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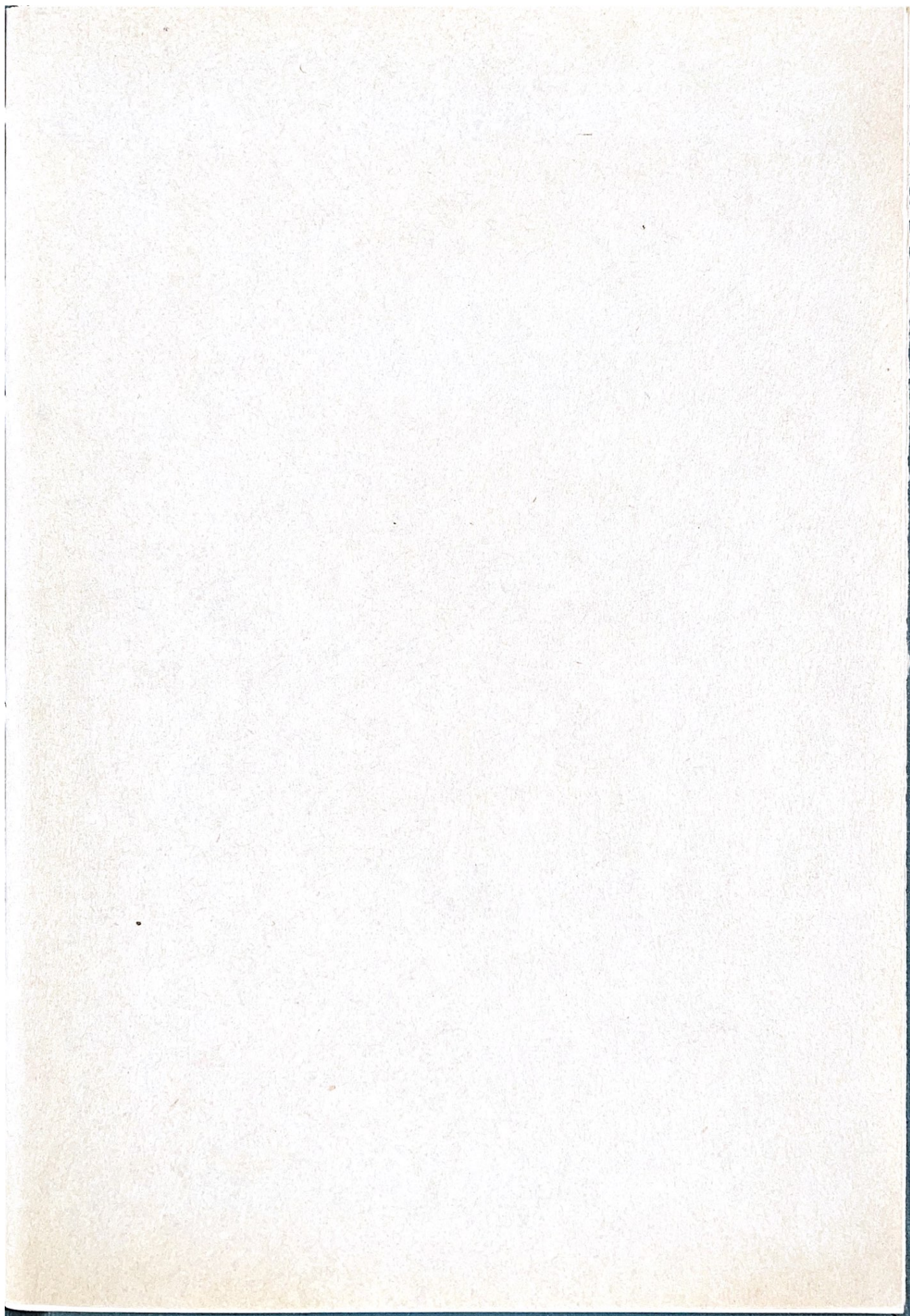
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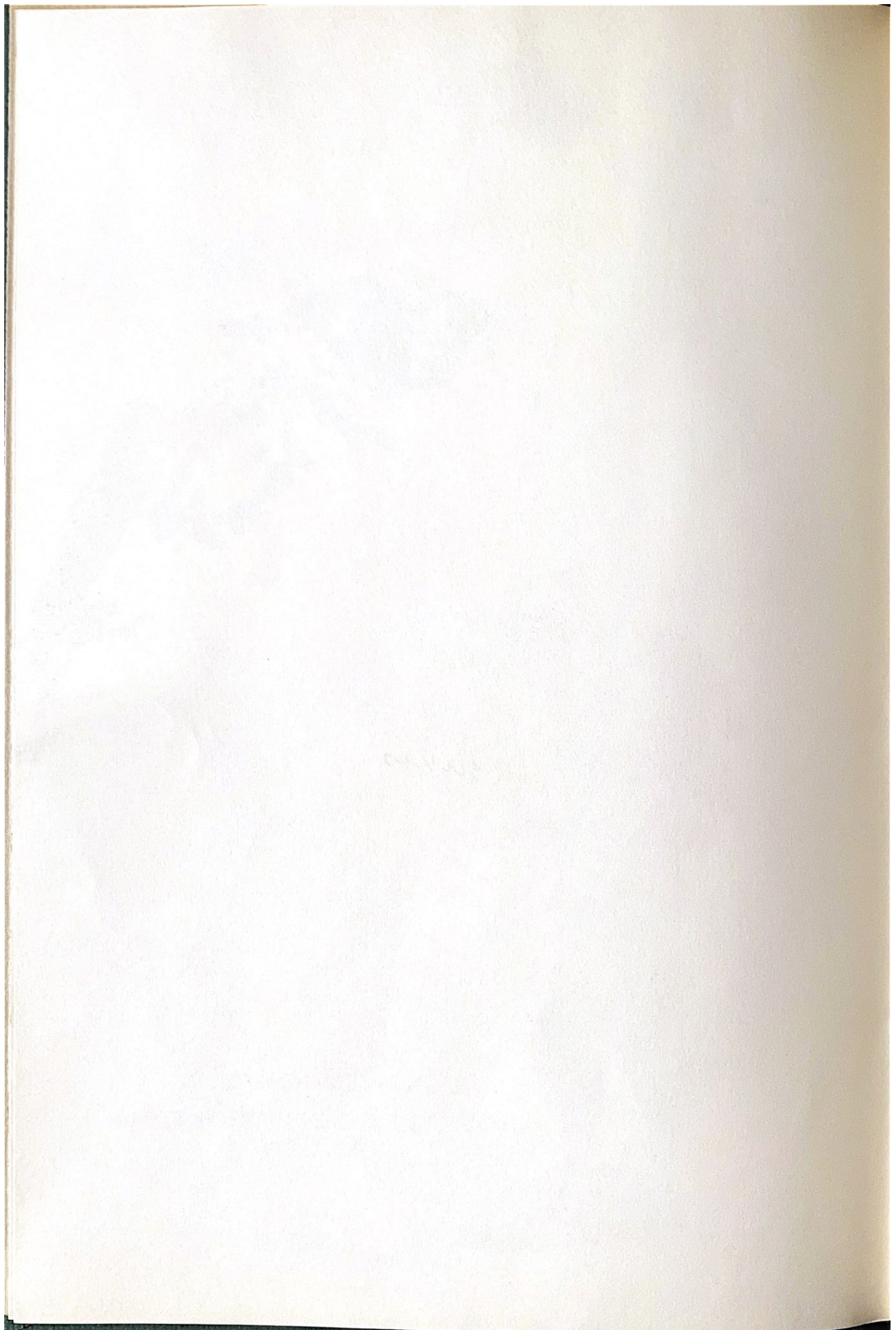
A circular portrait of Edwin Webster Sanborn, a man with a full beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The portrait is surrounded by text in a circular arrangement. The text reads: "EDWIN & DAVID & SANBORN" at the top, "PROFESSOR OF BELLES-LETTRES" on the right, and "LIBRARIAN IN-MEMORIAM" at the bottom. The name "SANBORN" is also written vertically on the right side of the circle.

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DARTMOUTH
MOUNTAINEERING CLUB



Dartmouth College
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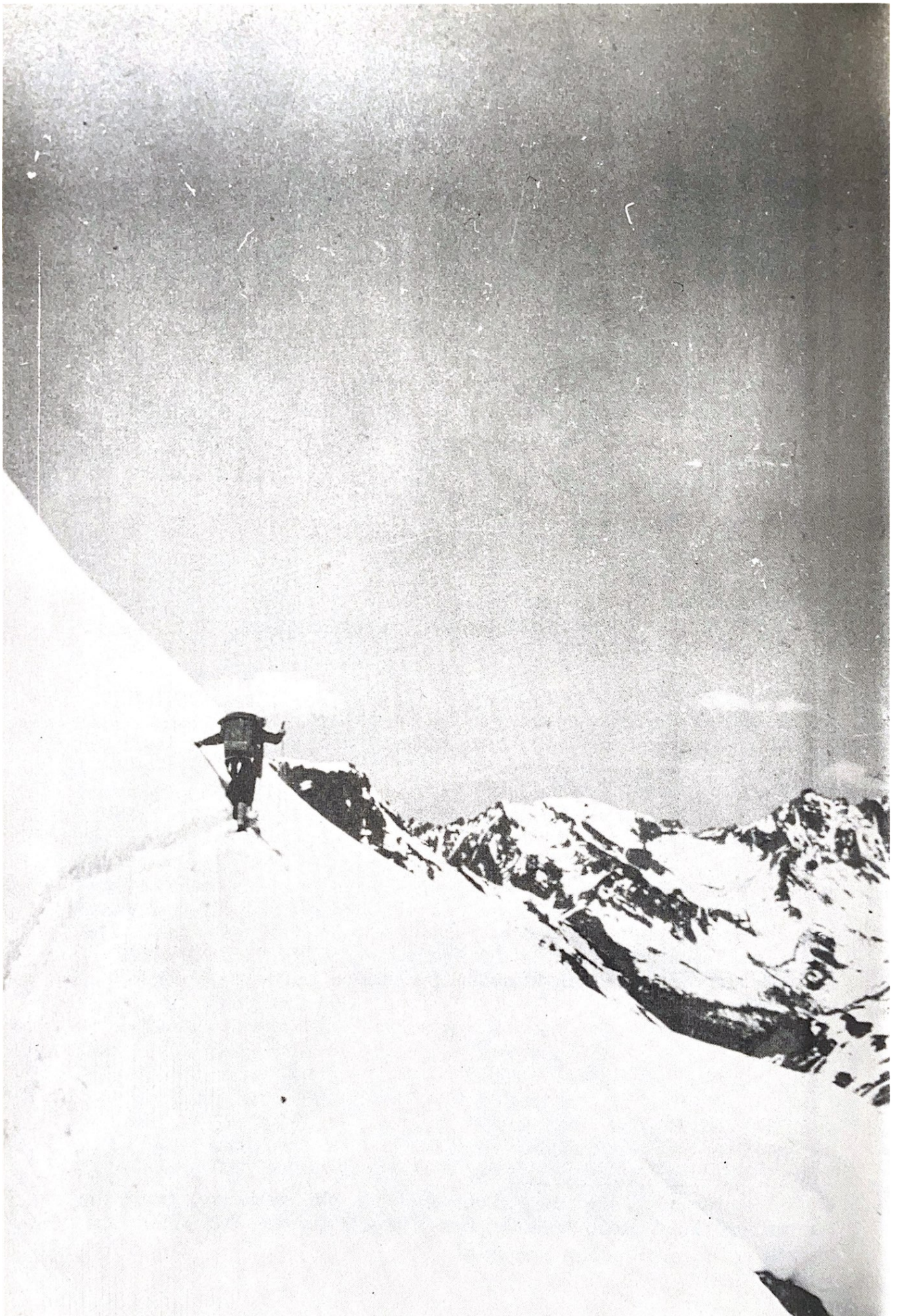
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Cover picture: Along the Purcell-Selkirk ski traverse, from the summit of the Conrad Icefield Bob French surveys Mt. Thorington before starting the long run down.



