorn. This was followed, next day, by an ascent of the Zinal Rothorn by the normal route. This was icy, and dangerously crowded by American standards, but, nevertheless, was our best alpine climb. After a bad weather hike to the diminutive Aeschorn, we descended to Zermatt.

We set out for Monte Rosa as soon as good weather returned. Unable to afford the railway, we hiked to the Betemas Hut from Zermatt. Many hours before dawn we set out with a whole crowd for the Dufoursquitze, and by good fortune managed to get ahead of all except a friendly guide and client. The cold was very penetrating, but the altitude of 15,000 feet seemed to trouble us far less than expected from our experience at lower altitudes in Colorado. From the Dufoursquitze we traversed the Zumstinspitze and reached the Margberita Hut about noon. The view from nearly 15,000 feet over the whole of the Western Alps at sunset was reward enough for the long climb.

The next morning we started at 6:30, a "gentleman's hour." We traversed the beautiful snow ridge of the Syskamm and Castor, circled Pollox and the Breithorn on the south side, and came down to the gandeg hut above Zermatt. That night, August 1st, was the celebration of Swiss Independence, and we stood outside to watch fireworks from the villages and surrounding huts. Then, guide Emile Perren invited us into the kitchen for hot "gluhwien." We talked of mutual friends and acquaintances and of his coming visit to the Canadian Rockies in 1956.

From Bergen, Norway, in mid-August, two New Zealand friends, Harry McQuillan and Keith Williamson, Stephe Espie and I took third class deck passages on the Coastal Express Steamer "Lofoten" bound for the Arctic.

(continued on page 46)

Switzerland -- The Taschutte and Charlie Furrer in the foreground; the Zimol Rotherm on the left, the Weisshorn in the right.

RAINIER

by

Samuel Silverstein '58

The late Admiral Byrd once explained that only the poorly prepared ever have adventures. Events for Byrd apparently went according to schedule because of his meticulous planning, but my experiences, rather my adventures, last summer seem to belie the Admiral's pat reasoning. The following story shows how even the best laid plans of mice and mountaineers may collapse like a rotten snow bridge.

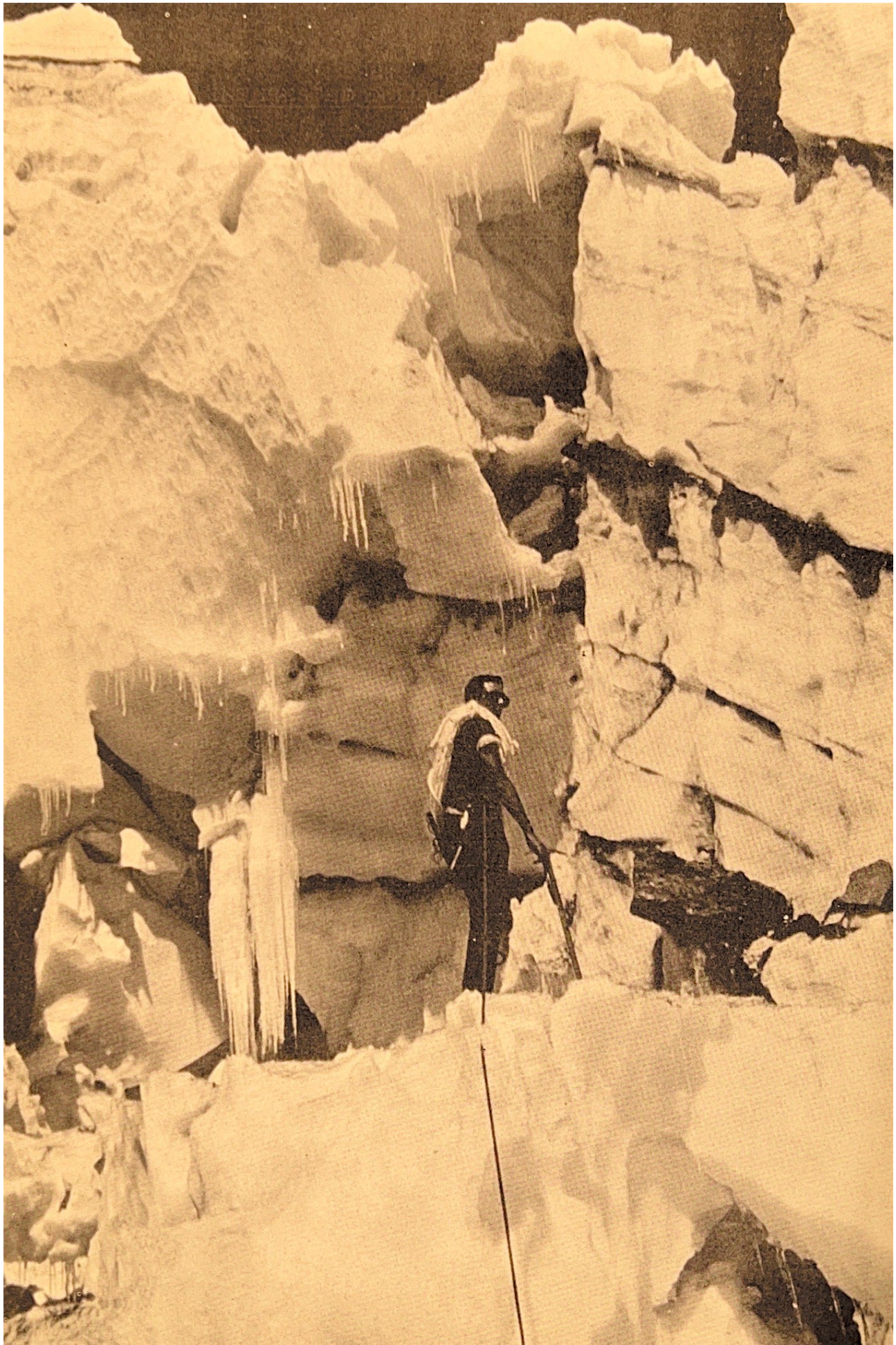
In the winter of 1955-56 the offices of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club began to hum with the sound of plans of an expedition to the Battle Range in British Columbia. I remember sitting up half one night with Gerry Cabaniss computing the gas consumption rates of a Primus Stove -- by three a. m. we had formulated the first law of Primus, only to find (at four a. m.) that it would work only in certain cases. Our fame was short-lived.

Eventually, however, the gas consumption was determined, the food figured down to the last ounce, the gear cut down to the minimum weight, and a complete medical kit assembled. All of this had taken a great deal of meticulous planning, Byrd style, with help generously given by such an authority as Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Plans were complete; all that was lacking was the arrival of the departure date. And eventually that came. The unexpected had occurred already, however. One of our party had been hurt when a snow bridge gave way on Rainier and thus when I left for Denver our plans were uncertain.

In Denver I found that Railway Express had lost one of the packages I had shipped from New York -- the package contained our tent and medical kit, both irreplaceable items.

Leaving a tracer with the Express people in Denver, Gerry and I started for Seattle where we would meet Barry Corbet, the third member of our group. Money was at a premium, especially if we had to buy a new tent and medical gear; and so we arranged our schedule in such a way that we would arrive at a friend's home in time for a meal, a bed, or merely a shave and shower. In this manner we had reached the final leg of our trip. But as we sped through Lolo National Forest in northwestern Montana, a deer jumped in front of our car causing a sudden and violent intermeshing of fan blade and

Gerry Cabaniss on Cowlitz Glacier on Mt. Rainier, Washington.



radiator with small chunks of grill and fender thrown in. The car was a wreck. So we wired Barry . . .

HAVE HIT DEER... CAR USELESS... MUST
WAIT FOR PARTS... WILL WIRE MORE
INFORMATION LATER.

Finally the parts came and we made the necessary repairs arriving in Seattle without further incident. Within a few minutes we decided that Rainier would be our first objective, hoping all the while that the lost gear would turn up and make our trip to the Battle Range possible. But for the meanwhile Rainier would be perfect.

