

to, the pitch probably will not go. The route continues up the left side of a giant dihedral for two leads, steep and very enjoyable fifth class. From a small notch in the summit ridge we climbed a friction *cheval* to where we could unrope and scramble along the last portion of the crest. We descended via the west face route.

FRED BECKEY

*Mount Heyburn, Winter Ascent.* On April 4 Louis Stur and I made the first winter ascent of this major Sawtooth peak, using skis to the north saddle and then climbing the west chimney. Although it was cold, the climbing was quite tolerable because the sun had kept the route relatively free of powder snow and verglas. Skis were used to make a quick descent and to skate across the frozen ice of Redfish Lake.

FRED BECKEY

*Mount Heyburn, Northwest Ridge.* Beckey and Fuller climbed about two-thirds of the way up the northwest ridge and then traversed into the north face where they found some fine class five pitches to the top. A few days later Fuller took me up the same route with two minor variations, and on this occasion we decided to take a crack at the rest of the ridge. Fuller could not do so because of a broken ankle, but on September 5 Dr. James Ball and I climbed to about the halfway mark of the northwest ridge via the lower slabs of the north face and then successfully ascended the ridge directly to the top.

LOUIS STUR

*Grand Aiguille, South Face.* Since the original ascent of this "unclimbable" granite monolith in 1948, all subsequent climbs had been made by the chockstoned chimney on the west face or by an easier detour to its right. Because of its proximity to Redfish Lake, the Grand Aiguille has become a popular climb. After a reconnaissance of the longer south face, Jerry Fuller and I decided to make a serious attempt on July 2. Three leads of fourth and fifth class climbing on somewhat friable red granite above the southwest gully brought us to solid and really steep rock. Using chrome-alloy pitons driven into loose, crackless rock, I did a partial pendulum around a blind, vertical corner to a sentry-box platform that was at the base of a crack line that worked upward for about 250 more feet to a tree. Fuller climbed a difficult crack that held pitons poorly; it was safer to use two of them for direct aid rather than risk a fall on a loose ten-foot section. Then the crack worked left, still difficult. Eventually, we found a new crack system going onto the summit wall, but we had to

make a dangerous traverse to reach it. Pitons were wholly unreliable, and I found this lead hard on the nerves and the fingers. Two moves had very little for the feet and not much more for the hands. Once in the crack system, the rock again became wonderful. Two and a half leads of jamming and chimneying took us to within a few feet of the regular route. We did the final lead and a half to the summit by staying right, on the crest, finding this a rewarding variant. The climb had been very interesting, at times difficult and strenuous. Piton requirements varied from tiny knife-blades to 4-inch Chouinard aluminum bong-bongs.

FRED BECKEY

*Rotten Monolith.* The Rotten Monolith is a rather conspicuous tower visible from the main highway, prominent on the skyline when viewed either from the south (driving from Sun Valley to Redfish Lake) or from the north (from the village of Stanley). It presents a formidable impression from the east. The tower from this side shows its entire unscarred, vertical altitude of at least 500 feet, smooth, perpendicular and holdless all the way. On the back (west) side, the main ridge of Braxton Peak runs right into the tower, only about 150 feet from the summit. On our first reconnaissance, this short pitch appeared so unbelievably rotten that we seriously considered looking for a route elsewhere, even though this would have greatly prolonged the ascent. Fred Beckey expressed his preference toward the short, direct approach. The climb was exposed and terribly uncomfortable at times, but no direct aid became necessary. We used about a dozen pitons and one bolt. In several instances chrome-moly blades could be hammered directly into the wall. Two huge, decomposed flakes heavily relied upon in the crucial spot did not come crashing down on us. On the top there was some doubt which of the two ends of the summit ridge was higher; to make sure, in our varied styles, we climbed the crumbling knife-edge.

LOUIS STUR

*Chimney Rock, East Face, Selkirk Mountains.* This lone sentinel of northern Idaho on the southern edge of the Selkirks offers a pleasant compromise between high country alpine climbs and low country rock climbs with its firm granite and gentle alpine setting. It was a pleasure to return to this country with Dave Hiser to make another attempt on the East Face. Charles Bell acted in support. In June, 1960, an attempt by Ron Niccoli, Gordon Thompson, and myself using the fixed rope technique had consumed two days and had failed at an apparent long bolt section less than halfway up the face. Now our climbing philosophy had changed