



Scott Semple negotiating one of the roof-like chockstones on the sixth pitch of Spinstone Gully, Central Howser Tower. Sean Isaac

Brian Webster, to try the often-looked-at ice runnels on the north-east face of South Howser Tower, just left of The Big Hose. Our new line followed a shallow gully system slightly left of the standard rappel route from the top of South Howser. It consisted of six long pitches of thin ice and beautiful granite mixed. The third pitch was the ice crux, up a foamy smear of stubby thickness, while the mixed crux was on pitch five, which involved secure pick locks and bomber protection in a 30' corner linking discontinuous ice gullies. At times the two seconds, who followed together, could be heard giggling like kids because the climbing was so good. Since the three of us smiled all day, we named the route *Perma Grin* (1,000', TD- M5 WI4). The best part of the experience was having the Bugaboos to ourselves, which would never happen in summer.

SEAN ISAAC, *Canada*

*South Howser Minaret, Bad Hair Day.* Late in August Lizzy Scully and I drove to the Bugaboo trailhead. After porcupine-proofing Lizzy's Volvo with chicken wire, we began the approach. We hiked the first day to the Applebee Campground, a primitive camp surrounded by towering granite spires protruding from the glacier. The next day we hiked through the clouds and rain to East Creek via the Bugaboo-Snowpatch Col and Pigeon-Howser Col. Setting up our tents at the base of the South Howser Minaret, we decided to try to free-climb this wondrous 2,500-foot hunk of granite. After hiking to every vantage point in the rain the following day, I sketched our proposed line.

Waking the next morning to perfect weather, we set off with Friends to #4, doubles on small TCUs, a set and a half of wires, two light ropes, three liters of water, Clif Bars, and a bivy sack, hoping to nab the first free ascent of the Minaret in a day. After two days of climbing and one night of shivering, we found ourselves sucking on icicles and celebrating on the summit. The route, an 18-pitch meandering line up the south face, afforded beautiful free climbing the whole way. Our line, which we named *Bad Hair Day*, linked short sections of established lines, with some new climbing mixed in here and there. We encountered hand cracks, offwidths, scary face climbing, and groovy flares.

HEIDI WIRTZ