We arrived at Paradise Valley on a Wednesday evening and woke up the next morning to find the sun shining and the whole valley to be truly a paradise. Alpine flowers filled the meadows and the huge bulk of Rainier rose sparkling and symmetrical. Out toward the west was the Pacific with clouds hanging far out to sea, and the giant shapes of Adams and Saint Helens were clearly perceptible. We gathered up our equipment, glorying all the while in the wonderful weather and beautiful scenery, and made for the ranger station to get permission to climb the mountain. This was granted after a thorough inspection of equipment, during which our ice axes were bent almost double to test their strength.

Thus with permission to climb the mountain in our packs, packs on our backs, and clear skies overhead, we started out over the lush alpine gardens for Camp Muir at 10,000 feet. Paradise is at 5,000 feet and since this was our first climb we took our time. As we gained height on the long snowfields the scenery became more majestic and new horizons opened up. Finally the stone huts at Muir appeared, and then we were there. The sun went down behind the Olympics, the high summits had a soft alpenglow, stars shone overhead and we were surrounded by the tranquility of the mountains. The night passed quickly and again in the morning the skies shone clear. We passed the day reconnoitering our route and drinking chocolate malteds while soaking up the sun. Later on in the day other groups arrived to try the mountain by the Gibraltar route, and with them came two young tourists who caused us trouble later. These two were touring the west before entering college and felt themselves more than equal to the mountain. Thus they intended to sneak up without permission. We discouraged them as much as possible but found finally that they would not be deterred.

(continued on p. 48)

Barry Corbet on Mt. Rainier.



THE RED SENTINEL
(Or the Dregs of the DMC Battle Range Expedition)

by

Gerry H. Cabaniss

After leaving Sam Silverstein, our second casualty of Mt. Rainier, writhing in a nice, expensive hospital bed in Seattle, J.B. (Barry) Corbet and I pointed the car toward the Tetons. The precisely-planned Battle Range Expedition of 1956 was choking its last, and J.B. and I were feeling very cautious.

After a rather harrowing trip in Jake Breitenbach's old car (with loose steering gear and a fouled radiator), we handled our way into Yellowstone Park for a good night's sleep after thirty-six hours of straight driving. We were off to a rousing start the next morning and headed south, breaking up the bear jams along the way with raucous blasts of the horn. While pulling up to the Jenny Lake ranger station, we were envisioning a lazy afternoon spent setting up camp and contemplating the sheer horns and arretes rising across the lake. The ranger easily convinced us, however, that we should immediately pack up to Garnet Canyon to get an early start on the Sentinel. The Red Sentinel is a rather hard-to-see pinnacle on the extension of the Grand's east ridge which runs to Disappointment Peak. We were assured it would be a good warm-up for the more strenuous climbs.

After a long, grinding pull up the Garnet Canyon trail, we reached timberline and set up camp. Neither of us was in the best of condition, even after the long backpack on Rainier, so we slept well until the new \$3.50 alarm clock jolted us up at three-thirty. We breakfasted well on dehydrated, cheese-flavored scrambled eggs and cocoa. As we were planning several other climbs out of the Canyon, we carried the packs another mile to the Petzoldt Caves, a few boulders with some space beneath. Behind the caves was a long, rock-filled couloir leading to the still unseen objective. We slogged up through the loose rocks while stopping for pictures of the Middle Teton at various intervals. As we rounded a corner of the south buttress of Disappointment, a sharp, overhanging gendarme suddenly came into view -- the Sentinel. Continuing up to the col between it and Disappointment, we reached the only route up the pinnacle.

The Tetons from Jenny Lake, Wyoming.



THE LOWER EXUM RIDGE OF THE GRAND TETON

by

Jake Breitenbach

The Lower Exum Ridge was first climbed on September 1, 1936, by Jack Durrance and Kenneth Henderson. Durrance repeated the climb later that year with Andy McNair, Professor of Geology at Dartmouth. As far as is known, it was not climbed again until Barry Corbet, Carlos Plummer, and I attempted it last summer.

The Exum Ridge is the first ridge east of the large couloir which is just east of the Lower Saddle on the south side of the Grand Teton. The Exum Route utilizes the upper portion of this ridge, avoiding the steeper, more difficult lower portion. This route cuts over from the Owen Route, gaining the ridge by way of the wide, slanting ledge known as Wall Street. The portion of the ridge below Wall Street is known as the Lower Exum.

The Lower Exum is divided into a series of steps, affording belay points which are usually quite large and comfortable. The faces between these steps are, for the most part, nearly vertical. The rock is excellent -- some of the best in the Park -- and the climbing is the most enjoyable I have ever done. Each pitch is difficult, presenting a challenge to the ability and condition of the climbers. No one pitch, however, is extremely difficult. It is the consistent difficulty of the route which makes it such an excellent climb. On most of the leads we used pitons for protection, but no direct aid climbing was required.

We started up from the Petzoldt Caves early in the morning of September 9, 1956. By eight a. m. we had passed the Lower Saddle, and were standing on the Black Dike at the base of the Exum Ridge. The first pitch led straight up a few feet; then led left along a narrow ledge, and around a tight corner to a wider, sloping ledge. We followed the ledge left until it ended in a small chimney in which we climbed to the top of the first step.

At the top of the first step we went left a few feet to the base of a 120 foot chimney containing two chockstones. We climbed over the first chockstone and behind the second. Then traversing out of the chimney onto the exposed face of the right, we climbed the steep face on good holds to the top of the second step. Scrambling left for a few yards, we climbed up the crest of the ridge to a precarious belay point on a flake. The next lead, which was up a series of awkward cracks, brought us to the top of the third step.

At this point the most difficult climbing began. The first pitch started left of the crest and angled right up a steep crack, and then traversed left and up into a belay cave. On the next lead we crawled on our stomachs to the left for a few feet in an inverted chimney until it opened into a ledge. From this ledge we climbed up vertical rock on small holds until we reached a wide sunken ledge.

On this sunken ledge we walked right, and then climbed up between a boulder and the crest to a slab at the base of the so-called Black Face. It is at the base of the Black Face where many parties have turned back. The face of black rock is about 130 feet high, and all but vertical. It is not, however, as difficult as it seems. There are adequate piton cracks, and, for the most part, excellent handholds. The only problem is to belay somewhere on the face. We accomplished this about halfway up by hanging from a piton and resting our feet on a somewhat shaky slab. The shakiness of the slab was not suspected until Barry and I tried to stand on it at the same time. It rocked out about two inches, and then rocked back into place as I quickly stepped off and hung from the piton.

At the top of the second lead on the Black Face we dropped off slightly to the left of the crest to a comfortable ledge. The next lead was not overly difficult; yet it required almost every type of climbing technique known. We employed everything from an awkward layback at the start to a retable at the top, with friction, chimneying and straight pull-up climbing in between. As the top of this pitch looked familiar to Barry, he asked Carlos to come up and peek around the corner for Wall Street. Carlos let out a shout saying he was on Wall Street. We'd made the climb.

The weather had turned bad as we were doing the last pitch. A sprinkling of rain began and very dark clouds appeared on the horizon causing us to abandon the remainder of the climb up the ridge to the summit. We had accomplished the main objective by climbing the Lower Exum. As the weather was uncertain, we considered it foolish to continue. By late afternoon we were back at the Jenny Lake campground.

This climb remains in my mind as one of the most enjoyable I have ever made. The Black Face was particularly exhilarating, yet no pitch was without attraction. The climb is also very safe. There are usually good belay points and good piton protection. There is virtually no danger of falling rock. For anyone desiring a difficult yet safe climb on excellent rock, I wholeheartedly recommend the Lower Exum as one of the best in the Tetons.

SEVEN DEVILS

by

Charles C. Plummer

Everyone in Bear Gulch was up early that Saturday morning last August. What had aroused this isolated, twelve man Forest Service crew from the sacks on their day of rest? Clarence Jernigan and I were about to make an attempt to scale one of the Seven Devils -- those rugged looking mountains looming on the horizon whence came all our bad weather -- and everybody wanted to wish us good luck. Not that they cared what happened to us, but Clarence was the camp cook and nobody was looking forward to doing his own cooking.

We gathered our gear, including about thirty feet of half rotten, manila rope which we found lying around picking up worms. The taxpayers helped us out when it came to food as we loaded our packs with many cans of B and M brand beans that had been shipped from Maine especially for the Idaho U. S. Forest Service employee's displeasure.