THE PURCELL-SELKIRK SKI TRAVERSE

by

Roberts W. French '56

Somehow one must bridge the gap between the time when it is too late in the year to ski at the various ski areas and too early to climb in the high mountains. The ideal solution is, of course, ski mountaineering, a sport - and it is a sport in itself - which makes demands on a wide range of the individual's abilities, ranging from the obvious ones of skiing and climbing to others like route-finding, mapwork, hiking, and camping.

Last spring Bill Briggs, Barry Corbet, Sterling Neale and I were sitting outside the warm-up hut at Suicide Six, Woodstock, Vermont. It was late in March, the time was mid-day, and the snow was a little too soft for good skiing, though later on in the afternoon it would be excellent; the sun-bathing, however, was superb, and we were taking advantage of it. Bill was outlining his plans for a trip which, he said, had been a dream of his for years: a ski tour in British Columbia, starting in the Bugaboos and finishing at Glacier, a train-stop in the southern Selkirks.

"I think we can plan on a minimum of twelve days," said Bill. "The first night we can stop at Boulder Camp in the Bugaboos. After that, we'll have to see how it goes. I've figured out maximum and minimum distances for each day from the aerial photos; if the breaks go right, we may be able to do it in ten days."

"What's the total distance?" asked Barry.

"It will be about a hundred miles," said Bill, "but only the last fifteen or twenty miles is mapped. In fact, no one has ever covered about sixty miles of it. People have explored both ends of the traverse, but the middle is still pretty much of a question mark."

The trip would cross two major mountain ranges, the Purcells and the (southern) Selkirks, or nine smaller mountain groups. We had been warned that such a journey was "improbable, if not impossible," but a careful study of aerial photos of the area showed it to be quite feasible. Moreover, we thought it would be fun; and when people asked the perennial question of "Why?", we merely gave this as our motivation: "We think we'll enjoy it." And enjoy it we did; under Bill's leadership everything ran smoothly, the weather was kind, the snow was good, - in short, whatever the reasons, we had ten fine days in magnificent surroundings.

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Bill Briggs leads the way around a tricky section above the North Crystalline Glacier.

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We felt that three items of equipment made the trip possible; without any one of them our difficulties would have greatly increased. Head skis, being both rugged and unbreakable, were essential, and thanks to the generosity of Mr. Howard Head we were outfitted with four different models of Head Skis, including the first production model of the X-37, which proved to be the finest of the skis. Kelty packs enabled us to ski naturally and freely, an ability that one greatly appreciates when he is swinging down a 45-degree couloir seven feet wide. Finally, Trima climbing skins proved invaluable, not only because they could be taken off quickly and easily without removing the ski, but also because they would not, because of the manner in which they are attached to the ski, tend to slip and slide, eventually ending up almost on top of the ski, with the fastenings underneath.

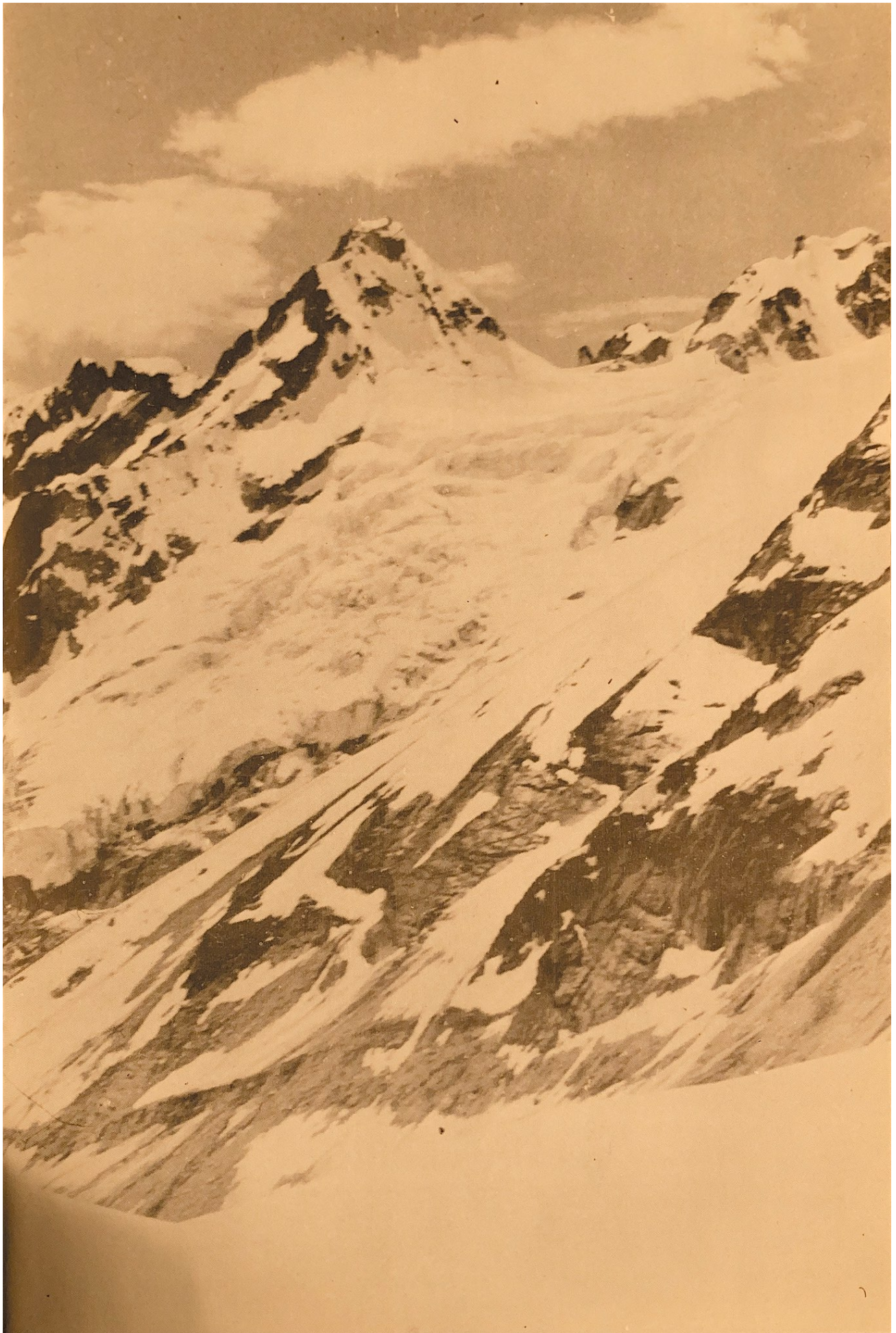
Other items of equipment proved less valuable. Since we camped on snow only one night, the air mattresses could have been left behind, likewise my tent. Individual shelters rigged from ponchos would have been quite adequate. Brigger used his perlon bivouac sack, while Barry, Sterling and I stayed in the tent; during the one driving rainstorm we had, Bill remained dry and comfortable, while the three of us, in a tent with sieve-like sides and a water-tight floor, found ourselves frantically bailing out. We also brought along a sling-shot, with the idea of shooting small game with it should the need arise. This we consigned to Barry, as the expedition strong man. However, since the only game we saw included an elk, a bear, a mountain goat and a cougar, and they were well away before Barry could get a shot off, we might easily have scrapped the sling-shot.

The philosophy behind the selection of equipment was the old mountaineering dictum that "enjoyment of a trip varies inversely with the weight of the pack." Even though our gear included such bulky items as a tent, two air mattresses, two axes, crampons, two 120' ropes, twelve days' food, a first aid kit drawn up to A. A. C. specifications, and a stove, with gas, and cooking equipment, the average weight of each pack was only 43 pounds. While this is fairly light, we could have lightened our load by another four pounds each by eliminating the items which I have mentioned.

When the snow melted in Woodstock, Barry and Sterling went west to Yellowstone, while Bill and I stayed in the East; we planned to meet later on in Canada. Finally after receiving several prodding letters from the western duo, Bill and I headed my station wagon westward, accompanied by a classmate of mine, Jim Loghry, who went west with the intention

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Some of the unnamed, unclimbed peaks between East Creek and Mt. Conrad which the Purcell-Selkirk expedition had to bypass, leaving them for the future.





(Continued from page 8)

of doing some fishing and canoeing and, as it turned out, ended up on the summit of the Grand Teton, among other peaks. His comment on the summit of the Grand: "How's the fishing around here?" Jim was later to prove invaluable.

Several days and two flat tires later, we came across Sterling's car parked outside Alpine Smyley's Sporting Goods in Calgary, Canada, apparently unable to move for lack of gas. Barry and Sterling, it seemed, had been economising by subsisting on Alpine Smyley's date and nut bars for several days. This financial problem is ever-present among climbers; in fact, the Ranger at Spilamacheen, B. C., took one look at us and asked, "Are you broke because you're mountaineers, or are you mountaineers because you're broke?" Limited funds and all, however, Barry and Sterling had done a grand job of rounding up food for the trip. With everything seemingly in order, the next day we drove on to Spilamacheen, the start of the traverse, and a town which must be seen to be believed.

From Spilamacheen a twenty-seven mile dirt "road" goes into an abandoned mining camp at the base of the Bugaboos, some five hours or so from Boulder Camp. After a day of organizing and rest, we drove up to the camp in Sterling's Volkswagen Microbus. This road is death for any low-slung car; "They go in there but they never come back," we were told. The VW did well, though occasionally the four of us jumped out to shout encouragement to Sterling as he tried to navigate his vehicle over a Spilamacheen bridge: two logs rather casually placed over a raging torrent.

At 1:30 on June 2nd we shouldered our packs and started on our way, leaving Jim to drive the car out, thus saving us a twenty-seven mile hike. Jim stayed at the old mining camp for another day and a half, investigating the geology of the area; then, with no food left, he got in the car to drive out - and the battery was dead. "This disturbed me a bit," said Jim later; however, rummaging around the engine, Jim found a crank, with which he wound up the VW and was on his way. We next saw him in Seattle.

We slogged on up the moraine, which is in great need of axing, to Boulder Camp, arriving at 6:15. Here we found some food left by a previous expedition; we ate well that night, and as we watched the alpenglow on Marmolada we thought that in spite of our sore shoulders, the trip seemed to be off to a good start.

The morning of the second day was a time of adjustment. We spent many minutes adjusting skins, skis and bindings, but once we were on our way things looked better again. We had some fine downhill runs, including the spectacular descent to East Creek, and finally reached Shaft #7, our camp for the night.

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Barry Corbet stands at a point high in the Crystalline Mountains; in the background, to the left of center, is the northern tongue of the Conrad Icefield, over which the skiers travelled.



A TRIPLE TRAVERSE

by

Tom Marshall '61

In early August of last summer, I was in Wyoming's Wind River Range with a party of Washington, D. C. climbers. We were camped in the Dinwoody Creek canyon, having entered the region from the east, by way of Buris.

We had saved one last day before breaking camp to attempt our most ambitious climb. We had set our sights on traversing three thirteen thousand foot peaks in one day's climb. We ate an early supper and sacked out in anticipation of a dawn start. The next morning, we cooked a hasty breakfast by coleman lantern light and hit the trail, armed with ice axe, crampons, rope and hardware. Our four-man party consisted of Bob Adams, Wally Adams, Ed Worrell and myself. We were all by this time in fairly decent shape, so we moved along at a good pace. We had about a five mile hike from camp to the edge of the glacier. We had considered packing a camp up onto the glacier to avoid this added ten miles, but had decided against it. It would have been too much work. Besides, as we had gotten accustomed to the altitude, we minded the added distance less and less, having passed over it twice each climbing day, once on the way to the peaks in the morning and again on our way back to camp that evening. We checked our watches at the snout of the glacier and found we had made it in record time. We scrambled over the moraine and onto the Dinwoody glacier itself.

The Dinwoody is rung by a series of thirteen thousand foot peaks, including Gannet, the highest in the state. Starting at our left as we walked up the glacier to the west, there were Turret, Warren, Doublet, Dinwoody, The Sphinx, Woodrow Wilson, named for its allegedly discernible fourteen points, Gannett, and West Sentinel. We hoped to traverse the peaks of Warren, Doublet and Dinwoody. We tended to our left up the glacier, making for the saddle between Warren and Turret. We stopped to put on our crampons, not because we needed them yet, but it gave us an excuse to admire the scenery and drink from one of the streams of melt water that scoured the surface of the glacier. One of the best drinks I have ever had is powdered lemonade made with melt water. Maybe it would be even better with a little gin in it. Too bad we hadn't brought any along.

