

And it took muscle to twist them out—between belays and at the belay points. Now we were higher than the first overhanging bulge. The angle increased  $5^{\circ}$  to  $8^{\circ}$ , but our feet remained very cold—a good sign, for we knew that this special chill would keep those lovely screws amply tight. Ordinarily, a jet-sounding surface avalanche just a rope-length to the side would be more than unnerving. Three of these came close by, but faith in the protection of the great bulges dulled their imminent menace. I cut half a lead, twisted in a few extra ice screws and cut over a bulge that put us on easier slopes at the margin of the north sheet and above the highest point of the final bulge. Mount Columbia darkened to a blur and in ten minutes the wind whipped us with force and the sting of snow. At the next belay we discovered that an ice axe would hold better than a screw, and from then on we were out of trouble, heading for that beautiful twisting cornice with the biting blast hitting the right side of our faces. Once on the summit, the curtains rapidly closed in. There was no time for a second look, as we hurried toward the southeast ridge. Loose rock and electricity in the air proved more than annoying but caused no delays. In view of the oncoming fury, we broke camp and hurried to the level of the gravel bars and spruce trees. Neither of us could recall such a violent and drenching rain, all night long; safe under a tight tarp, we mused on how close the timing had been that day, how close we had come to not climbing that classic route of white elegance on Mount Hooker.

FRED BECKEY

*Boom Mountain, North Face.* Joe Farrand and I started above the east end of Boom Lake, on easy quartzite just left of a deep gully. After a few hundred feet we took to the gully bed, until it steepened to a wet overhanging corner. A long traverse right took us past this and we then angled left towards an apparent weakness higher up. We were now at the top of the quartzite band, and I led one delicate pitch on rather shaky sandstone. Joe's next lead was our first limestone pitch—a vertical wall with two small overhangs which required aid (in a severe thunder-and-hail storm). One easy pitch took us to a large ledge below an overhanging wall. We walked left looking for a weakness, and I had to lead a very delicate move on loose rock. At least the weather had dried up. 200 feet of easier climbing brought us to the summit plateau. NCCS III F7 A2.

DICK LOFTHOUSE

*Mount Eisenhower, Southwest face.* When the Calgary Mountain Club erected a bivouac hut on Mount Eisenhower in 1967 I predicted that the

southwest face would see a lot more climbing. The following new routes were put up in 1968: (a) Bass Buttress (Brian Greenwood and Joe Farrand), the wall directly above the hut, just to the right of the large gully. F5. (b) To the right of Bass Buttress there are several small breaks in the cliff, and then a solid wall. To the right of this is a chimney with a cairn below, marking the start of a route climbed by Peter Jackson and Ray Hogan. (c) Gordon Crocker and Heinz Gude intended climbing the ridge which marks the left skyline when looking at the mountain. Actually they climbed the next buttress to the north of this ridge. It gave good, easy climbing on sound rock.

DICK LOFTHOUSE

"*Mount Perren.*" Nothing like admitting to error, even if it is to your own benefit. With the happy admission that the 1966 edition of the *Climber's Guide to the Rocky Mountains of Canada* has a slight flaw\*, known only to the inept clod who perpetrated it, I persuaded Andy Kauffman to accompany Morgan Broman, my son Lowell and me up the Siffleur valley to the highest unclimbed summit of the Canadian Rockies. We were only one day to the crossing of the Siffleur upstream from its junction with the Porcupine and then had an easy half day from there to our camp beside a tributary we called "Laughing Bear Creek." The next day we left camp early enough to enjoy the sunshine when we got into it 2000 feet higher. The climb was uneventful, requiring one strenuous lead up a steep frozen snow slope and somewhat farther along, a slippery squeeze up a verglas-covered scree-filled slot. We named our summit (10,818 feet) after Walter Perren, the late chief guide of the National Park Service.

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

*Mount Temple, First Winter Ascent.* On January 3, 1969, Dave Haley and I climbed Mount Temple. From camp in Paradise valley below Sentinel Pass, two hours of wallowing in waist-deep snow took us to the pass. From there we followed the wind-blown southwest ridge instead of the normal route, which was too steep for snowshoes. A short ice couloir presented the only difficulty.

JAMES JONES, *Canadian Alpine Club*

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\* On page 168 it states that Peak 10,818 was climbed in 1925 by W. O. Field, J. Hubbard and G. D. McCoy. Actually the peak they climbed and which they identified as Peak 5W lies two miles to the south and rises to 10,050 feet.