We piled our equipment into the car of a third Forest employee who was going into the area to see what the fishing was like and we were off for the other corner of the Nezperce National Forest in which the Seven Devils were exiled. We stopped only at Riggins, Idaho, to check out at the ranger's office and to toss down a few quick ones at the Seven Devil's Bar and Restaurant (in this case the quick ones were hamburgers). We continued up a dirt road and an hour later we caught our first good glimpse of the Seven Devils. From this the eastern side they looked near impossible, sheer cliffs with huge quartz veins running about their faces. I realized that there had better be more hospitable sides to these monsters for our highly limited equipment.

At the end of the road, Clarence and I put on our packs and started up the steep trail leading to the top of a high ridge. Our plans called for establishing a camp at a lake around which the Seven Devils stood and then make the summit attempt the next day on the highest of the seven, known as He-Devil Mountain. The ridge was a steep walk and uneventful except for five rather stupid deer that stared at us as if they had never seen a human before. Once we had attained the ridge, we were greeted by a fairly decent view -- far below us was our lake and a few others scattered about. Our lake was in a cirque valley surrounded by steep ridges, tower-like mountains and an open and filled with dense forest bisected by a stream with many plunging waterfalls.

(continued on page 54)



TALUS

Tetons . . .

In keeping with tradition, the DMC made several notable ascents in the Tetons last summer. Barry Corbet, Jake Breitenbach, and Gerry Cabaniss focused their attention on what is considered the most difficult climb in the Park -- an attempt to make a second ascent of the south buttress of Mount Moran. The first attempt was made by Corbet, Cabaniss and ranger Al Williamson. This attempt was turned back by snow and general bad weather. A second attempt was made by Cabaniss, Corbet and Breitenbach; however, they decided to turn back after the wind increased its intensity to the point where Corbet's harmonica was playing tunes in his pocket. A third attempt was kept not too far from the ground by a storm.

Soon after the Cabaniss-Corbet route was put on the Red Sentinel (see Red Sentinel article), another Sentinel expedition of DMCers gathered at this hairy splinter. Bill Briggs and Jake Breitenbach did the regular route while Barry Corbet and Charles Plummer made the second ascent of the north face route. A milestone in mountaineering took place in the form of the first traffic jam on the north face of the pinnacle which occurred when the two ropes met and climbers began vying for the one or two fingerholds on the precipitous face.

Another second ascent was made on the south arrete of Nez Perce whose only claim to fame was two short, hairy pitches. The two ropes of climbers climbed along parallel routes most of the time.

Colorado . . .

When the weather began curdling in the Tetons, Jake's "Black Maria" (a '46 Chevy) was persuaded into running again and Breitenbach, Corbet, Page and Plummer headed south to Colorado. First on the agenda was the third Flatiron in Boulder which fell without a struggle in spite of a leaning chimney filled with poison ivy. Nights were spent in city parks, food was scrounged from University of Colorado fraternity rushing barbecues. A bath was declared to be in order after the DMC and Boulder citizens walked on opposite sides of the street. Showers were taken after sneaking into the University gym. Water felt good after three weeks of abstaining from the wash. Also climbed from the Boulder base camp was the Maiden with her classic one hundred and ten foot rappel and a "Fire Escape" sign at the summit pointing to the overhang. Colorado was put behind the Black Maria's wheels after a rapid ascent of Long's Peake by Page and Plummer.

Barry Corbet on the South Arrete of Nez Perce in the Tetons.



Devil's Tower . . .

A solid night of driving brought the Breitenbach mobile to Devil's Tower where Corbet and Breitenbach presented their letter of recommendation from Jack Durrance to the ranger. The tourists gaped open-mouthed as they watched the fearless, bearded youths disappear up the talus. The ascent followed the Durrance route with its hairy jam-cracking.

The Needles . . .

From the Tower, Breitenbach, Corbet and Plummer made a short trip to the Needles in South Dakota for an afternoon and a day of climbing before making the collegiate-ward trek. They were greeted by Herb and Jan Conn who showed them which needles provided the greatest interest. They had a mountaineer's dream in this veritable forest of pinnacles. Two large spires were climbed as well as a number of one pitch pinnacles before the ropes were coiled for the last time.

Shawangunks

The DMC has recently become aware of the high-grade rock climbing available in the Shawangunks near Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Besides giving us an infinite variety of climbs, the "Gunks have launched us in a coed climbing movement." The movement began in November when we conned a Skidmore freshman, Helen Palmer, into trying rock climbing. She liked climbing and we liked Helen, the result being that the DMC has organized an intercollegiate climb which will take place in May after this Journal has gone to press. We strongly believe that this group climb will prove successful and become an annual affair.

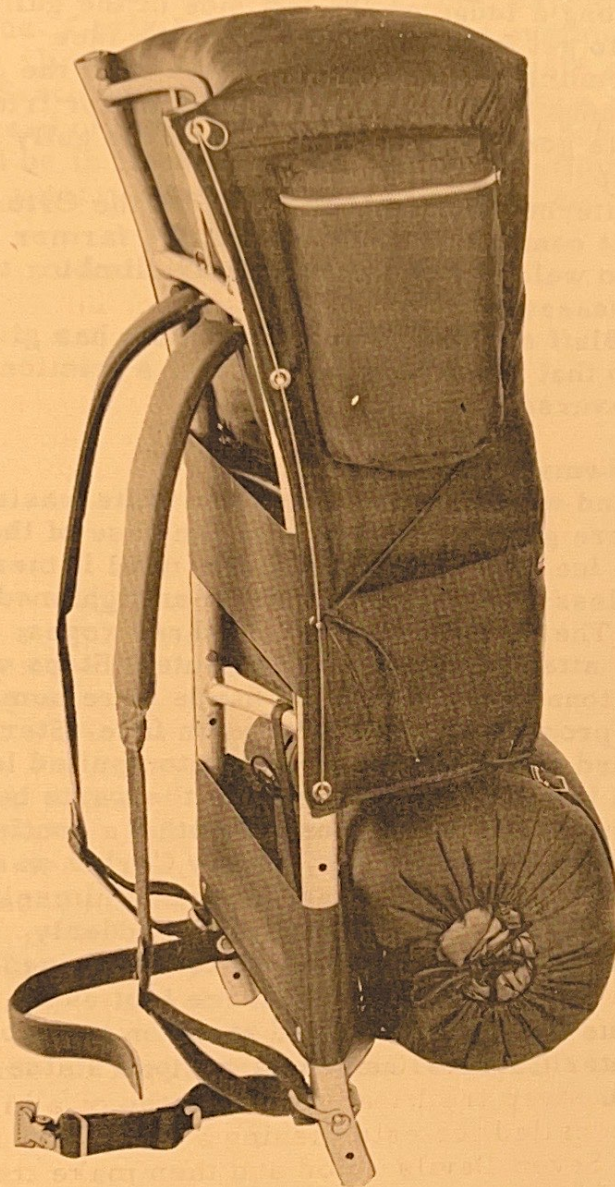
Laurentians . . .

A fall and a spring trip were taken to the Laurentians in Quebec. The Condor Pinnacle was climbed via several hairy routes. St. Margarite's chimneys, probably the deepest chimney climbs in the world, had DMCers scrambling all over in its deep labyrinth of rocky gullets.

Literature . . .

Bill Briggs has mimeographed a pamphlet of climbing songs and is currently working on a comprehensive book of climbing songs. George Fisher intends to publish a climbing guide to the White Mountains in the near future. The DMC has compiled a list of Shawangunk routes which we hope to mimeograph for general use.

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Local Rocks . . .

Owl's Head continued to receive primary attention from Hanover mountaineers although the farmer regards all climbers as a bad influence to the sleeping god on his cliff. A variation was added to the Black Gully route: after the first lead there is a traverse along a ledge on the left side of the gully. The tricky move is to get from this ledge onto the face -- a balance move on a protruding discoloration. From here the climbing is good but not unusual with good possibilities for friction work. The route goes farther to the left of the gully as it gets near the top.

Several afternoons have been spent on the Orford cliff where, in direct contrast to Owl's Head, the farmer has gone out of his way to welcome us, thus making climbing there exceptionally pleasant.

Artist's Bluff opposite Cannon Mountain has given us an enjoyable climb that featured a jam-crack, a friction pitch and a finger traverse.

Abominable Snowman . . .