As we approached the saddle the slope got steeper. We

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Triple traverse in the Wind Rivers: from the left, Warren, Doublet, Dinwoody.



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took off our crampons and addressed ourselves to the rock shoulder of Warren. It was easy scrambling for a while. Then we were forced down off the ridge. One ticklish spot involved moving diagonally downward over loose rock. Here Bob used a piton to protect the last man against exposure and the rotten rock. Several class three rope lengths brought us within a scramble of the summit. We signed the register and found we were the first party on Warren that season. To the south we viewed the major peaks of Fremont and Sacagawea. To the northwest, the Tetons were visible over the shoulder and Gannett.

Our route over to Doublet took us past the English Ladies, so named presumably because they were tall, slender and unapproachable. These pinnacles are perched on the ridge linking Warren and Doublet. To the rockclimber, they would offer many fifth and sixth class routes. But today we were mountaineers. Doublet was a short scramble. I believe it was Doublet whose summit register contained an In Memoriam by the Chicago Mountaineering Club to one of their members killed in the Tetons.

On the traverse to Dinwoody, we found ourselves crossing a snow ridge with a high angle gully full of blue ice dropping away on one side. We belayed across it. Dinwoody was an easy scramble once we negotiated the rock face that terminated the snow ridge. From a distance it appeared formidable but upon nearing it an easy class three route became obvious. Dinwoody is a minor peak, but it afforded a fine view of the Titcomb valley. The Titcomb shows the classic "U" shaped profile of a glaciated valley. We heard a yodel and spotted figures on the summit of Woodrow Wilson. Who they were I'll never know, they must have been camped on the west side of the range.

We had completed our traverse and were ready to head for camp, or so I thought until Ed asserted that to traverse a peak one must go up one side and down the other. We were on the top but we must go down the side away from camp to make our traverse of the third peak complete. In this party, however, the temporizers outnumbered the purists three to one so we headed for camp. We found scattered snow fields that offered a quick way down onto the Dinwoody glacier. The hike back to camp was uneventful and we made it before dark.

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Bob Adams surveys Gannet Peak, the highest in Wyoming, during the triple traverse.



THE SAND CREEK, ETC.

by

Sterling Neale '59

"This trip sure has gotten off to a bad start," I thought as we sat by the Sand Creek in the Caribou Range eating lunch, and I began to wonder if it would ever straighten out. It all started back in the Tetons when Gary Hemming, one of the guides there, asked me to go to the Bella Coola Mountains in the Coast Range of Canada with some friends of his from California. Two days before we left, however, we received a letter saying that Bella Coola was closed because of fire danger and the trip had been changed to the Premier Group of the Cariboo Range.

The day before we left I met Chuck Merley, who was from Cleveland, Ohio, and a recent graduate of the University of Colorado. He was going to Banff to meet Dave Doren. Dave, a University of Colorado student, had climbed with me the summer before in the Tetons and in June had reached both summits of Mt. McKinley.

The three of us left the Jenny Lake Campground in the Tetons about 8:30, giving us just enough time to get to Colter Bay to pick up my laundry. We left again at 8:35 after going back to get Hemming's goggles. We left a third time around 9:30 after finding someone to open the ranger station so we could get Gary's crampons. By the time we got to the laundry, locked doors separated me from my only brinje.

We arrived in Banff late the following evening and after looking through all of the bars we finally found Dave walking back to the Banff campground. Since he and Chuck had no definite plans, we persuaded them to go into the Cariboo Range with us. This turned out to be one of the few good moves we made during the whole trip.

The next day we drove to Jasper, bought food and other supplies, and continued to Tete Jaune Cashe where we were to meet the rest of the party and start the walk into the range. Upon arrival, we found a telegram from the guys from California saying that Bella Coola had been opened and that they had decided to go there instead. Since there were four of us we decided to go in anyway, so we drove up a road which seemed to be bottomless dust to the beginning of the trail where we camped for the night. (Continued on page 49)

Wind Rivers; in the distance, right, Titcomb Lakes.



THE MAIDEN

by

William H. Bassett '62

I had been in Holubar's many times, and each time I had seen the photograph of the Maiden hanging on the wall. On the picture, marked in ball-point pen, was the standard route - down over the slab facing the pinnacle to a narrow saddle, then around on a traverse to the left, to the first belay position, in a small pine tree; then up again, in two more leads to the summit. The more I looked at the picture, the more I wanted to climb the rock.

The climb is not noted for its actual difficulty, but for the long, 110-foot free rappel off the west side back to the ridge. The thing that makes the rappel particularly interesting is that where the ridge ends it is only about four feet wide, and the cliffs fall away sheer on both sides, one hundred feet on one side, and two hundred on the other. In a strong wind, it's pretty hard to hit.

On a Sunday in July, four of us, Jim Ross, Jack Eggleston, Betsy Herrick and I, drove west from Denver to Boulder in my battered '47 Plymouth. Although we thought the car would have a nervous breakdown, we arrived at Boulder intact, missing only one cylinder. From Boulder we headed south about five miles to the dirt road leading toward the base of the rock, which we could not see. We followed the dirt road for a couple of miles, at which point it ceased to be a road, and loaded the packs on our backs for the three-mile hike in to our objective. We found the trail a good one, but a bit steep. All the way we expected to find the rock right ahead of us, and as a result, we went a little too fast. When we came over a rise, we almost ran into the rock's south face before we looked up.

After a half-hour's rest, we scrambled up the path along the south side to a point on the ridge above the Maiden, where we had our first good view. From a distance, the rock looks like a giant thumb, bent slightly back toward the mountain to the west; but from where we stood, it looked like a huge exclamation point, larger at the top than at the bottom. The towering west face presented a very impressive sight.

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Seneca Rock: club member Tom Marshall, upper left, leading the first ascent of a route.

THE TEMPERAMENTAL TAKU

by

Barry Prather '61

It was a drizzling morning in late August as I walked toward the airliner which would take me from Seattle-Tacoma airport to Juneau, Alaska, for a month on the Taku Glacier, the largest in the Juneau Icefield. Four hours after leaving Seattle I was at Juneau, and I called Ken Lokken, a pilot who had been flying personnel and equipment into the glacier for the last eight years.

The next morning he picked me up, we went to the airport, loaded my gear into a Piper Super Cruiser with ski-wheels, and took off for the glacier, thirty miles away.

I have seen bleak country, and I have seen rugged country, but this terrain was fabulous. Brush and grass just couldn't have grown on such steep slopes. Large, broken jumbled glaciers and snowfields were everywhere. The country we flew over in thirty minutes had taken a fast party three days to negotiate. We finally crossed a ridge overlooking the Taku. It was tremendous. A huge prairie of ice and snow lined by rugged, jutting peaks, all put together in a panorama designed to shrink a man's brain. The Taku is forty miles long and three to four miles wide. It flows about one third of a mile per year and is the only advancing glacier in the Icefield. This was the country I would be living in for a month.

We landed and I met the four men who had gone in four days before. They were Dave Potter, Jr., 16, from New York; John Jay, 15, from the "swamplands" of New Jersey; Warren Clarke, married, of Arizona or California; and Pete Farquhar, 19, of Berkeley, California and Dartmouth.

The next three to four days were spent getting one of the two weasels going and trying to get the radio operating on the Civil Air Patrol frequency. We then took a day off and had a good ice and rock practice. Neither John nor Dave had climbed before. Our first stop was the glacier and a fair crevasse. Everybody was pulled out once using the Bilgeri Technique. Then the use of the ice axe was covered, after which we headed for a rock face nearby. Setting belays, driving pitons, and, in general, good climbing technique was stressed. Dave later proved his ability as a student by climbing into a crevasse to retrieve an excellent picture of

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THE SOUTH FROM THE GROUND DOWN

or

LOW-LIFING THROUGH THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

by

Frank Magary '61

(Recently, three stalwarts of the DMC ventured out of New England to climb and spelunk in the South. They were never heard of again. A message, sealed tightly in a can of anchovies, was found by an aged Sicilian beachcomber on the shores of Lake Mascoma, and is here reproduced. This cryptic document is their story.....)

After twenty-four action-packed hours of wrong turns and running out of gas, we arrived in the Sunny Southland. Removing several scarves and a mitten, I gazed about me. A tousel-haired native in a U. Va. sweatshirt approached.

"Wheah y'all from?" he queried, sipping his cotton gin thoughtfully.

"Dartmouth College, New Hampshire," I said.

"Yup. Ah've heard of it."

"Dartmouth?"

"Nope. New Hampshire."

Having established contact with the natives, we made camp and awaited the adventures that the morrow would bring. The morrow was hideous. Led by several I. O. C. A. spelunkers, we blundered into a Dry Cave. A Dry Cave trip can be roughly compared to wandering through a sewer blindfolded while someone up ahead dumps sacks of flour over your head. The dust of millions of years settles with impartiality into eyes, ears, nose and throat.

The next day, we drove eighty miles further South and encountered a Wet Cave, which is very much like a Dry Cave, only different. More of this later.

In the middle of a cow pasture we found a small hole, about seven feet wide and a hundred and twenty feet deep. Several cavers had preceded us; I could see carbide lamps winking faintly below and cheerful curses emanated from the depths of the gaping maw.

"How do we get down there?" I asked, edging my way toward the car.

"With this rope Ah have," said our leader. "It's an old, trusted frind," he added, carressing its broken fibers fondly. Several questions raced through my mind. Who would go first? Would the rope hold? But as leader of the Dartmouth contingent and as a Mountaineer, only one course was open to me.

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"You go first," I told Bill Bassett. "I gotta make notes for the A. A. C. report." Trusting fellow that he was, he got on Rappel, and in a cloud of flying hemp fibers, he was off. I followed, then Dave Laing. We landed on a mudheap surmounted by the bones of an unfortunate cow that had made the trip unroped. We found ourselves in a gigantic subterranean chamber, part of a Wet Cave. Walking through a Wet Cave is like wading through a swamp on a foggy day while people drop bags of water on your head. Rumor has it that the formations are really quite beautiful when the carbide lamps are working. After a jaunty slog of five hours, we were again at the foot of the rope, ready to prussik back up. Now, 120 feet is a mean prussik, taking almost half an hour, to the accompaniment of curses and carefully chosen biblical quotations (see Book of Job). Within two hours, we were all out, and on the spot made a tripartite blood pact that, aside from the College Hall snack bar, we'd never venture below ground again.

Having had enough of going down, we decided to try going up, and Seneca Rock seemed a likely choice. Seneca Rock is a towering, knife-edged ridge in West Virginia, sweeping up to four hundred feet magnificently, unscarred by any such blemishes as handholds and footholds. We surveyed this lofty spire with mixed emotions.

"Let's go back to camp and sing a few more folk songs," I suggested.

Dave Laing and I took a fairly easy traverse route to the top, and found ourselves straddling a loose boulder at the summit, with a ghastly exposure to both sides. Bill Bassett and John Magyar (Chairman of the U. Conn Rockclimbing group) took a rather more difficult crack, and very nearly made the top, but were stopped by darkness. We threw them a rope, and they traversed over to our position, from which we all watched the sunset.

After one more day at Seneca, we drove north to the Shawangunks. Routes were there aplenty. We climbed the Horseman, The Brat, The -----, Come nightfall, Dave and Bill folded themselves into the MG, while I slept under the overhang. Arising in the morning, I found myself lying in a snowdrift, and that was that for climbing in the Gunks.

There ends our story: On the bum through cave and crag for seven days. We figure it only cost us \$17.50 per minute to make the trip; we strongly urge any climber, strong of heart, weak of mind, to take such an idyllic vacation.

His grey eyes, the color of thin ice on a brittle winter morning, swept up the cliff and caught sight of the trapped party overhead, reached out and gauged the oncoming storm, tested the difficulty of the rime-covered route ahead. His chin thrust forward. He spoke: "We're going up!" The Mountaineer! Calm, deliberate, with rock-like hands and steel-like nerves; quiet, steady, rugged, completely inarticulate, and - need we say - a fraud.

