

probably the second ascent of the 9800-foot west peak of Mount Sally Serena, which we named "Mount Donard". Time and technical considerations forced us to abandon an attempt on Sally from "Donard". Two days later sickness and weather forced a further retreat to civilization. A complete account of all the climbs will appear in the *Canadian Alpine Journal*.

CURTIS A. WAGNER

"Pioneer Peaks," *W. Hamill (Toby) Group, Purcells*. On August 2, 1969 Paul (4), Bruce and Freda Beck; Suzanne (10), David (12) and Hugh Ector; Kara (3 months), Curt and Gretchen Wagner got a ride from Argenta up an access road to the 6600-foot pass at the head of Kootenay Joe Creek. We packed northward about two miles over 7700-foot Kootenay Joe Mountain to a base camp by a tiny lake at 7200 feet. The next morning Bruce, Hugh and I climbed the south ridge of 8800-foot "Winter Peak," 1½ miles northeast of camp. This peak was first ascended by Bruce in the winter of 1963. After descending the east slopes, we climbed up the white-marble south ridge of 9100-foot "Mount Bomer," left a first-ascent cairn and scrambled eastward to the rounded summit of 9300-foot "Mount Beguin." From here we dropped down the long northeast snow ridge to the twin 9200-foot summits of "Mount Bacchus." A steep snow descent northeastward and a short rock scramble brought us to the 8800-foot summit of "Mount Clark," followed by a longer scramble over an intermediate bump to 8500-foot "Mount Wilkinson." Continuing eastward we dropped down to 7400-foot "Continuation Col" where we camped for the night, 4 miles and 6 peaks northeast of Base Camp. The following day Hugh returned to Base Camp. A long hike eastward over easy rock and snow brought Bruce and me to the 9400-foot summit of "Mount McCleod." Descending the fourth-class rock of its northeast ridge, we gained the summit of impressive 9300-foot "Mount Abey" by its southwest ridge, after traversing the south face of a huge gendarme on the ridge. Dropping down the east ridge of "Mount Abey," we continued third- and fourth-class climbing over a 9300-foot intermediate summit, dropped down steeply to a notch, and then ascended the final ridge to the summit of 9500-foot "Mount Lake," the highest peak in the western Hamills. Bruce then climbed 300 feet down the glacier on the north side and scrambled up the south face of 9400-foot "Mount Fitzsimmons." Retracing his steps, he joined my descent route down the southeast face of

“Mount Lake,” just east of the prominent south ridge. We returned to our camp at “Continuation Col” via the 8700-foot saddle between “Mount McCleod” and 9000-foot “Mount McLanders” to the south. That night we were struck by a violent thunderstorm and awoke to blowing snow. After climbing an east rib of “Mount Bacchus,” we retraced our route back to “Mount Beguin” in white-out conditions, descended its southeast ridge and south face, and returned to Base Camp. Two days later we packed down to Johnson’s Landing in sunny weather. (In September of 1969 Jack Wells made probably the first ascent of 8600-foot Comb Mountain followed by second ascents of Mounts “Bacchus,” “Beguin,” and “Bomer.”)

CURTIS A. WAGNER

*The Sergeant, Purcells.* The icefalls into the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers are so spectacular and challenging that no one had touched them. Blessed by favorable weather, Arnold Wexler, Morgan Broman and I went up the most easterly of these icefalls in mid August. This is the only one which is continuous from top to bottom, the others terminating in ice cliffs. Our camp was at the nether end of the lake, which necessitated a long hike around the east side. Recent recession has exposed a slabby area beside the lowest icefall, which we used to circumvent the lowest ice, as in the route for Commander Mountain. Then we set out into the glacier, passing through the middle icefall by a ramp arrangement which required little step-cutting, although the severe north exposure guaranteed a frozen condition all day long. Above the ramp a slope led us safely between two morale-chilling fall-lines to what was the crux of the climb. As the slope progressively steepened to about 50°, we had to chop every step for about 1000 feet. In the crevasses near the top, fortunately the angle eased. Here we played the usual game of puzzle-work which makes icefalls such fun and were duly rewarded when we broke into the clear on the Jumbo Névé. We had lunch on an unnamed summit higher than that of the Sergeant. One further snow lead became dismayingly steep before a chance offered itself to escape to the rock. The Sergeant’s summit was attained by way of the northeast slopes, a highly unstable venture.

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