An icy wind was blowing across the white waste toward the men who were gathering silently at the base of the huge slab of vertical ice which rose ominously until it merged with the black, starless sky. Silently, the men tightened crapons and roped up. The men were split into three ropes: each would make the attempt by a separate route. Steps were chopped, ice pitons were placed and hands were numbing but the ascent was progressing. On the south face, Sterling Neale was a third of the way up when a piton pulled loose from the rotten ice and he plummeted to the waste below. Heedless of their fallen companion, the others continued skyward. On the northwest ridge, Barry Corbet was progressing an inch at a time. At last he pulled himself onto a broad shoulder just below the summit. Suddenly, he became aware of a giant, white head whose basketball-sized eyes were glaring at him menacingly not three feet away. Quickly he stepped on the monster's ear and stood on the top of its head. The Winter Carnival center of campus statue had been conquered.

Mount Washington . . .

Two different expeditions of members seeking snow and ice climbing made several ascents of Washington. Sam Silverstein added much to DMC with his famous slalom glissade which used an ice-laden slope for a course and boulders for gates.

And Plans . . .

This summer, members of the DMC will be perched on ledges throughout the world. Besides the Teton conclave, plans are now on paper for a DMC expedition into the Bugaboos. Chris Wren will spend the summer in Europe doing some climbing before beginning graduate school in Edinburg, Scotland. Bill Briggs, fresh from a successful winter as head of the Sugarloaf Mountain Ski School in Maine, will be in Europe for six months of climbing and skiing with a party of eight Americans and Canadians.

Simple. The snow lasts all summer; in fact, one time when I was there on July 26, we had over six inches of new snow.

Sometime after lunch you join your guide (on the climbs around Zermatt a guide is almost a necessity unless you know the route) and start up the trail toward the hut. As you progress the town looks smaller and smaller beneath your feet, and the snowy peaks behind the valley walls begin to appear over the horizon. One hour away from the town there is a small hotel perched on a ledge beside the trail; it is hard to resist the temptation to sit down, bask in the sun, and have a cold drink. I never could resist the temptation, for the view from here is spectacular and well worth a few minutes of examination. Besides, I was thirsty.

It's still a long hike to the hut, though, so you put down your drink and start moving in the very slow but steady pace adopted by the guides who have found that moving slowly without stopping is both faster and more relaxing than moving quickly and stopping to rest. The trail levels and you find yourself going back into this valley above the town at right angles to the main valley. The town can no longer be seen.

The alpine meadows with all their bright flowers soon change into glacial moraine as you approach the hut; another two hours of walking and you are there, the trip having taken a little over four hours in all. A group begins to assemble in the hut; there are some Swiss, French, Belgians, Dutch, Germans, Austrians and Italians, if your group is at all typical, and they are a bit surprised to find an American in the hut. They are a friendly bunch, for there is no place for international rivalry in the mountains.

After a very large supper the climbers sit for a while, smoking and talking, but soon they begin to drift off to bed, for the day begins early tomorrow. At 3 a. m. you find yourself back in the dining room eating breakfast (coffee, bread, jam and more coffee) and glancing out the window to check on the weather. However, it is still much too dark to see anything. By 3:30 you are outside, slowly trudging up a snowfield, guided by a candle in its transparent, windproof case (I once asked a guide why he carried a candle instead of a flashlight, and he replied, "This I know will always work.") A guide cannot afford to make mistakes or to have accidents.) Before long, though, the faint pink light of early morning sunrise appears in the east, and the candle is packed away in your rucksack. A sight never to be forgotten is the view of the sun's early rays striking the summits of the tallest mountains; the snowy peaks shine with light, while below them all else is dark.

After an hour's walk up the snowfield you climb a long, steep couloir and find yourself on the Zinal Rothorn Ridge, the Rotgrat. The rock is firm, easy to grip with the soles of the feet, and steep; it is the kind of climbing you dream about. Along the ridge three large gendarmes lean out over

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several thousand feet of air; once you are past them, you are tempted to go back just for the fun of climbing them again. But you keep on, and in four hours you are on the summit, looking down on all of Europe. The major peaks of the Swiss Alps seem close enough to touch, the Gran Paradiso Range in Italy can easily be seen, and in the distance massive Mont Blanc towers above the surrounding countryside.

Although you'd like to stay longer on the summit, you start down after a glorious half hour. Going down you take the standard route, which is largely a snow climb. By this time the snow is fairly soft, just right for glissading, and the Rothornhutte is soon reached. Here you have lunch, and then reluctantly start toward Zermatt; the hike down seems ridiculously short compared to the hike up, and in no time at all you are in Zermatt. Your guide or companion will probably turn to you and say, "Well, that was a good climb, wasn't it?" -- and you will very probably answer, "Yes, it was. What do we climb tomorrow?"

Details on the climbs I have mentioned can be found in the literature of mountaineering; I have not intended here to describe fully any of the climbs. Let me add, though, that the Alps are a well-trodden range; if you have a yen for exploration or first ascents, go to Alaska or the Himalayas. But if you want good climbing in glorious country among people who love the mountains, Zermatt is the place for you.

THE SOUTHWEST RIDGE OF NAZOMI (continued from p. 12)

Rappels were out of the question on the descent, except on the firm rock of the second buttress, where we made two long ones. It was a tremendous relief to get down off the upper face. Passing by our previous bivouac, we completed one rappel before darkness came. At this point Hamish discovered a large crack in the face, into which we crawled for shelter and slept soundly until 7 the next morning. Weakened by hunger and thirst, we descended with extreme care, and got back to the Hooker Glacier at noon, just as a very severe storm began to blow in. That night the Hooker Hut almost blew away, proving conclusively that tenting in the Mount Cook district is liable to be unsafe.

It is worth noting that the southwest ridge of Nazomi is not the sort of route that would be done by New Zealand climbers. The success of our attempt was due in no small part to the capabilities of my friend Hamish, who has had extensive experience on difficult rock routes in the European Alps and who was among the first to introduce direct aid climbing to the walls of Scotland.

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THE SOUTHEAST RIDGE OF MT. TUTOKO (cont. from p. 15)

stepping gingerly across a small ice block poised over a black abyss like an elevator shaft. The rock was steep, firm, and very cold; ideal for rubber soles. One hundred and ten feet up and to the right a belay on easier rock was found. Lloyd came up with commendable speed with Dick behind him, and led through to the top of the buttress with ease.

Our next problem, a small cliff band cutting across the snow, was overcome by an easy but exposed traverse to the left, and the ascent of the steep snow slope back to the ridge crest. A fresh north wind blew occasional mist over us but this did little to annoy us. Much to our surprise the solution to the second buttress was not to the right, but straight up easy rocks over the exposed left hand side with "bomb-proof" belays behind two huge rock needles. A delightful twenty-foot pitch above the last needle and an easy scramble brought us to the top at 10 a.m.

Things were going well, but now the last buttress at the top of a long leftward curving arete looked more forbidding than ever. A horizontal knife edge of rock led back to the snow. In several places it was most convenient to move along a groove between the snow and rock ridges. At the base of the buttress Lloyd and I moved some feet out to the left along the top edge of the snow. Lloyd secured himself around a large projecting block and I moved up the wall, eager to test its possibilities. Meanwhile, Gerry and Dick, with our entire supply of pitons, were scanning the possibilities in a series of short overhangs. In each case I expected the difficulties to ease up, but there was usually something worse just above. A piton for protection would have been just the thing if I had obtained them from Dick beforehand. Eventually I was able to move out onto slabs to the right and thirty feet up these to a small belay stance. Lloyd joined me quickly with the pitons, one of which was used to secure the belay. He then led up the remainder of the slabs and sent down the glad news that we were up in the third buttress. He unroped and moved off to plug steps up the snow, while I sent down the rope to protect Dick's lead.