In these articles, we climbers usually try to tell you how, in the totally normal run of events, we calmly face death on the mountain-side, slap it insolently in the face and mutter, "Interesting pitch, what?" Ha! This is the way it really happens:

The climber surveyed the situation, as climbers do. His calm grey eyes absorbed every detail. He knew exactly what he would have to do. His chin pushed forward determinedly. He spoke:

"I'll have a double vanilla frappe, easy on the milk," he told the girl at the counter.

The waitress eyed him distastefully, as he strained his black coffee through a three-day growth. The manager pulled her aside. "Get those characters out of here," he muttered. "Every spring they come through this town on the way to God-knows-what and there goes our business. The decent clientele stays away for months." They both watched as a fuzzy-cheeked youth in a green beret and lederhosen tried unsuccessfully to push a new route up the door of the john. Two others were doing surreptitious things to a hot fudge sundae with a wineskin.

"Doesn't it make you want to cry?" said the waitress.

"I dunno," signed the manager. "Sometimes I wonder about the sanity of the human race."

THE WAY WE WROTE ABOUT IT --- THE WAY IT REALLY HAPPENS

by

Stu Kauffman '61 and Frank Magary '61

The way we wrote about it: A crisp morning on Sunday. An icy wind, yet blowing a touch of spring - that battleground between winter and summer. Ice patches still cresting the rock, the black macadm of the road yet covered with salt. 7:00 A. M. and the members of the Dartmouth Mountaineering Club, quiet hardened men long used to laughing at death, calmly gather at Robinson Hall. The first trip. Each man arrives on time, each knows from long practice precisely what is to be done; the ropes, pitons, carabiners, first aid kits, and slings are placed in the cars waiting there and the men, with quiet

(Continued on page 24)

(Continued from page 23)

mountain efficiency, depart.

* * *

"Where is everybody? It's ten o'clock!"

"Don't sweat it. Sterling and Kauffman are over at Rattlesnake getting the ropes we left there last week. Cargen is at Tanzi's buying the beer. Magary went to see Sgt. Brown to try to change a 5¢ cigar into four dozen pitons. Bassett went down to Bennington to find girls to climb with us, and Ponch went with him to organize a Girls-have-no-place-in-climbing Rally. The rest are still in the sack."

* * *

How we wrote about it: The drivers of the two cars, long experienced with the treacherous ice roads, drove carefully, calmly towards the mountain - Owl's Head. Here was a man's mountain, reaching vertically 753 feet of rock slab; a face to challenge any mountaineer.

The cars moved with a strange calm deliberateness, as if inheriting the character and qualities of the men riding in them. Each curve was taken with the precision and care that become second nature to a man who averts death with precise technique. So, with the quiet, subdued tension of prospective danger, the party arrived and prepared the walk in to the cliff. Owl's Head, where a man pits his skill and nerve against cold granite.

* * *

"I thought you were the great mapreader," moaned the Leader.

"Well, jeez, I did take Geology 122. I oughta know sompin' about it."

"What's Geology 122?"

"Mapfolding."

The Volkswagen lay nosed over in the ditch, a clutch of climbers gathered around it, pouring over the torn remnants of a road map.

"We should have turned south at North Thweekton."

"Hell, no! Remember that place, Thweekton Center, where we got that ticket? We should have turned west there for East Thweekton, Thweekton Corners and West Mugwump."

* * *

Ahead of them, Owl's Head. Between them and the face lay three-fourths a mile of pasture land, owned by Emmet Perkins. Two of the climbers moved, with the expressive relaxed grace of lithe animals, and knocked on the door.

(Continued on page 25)

(Continued from page 24)

The farmer answered. They understood each other immediately; they spoke the same language of land, rock, sun, sky. Each knew the fear, awe and respect of Nature that comes from dependence on it, yet the ability to mold it to Man's designs. So, with this unity of outdoor men, the farmer gave his permission to cross the land and climb the cliff that was his. In some way, and he couldn't say how, he felt that his land was ennobled by a spirit, an aura, that becomes part of a climber.

The men took out and shouldered packs, ropes, and iron for the ascent and moved out toward the cliff ahead. Pausing at each fence to carefully remove then replace the electric fences cutting the pasture land, the climbers reached the scree slope leading to the cliff itself. With the effortless, deliberate pace of mountain men, they wound upward, passed along the base of the cliff, and gathered at the base of the assault route to divide up into attack groups.

* * *

Farmer Perkins was a quiet man, a contemplative man. He rejoiced daily in the simple pleasures of the country life, the mooing of his cows, the cackle of his chickens. Now, on a warm Fall afternoon, he stopped to count the blessings of the Rustic Life, the manifold joys of working close to the earth. The crops were harvested, the silage was. . . . But wait a minute.

Several chickens died suddenly as a battered Volkswagen came screeching off the highway, jouncing to a halt in the barnyard. A horde of climbers, yelping happily, were disgorged therefrom. Perkins turned pale.

"Tarnation! This is one thing the Farmer's Almanac never warns me about," he muttered through his goatee. One cloddish fellow, detaching himself from the crowd, approached.

"Uh, . . my name is Plummer. We. . ."

"Nope. 'Tain't right. My cows stop givin' good milk, with you fellers plinkin' away, drivin' them nails into my cliff. Besides, it ain't. . ."

"Ak. . ."

"Quiet. My cows and me, we'd be real pleased if you'd go back to that college and leave us be."

"Ak. . . ak. . ."

"Good day."

"But. . . we don't make much noise!"

"I can hear you over there. That racket ain't conducive to good thinkin'."

Several climbers moved stealthily across the meadow, encumbered by the trappings of the climbing trade: ropes, pitons, a case of beer. The day was fine, and all joyously contemplated the experience that awaited them at the cliff.

(Continued on page 30)

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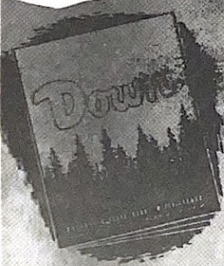
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Weight 5¾ lbs.

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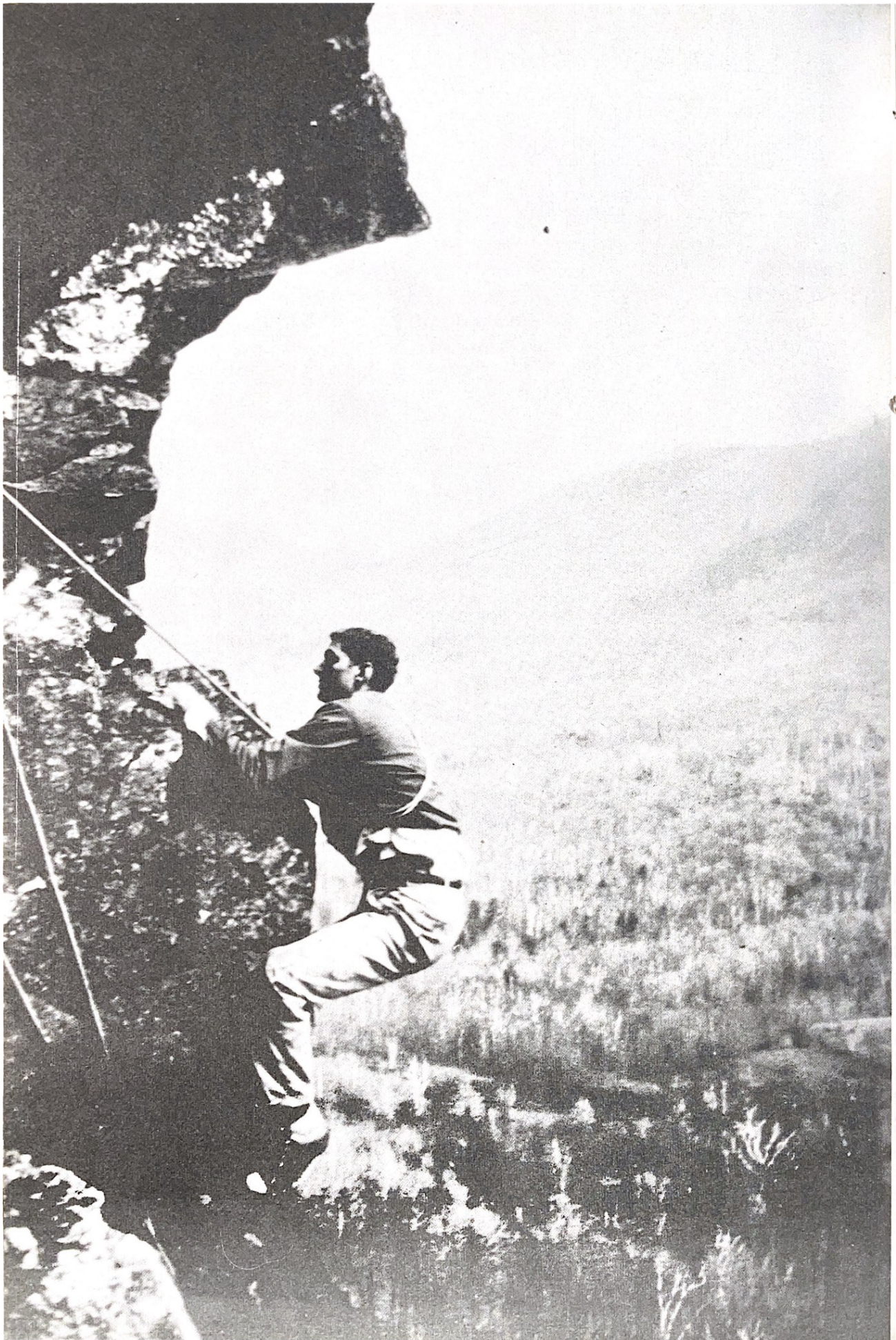


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TALUS

Arctic Heroes

In addition to Barry Prather and Pete Farquhar (see page 20), the far North lured several other Club members during the past summer. Jake Breitenbach and Dave Dingman traveled to Alaska and together carried out an ascent of Mt. McKinley. Carlos Plummer and Gerry Cabaniss spent the summer drifting around the Arctic Sea on Fletcher's Ice Island, T-3, doing geological work with David D. Smith of the Dartmouth Geology department. Tom Stone spent his second summer working for the Weather Bureau at Alert, N. W. T., and Thule, Greenland.

Mount Washington

The annual DMC winter jaunt to Mt. Washington was carried out in late February this year with a complement of eight men. Carlos Plummer, Pete Uhlmann, Steve Lattimore, Pete Knight, Tom Stone, Tony Horan, Stu Kauffman and Kurt Wehbring all took part in an attempt to lug a camp up Huntington Ravine to the shoulder of Lions Head, a stunt performed successfully by the DMC last year. A combination of high wind, cold (109 mph, -33 at the summit) and avalanche possibilities in the ravine forced alteration of the original plans and a practice session in snow and ice technique in Huntington's was carried out instead, camp being set up below the avalanche line in the ravine.

Spring Plans

In the belief that variety is still the spice of life, Club plans for the spring are looking to new cliffs and new routes in the East. Along with the traditional Green Key trip to Canada to climb in the Laurentians, and two junkets south to the Shawangunks, the spring schedule calls for looking at Cathedral and Whitehorse Ledges, and possibly Cannon Mountain. Smuggler's Notch, Rattlesnake, Owl's Head and Mt. Washington are also on the docket.

Steve Lattimore on local rock at Bird Mountain, near Hanover.

(Continued from page 25)

"Did we bring an opener?"

"Shhh! Keep your head down! If the farmer thinks we came out here after all, we'll be shot on sight," said the Leader.

He spoke rightly. The year before, the club's faculty adviser had pushed rapidly up the first seventh class ascent of Owl's Head. A seventh class ascent is defined as being done under fire.

"How does it feel?"

"Not so bad. He was only using birdshot this time."

The base of the cliff had been reached. Equipment was being readied. Pitons and hammers were found to be effective in opening beer cans. Ropes made dandy cushions to squat upon while the nectar of life was enjoyed. Two enterprising boys had actually undertaken to climb the cliff, and the usual symphony of sound was heard occasionally from on high; the tinkling of a piton being driven in, the laughter of a cheerful fellow wedged inextricably in a tight chimney, the jingle of a dropped carabiner, with the frequent brass rumble of a falling boulder. The rest of the climbers lay in relaxed attitudes of repose at the base of the cliff, and unholy songs drifted up from under the overhang in angelic chorus.

