

gniot, Patrick Cordier, Mlle Marie-Françoise Gay and me to Glacier Lake. The weather was gorgeous, but we learned that two other expeditions had failed because of rain to climb the Lotus Flower Tower. (First ascent: Bill, Frost, McCarthy, August 10-13, 1968. *A.A.J.*, 1969, 16:2, 1969, 16:2, pp. 312-7.) The next day, after a heavy and painful ten-hour carry, we reached the flat at the foot of the glacier. (The best route seems to follow the edge of the forest on a moose path and then to climb a huge scree slope that descends from Mount Sir Harrison Smith.) That night it began to rain. We waited for three days under a boulder while snow fell on the summits. On August 16 we went to prepare a rope-length on the vast dihedral described by Sandy Bill. On the 17th the weather continued unsettled. While Marie-Françoise packed supplies up from the lake, we climbed halfway up the wall to the "meadow", a lovely climb at first artificial in the dihedral and then nearly entirely free. The next day in beautiful weather we got to the second bivouac site of Bill, Frost and McCarthy, but returning bad weather forced us to continue to the summit, which we reached at four A.M. on the 19th. We descended the south ridge to its lowest point and with numerous rappels gained the foot of the face at one P.M. by a deep, wide couloir.

BERNARD AMY, *Club Alpin Français*

Canadian Arctic

Baffin Island. In late June final preparations for our trip were made at the home of Dr. Pat Baird in Montreal, Canada. By early July we had flown to the Eskimo village of Pangnirtung on the Cumberland Peninsula of Baffin Island. Pack ice, left by a late thaw, caused a short delay in our plans to reach Base Camp at Pangnirtung Pass fifty miles north of the village. Eskimo canoes were eventually used to reach the head of the Pangnirtung Fjord. A further 25-mile walk up Weasel Valley brought us to Summit Lake and Base Camp. Our group came from three countries. Doug Scott, Guy Lee, Ray Gillies, Mick Burke, Rob Wood, and Steve Smith, *English*; Pat Baird, *Canadian*; Phil Koch and myself, *Americans*. The area surrounding Pangnirtung Pass is on the southern fringe of the Penny Icecap. Glaciated valleys with granite faces and peaks dominate the area. Our main objective was to climb faces and buttresses and as many unclimbed summits as our seven-week stay would allow. Unfortunately poor weather confined us to our tents most of the time. By late August the storms brought snow and high winds, the first signs of winter began to appear, and we started the trip back to Pangnirtung. We climbed nine unclimbed peaks, three of these by routes on rock faces and buttresses. First ascents of Breidablik's north buttress, Mount Killibuck's east face, and Mount Asgard's southern peak by its south buttress were done. We also made first

ascents of Anaqaq 1 and Anaqaq 11, Bilbo, Frodo, Ungardaluk, and Pingo.

DENNIS HENNEK

Canadian Rockies

Mount Shackleton, North Face. Shackleton rises as a little known, but major Canadian Rocky peak out of the remote Clemenceau Ice Field south of Jasper. On its three temperate sides it resembles a huge and unappealing fortress with walls of unstable slate; but on the north rests an unbroken 1400-foot shield of steep and dead ice, now abandoned at the bergschrund by its steadily retreating parent glacier. Bill Sumner and I began with being unexpectedly plucked out of the rain at the mouth of the Kinbasket River and flown, courtesy of the B. C. Forest Service, by helicopter on August 18 to the moraine-locked lake below the ice field. Two days later, after an exasperating rotten-rock, steep-ice, rappel-filled approach along the ridge south of Pic Tordu, we huddled at bivouac in the windy col between the northwest shoulder of Shackleton and the Tusk. A touchy ice traverse early the next morning gained some easy glacier travel; then suddenly we topped a sérac and both sagged with disappointment; perched above a yawning bergschrund was an ugly little wall of gray ice streaked with rock debris that led obviously to the central summit of Shackleton. Our scorn for the face's dimensions and character began to fade at the only reasonable crossing of the bergschrund. As Bill strung out a full rope clawing up a 70° weakness, the face showed the first of its trumps — rockfall. For the next eight hours the game was played without variance on the 1400 feet of smooth 55-60° water ice above the schrund: front point up 150 feet, place several tubes or wart hogs along the way, cut a belay step, clip to two anchors and shout rock warnings as the other climbed. A break in the heavy clouds let a moment of afternoon sunlight into our world, evaporating the gloom. We were high on the face now and at the center of chaotic, but stunningly beautiful surroundings. Bill moved up to the belay and was passing over our rucksack when the rock struck. For several minutes he silently fought the pain, able to tell me only that it was his knee, but not how badly he had been injured. The remaining 400 feet of 60° ice to the summit might as well have been 4000, and a retreat down the face with only a half-dozen screws and one rope seemed equally impossible. The belay screws held and Bill recovered — his left knicker was torn and bloody, but it had been a glancing blow that ripped muscle and not cartilage or bone. Reluctantly the damaged knee responded to careful climbing, but the remaining pitches to the top were a heavy physical and mental strain. Then success with its heavy rush of joy and relief. Though we were two difficult days away from the safety of the lowlands, we quickly built a cairn and then turned in silence to begin our retreat down the west ridge in growing darkness and storm.

MICHAEL HEATH