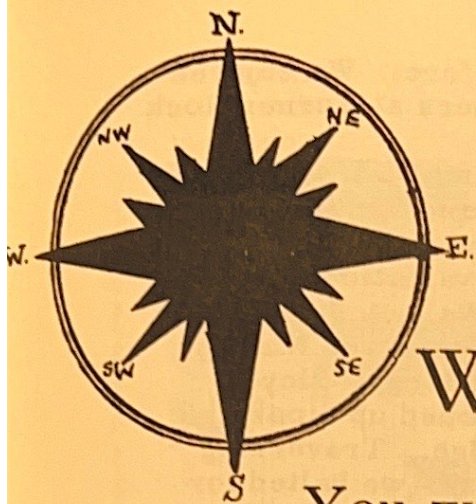
A few minutes later I was hurrying up Lloyd's steps to the crest of the ridge. His dim shape could be seen moving ahead through the mist and shortly I was with him. From where we were near the snow peak capping the last buttress, a narrow snow arete swung gently downward to a col and then upward, sweeping to a magnificent "Ladder to heaven" below the southeastern peak. We put on the rope and crampons, and set out along this without delay. I still had a head of steam up and kicked up the arete like a machine until fuel began to run out near the top. A short plateau and a final slope brought us to the summit of the unclimbed southeastern peak.

My triumphant proclamation that we had just made the first ascent of the highest unclimbed peak in Fjordland did nothing to allay the irritation of the others that it would not be easy to get down the other side, and that we would have to return down the last slope and sidle along an ice shelf on the south face. Away from the wind on this sheltered shelf, we paused to refuel ourselves with chocolate, raisins, and cheese. From this point, Gerry fulfilling a promise of the day before, took over step plugging duties across a broad col and up a long slope to the higher peaks of the mountain.

We arrived on the southern bump about 1 p. m. and here had to decide through drifting clouds which of the peaks was the true summit. The narrow, corniced northern peak was proclaimed highest by all, and we strolled easily to it in 10 minutes, thence returning to the rocks west of the southern bump for lunch. The rocks were warm and sheltered, and the lunch was bountious. If appetite is any reflection, and I am sure it was, then I can say that rarely have I felt such great satisfaction upon reaching a summit. Fortunately for me, my friends' unmistakable enthusiasm was not reflected in the same way. Not much could be said for the view: occasional glimpses of glaciers, peaks, valleys and the sea far below, with the continually shifting clouds around us giving an atmosphere of mystery and excitement not encountered on a clear day. Straight down the west wall we could see Tutoko Creek, barely 1,000 feet above sea level.

We were on our way down at 2:30 and reached the top of the last buttress in forty-five minutes. Here Dick did a masterful job arranging pitons and slings for the 100 foot rappel to the snow below. The rest of the ridges and the second buttress went easily, until we reached the small cliff band above the first buttress. Lloyd and I moved down a snow slope from the ridge crest until he discovered an icy layer coming toward the surface. I moved back to the crest for a belay and no sooner had it established than Lloyd slipped with most of his weight on the rope. Lower down he found a good rock belay to safeguard my descent. A second long rappel down the first buttress was very time-consuming, but brought us back to the col at 6:30 p. m.

The others put on crampons, but I declined until, a few hundred feet down, I slipped on the soft snow-covered ice and was saved by a firm rope from Lloyd and quick work with the axe. After this I climbed back up the slope and put the crampons on. A bit further down, Dick, safely belayed by Gerry, enjoyed a 30 foot slide into a small crevasse. Worst of all, however, was the steep traverse along the snow band below the outlying peak which was now in horrible condition and with awful exposure. At last we reached the rock rib where we could safely unrope and retrace



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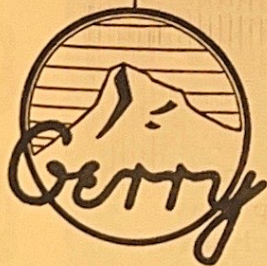
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the route Lloyd and I had used the day before. We enjoyed a spectacular sunset and rejoined the others at Turner Rock about 9:15 p. m.

While we had been on Tutoko Steve and Niel had been up Mt. Madeline by the central glacier route to the south peak. By some very bad route finding, combined with some very good ice climbing, they had completed a variation which we teasingly called the "Madeline West Ice Wall." January 9th proved an even better day than the 8th. Steve and Niel climbed Mt. Syme from the north, while Gerry, Lloyd, Dick and I scrambled and cramponed unroped up a possible new route on Madeline, the southwest ridge. Traversing over the south peak to the lower north peak, we halted for lunch and numerous photographs of our ridge on Tutoko. Far below, the lakes McKerrow and Alabaster sparkled in the sun and, beyond, Aspiring occasionally peeped through the clouds. We could look down the very sad spot on Pike River where Davie Gunn had recently met his end. Roping up, we quickly strolled down the glacier route and rejoined the others at Turner Rock.

During the day Norman had discovered a large, rusty, unopened tin. Lloyd opened this, took a sniff, and pronounced it rabbit meat. At this point it is alleged that the rabbit sprung from the tin, shouted, "Sam Turner eats it!" and disappeared in the direction of Turner's Pass. The rest of the sunlight hours we spent enjoying the scenic and sunbathing advantages of Turner's Rock with the 6,000 foot ice and rock face of Tutoko as a background and with ice avalanches for entertainment. There is probably no more spectacular sight in New Zealand.

The descent of the "Great Bush Wall," which had been worrying us, was accomplished quickly on the morning of the 10th using fixed ropes in two places. We lunched at Leader Creek crossing, picked up some tents at "Dave's Cave," and pushed on down the Tutoko Valley. Getting from the flats onto the bush track, the party was split up and lost in what Lloyd called a "classical foul-up." Eventually we found each other and reached the road and Gerry's car about 4 p. m. From Tutoko Bridge the mountain loomed at the head of the valley almost a full 9,000 feet above us, its upper ice set like a jewel in the black rock which rises sheer from the forest. This was among the finest mountains any of us had been privileged to climb.

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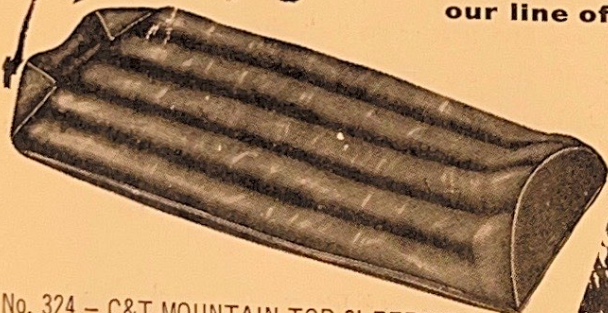
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EUROPEAN CLIMBS (continued from page 17)

There followed three enthralling days and nights of magnificent scenery, bustling coastal towns, and wonderful people. At 11 p.m. the fourth night, now well past the Arctic Circle, we disembarked at Svolvær, the commercial center of the Lofoten Islands. A short bus ride brought us to the cozy attic youth hostel at Vagan.

Our objective next morning was the Vagekallen. The guide book says of it, "Take the Dente Blanche, chop off the top 3,000 feet, plant it in the sea, and you have the Vagekallen." We took a route on the west ridge, a scramble on the order of symmetry spire in the Tetons, but with a shifting fog which continually fascinated us, and with the sea almost within spitting distance. In the later afternoon Stephe and I climbed a steep rock rib on the east face of the nearby Kvanndalstind (2,500 ft). There were only five pitches, but the last was a struggle requiring pitons. In the early evening sunlight we stood on the summit, and gazed across the sea to the jagged peaks near Staursund. We got back to the hostel at 2:30 a.m., having circled the seaward side of the Vagekallen, hitched a rowboat ride across a long inlet of the sea, and spent two hours stuffing down delicious ("smørbrød" as guests at a Norwegian family party.

We gave up an attempt on the "Goat of Svolvær" pinnacle because the key handhold was loose on the overhang of Slingsby's famous route. An enterprising British party made the ascent nevertheless, while we consoled ourselves by scrambling up the nearby Flya (2,500 ft.) where there was a marvelous view of the great twin peak, Rutten, and other spires of the Raftsund.

We proceeded then by steamer to Troms, and by local steamer around the north end of the Syngen Peninsula (70 degrees N. Latitude) to Syngseidet. In bad weather, we hiked up the Lyngsdal to visit geologist friends from Nottingham University. Of the Gakkevarre, the "Mont Blanc of the North," only the lower glaciers were visible. After one night with friends in Furuflassen, a village made famous by the book We Die Alone, Harry and Keith went by steamer to Kirkeas on the Russian border. Stephe and I took a rowboat across the Syngeu Fjord, and started walking along the road toward Finnish Lapland.