* * *

The face of a cliff before a man does strange things, to a mountaineer it represents the culmination of value. A man alone on a cliff, even when connected by a spider's thread of rope, alone to face fear. In conquering a cliff, a man conquers himself. He who has never mastered himself is yet a boy. Why are mountain's climbed?...

The leader of the first rope stepped smoothly onto the rock and began his steady, considered ascent. One hesitates to trust his life to other hands, yet one does trust his life to a leader. He moved calmly, rhythmically, pausing occasionally to drive a piton and snap on a carabiner. The route advanced up a sloping foot crack to the first belay point. The second man mounted upward easily to join the first and, for a moment, they say together enjoying the subdued joy of confidence. A second lead, 100 feet across a steep rock slab covered with water, running from a dying snow cap overhead. Only friction between boots and wet rock held the climbers and they traversed lightly across and gathered at the second belay point. From there an easy lead over a slight overhand brought the party to a small notch, the jumping-off point for the final, and most difficult pitch. It is such a pitch that makes

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climbing worthwhile. It is here that deliberate judgment is required, and the biting courage of self control is so necessary. The leader moves gently, with subtle tension, onto a steeply canted table of rock. Again there is no foothold; for his hands there is merely the underholds offered him where the overhang wall in front of him is separated slightly from the slab upon which he stands. He stands on nothing, his weight strains outward, only to swing against the cliff as his hands take hold to the rock just inches from his feet. Then, with the flowing motion of long practice, he moves across the pitch, gains the needed handhold, and he's up. Yet there is no yelling, no shouting. The second man is brought up, and the rest of the party follows. No, no shouting. The men stand quietly and need say nothing. The rock beneath their feet communicates well enough a simple triumphant truth - a mountain has been climbed.

* * *

As the sky turned rosy in the west, a climber emerged at the summit to join his belayer. "Say, I tripped on my shoelace back there on the hairy part. I sure am glad I had a belay!"

"Huh?"

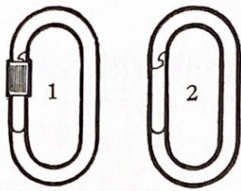
"I said I sure am glad I had a good belay."

"What bel... I mean it sure is a nice view from the top here."

"Yuh. Let's get off this rock. Those guys are probably back at the car by now." As if in answer to his statement, the tiny figure of the Volkswagen in the valley began to move toward the highway. The door of the farmer's house opened, and the farmer ran out, waving his arms. As the car moved through the meadow, small running figures emerged from the grass and tumbled hastily inside. The Microbus reached the highway and began to move purposefully toward Hanover, upon which one of the climbers still on the cliff made the remark so beloved of those who love the mountains:

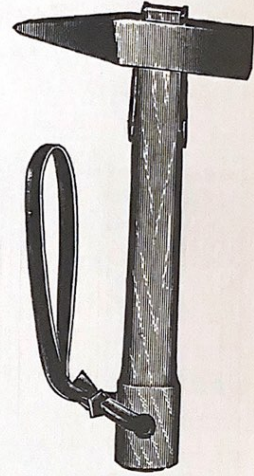
"Why?" "Why?!!" His frenzied echoes died out among cliffed peaks as the start came out one by one.

The sun set.



PITONS

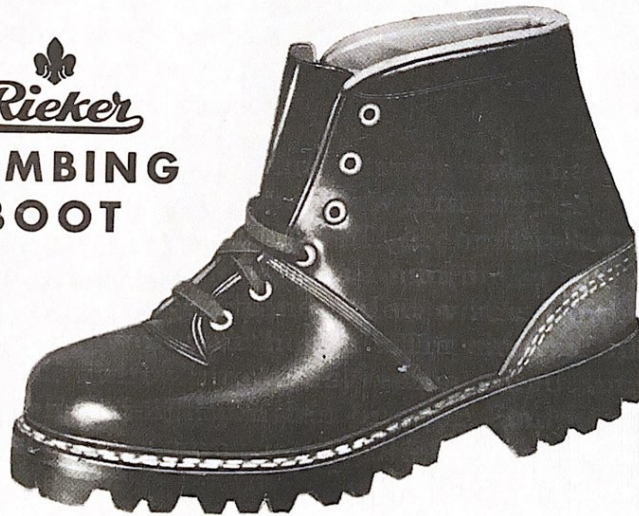
either horizontal or vertical.



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Art Bennett - Sports Equipment

at Dartmouth

HANOVER, N. H.

(Continued from page 20)

Janet Pilgrim, one of Playboy's special playmates. At the time everybody was quite happy that Dave had the necessary know-how to accomplish this feat.

A couple of afternoons later Pete and I headed for a peak just east of our camp. We were planning to bivouac on the snow beneath the rock face and make the rock climb in the morning. About the time we were three quarters of the way up the snowy glacier leading to the planned bivouac, Ken Lokken brought Dr. Maynard Miller and Wally Miller in from Juneau. Pete and I poured on the steam and after some difficult slippery rock, reached the summit about 5:00 p. m. We descended immediately and arrived at camp about 9:00 p. m.

By the end of the first two weeks, at what was known as Camp 10, we had succeeded in building one cabin, adding a small generator shack to the main building, grubbing out a quarter-mile of rocky trail and putting up a 200-foot long wire antenna. We had also been busy sorting and putting gear into shape and keeping meteorological records. At this time John, Dave and Warren all departed for points south while the rest of us stayed on the glacier.

After Warren left, Maynard and Pete moved to camp 8, the high camp at the top of the Taku. Camp 8 is about 550 yards from the Canadian border, on a divide between maritime climate and continental climate, overlooking the Taku Glacier to the south and the Llewellyn Glacier to the north.

By virtue of its location, Camp 8 is significant from a scientific standpoint, but it is also a location of some grandeur, surrounded by many untouched peaks and spires. This high plateau is also as powerful as it is beautiful. Some of the worst blizzards in the world occur here. During the five of the nine days in the comparatively mild month of September that I was at this camp, the wind had not blown less than thirty miles per hour, and five feet of snow fell. A man could not survive on this ice field without elaborate protection. This land of beauty has held out that which would spoil it by using its formidable meteorological force.

Pete had stayed at camp 8 for three or four days with Maynard while Wally and I finished up the work at base camp. Irv Herringstad then came into camp 10, Pete and Wally headed for home, and I moved on up to camp 8.

The flight to camp 8 took about twenty minutes, and when we got there Ken made a couple of passes to look over the landing spot. The sun was shining and the mountains were frosty with white snow. Two green tents were pitched there below us on the white expanse and Maynard, looking like a big ant, was slipping and sliding down the hill toward the spot where we would land. As soon as I had unloaded, Ken turned the plane around and took off. We weren't to see him again until we returned to Camp 10.

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(Continued from page 33)

Maynard and I trudged up the hill to the tents and had a welcome cup of "Ovalmaltine." We then got right to work, going back down the hill and bringing one of the two 50-gallon drums of white gas, in end-over-end fashion, up to the camp. The next item was a 450 pound two k. w. gas generator. I took it apart and we carried it in pieces up to the top of the hill. Then came the engine, a little 200-pound monster. We tied it on a pack board and I slipped it on. With Maynard pushing and me pulling, the engine soon came to rest beside the generator at the top of the hill. After we got the generator put back together, and the engine started after a good deal of sweat, we laid one thousand feet of copper wire out to a likely spot on the glacier and hooked up a thermal borer.

The borer is a seven foot piece of two inch pipe and has a heating element in the tip. The hot tip melts the ice and the whole works descends into the newly made hole. In the firn, the borer went down at the rate of approximately eight feet per hour. We got the rig set up, luckily, just before a severe storm set in, but once we had the thing running there was no problem, since the generator would run for five days, being hooked directly to the fifty gallon drum. The borer would melt the hole we wanted while we waited out the weather in our warm double sleeping bags drinking ovaltine.

The following day at about eleven o'clock, I went out to shovel off the tents. I came right back in and got my woolen face mask on. Without the mask, the wind-driven snow almost choked me. After the tents were shoveled and some more hot Ovaltine was poured into us, we both got out to check the borer. In the last 10 hours it had gone down about 78 feet. We pulled it out and left the hole alone to stabilize. It would take some time for the temperature of the ice to return to normal after being warmed by the tip. The next job was to put a 60 foot long thermistor cable into the hole. This was used in determining the temperature at certain depths in the ice; we took readings twice a day for three days. We were having a cold spell at the time and found that it affected the temperature of the ice to a depth of about 10'.

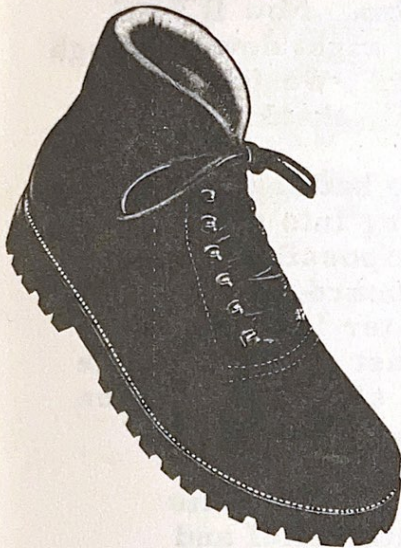
The cold spell also brought us five more days of storm, keeping us in the tent where we weren't able to get much done. When the weather cleared some on the sixth day, we got ready to leave, caching the equipment at the camp. Early the following afternoon we started the 18-mile ski trip down to Camp 10. We went straight down for 16 miles and then over a low ridge which was supposed to be a short cut. Here, we got too far up the ridge and had a bad time threading our way down through the rocks in the moonlight. Maynard's skis weren't waxed and he could go down at a terrific

(Continued on page 36)

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CUSTOM SPORT SHOES

(Continued from page 34)

angle. Further back on the glacier this had held Maynard back enough so that I could keep up with him. Now it was different. Maynard would weave and twist right down through the rocks while I was all over the mountain. We finally dragged into the Camp 10 cabin at midnight, thanking the old yellow moon that had stayed up for us.

The next day Ken flew in and, after he had taken Irv and Maynard to Juneau, we loaded everything into the plane for the last trip. Ken taxied up as high as possible on the snowfield, then I walked up and climbed aboard. Ken pushed the throttle to the firewall. A half mile later it looked like we wouldn't get off. The airplane would just about clear the ground, then it would hit a snow hump and slow down. Then we went over two swells in the snow. The first got the plane into the air and we gained some airspeed. The second gave us the extra boost we needed, and the skis touched only once more. I settled back with relief and watched the Taku slip away, and then noted how broken up the Mendenhall looked as we flew the entire length of it. The snowline stood out sharply as we descended to the Juneau airport, where it was warm. The change from the blizzard conditions Maynard and I had experienced at Camp 8 was complete when I reached home the following night. There wasn't even any snow in Ellensburg.



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(Continued from page 19)

We descended a slab to the saddle, and roped up. At this point, Betsy decided to make the climb vicariously, and so we remaining three went on without her. It was late morning, and we wanted to be through with the climb before the unpredictable Colorado weather took a turn for the worse.

The first pitch was the most difficult - a clockwise traverse down from the saddle and back up again to the pine tree on the north side. Jim, the most experienced, led off. After much unavoidable swearing and a considerable amount of time, he placed himself, horseback style, in the pine tree. Jack followed him, trying a hand traverse where Jim had used his feet. He found it a mistake. Although it was easier for the first twenty feet, after that there were no holds. The talus slope looked a long way down. By a somewhat spectacular Tarzan-like movement he managed to reach a "thank God" hold and move on up to the tree. I followed, being careful to stay high, and avoided most of the difficulties.

Jim completed the next pitch with relative ease, but when Jack followed him, the rope somehow became unbelievably snarled between the two. I spent the better part of an hour waiting for them to get untangled and watching some crazy birds practicing dive-bombing techniques at me. Eventually I was able to remove myself from the target area and continue the climb.

The next two pitches were without difficulty, and we arrived together on the airy summit. It was completely bare - except for cans, bottles, candy-bar wrappers, a tree, a register, and a sign pointing over the overhang, reading "fire escape."

We ate lunch swiftly, not liking the looks of the clouds which were crossing the sky that had been blue earlier. The wind had come up and was blowing hard by the time we reached the top.

