

The Rampart, East Face. Real-life rotten-rock nightmares on Rocky Mountain faces chased Earle Whipple and me to Glacier, British Columbia. Early on August 29 we found ourselves near the end of the Asulkan valley trail prepared for the fulfillment of our dreams of solid rock. We traversed moraines, slabs and then up a short snow slope to the east face of the Rampart, a few hundred feet south of the summit. We attacked the left side of a small nose which juts into the snow slope in the middle of the slab face and ascended up and to the right into a crack system. The nose was climbed in four leads, the second of which included a difficult F6 unprotected crack, surmounted by means of a fist jam. We then followed a system of ramps up and to the right. From the end of these a short scramble put us near the right end of a prominent snow ledge halfway up the face. From there the route ascended for two leads up the slab face and to the left via inside corners. The next pitch went part way up another inside corner, traversed right and then up to a stance on a narrow ledge beside two blocks. A thin lead put us on an ample ledge, from which a short lead ended the climb. Descent was via Mounts Afton and Abbott. The rock was excellent throughout and a pure joy to climb on. Hardware consisted of 15 pitons, ranging from a knifeblade to a 2-inch bong.

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Spyglass Group, Lardeau Range. Two outlying peaks of the Spyglass group were climbed by William C. Fix and Terry Beck on July 29 and 30. Approach from the Lardeau River was made via Tenderfoot Creek. Turning south from the creek the climbers ascended 3000 feet along a cataract to a camp at timberline. "Tripod Peak" (8610 feet) was climbed from this camp by a steep snow finger on the north face. On the same day the party ascended "Spyglass North" (8666 feet) via the southwest ridge. Exit was made via the long east ridge to Lardeau River.

Purcell Range

Snowpatch Spire, Direct West Face. Early in August, Fred Beckey and I turned our attention to the very wide west face of Snowpatch. Four routes already had been made on the face, three of which end at the north summit, a long way from the true, south summit. Though less than vertical for the first few pitches, near the top several small overhangs and a large overhanging dihedral block the route. One afternoon we

climbed 300 feet, mostly fifth class, and left our two climbing ropes in place. After a couple of days of rain at the hideously grotesque Alpine Club of Canada shelter, on August 9 we started off for the west face before sunrise and quickly prusiked to our high point. Fred led the next pitch, finding to our pleasant surprise that a large part of it went fifth class. In light of our fast progress, we left the bivouac gear at the base of the pitch, feeling confident of finishing the climb that day. I led the next pitch, which was nearly all free climbing up a steep dihedral. Sections were difficult, but protection was good. Fred led the next, direct aid which tensioned left from one of the overhangs into a crack which led up a less overhanging dihedral to a good belay stance. The next pitch turned out to be the crux of the climb. In order to avoid the top of the dihedral we were in, which was choked by a 50-foot-wide overhanging block with dubious cracks, we climbed up and right, making three traverses, two on marginal pitons. The cracks were very poor and made free climbing a necessity in some places. The bottoming cracks had to be prepared by driving and cleaning differently sized pitons until the walls of the crack were uniform enough to make a pin hold. Finally, after placing at least one A4 pin and making another tension traverse, I was able to finish the pitch at the base of a rotten, but easy looking section leading to the summit ridge. At seven P.M., we still had two pitches to the top. Our bivouac gear was some 400 feet below us on a ledge. Fred led this section rapidly in the glow of the sunset, and we were at the base of the wildly overhanging summit block. He surveyed the alternatives as he belayed me up and advised me to traverse to the right edge of the summit block on a narrow ledge. Doing this, I was able to get to the opposite side of the block and easy climbing put us on the summit in less than five minutes. We had bolts and bivouac gear but used neither. The nine pitches required 95 pitons, about half of which were for direct aid. NCCS IV, F8, A4.

GALEN ROWELL

North Howser Tower, Direct West Face. At four A.M. on August 5 Gay Campbell, Bill Knowler and I set off for the base of the climb from camp at Bill's Pass in not very promising weather. We scrambled up snow and scree, rappelled over loose rock down onto a steep glacier, cramponned over the pass between Howser's unnamed northwest neighbor and the ridge to its west, and descended the scree and snow slopes beyond the pass. After we crossed the bergschrund at the foot of the 2500-foot west