In mid-September, I spent one day in the Cuillin Hills, Isle of Skye, Western Scotland. It was moist and cloudy as my new Scottish friends and I left Glen Brittle Hostel and climbed up to Coire Lagain. We went up a short, direct route to the Crock (pinnacle) of Sron na Ciche, rock face now worn almost as smooth as glass by decades of nailed boots. In the fog we found our way along the jagged arete over Sgurr Alasdair to the Inaccessible Pinnacle of Sgurr Dearg, which was climbed by the short, steep side. A run on the scree brought us down to Coire Lagain, and we were caught in heavy rain with the hostel

just in sight. The following afternoon, on the mainland near Acknachellach, I hiked alone up Fian Tholl (2,900 ft.), to see the southern end of the Torridonian Mountains, which for the geologist are among the most fascinating on the face of the earth.

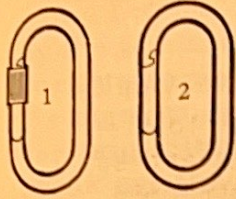
RAINIER (continued from p. 20)

Polishing off a healthy supper was yeasy in the cold hut and we went to bed immediately, for we intended to rise at midnight. By one a. m. we had finished breakfast and spent a few more minutes arranging equipment. Then, strapping on crampons and turning on flashlights, we started across the glacier toward Cadaver Gap. Above to the left we could see other parties moving by flashlight. They looked like fireflies moving across the whiteness.

Crossing the schrund was no trouble and by three we had reached the top of the Gap after an easy scramble. From here we could see the sun coming up, and out to the southeast a line of black and white showed the sun pushing back the night. In the early light we moved up the ever steepening Ingerham Glacier. The topmost part of the Ingerham, just before its intersection with the regular Gibraltar route, was hard ice of perhaps 65 degree steepness. We moved quickly over this difficult section, Gerry leading the way, and paused for a rest at Camp Comfort.

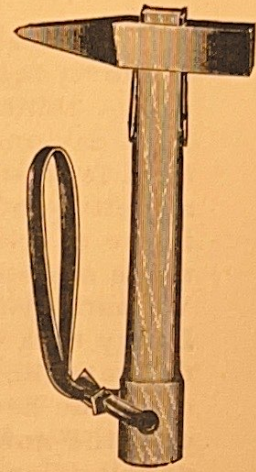
From here on it was merely a walk to the summit, and once there we sat in the sun watching other slower parties come up. The descent, however, was not so uneventful as the climb. We had reached the chute below Gibraltar when we again came upon the two young fellows of whom I spoke earlier. They were stumbling around on the soft snow and ice -- rocks were falling periodically from Gibraltar above them. Our party spread out on the slope to belay this pair down. One of them fell on my rope and I lowered him to the bottom of the couloir. Then I belayed Barry and Gerry down and started the descent myself, putting my ice axe in at each step. Suddenly one of my footholds broke away and I was thrown head over heels down the slope. I tried to effect a self-arrest but my crampons kept catching and flipping me over. Then I felt a sharp pain in my ankle and with a jolt the rope stopped my fall. As I looked up stunned a rock hit me in the face. It was an awful moment -- wondering how badly I was hurt. I picked myself up and walked to where Barry and Gerry stood with the rope. Gerry picked up the things that had fallen out of my pack. Then began the slow trip to Camp Muir, Gerry belaying from behind and Barry moving ahead. Finally we reached the hut and I spent the night there, riding down on horseback the next day.

Yet I remember not the broken ankle nor the discomfort of the descent after the accident. What I recall of Rainier is pleasant, beautiful, warm days spent in good companionship on one of the most majestic mountains I have ever seen. The latter are the joys of mountaineering.



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RED SENTINEL (continued from p. 22)

A lousy-looking jam-crack extended almost vertically for forty feet above our heads. We studied the route for a while, thinking the climb looked somewhat difficult for our first day on rock; then, Barry flipped a coin to decide the first lead and I lost. After several unsuccessful attempts at getting off the belay point, I finally got one foot wedged in the crack and shakingly inched up a bit farther until J.B. made me stop for several pictures (which didn't come out). We both eventually made it and tied into several old pitons. Barry took over the lead and carefully worked across a delicate (and exposed) friction traverse. After bringing me over, he headed around a sharp corner, out of my view, and onto the north face. He yelled to come ahead after much gasping, and many exclamations and epithets had been heard from his direction. The face onto which I began to climb was rather spectacular as it was almost vertical and perfectly sheer except for a very few discontinuous two-inch wide ledges breaking its black expanse. J.B. was hanging in a couple of slings and belaying me through another; they were anchored by Gerry angles driven vertically into the soft dirt separating a flake from the main rock. I passed Barry after the usual tangling of ropes and scrambled rapidly and awkwardly -- yes, I used my knees -- to a bombproof belay position behind a large flake. There had been plenty of ample, if small, holds, but the exposure was a little too much for the first climb of the season. Barry came up and walked across the short knife-edge to the small summit for the ninth ascent of the pinnacle.

As it was somewhat chilly and had begun to sleet, we rappelled down the northwest ridge into a large crack between a couple of large boulders to wait out the weather. Later, we bombed down the couloir, picked up our gear and, even though we had planned to do the Exum Route the next day, ran down to Jenny Lake to satisfy a sudden craving for a chocolate milkshake.

The next few days were spent climbing out of base camp at Amphitheater Lake and generally enjoying ourselves. The east ridge of Mt. Owen was disappointing, and the descent involved so many rappels that it became downright disagreeable. The climb of the east ridge of the Grand was noteworthy only for an ascent of the Second Tower, caused by Corbet's not remembering whether to go to the north or to the south. The Tower is distinguished by a free rappel of a distance slightly longer than a climbing rope from a somewhat questionable anchor point. The spectacular descent must be completed by a free-swinging pendulum to a knife ridge, which drops steeply to the Teton Glacier on the north and to Garnet Canyon on the south. We reached the summit of the Grand about six-thirty p. m. and had a leisurely walk down the Black Dike to base camp, arriving around eleven.

During the aforementioned interim, we had passed by the Sentinel several times and had made some semi-serious remarks about putting a route up the north face. We started up toward Garnet Canyon again for a fast one-day trip after informing the ranger staff to be prepared to break out the champagne that night. Slogging up the couloir was no better than the first time; we eventually got to the col and circled around to the north side of the pinnacle which overlooks the current moraine of Teton Glacier.

The left side of the face looked a little too interesting, and the rock was rotten; the right side, near the northwest ridge, presented the best possibilities. Barry lost the coin flip this time and began a lead up and over a bulge which lacked descent handholds and pushed him away from the wall. With a great deal of sweat and strain, he succeeded in placing two solid pitons (spoons) from a very awkward position; then he came down.

After the work had been done, I took the lead and went slightly to the left above his highest point to the top of a flake requiring a somewhat exhausting chinning move. So far things had been more or less of a breeze, although the exposure was rapidly becoming spectacular. At first, the route seemed to go straight up, but I immediately became spread-eagled on a bulge and quickly descended to my flake. A very obscure horizontal crack, accommodating one-quarter of an inch of boot sole, proved to be the next move. As there were no handholds, and I never was a proponent of balance climbing, I moved quickly over this stretch without looking too hard at it. It was still necessary to traverse upward to the left with the hope of meeting the regular route near the top. J. B. suggested driving a piton, but there had been a dearth of suitable cracks for the last fifty feet, and I was beginning to be a little nervous. Finally, after a moment of relaxation on one good foothold and several moves which would have been nothing close to the ground, I reached the last part of the standard climb and gratefully snapped into a piton.

Barry started up after I had ensconced myself behind the big flake. He varied the climb a bit by using one crack for handholds rather than footholds; however, this extremely difficult hand traverse made it necessary for him to make a hair-raising friction traverse, using his imagination and a hold large enough for one finger. We reached the top, yelled at a few hawks, registered the tenth ascent (first via the north face), dropped a couple of pitons, and rappelled down.