Jack was the first down the rappel, and after looking over the side he decided he wanted a belay. I uncoiled the third rope and found myself a secure position. He crawled backwards over the lip and disappeared hesitantly. I have never been so glad anyone had a belay in my life. About half-way down, he hit a kink and the rope was jerked from his hands by the wind. He hung motionless on the belay rope for several seconds, completely without control of his rappel. He slowly rearranged the rope and continued down to the ridge. I cautiously followed him down without a belay, slowly rotating on the rope and feeling somewhat like a spider. I was quite glad to land at the bottom. Jim came last, and had a bit of trouble landing on the ridge in the wind, but finally succeeded between gusts.

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 38)

As we coiled the ropes a light rain started, and we hurried in a useless attempt to keep dry. The four of us arrived at the car thoroughly wet but still alive.

At Boulder we stopped for a late lunch of hamburgers and (ugh!) peanut-butter malts. This was my first and last encounter with one, and I can't recommend them too highly. As a matter of fact, I won't recommend them at all.



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(Continued from page 11)

Our climbing skis, we had found, made play out of most of the uphill work, although part of the ascent to Bugaboo Pass was so steep that we found it easier to take the skis off and kick steps. After watching a fine sunset, we turned in at 10. The next morning we were on the road by 7:30. We gained the Conrad Icefield after an exposed ascent of rather difficult, knee-deep soft snow on the ice-fall; skis were a distinct advantage here, although I discarded my poles for an ice-ax. By 3 p. m. we reached the final pass of the icefield, from which we enjoyed a fascinating and spectacular run through crevasses (stay left), steep chutes, fast schusses, and startling traverses. At 7 p. m. we camped near Climax Col, tired, a bit sunburned, and feeling quite happy after a most enjoyable day.

On the fourth day we managed to bypass Climax Col by going over a ridge high to the right of the mountain. We skied around some large crevasses and found a route around the next ridge after one attempt at a higher route which didn't go. Everyone descended without trouble a narrow, 45-degree couloir except the author, who sideslipped (on his side) into some rocks, but with no injuries except a punctured toothpaste tube and injured pride. After lunch we descended into the valley floor on good corn snow, then climbed up rocks on the right side of Snowman Lake Stream, culminated by bushwhacking up a small waterfall. This can be awkward when one is carrying skis. At this point we came across a bear who looked strangely like the famous DMC bear. Before taking his leave, he demonstrated his astonishing agility on rock and snow. "He climbs well," observed Sterling, "but I wonder how he is at giving belays."

On day #5 we felt that we were sufficiently on schedule to make a little side tour; accordingly, Brigger, Barry and Sterling made a first ascent of a peak near our campsite, afterwards dubbed Head Peak, while I stayed behind to nurse an aching back that was behaving more like a halfback. For our activities during the remainder of this day I quote from the trip log: "Leave camp at 9 via steep snow gulley, then onto rocks. Traverse two bowls and take low turns of ridges, but snow insufficient. Descend through good rock gardens after three falls on frozen corn ridges. Route to next bowl improves, but after lunch we are forced to bushwhack with and without skis. Reach avalanche slope for good run down and across river. Forced upstream to gulley between pointed Carbonates, where crossing should be made. Bash through forest and slide debris, up waterfall to snow route leading to final ledges. Bushwhack along ski traverses, descend and climb out of bowl to camp at 7 p. m."

(Continued on page 45)

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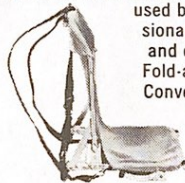


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On Saturday, June 7, we started the day off by carrying our skis across and down a cliff to Low Col Gulley of the Carbonates; we found that it was better to lose altitude if by doing so we could enable ourselves to do some continuous skinning, rather than trying to hold a traverse. Heading towards Silent Pass, we had to belay a descent over a crevasse, soon after which we spotted a cougar, who ran along the glacier in exactly the route we wanted to take. A rock field traverse brought us down to the snow of Silent Pass, where we camped during a prolonged thunderstorm. Our spirits, however, revived by a successful and thrilling day, remained undampened. I cannot say the same for my tent, myself, Barry, Sterling, our sleeping bags, etc.

Fortunately, the next day dawned bright and clear, and most of the morning was spent drying everything and everybody out. We then set out over the ridge of Silent Mountain and contoured around three bowls, each with a good cornice and a fine run into the next. After waiting out a thunderstorm, we descended to the Beaver River along an old slide which was almost as easy to walk along as a trail. This was a fortunate find; we had expected to encounter heavy bushwhacking. We crossed the Beaver River on an avalanche bridge - another fortunate find - and camped with wet feet amidst hordes of mosquitoes. Every mosquito in the Selkirks must have been there, except for the ones who were off telling their friends.

Barry roused us at 4 a. m. the next day, and we were off to an early start; a wise move, since our luck ran out. Today we did encounter heavy bushwhacking, as heavy as I have ever seen and as difficult as I can imagine. All the bushes (mountain laurel, mostly) seemed to be trying to throw us downhill, and we really had to fight to gain altitude - this with skis, yet. Finally we reached timberline and snow - a most welcome sight. We had lunch and took a long rest by the Grand Glacier River, then moved upstream, going nearly to the tongue of the glacier in order to find a place shallow enough to permit fording the stream. We camped early, pausing before crawling in our sleeping bags in order to watch a mountain goat lazily walk across the slope above us, while the icefall high above entertained us with fine displays of cascading ice.

The next morning we ascended a cliff that looked ominous from the bottom (to me, anyway), but which proved to be an easy walk. We quickly crossed the Deville Neve, reaching the northern icefall at 11 a. m. We climbed down the rocks to the right, lowering the packs and skis, then rappelled the rest of the way, once again lowering packs and skis. We traversed the dry ice of the glacier tongue, then contoured around to the head of the lake in Glacier Circle. Here we paused to watch the falling ice all around the Circle, then charged onward to find

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the old C. P. R. cabin, which we located 100 yards up the stream, across a log, forty feet downstream, and up a trail of 100 yards. The cabin was in fair condition, quite clean, with "much wood, no stove, some food, much bumwad" (I quote from the trip log). We all ate two suppers and went to bed - in real beds.

The 10th and last day was heavily overcast and visibility was nil, but we were on the mapped section of the trip and could go by compass. A final quote from the trip log: "...traverse swamp to slabs below overhang, which should perhaps be bypassed by earth route to right. Overcome overhang by clever and safe rock pitch to moraine and neve. Have lunch and cross neve by a compass bearing of 290 degrees. Just miss crevasses of Giekie Glacier and arrive at Perley Peak dead on. Light mixed snow and rain and we slowly got soaked. Descend to the right off glacier and run excellent narrow couloir for a perfect finish to the skiing. We all opened up here with Barry literally flying on his X-37's. Crossed the very slippery rocks to the right and found the trail within 100 yards." We hiked on down to Glacier, where we learned to our dismay that the next passenger train would not be coming through until the next day; however, there would be a freight train within two hours. As the freight train pulled to a stop, Barry, putting on his best lean-and-hungry, please-aid-the-needy look, approached the engineer and secured for our exclusive use a brand-new, completely empty box car right behind the locomotive, in which we could ride to Golden, where Jim had left the car. (There are no roads into Glacier; there is not even a store within this settlement. Glacier was once a resort of some fame, but it is now the place where trains stop and register before they enter an eight-mile tunnel through the mountain - just in case they don't emerge at the other end, apparently.)

As we lounged in our sleeping bags on the boxcar floor, eating our leftover food and watching the country whiz by, we talked over the trip. We felt that, all things considered, we were pretty well satisfied. Certainly the skis had worked out well, enabling us to descend pitches on which a man without skis would have to be belayed and minimizing the danger of crevasses. Of course, there were things we'd do differently, too, if we had the chance, but all in all, we'd had ten enjoyable and challenging days in fine mountain scenery, capped off with a ride in a boxcar, the perfect ending. We had no complaints.

The Purcell-Selkirk expedition prepares to set out. In the foreground, left to right, Bill Briggs, Barry Corbet, Sterling Neale, Bob French. In the background, the first obstacle, the incomparable Bugaboos.



(Continued from page 15)

I heartily recommend this triple traverse for competent climbers provided they are in fair shape. No one pitch is at all difficult, but the problem is to get an early start and then keep the party moving over rock that is sometimes exposed and treacherous because it is loose.

(Continued from page 17)

The next morning Chuck thought that he would be in poorer shape than the rest of us so he started up the trail ahead of us while we washed the breakfast dishes. The trail was good for about five miles until it degenerated into hard-to-follow game trails and then into bushes, bugs, and swamp. We would walk along the edge of the creek or along a game trail for a short distance only to return to more bushwhacking. We would take three steps forward and then some branch would catch us and throw us back about five. Upon getting untangled we would fall into a mud hole. Consequently, we weren't setting any speed records.

After lunch we slept for an hour or so, during which time we were at least not making negative progress, and then plunged on. Chuck was still ahead of us and we followed his tracks on and off for most of the afternoon. Later we saw some bear tracks along with Chuck's, and then just the bear tracks. We came across some bear droppings which led to further speculation on Chuck's fate. The bear tracks turned off soon afterward, however, and before long we came across Chuck's tracks again. When we camped around seven that evening we still hadn't caught up to him.

Tuesday was just as slow as Monday and we kept following Chuck's footprints up the Sand Creek. Around five that afternoon we saw something red hanging from a tree up stream. It was Chuck who had arrived around ten that morning. The day before he had slept for three hours. Out of shape! Ha!

Wednesday, we went to look for a good route onto the glacier. Gary and I got hung up while Chuck and Dave found a not-too-good route. Coming back they found a good route but it left them on the wrong side of the river. We rigged a sort of tyrolean traverse to get them across. Actually it turned out to be more like a fixed rope across the creek to keep them from being washed down stream. This left us with one of our ropes tied on the other side.

Thursday, with our usual ambition, we got up at 6:30 with the intention of retrieving our rope and then going up onto the glacier. After a fast breakfast we went back to bed until 10:30. Gary and I started to build a bridge across Sand Creek but we soon found that the water was rising too fast so we curtailed our efforts into getting the logs ready to build it quickly the next morning. When we had finished, we decided that instead of fighting all of that bush to get out we would build a raft and float down stream to a spot where the trail is good. We bought one hundred and sixty feet of quarter inch nylon from Dave and used it to lash together four logs each about a foot in diameter and fifteen feet long. We wanted our vessel to be solid so we used more logs for cross pieces and one diagonal.

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Saturday morning we got up at a reasonable hour, built our bridge, crossed it and then hauled it over with us so it wouldn't get washed away. To our collective surprise we were on our way by 8:00 and made good time all day.

We crossed the Mount Lennan Glacier and finally camped on the col below the North West Ridge of Mt. Thompson, our objective for the next day. Mt. Thompson did not appear to be a difficult climb but it was the most classic looking mountain in the group. We thought that with an early start we could climb it in half a day and then move our camp over to the foot of Mt. Titan, the highest mountain in the Interior Ranges. The next day, however, our old ambition returned and we didn't reach the summit until two, consequently we weren't back to camp until after seven. In spite of the slow speed it was a very enjoyable climb; the high and low points respectively being the summit cone which was a forty-five degree snow slope led by Chuck, and a fifth class mud fall. Coming down the mud fall was avoided by a spectacular one hundred and twenty foot rappell down a cornice that dropped quite sharply down the North East Face.

The next day we overslept and lost any remaining ambition that we may have had, so we decided to head out. When we got to the stream crossing, it was too early in the day to put up the bridge so we decided to try to wade across in the shallowest spot we could find. We belayed Gary across without a pack to an island near the far side, and he set up a fixed rope. Even with this it was necessary to wallow on all fours. Needless to say we were all soaked and cold. To avoid relaying loads from the island to the far side, I started throwing equipment across. This worked out fine until the fifth or sixth throw when my aim was off and the pots ended up in the creek. I jumped in after them, catching them on the third grab but then my boot, which hadn't been laced, came off and I decided I had better try to save it through sacrificing the pots. In all, it took us only three and a half hours to cross the stream.

