

steep, often ice-covered rocks above the Dome to reach the southeast ridge they kept to the right as you face the mountain and climbed the hanging glacier in its center. It is less steep and, particularly early in the season, it is merely a question of kicking steps. They feel this route is both easier and safer.

H. A. C.

*Mt. Kitchener, East Ridge.* We had been attracted by the advantages of a new and shorter route up Mt. Kitchener which would avoid hours of toil on the Athabaska tongue and the Columbia Icefield. In the early hours of July 25 we (Fred Ayres, Don Claunch, and Dick Irvin) set out over the terminal moraines of the Dome Glacier, which separates Snow Dome from Kitchener, and toiled up the deceptively short glacier. Finally after reaching a point below the col between Kitchener and its easterly neighbor, K2, we labored up the monotonous, broken shale slopes to the col. In gathering clouds we ascended the steep but not really difficult east snow ridge, crossing several crevasses, until apparently not far from the summit we clambered over the rocks onto a flat platform where we found a small cairn but no message. Beyond was a gap in the ridge and beyond and above, more mist shrouded rocks—we were on a pinnacle! Our distant reconnaissance of the route had disclosed no gap or irregularity in the ridge; a poor joke on the part of the mountain, we thought.

The cleft was of distinctly inferior design with both sides composed of loose vertical shale, and the bottom, 75 feet below, a steep ice chute capped by an unstable cornice. Fortunately the mists were now thick enough to prevent our seeing the total exposure. Belayed by Fred, Dick moved down the rocks to an icy patch, chipped tiny holds for fingers and spikes, then crossed to more rock and let himself carefully down onto the snow of the cornice. The snow seemed solid enough, so he crossed the gap and sunk in his ice axe for a belay. It went in distressingly easily; to his dismay he discovered that it went right through the cornice! Knowing that you cannot have everything, he called for Fred to join him. You can imagine his surprise when he saw Fred slip and start to fall. Don held the slip and Fred joined him at the belay spot. After encouraging Fred to find a better place for his axe, Dick started to lead up the west side of the notch. The first few steps were snow, followed by ice, then rock where we had to shed crampons, gloves, axe, pack and goggles. There was just enough rope to reach a welcome belay spot at the top of this pitch. It is difficult to understand how rock can be so loose and so steep at the same time. Occasionally I have my doubts about Newton. Fortunately our fear of more gaps did not materialize, and a short scramble took us to the ice.

A few swings of the axe and we stepped out onto the icefields; only a trudge remained to the top, elusive though it was in the mist.

RICHARD IRVIN and DON CLAUNCH

*Rearguard North Face.* Although Rearguard, Robson's 9,000-foot subsidiary peak, is normally a very easy climb, its imposing northern rock face, towering 3,500 feet above the valley, had never been conquered. A steep northerly snow couloir had previously been scaled, but the rock wall still presented a challenge. Ellis Blade and Joan Crosby of the Alpine Club of Canada, Mike Shor of New York City, and I crossed the icy stream channels opposite the Alpine Club of Canada's camp early on the morning of August 5 and scrambled up the 1,500 feet of brush and talus slopes below the final 2,000-foot rock face. This we attacked to the right or west of the snow couloir and found the climbing a combination of moderately difficult and fourth-class terrain, long, exposed and thoroughly pleasant. Route finding was a bit tricky, and the rock was often quite loose. However, if we had not chosen the right route, the difficulties would have been greatly increased. We had to scale several cliffs and terrace bands. With the Alpine Club Camp almost at our feet and the North Face of Mt. Robson close at hand, in the perfect weather and on the interesting rock it was a stimulating experience. In my opinion this tour constitutes a fine but not easy training climb for the longer rock climbs.

DON CLAUNCH

*Mt. Louis.* Essentially the route up Mt. Louis that I did in 1952 with Walter Perren, the Zermatt guide then with the CPR in Lake Louise, was identical with the standard one to the base of the final tower. There it diverges to the right (direction of Banff) up a series of slabs and small faces, where we used three pitons for safety. The great advantage of it is that it obviates that miserable chimney, which is nowhere really wide enough for a portly citizen like me.

HAROLD B. BURTON

*Odoray via the Northeast Ridge.* The northeast ridge of Odoray is the steep righthand skyline of the mountain when viewed from the Canadian Alpine Club hut in the O'Hara Meadow. Don Morrison and I set out from the cabin about 6:00 A.M. on July 19, 1955, and reached the base of the climb an hour and a half later. This begins where the wooded ridge between Morning Glory Lakes and Linda Lake abuts against the rock wall. Odoray's northeast ridge is rather a combination of ridge and face, made up of a series of 20- to 60-foot high rock bands; the lower ledges are fairly