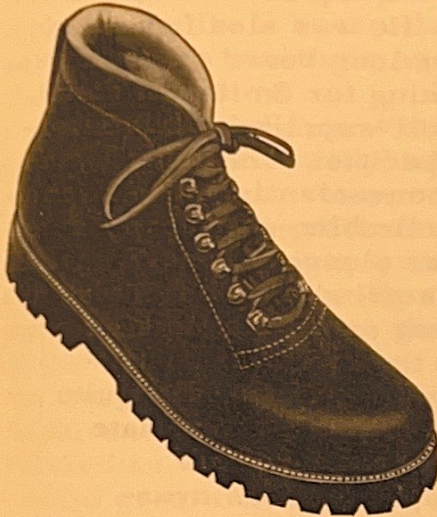
The trip back to Jenny Lake was quite enjoyable, as a good glissade down a snow slope put us on the Teton moraine in short order. We were somewhat pleased with ourselves, so we celebrated with a milkshake and a soda apiece at the Jenny Lake Store.

Mount Washington from the northeast during a severe blizzard.

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SEVEN DEVILS (continued from page 26)

Lunchtime, and Clarence began forcing some wilted sandwiches through a slit into his bushy red beard that turned out to be his mouth. Clarence was a medical student at Baylor University who had come to Idaho for summer work like the rest of us and had been shoved up to camp cook when our original cook packed his pots and left. He was also far ahead of all men and creatures in the summer long beard growing contest and would probably end up working for Smith Brothers cough drops. Clarence was a quiet, self-sacrificing person -- the type you like having along on an expedition since he would be washing the dishes while you were conveniently sipping a third cup of tea. However, he had no climbing experience.

Reluctantly, we began the trailless plunge toward our lake. This steep descent was a bit of a grind as we were forced to battle vegetables while weaving among short cliffs. Finally we reached the base of the valley and bush-wacked up alongside the gushing creek, through the mosquito barrier and emerged at one end of the cobalt blue lake late in the afternoon.

The peacefulness of this small blue lake was overwhelming, with the absolute silence being broken only by an occasional fish jumping and temporarily wrinkling the lake's smooth, blue complexion. The monumental cliffs and the fir trees stood erect as if proud to be there. For minutes we stood in silence as if we had stumbled on the Garden of Eden. I swore that if we had more supplies, I would have become a hermit then and there.

We pitched Clarence's mountain tent on a point jutting into the lake directly below the He Devil. As the sun set, we were dining on Monsieur le Clarence de Bear Gulch's exquisite warmed beans. That night, the mountains gave us a display of the weather they like to supply for the rest of the forest. The torrents splashing on the tent and the thunder made one suspect that the next day might not be a jewel; it also disturbed my sleep.

However, the next day was clear. I emerged from the tent to face Clarence's camera which caught me looking as though my nightmares had been real after all.

The summit attempt began and since the north face under which we had slept would not go without pitons and a decent rope, we walked to a saddle to seek out a route. From the saddle we could see two possibilities. The most likely to go was the southwest ridge, but required a long walk through scree to get to it, so we chose the other route -- a ledge running diagonally up the west face.

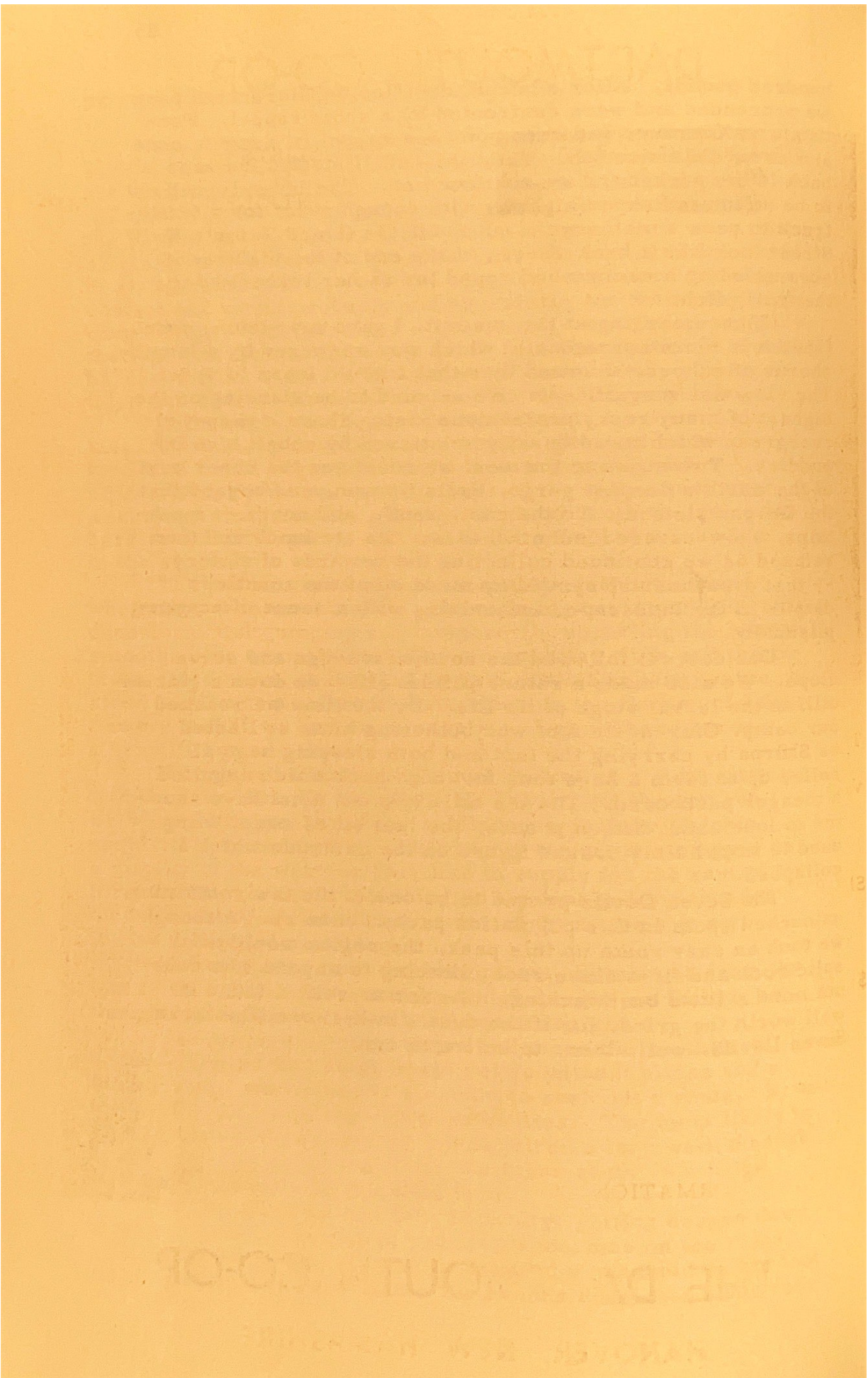
At the start we ran into difficulty, getting bogged down trying to cross a series of pseudo-gendarmes on the ridge leading to the ledge. Clarence dropped a handhold on his foot which was rather nasty since the handhold weighed about four

hundred pounds. After a heroic decision on Clarence's part, we proceeded and were confronted by a short rappel. Fortunately, Clarence had seen someone rappel in a movie once and so he did a fine job. This finished, I stuffed the rope back in my pocket and we continued on. The ledge turned out to be an unused super highway with enough room for a trailer truck to pass a motorcycle. It made the Grand Teton's Wall Street look like a back alley. At the end of the highway we scrambled up a couloir and roped (or rather twined) up for the final pitch.

Upon emerging at the summit, I gave my victory yodel (shriek is more appropriate) which was answered by a lengthy chorus of echoes. I vowed then that I would learn to yodel. The view was magnificent. We seemed to be standing on the highest of many rocky protrusions rising above a carpet of evergreen which was liberally splattered by cobalt blue ink puddles. Two miles to the west we could see the upper part of the world's deepest gorge, Hells Canyon, and beyond that the Oregon plateau. To the east, south, and north -- mountains, snow-covered and otherwise. We ate lunch and then relaxed as we continued collecting the rewards of victory -- that great mental symphony made up of the countless details in the landscape harmonizing with a sense of accomplishment.