We got up around six, had only a half of a bowl of Grapes each since potless cooking is a little difficult and by seven we were ready to launch the raft out of its shoreline drydock. It was a bit heavy and took four of us two hours to launch it. With our packs on our backs Gary and I hopped aboard and floated down stream in the fast current. As we had expected to be back at the vehicle before lunch we had given all of the food to Chuck and Dave. However, before we had gone one hundred feet the bow caught against a rock,

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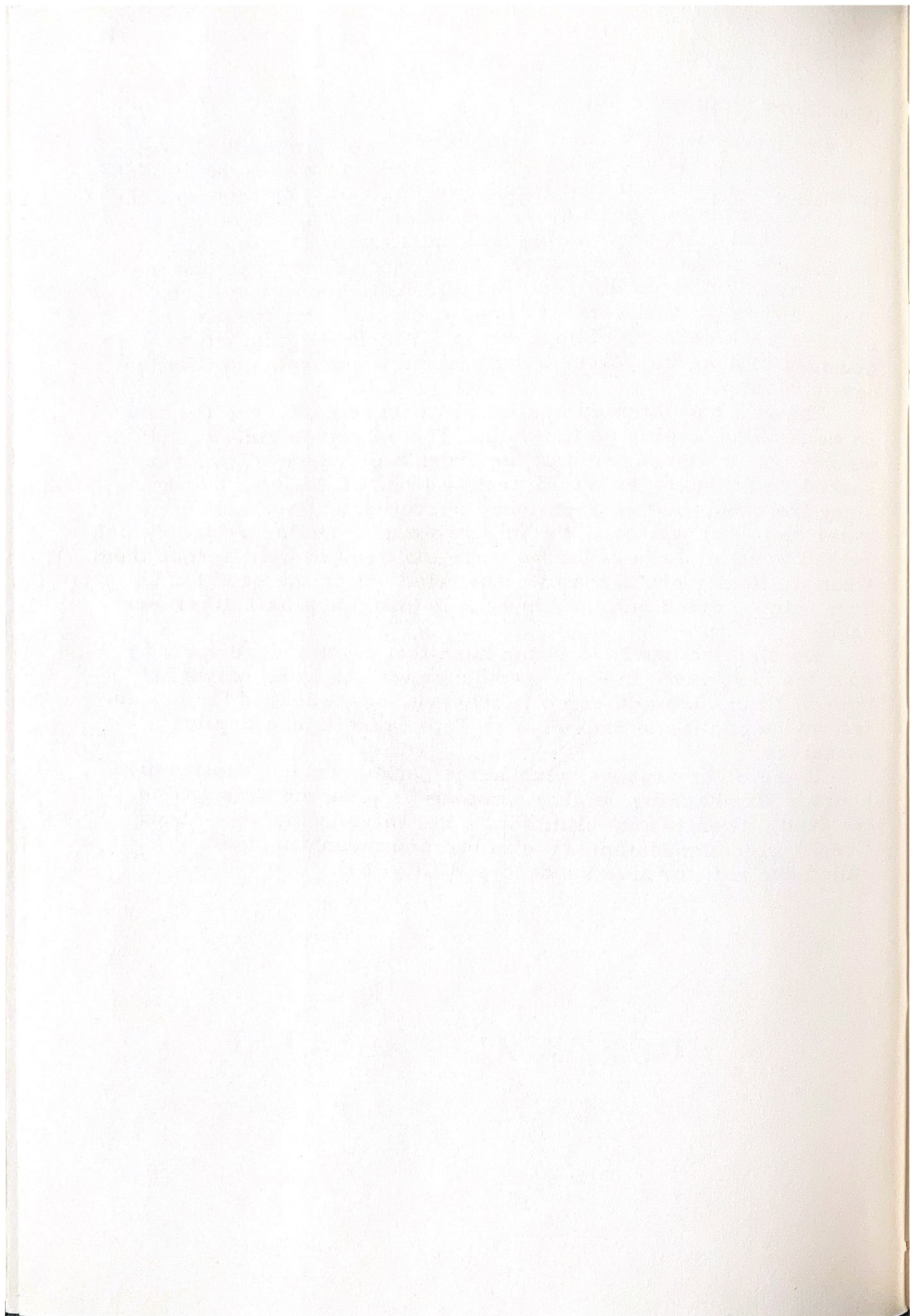
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the stern swung around, and the raft was jammed. It took us another hour to get going again. This time we logged almost three hundred nautical feet before we jammed. By this time the other two had gone ahead so it took us an hour and a half to get it relaunched. We were doing fine until I noticed a log jam on the outside of the bend we were coming to. There was one log which stuck out from the rest and was just about waist-high. It caught Hemming and sent him head over pack into the water. I remember thinking, "I hope he is all right -- glub, glub." We managed to drag ourselves ashore about a hundred and fifty feet downstream.

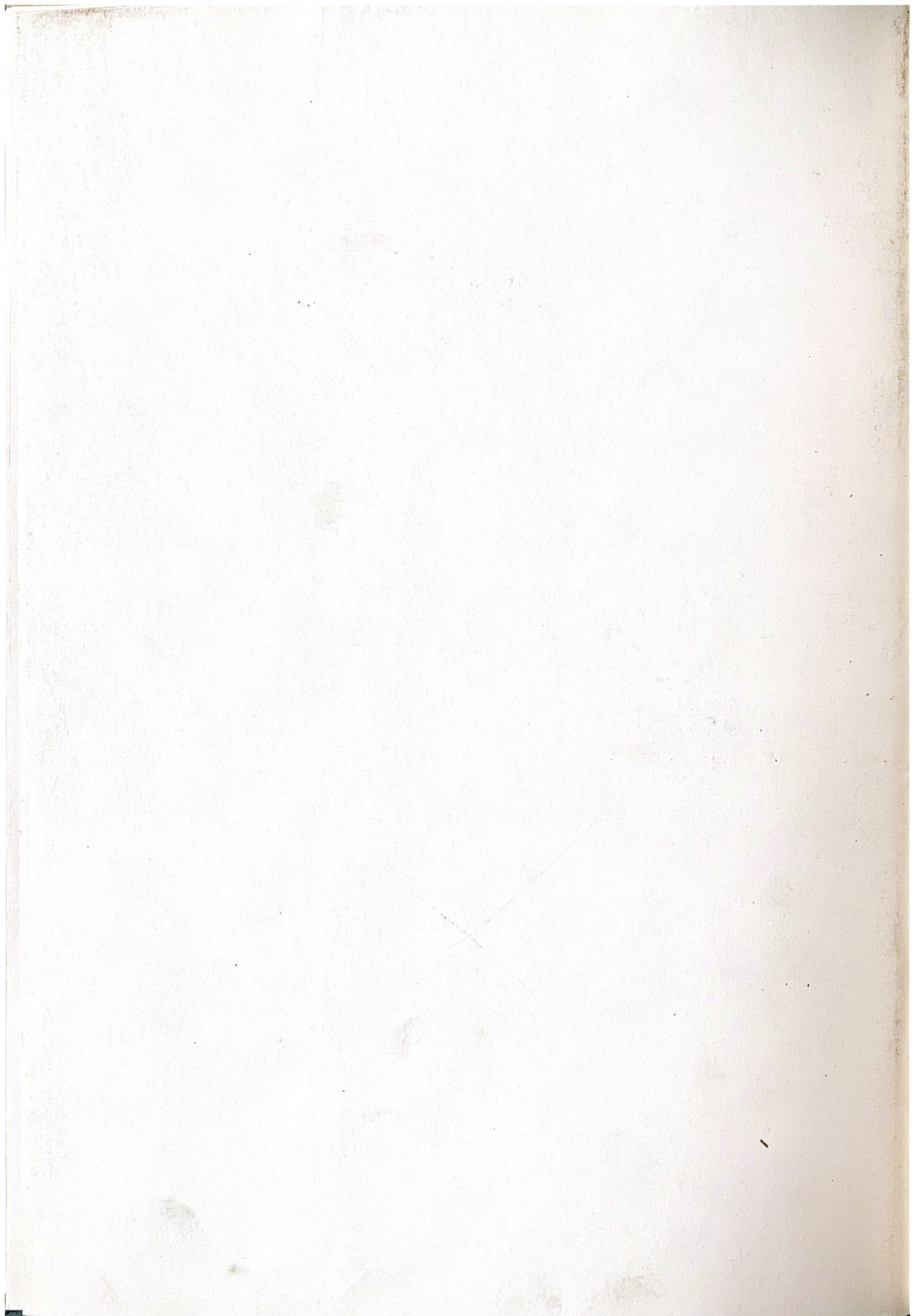
The raft had jammed again and we were cold, wet and beat so we decided to give up the ship. The only problem was that we were on the wrong side of the creek. Since we were already soaked, we thought we would avoid a little of the bush by wading along the bank, but we soon found ourselves bush whacking in water up to our waists. We built two more one-log bridges which we had to straddle because we were too tired to walk across them. When we finally got across we sprawled out on the sand for an hour, slept, dried out, and had lunch (one and a half lifesavers each).

We slept somewhere in the bush that night and were out by noon the next day. In forty-two hours we had eaten only a half bowl of Grapenuts and some lifesavers, so we loaded the bus as fast as we could and drove out to Tete Jaune Cashe to stuff ourselves.

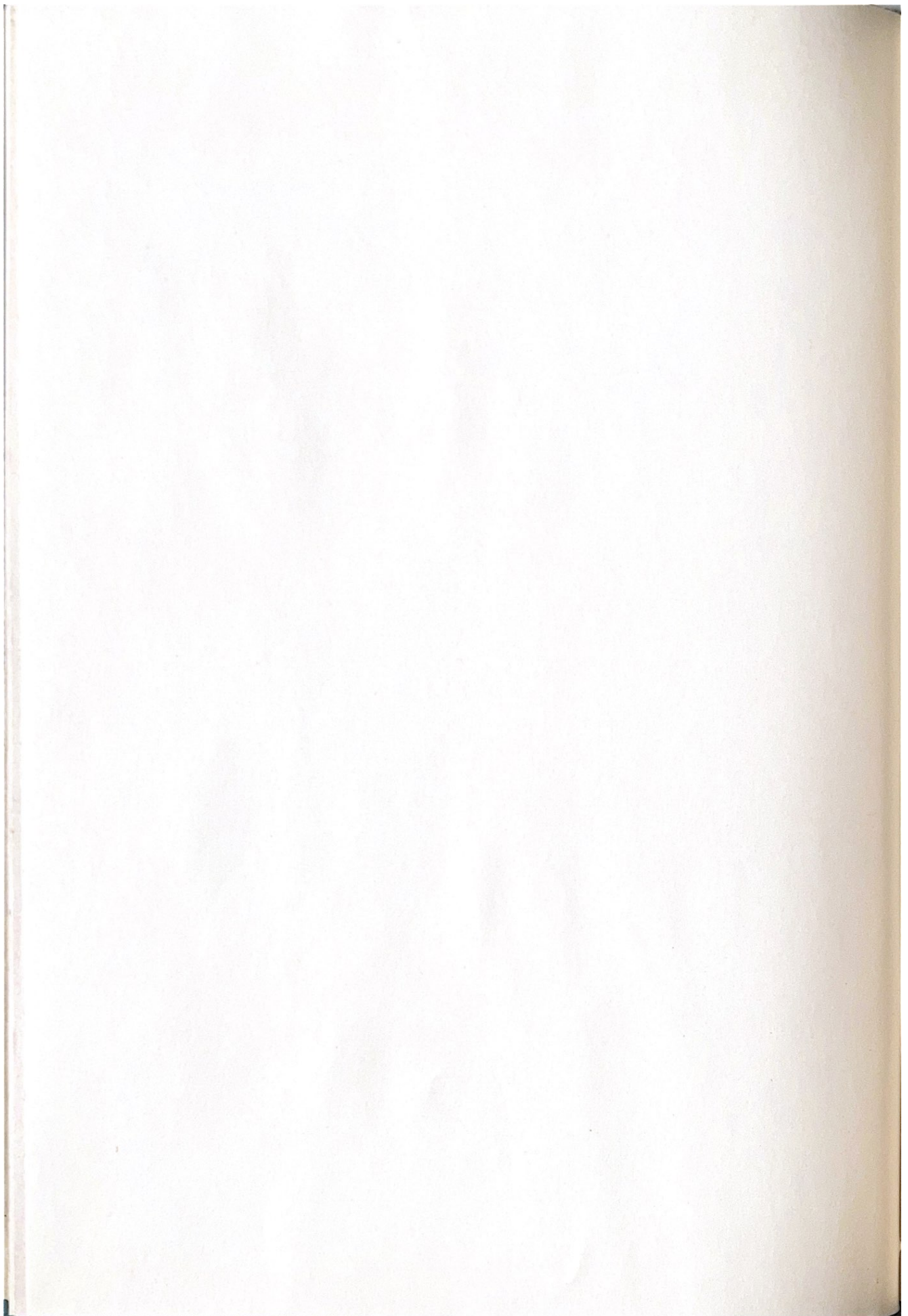
In the eight days we were in the range, we spent thirty-five hours bush whacking, eighty sleeping (in sleeping bags and on the sand), twenty-four climbing, and twelve in that ---- Sand Creek. Accomplishments: climbed one mountain, built and sailed one raft for five hundred and fifty feet.

