

failed 350 feet from the top of Cerro Rincón, and José Luis Goin and Esteban Buch barely missed getting up the Gran Gendarme, first climbed by Carrington and Rouse. Another unsuccessful attempt was made by Italians in early 1979 on Cerro Egger.

VOJSLAV ARKO, *Club Andino Bariloche*

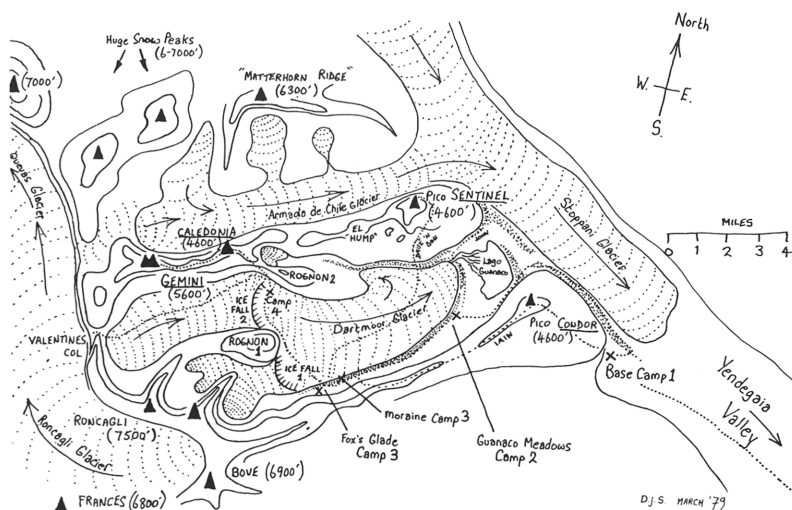
Refugio Autocamping, Lago Viedma, Patagonia. On November 15 an inn opened on Lake Viedma near the foot of Fitz Roy at the northern end of the Parque Nacional Los Glaciares. Not only will food and lodging be available there, but the management has offered to make arrangements for providing food for expeditions, for transportation to the region from Buenos Aires or the nearest airport at Calafate, for horse packing to Base Camp and for information about the region and about permissions with the National Park. Those interested should write to Refugio Autocamping Lago Viedma, Tucumán 1958 P. B. "G", Buenos Aires (1050), Argentina.

Fortress, Paine Group. In January Keith Myhill, Phil Burke and Mick Horlov climbed very nearly to the top of the east face of the Fortress. Two earlier attempts had been beaten off by bad weather. The final climb lasted for 13 days. The 6000-foot-high climb was of extreme difficulty. Burke froze his hands and so when the weather turned bad, the climbers did not do the final rope-length up summit terraces. More details will be found in *Mountain* 66.

Tierra del Fuego

Eastern Darwin Range, Near Stoppani Glacier. In the early 1960s while returning with Eric Shipton on a Chilean naval vessel from an expedition, we put into Yendegaia Bay and anchored off Estancia Yendegaia for the night. From there a broad, flat, alluvial plain ran between sharp, rocky peaks northwest towards the Stoppani Glacier, some ten miles west. It seemed a possible route to reach the unknown and unexplored glaciers and mountains further north and Bové and Francés. The great Stoppani Glacier and its tributaries seemed to lead into the area. Iain Peters, Don Sargeant, Dave Harber and I flew to Buenos Aires on December 28, 1978 and then on south. We suffered various delays and changes of plans. While we had yet another enforced wait at Puerto Williams, Peters and Sargeant made the first ascent of two of the fine line of granite peaks some nine miles inland from Puerto Williams, called the Teeth of Navarino. Once again the Chilean Navy took us to Yendegaia Bay, this time in a landing craft. The next day, with the help of pack horses and two shepherds from the *estancia*, we rode ten miles up the plain, laced with milky rivers, to the snout of the

unexplored Stoppani Glacier. Clearly the Stoppani itself was impossible, a grotesque maze of huge, open crevasses. However, we found a tortuous route of loose boulders, moraine and polished rock for three miles along the true right bank. Eventually we turned west and after traversing steep, rocky slabs above a lake, reached an unknown glacier behind a high ridge of terminal moraine. By a series of exhausting relays, we shuttled enough food and equipment to an advanced camp below a threatening icefall to spend four weeks climbing and exploring. Our first aim was to reach the high col at the head of our glacier and see if we could reach the glaciers of the interior of the Darwin Range. The route on the glacier was very intricate, complicated by crevasses and appalling snow conditions. Finally on February 14 we got to the narrow col between a steep rock ridge on the left and steep ice on the right. It was about 4000 feet high. Our disappointment was intense. Instead of a link to the great glacier of the interior, the far side was a sheer drop of over 1000 feet of rotten ice and loose snow-covered rock. The northwest and west side of Roncagli, which we had hoped to climb was a sheer face of rotten rock plastered with snow. The next objective was to study the peaks to the north of our icefall camp and to see if there was a way through to the mountains further north. Iain Peters and I set out. Eventually we reached a plateau of ice with outcrops of rock, still very crevassed. Close to the northwest, we saw a peak of 4600 feet. The route lay up steep snow and a final ice boss to a small rock tower which formed the summit. This peak was part of a long ridge with three major peaks; the north side dropped sheer for 1500 feet to another glacier which ran west to east, parallel to our glacier. This new glacier



linked the Stoppani to the Roncagli and Cuevas Glaciers. Once again our way was blocked. The most westerly of the three peaks was our next objective. An approach could be made along the ridge from the peak we had just climbed. Because of a sprained ankle, I did not make this climb. The other three set off. Snow conditions were appalling. While the first of the route was technically easy, it took a long time to reach the difficult final approaches to the summit. After struggling up hopelessly deep soft snow where there was avalanche danger, they encountered thin snow on holdless slabs and finally reached the top via two awkward mantel shelves. They called the peak "Gemini" (5600 feet). We moved back to our snug camp on the moraine in a deep wooded glade. To tie up the exploration, Sargeant and Harber climbed the third mountain on the east end of the ridge. Peters climbed a rock peak above our first Base Camp. I found a way to the upper part of the Stoppani Glacier. The Chilean Navy sent a helicopter to lift us out from Yendegaia.

JOHN EARLE, *Alpine Club*

EUROPE

Eiger, North Face. On September 20 Steve Shea and I completed the 1938 route on the north face of the Eiger. We found perfect ice climbing conditions, wearing crampons from the Hinterstoisser traverse to the top. We had two bivouacs, one at the Swallow's Nest and the second at the Traverse of the Gods. The climbing was very demanding and very long. We arrived on top in a blizzard which made the descent very tricky.

LARRY V. BRUCE

Climbers' Exchange Program in Yugoslavia. All too many times we were to hear a phrase that summed up our trip to Yugoslavia. "Climbing is a serious business." Ajax Greene and I were selected by the American Alpine Club to represent the Club on the foreign climbing exchange. The Mountaineering Federation of Yugoslavia was our official host. We had trouble accepting that climbing was such serious business. There were just too many things to distract our degenerate minds. We arrived in Ljubljana on August 3 and were greeted by Iztok Tomazin. He was a member of the team that visited the United States and had been appointed our personal host. Iztok is one of the best upcoming climbers in Yugoslavia. At 19, he is deeply involved in medical school and has little free time. He did a good job of organizing our trip in a minimum of time and with a shortage of money. The Yugoslavs were to provide our living and traveling expenses for six weeks. Unfortunately they had spent so much on their successful Everest expedition that there