

class rock of 7700-foot "Second Molar", 7700-foot "First Molar", and both precarious points of 7650-foot "Biscuspid", the tooth next to the "Canine Tooth". We built large cairns and left our records (first recorded ascents) on all the summits, and returned to the "Wisdom Tooth" after 2½ hours total time.

CURTIS A. WAGNER

*The Lieutenants, East Face, Purcells.* The striking, well-photographed background peak at the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers is simply known as the Lieutenants. On August 6 John Rupley and I climbed its east face from the lower part of the valley glacier beyond the lake. The 3000-foot climb was about half cramponing and half limestone rock climbing. Fortunately we found sound natural belays, for piton protection seemed nil. NCCS III.

FRED BECKEY

*Truce Group, Purcells.* On July 19 John Barton, Nick Dodge, Tom Ettinger, Gary Kirk, Mark Temple and I finally met at the end of a new logging road, 11 miles up Glacier Creek. After crashing through a landslide which had covered the last third of a mile of the road, we hiked a mile and a half on the old Glacier Creek trail. We crossed on a felled log and bushwhacked two miles up the western bank of a creek spilling into Glacier Creek from the south and camped on tilted slabs at 6000 feet. The next day we followed a small creek and finally splashed through a waterfall to get to the lowest snowfield of the glacier. A steep snow chute put us on the glacier proper. We climbed eastward up scree at an increasing angle. As we traversed upward and northward toward a reddish peak, the rock became so precipitous that we gave up and headed directly upward to the ridge above us. Once atop we descended onto "Horseshoe Glacier" to the east and again traversed northward. After gradually ascending along the tops of several steep snow slopes, we got to a broken rock ridge. Several leads took us to the sharp top of "Ocher Peak" (10,100 feet), the last major unclimbed peak of the "Horseshoe" group. The climb had taken ten hours from Camp. On July 21 we again ascended the valley on the west, this time high above the waterfall, and climbed the snow chute. We then drearily trudged south across the flat glacier for 2½ miles in the hot sun to the western buttress of Truce Mountain. We swung around the right side of the buttress and traversed upward on soft snow toward the center of the face, directly above. There we found excellent rock mixed with snow. A last rope-length, a gentle snow traverse, led to the top. Eight hours from our bivouac, we had completed a new route. We found the first-ascent record of Conrad Cain's 1916 party and Curt Wagner's of 1969. We noted that we were higher than Mount Cauldron, despite heights given in the *Climbers' Guide to the Interior Ranges of British*

*Columbia.* Our western approach to the central Truce group from Duncan Lake is the least strenuous and time-consuming route into the area.

JAMES PETROSKE

*Snowpatch Spire, South Face, Bugaboos.* The absolute verticality and symmetry of this classic face have always appealed to me when I have been in the Bugaboos. A fine route was established on this face by Hudson, Leemets and Williams in 1966, but a totally independent line lay left of their climb. Jeff Lowe and I anticipated much high-angle free climbing on perfect Bugaboo rock but instead had to be content with endless nailing in leaning dihedrals on decomposed granite. The climb began in a corner on the left side of the face and then broke out up a right leaning crack. After three free pitches, we headed straight up, hammering all the way. It was too much hammering but almost justified because the face is so attractive. Our bivouac was unique and a little spooky in that our hammock was fixed to a jammed nut. The second day's nailing was similar to the first until we neared the summit for more free climbing. NCCS V, F8, A3.

CHRISTOPHER A. G. JONES

*Snowpatch Spire, Direct East Face, Bugaboos.* We dragged ourselves to the bottom of the steep, blank climb, a short haul from Boulder Dump. I'd been up those first overhangs before, nailing with Roper years ago. A big snow forced us down (actually fear, but we told our friends it was the storm). Then I'm back with those two big-businessmen, Yvon Chouinard and Peter Carman. Wheezing and blowing, we spend all day nailing three pitches! Next day, we're back at the climb . . . prusik like mad, so stiff as to creak, back to the high spot and back to the nitty gritty. We nail all day and turn the overhangs; by nightfall we reach a small ridge, a good bivy for Yvon with his new hammock. The last day we're suffering from an acute case of the slows. We are free-climbing like idiots, glomming the rock, using knees, grabbing anything, but we're getting better! Unreal rock, perfect and rough. We reach the top after complicated last sections, all fifth class.

DOUGLAS TOMPKINS

*Howser Towers, Couloir Between South and Middle Towers, Bugaboos.* Although we failed because of bad weather to complete a route on the south ridge of Middle Howser Tower, Dave Goeddel and I on August 31 climbed from the east an ice couloir to reach the col between the South and Middle Towers. Several hundred feet in length and over 60° in the upper section, the gully was short but interesting.

ANDREW EMBICK, *Claremont Colleges Outing Club*