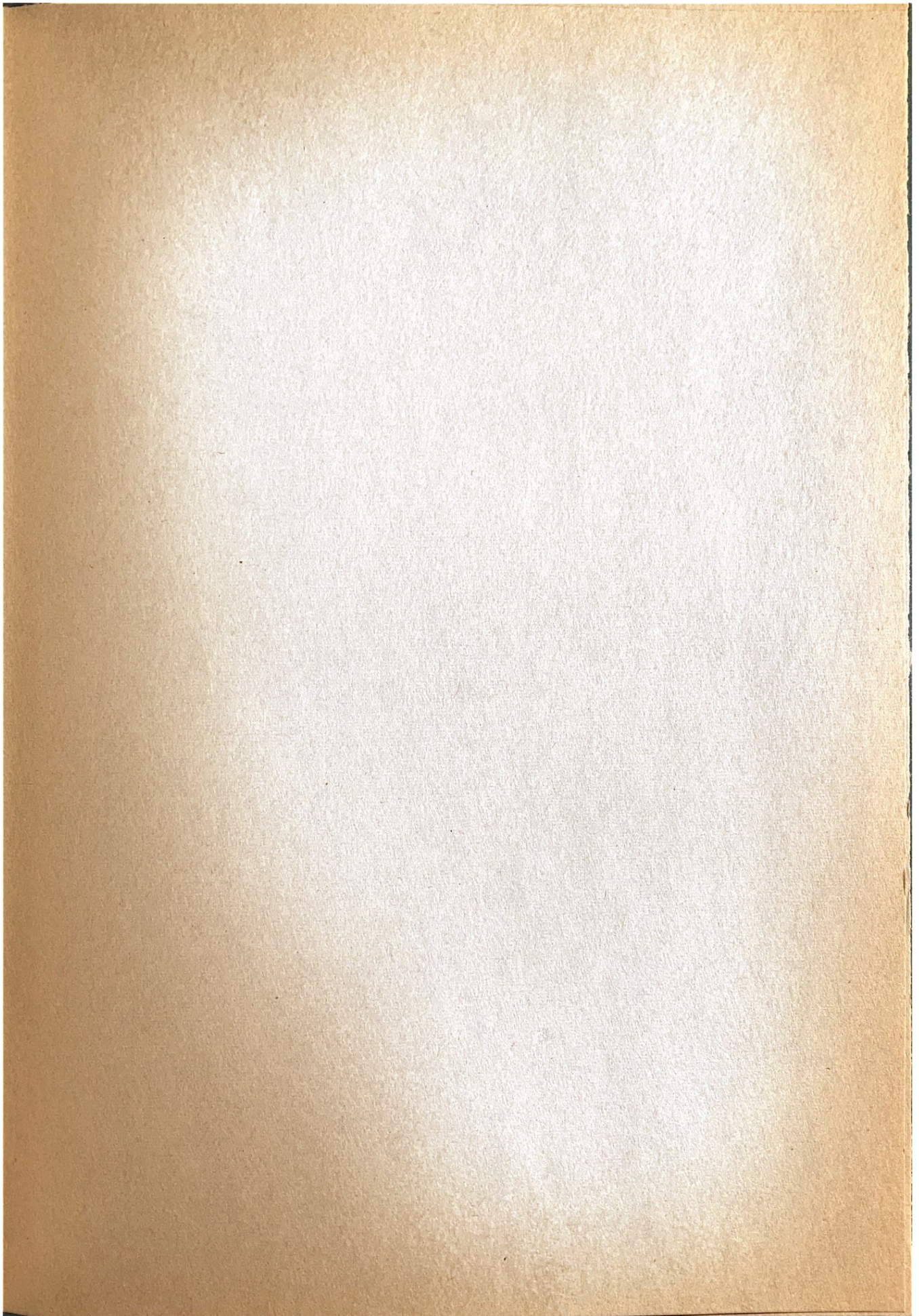


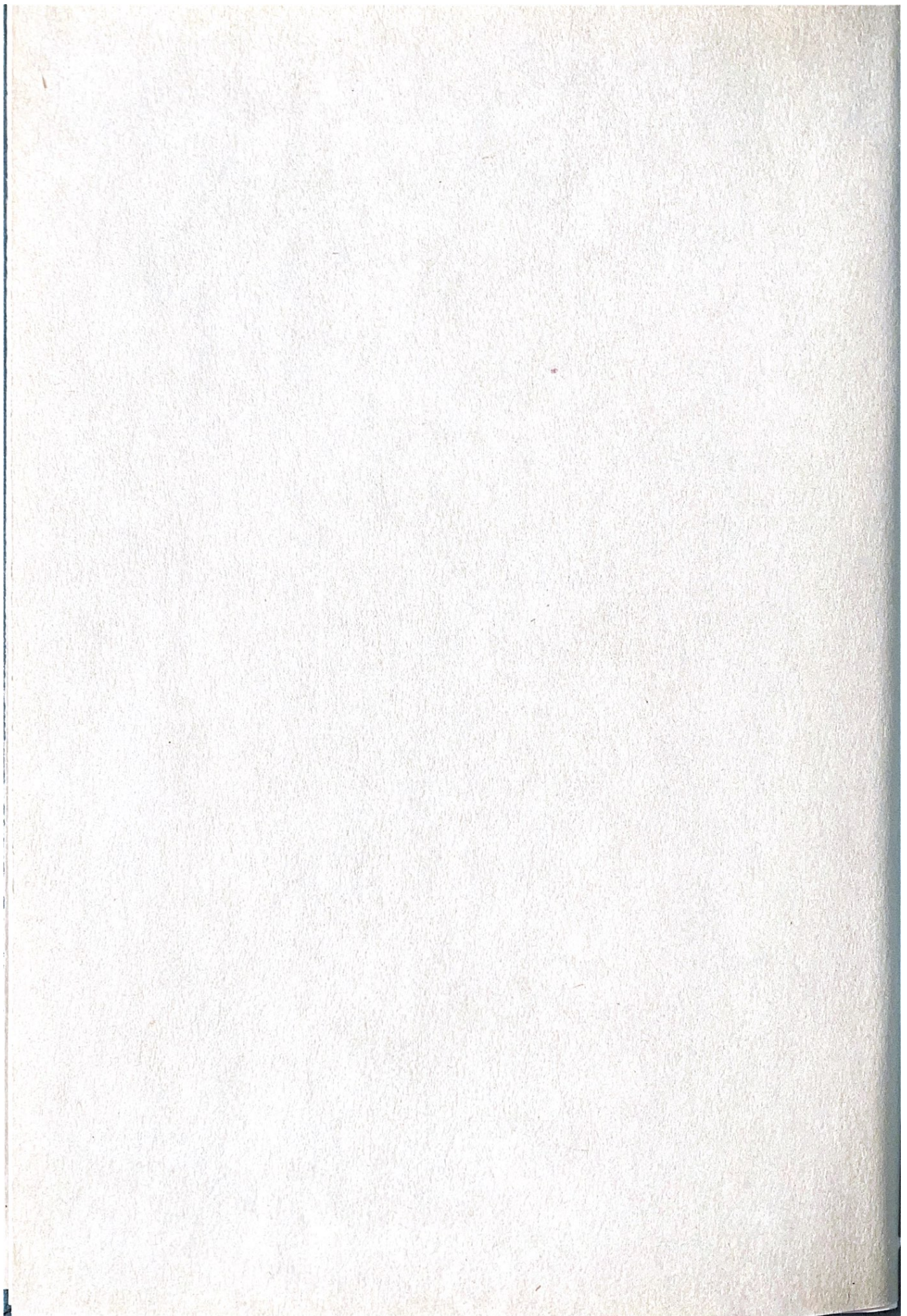


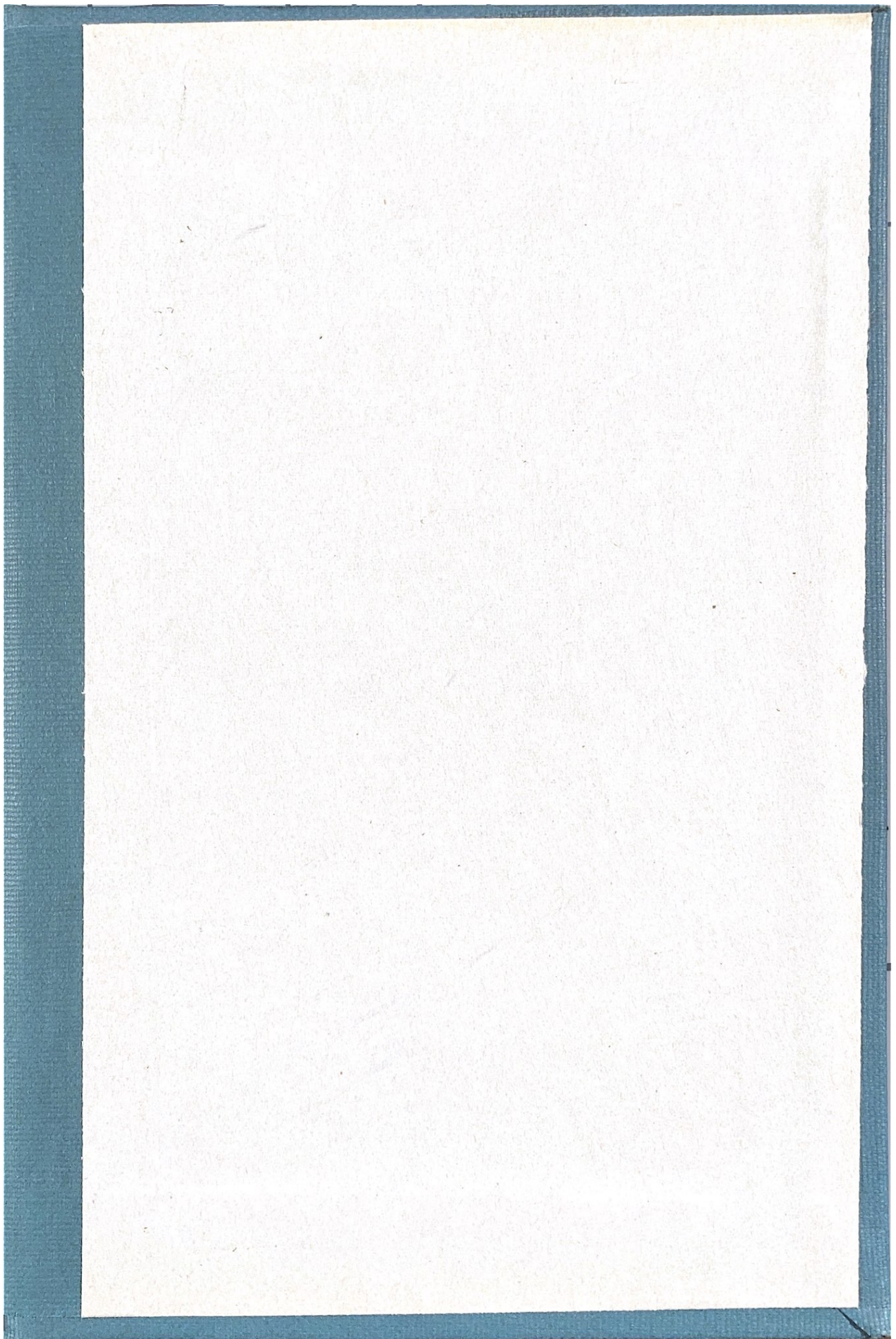












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