

from each climber. Without "inside" help, future expeditions may well be stranded in Mendoza for a week or more.

LEO LEBON

Aconcagua. On February 13, 1973, we reached the summit of Cerro Aconcagua via the standard route. The team was unusual in that almost half its members were women: Susan Condon, Barbara Lilley, Norma Viault, and Gail Wilts. The male portion of the team was comprised of Bill Feldman, Brian Gregory, Dennis Hennek, John Osterhut, and me. The team was accompanied by the official Argentine guide, Rafael Juárez.

TOM LIMP, *Freelance Alpine Research Team*

El Potro. A detachment of the Gendarmería Nacional (Territorial Military Police) of Argentina covered 500 miles of desert, more than three-fourths of it on muleback, to reach the base of a peak thought to be El Potro ("The stallion"). The peak was ascended by the *gendarmes*, but upon the return of the detachment it was learned that they had mistakenly climbed a lesser mountain, about 17,400 feet high. An official expedition of the Club Andino Mercedario, of San Juan, travelled to El Potro and ascended it from the east on December 4, 1971 (19,128 feet). The summit party was S. Job, A. Beorchia and E. Yacante. On the top Beorchia, who has been consistently dedicated to high mountain archaeology, conducted a quick survey and found only one trace of Inca occupancy: a walking stick, similar to those used by the *chaskis*, or Inca couriers.

EVELIO ECHEVARRÍA

Chilean and Argentine Patagonia

San Lorenzo. In the first days of December, 1971 Bill Stephenson and I flew by light aircraft from Coyhaique to the small village of Cochrane, a little west of Lago Cochrane and close to the junction of the Río Baker and Río Salto. We continued by horse up the Río Salto and Río Tranquilo to its head. As expected, the weather was bad, but this summer was the worst known by local people for years. Camp was at bush edge, sheltered and with good water and firewood. But it was nearly Christmas before a fine day let us walk to the glacier coming in from the left (east) to camp at the head of this glacier. From here we followed the route of Alberto M. de Agostini's first ascent 28 years ago; i.e. over a pass onto a big snowfield that drains directly west to the Río Salto. We had to follow around a considerable way to gain access to an icefall. We forced a route up the left side through fantastic ice shapes and crevasses to the ridge, always hindered by mist. Like Padre Agostini, we had to plod, cut and struggle forever upwards, hardly seeing