

following the route of four of the 1951 climbers from Wonder Lake. Camp was established below the Buttress at 12,000 feet with the prospects dimming with each new day of bad weather. After a short reconnaissance and a look at our dwindling food, we decided to move downward and return over Kahiltna and Peters passes to the tundra. The outward trip was indeed hard going with 80- to 90-pound packs the rule and streams running very high. The Muddy proved to be so difficult that Bucky had to swim the roaring stream to establish a line. Each member in turn was then hauled across the high stream. The McKinley River also proved difficult and necessitated a 30-hour wait for favorable water conditions. The return trip of 80 miles from 12,000 feet took some seven days of constant backpacking, mosquito slapping, and stream crossing.

At Wonder Lake, Grant Pearson met us and we were offered our first hot-cake breakfast in some time. In retrospect it seems as if packing by horse in Alaska is difficult, very costly, and somewhat uncertain. Where air support can be obtained—and there is no reason for a ban in the wild wilderness areas—it is recommended as almost a necessity. Alaskan mountaineering is much different from that in many other areas of the world, and to be safe, men must depend on the airplane, a feature fast becoming a fixture in the rest of Alaska. Why it should be kept out of this remote, trackless wilderness, except for scientific parties, in the name of the National Park, is hard to understand, since probably only a few people will now be able to visit this magnificent side of McKinley. The airplane would allow many more mountaineering parties to visit the entire mountain. Perhaps the future will see this unfortunate ban on air support in McKinley Park lifted and replaced with regulations of a more reasonable kind.

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*The 1952 Harvard McKinley Expedition.* The five members of the Harvard McKinley Expedition, Frederick L. Dunn, John Noxon, John Smith, Stephen Den Hartog, and I, all members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club, left Cambridge on June 11th, arriving in Fairbanks on the 23rd of that month. From there by car, train, and with horses we were established at our base camp in McGonigall Pass (5500 ft.) on July 1st. Throughout the next 17

days we established four camps: the first, four miles beyond McGonigall Pass on Four-Mile Moraine; the second, on the northern slopes of the Muldrow Glacier below the Hill of Cracks, at about 7000 feet; and the last, in the upper basin of the Muldrow below the Harper Icefall at 10,500 feet.

Instead of using the original route for the northeastern approach to Mt. McKinley, which goes along the southern side of the Muldrow Glacier below Mt. Koven and Mt. Carpé, we followed up the northern side where there is less danger of avalanches from above and where it is possible to avoid one icefall. Throughout this period the weather on the lower parts of the mountain was good; we found that we could go without a rest day for five days, the usual length of a spell of good weather.

Our first trip up Karstens Ridge was cut short at 13,000 feet by a storm that made us cache our loads and retreat to our lower camp. On the 19th, however, the weather changed, and during that day and for two more we had beautiful weather, the only good weather for the last half of the month. In those three days we established our Camp 6 at 16,400 feet, and after two days of wind and snow we took advantage of a six-hour lull to move camp up to 17,400 feet, our high camp. After four days of storm we again took advantage of a break in the bad weather to try for the summit, at least to go as high as Denali Pass to look over the other side. We succeeded in reaching the Pass (18,000 ft.) and going on up as high as 19,500 feet before we again went into the clouds that had hung over the summit. With no visibility and considerable wind and cold we decided to return to camp, determining to come back the next day if the weather improved. It snowed hard the following morning and, since we had left supplies for only two days, we packed up camp and returned to our supply cache at 14,500 feet, only to find that because of bad weather we could not get down the Cox Comb to the upper part of the ridge.

After waiting two days we arrived at our camp site at 10,800 feet and on August 5th, after 40 days on the mountain, we arrived at Wonder Lake, having gained the experience in organization and climbing techniques that we wanted. None of us had been ill nor felt any discomfiture from elevation, and all agreed that we wanted to go off on another summer's trip together.

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