Our descent followed the southwest ridge and scree slope. We also made a rather painful glissade down a glacier still in the larval stage of its life. By the time we reached our camp, Clarence's foot was bothering him, so I acted as Sherpa by carrying the tent and both sleeping bags all rolled up to form a huge four foot high pack which engulfed a meager packboard. The ten mile trip out must have caused me to lose about fifteen pounds, the last bit of sweat being used to imprint my soaked figure on the car upon which I collapsed.

The Seven Devils proved to be one of the few remaining untouched spots in this population packed country. Although we took an easy route up this peak, the region would offer solid rock and first class rock climbing to anyone who does not mind a little bushwacking. As for myself, I found it well worth the grind, for if the devils in hell are like these Seven Devils, well, then, to hell with me.



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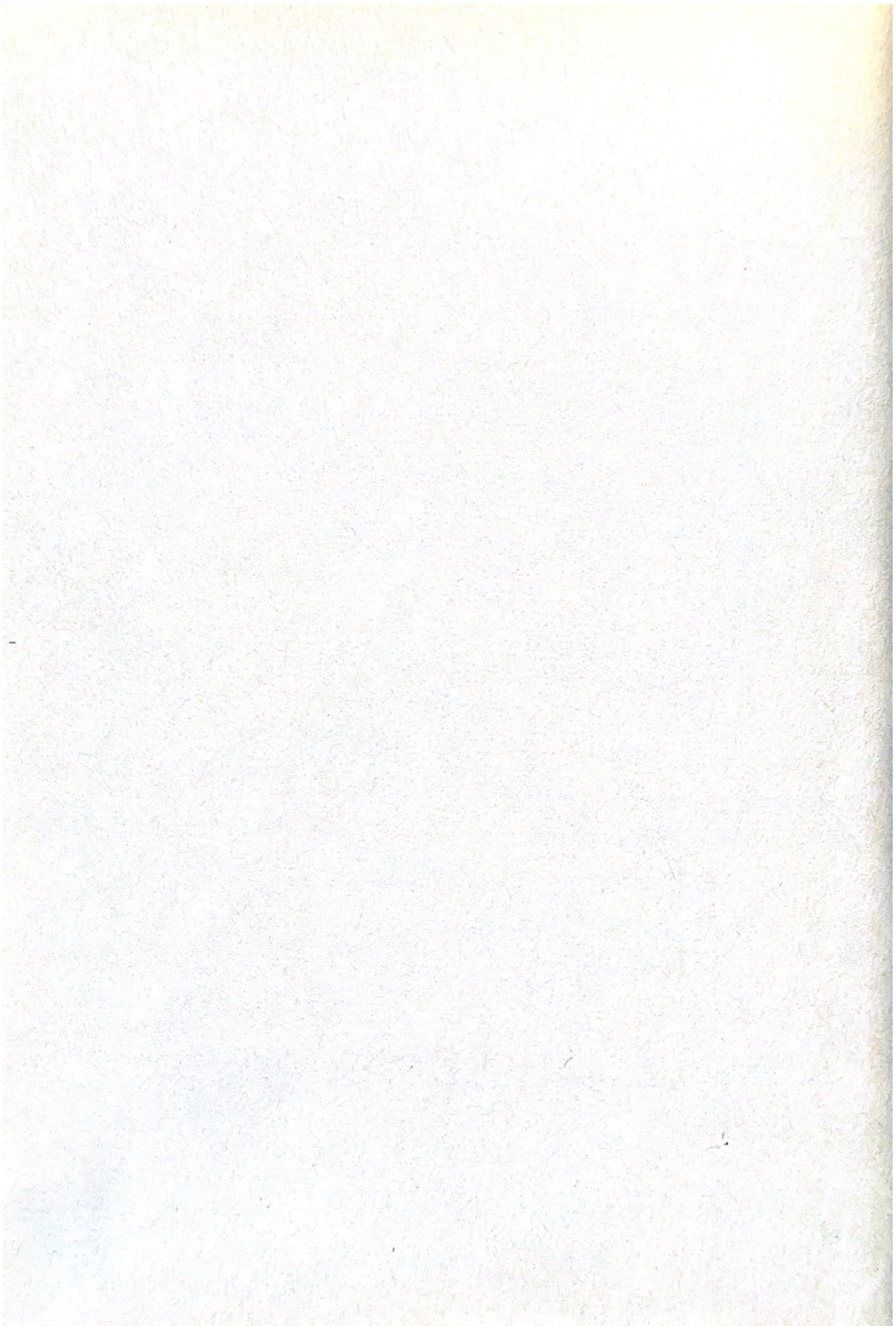
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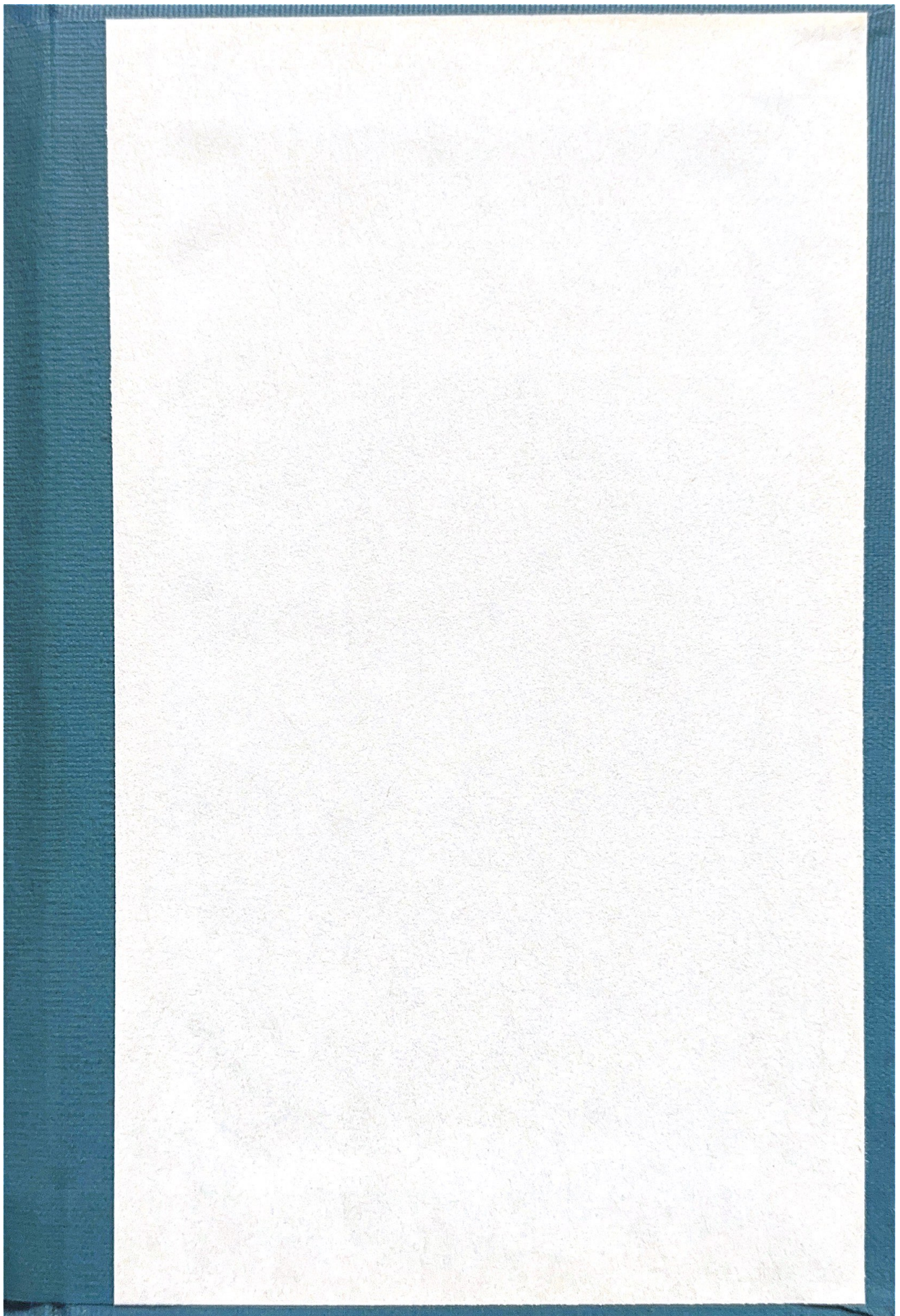
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